



MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN.

From the Portrait by M. de M. (1786) (Lyon).

THE
WOMAN'S WORLD.



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THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Mohammedan Women of Turkey.



HEAD-DRESS OF TURKISH LADY.

THE Mohammedan women of Turkey belong chiefly to three races, the Ottoman or Turkish, the Albanian, and the Circassian.

Though the Turkish women still occupy, generally speaking, a lower social position than their Christian neighbours, they are by no means kept in such a condition of abject slavery as is generally supposed. Nor is it only untravelling Europeans who entertain such erroneous notions about them, for an American missionary, settled in Turkey, not long ago wrote home to his society that "the faith of Islam teaches its followers that woman does not possess a soul." So far is this from being the case that passages innumerable may be found in the Koran explicitly promising the future life to men and women equally. Women are certainly not required to attend public worship so regularly as men, but they go very frequently to the mosque on week days; and I have often been most interested to see a group of them seated, in their white veils and various-coloured cloaks, on the matted floor, intently listening to the earnest teachings of a grave and turbaned *hodji*.

The Turkish *hanoum*, or lady, is usually a quiet, dignified person, elegant in manner, and eloquent in conversation, kind and considerate to those who merit her esteem, but haughty and reserved when brought into contact with those of whose conduct she does not approve. Her attainments are limited, certainly, but the sweetness and poetry of her language, the pretty turns of expression that come naturally to her, and the spirited repartee she can command have a charm that atones for her want of knowledge. But educational disabilities and social prejudices are not strong enough to repress native genius, and at intervals during the last three centuries women have arisen whose poetical gifts have been acknowledged, not only by the men of letters of their own time, but also by European translators of to-day. One of the most

famous was "The Ottoman Sappho," as she is styled by Von Hammer—Mihri of Amasia, who lived about the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Her unrequited love for Iskender, son of Osman Pasha, is the subject of some of her most beautiful *gazels* (odes). But though she sang thus openly of her love, the voice of slander was never raised against her. She carried on a literary correspondence with the most cultivated men of her time, and was as renowned for her virtue as for her poetic fire. Sidqi, too, who lived about the end of the eighteenth century, was no mean poetess; while in recent years the name of Leyla Hanoum, aunt of the famous Fud Pasha, has been most illustrious in song. But I have occasionally heard of women in a lower rank who have had considerable local reputation as poetesses.

Among women of the higher classes, especially in the capital, a desire to give their daughters a good education has for some time past been manifested. A few have even gone so far as to have in their harems resident French or English governesses, who do not appear to find their pupils below the average in intelligence or application. But these favoured ones are few. For even the most enlightened Mohammedan will be found to be of opinion that a European education would make the restraints of harem life intolerably irksome to his daughters, and consequently diminish rather than increase their chances of future happiness and well-being.

In the capital and the chief cities there are schools where Turkish girls may receive a fairly good education; but they do not appear to be very largely attended. Some of the pupils, however, it is said, have made great progress in Turkish composition, and have both translated French works into Turkish and written original stories in their own language. A few schools were also founded by Midhat Pasha in the Vilayet of the Danube, but they have not flourished. Little girls of the middle and lower classes are sent with the boys to the *Mektebs* or parish schools; but the instruction imparted there consists chiefly of oral lessons from the Koran; and before they have got beyond the rudiments of reading and writing, they are considered old enough for *Yamekran* (concealment), and doomed thenceforward to the veil and the restrictions of the harem.

The daily life of a Turkish lady is, as a rule, exceedingly monotonous, but not quite the bluebearded existence that most people fancy. She is shut

up in a harem, it is true, and the outer gates may be locked; but the key is left in the keeping of a eunuch, who is not always a perfect Cerberus. In some ways, perhaps, her liberty is more restricted than that of European women, but in her own home she is absolute mistress of her time and her property; and to judge by the number of Turkish women one meets in the streets and on the steamers plying between Galata and the many suburbs on the Bosphorus, they are allowed a great deal of out-of-door liberty besides.

The wife of a Grand Vizier plays an important part in the society of Constantinople. On her husband's nomination to office her *salaus* are thrown open, and crowds of lady callers, including the wives of other Ministers, arrive to pay their respects, offer their felicitations, and, at the same time, solicit promotion or other favours for their husbands, sons or brothers. After divesting themselves of their outdoor garments, the visitors are shown into the reception room. When the hostess appears, they all rise and advance to meet her with low salaams, and endeavour to kiss the hem of her garment. These acts of homage she accepts from inferior, but with much grace and dignity tries

to prevent in those of high rank by saying *Istighferla* ("Don't, I beg of you"). The manner of the *hannum* will be propitiatory and cordial to the wives of her husband's partisans, formally polite to those of "the Opposition," and patronising to all. Turkish ladies enjoying this high position exercise much influence in determining the official changes that follow each new Vizierate. To illustrate the position of a Minister's wife of the "Young Turkey" party, I cannot do better than quote *verbatim* from a letter I lately received from a Constantinople correspondent, concerning a friend of hers, the wife of a Minister. "Madame A.—Pasha plays an important political rôle here, people say; and the palace shuts its eyes to her great emancipation. For by receiving ambassadors and their wives, attaches, and all foreigners of distinction, she often gets at secrets worth knowing. She makes, I presume, sweet eyes at the youthful diplomatists, who are naturally curious to know and talk to a Turkish lady. I know that she had frequent private interviews with Sir X.—Y.—, and transacted business with him."

A Turkish lady begins her day with the inevitable cup of coffee and cigarette. She may then take her bath, or what passes for one. The young ladies wash at the hours of *abdest*—the ablution that precedes the five daily

prayers—the slaves when they can find time. The *hannum* then waits upon her husband, brings his coffee and chibouk, his pelisse and slippers. If he is an official, he will now look at his morning's letters, bestowing at intervals a few words on his wife, who addresses him as *effendi* ("sir"), and always with great deference, not,

however, greater than was customary among people of quality in England some generations ago. The children will then appear in their night-gear, and after kissing their father's hand, beg for leave from their mother to lay their breakfast, which is generally provided in this irregular way, and consists chiefly of fancy bread, with the addition of fruit in summer, and cheese or sweets in winter.

The day's occupation begins as soon as the *effendi* has left the *haremlik*. If this should include any special household work, such as washing, ironing, or the making of cakes or preserves, the ladies, especially in the provinces, no matter how high their rank, or how numerous their slaves, take part in it, in order to fill up the time. Visiting, promenading, and going to the public *hamams*, or Turkish bath, are the chief out-of-door amusements of Mohammedan women. For the two former,

the husband's permission must be obtained. If he is inclined to be jealous or straitlaced, he may object to his family being seen much out of doors, but as a rule leave is freely granted. If a drive is projected, the children and the slaves all clamour to be taken. The former may be bribed with mancy or sweets to remain at home; but it is not always without tears and quarrels that it is settled who among the latter shall accompany their mistresses.

Now follows the toilette. Faces are whitened and rouged, eyebrows and lashes darkened with *semmeh*, jewels donned, veils and cloaks adjusted, and then comes the scramble for seats in the carriages.

Going to the bath is an occasion of great ceremony. A complete outfit of fine garments for each lady is carried by a slave, tied up in a *bokché*, or bundle-wrap—the primitive and universal portmanteau—made of silk, and often embroidered with pearls and gold thread. These garments are donned after the bath, together with all their finest jewels, for the admiration, and perhaps envy, of the other ladies they will meet at that rendezvous. Other slaves carry rugs, towels, brass basins, and a score of other mysterious articles, considered necessary for this important ceremony, besides fruits and refreshments of all kinds. And here the ladies remain for the best part



OUTDOOR COUTURE OF TURKISH LADY.

of the day, eating, drinking, singing, and frolicking in the intervals of the various operations they undergo of repeated soapings, rinsings, rubbings, applications of crushed laurel berries to the hair to render it black and glossy, of henna to the finger and toe nails to stain them of a red colour, and other mysteries of the toilette impossible to describe.

Superstitions innumerable are rife among all creeds and nationalities in Turkey, but with Mohammedan women every incident, every ceremony, every social relation is hedged about with fears, and omens, and forebodings. Whatever evil befalls a person is the work of supernatural agencies, and can only be remedied by having recourse to counter-spells. If anything of value is missing, it is the evil eye of some false friend that has caused the loss. If anyone chances to look fixedly at any person or thing, he is immediately accused of casting the evil eye on it. Nor are these beliefs mere affectations, as they often are with us, but matters of vital importance. Foolish young girls have been known to sicken and die under the impression that a spell has been cast on them; and the happiness of many a family has been destroyed by the pretended prophecies of some suborned astrologer. Spells cast upon persons are supposed to have a fatal effect on their health, prosperity, beauty, or affections. A Turkish lady, however high her rank, will invariably attribute to the influence of witchcraft any neglect that she may experience from her husband. And there is perhaps hardly a single *hanum* in the country who does not make it a regular practice to visit the laundry and rinse out with her own hands, after the wash, every one of her husband's garments, in order to make sure that no designing slave has cast a spell upon her master with the object of attracting his affections to herself.

Polygamy is now so much more the exception than the rule that I need hardly mention it. The age at which Turkish girls are married ranges from eleven to seventeen. The preliminaries are arranged by the parents, with the assistance of a *koulavon*, or professional matchmaker. A sum of money, called the *nekah*, is promised by the bridegroom, to be paid should he divorce his wife; in which case she would also take with her all her own property and possessions. Space will not permit

me to attempt a description of the formalities and ceremonies attending a Mohammedan wedding. The combined civil and religious marriage is performed by the *imam* (priest) at the door of the *haremlik*, behind which the bride and her friends stand, and is merely a verbal contract attested by witnesses. But the bride and bridegroom do not meet until after the *dughau* ceremonies, which may be delayed for weeks, months, or even years.

In spite, however, of all these social and religious conventionalities, love occasionally surmounts the barriers of harem restraint, and romance ends happily in marriage. It is said that "an old maid" does not exist in Turkish society, so rarely is it that a husband cannot be found for a girl of marriageable age. For the plain or deformed daughter of a wealthy man will be bestowed on some needy youth to the furtherance of whose ambitious schemes the patronage of her father is necessary; and many pashas of high rank, and even Grand Viziers, have owed their success to the influence and interest possessed by their wives. This being the case, it will readily be believed that the current Western idea that every Turkish

wife is the slave of her husband is a very erroneous one. I have indeed heard of a lady who never alluded to her spouse but by an epithet which signifies "my henpecked one." And I was personally acquainted with a Sultana, a free woman and legal wife of a late Sultan—who did not scruple on occasion to box the ears of her imperial but too indulgent lord.

The outdoor dress of a Turkish woman consists of a *feridje* and a *yashmak*. These are, generally speaking, of the same form in all ranks, and vary only in materials. The *feridje* is a loose sleeved mantle reaching to the ankles, the upper part being covered with a large square cape. Those worn in summer by the *élégantes* of Constantinople may be of pale pink, blue, or mauve silk trimmed with lace, and in winter of cloth of various colours. Their elders choose more

sober tints, or black, for their *feridjes*, and the lower classes content themselves with morino or alpaca. The *yashmak*, as worn by the belles of the capital, is a most becoming and coquettish coiffure. It consists of two squares of *tarlatan* folded cornerwise. The smaller is placed over a small cap, the folded edge



AN ALBANIAN LADY.

brought down to the eyes, and the ends secured at the back of the head. The larger piece is placed in the same way over the mouth, covering the neck and chest: it is pinned at the back, and its ends hang some way down under the *fişilçe*. The *yashmak* of a peasant-woman is frequently of thin calico, or merely a large handkerchief or towel. In some parts of Asia Minor, however, a shade made of black horsehair covers the eyes and nose, and the rest of the head is completely enveloped in white cotton coverings. The *nakranî* is also used as a disguise in all parts of Turkey. It is a garment which can best be described as two skirts of checked or striped cotton stuff, of which the upper is brought over the head and held under the chin, the face being covered with a handkerchief of parti-coloured muslin or silk.

The home dress of women of the poorer classes is generally made of inferior printed cotton, quilted and wadded for winter wear. It is, however, difficult to say precisely what Turkish ladies now wear under their *fişilçe*. For, like the Christian women, they are by degrees abandoning their picturesque native costumes for what they believe to be Parisian fashions. The results, with few exceptions, are such as to make the least æsthetic Western shudder. Those who have the good taste to retain the ancient dress of the country, wear in summer a full gown of white washing material, with trailing skirts and hanging sleeves. Their bare feet are half hidden in a pretty Oriental slipper, and their long loose hair is surmounted by a *feluz*, or cap, composed of a painted muslin handkerchief. In winter this gown is exchanged for one of some bright parti-coloured Oriental stuff, over which a short fur-lined jacket is worn. The dress for ceremonial occasions consists of a straight, sleeveless, tight fitting gown of silk or fine cloth, richly embroidered, and open at each side to expose the wide *shalvar* (trousers) of some corresponding material. The bodice of this gown is left open in front to show the full-sleeved vest of white Broussa gauze, trimmed with handsome silk lace of native make. A short velvet jacket, worked with gold thread, a small round jewelled cap, and gold and pearl embroidered slippers complete the costume.

The inhabitants of Southern or Lower Albania are called Tosks, and are, for the most part, Christians. They use the Greek language, and differ very little from the Epirote Greeks. The Aghas, however, of Upper or Northern Albania, embraced the faith of Islam at the time of the Turkish Conquest. Their language is the

Schkipi, and they call themselves *Schkipetars*. Notwithstanding the wild beauty of its scenery, Northern Albania is, owing to the want of roads, and perhaps also to the turbulent and warlike character of its inhabitants, less visited by travellers than any other part of Turkey. Here the Beys are still feudal chiefs, who, supported by their faithful vassals, and secure in their rocky strongholds and mountain fastnesses, have repeatedly set the power of the Porte at defiance.

These Albanian ladies, proud of their ancient descent, attach great importance to rank and precedence, and regulate their alliances with other houses with due regard to all the subtle claims of birth and family. Owing to their isolated position, they have not, so far, enjoyed even the few educational advantages possessed by

their co-religionists in other parts of Turkey. They are, however, much more high-spirited and independent, and are treated with great respect and consideration by the other sex. It is, in fact, especially in Northern Albania, considered extremely cowardly and unbecoming to molest an Albanian woman. This accounts for the strange custom there prevalent of offering the escort of a native girl to travellers, her presence among them being considered sufficient to ensure their safety. And though it is not unusual to see those women carrying arms,



INDOOR SUMMER COSTUME OF TURKISH LADY

it would appear to be less for the purpose of self defence than to enable them to take part in the terrible feuds so common in the country. The breaking of a girl's pitcher at the fountain by a mischievous boy is deemed cause sufficient for a quarrel with his family, in which a dozen lives may be lost, and from which an endless vendetta may ensue.

The Albanian women are, when young, very handsome. The fair-haired type is common among them, and, as the following verse from one of their folk songs shows, is much admired—

"O maiden so tender,
No pipe of Vizier
Was ever so slender
As thou art, my dear!
The soft silken tresses
Of thy yellow hair,
The glad breeze-carries,
Like fax threads are fair!"

But, unfortunately, their beauty is only transient. For after marriage it is customary, not only to dye the hair, but to stain the teeth black, while the face is covered

with rouge and *berd*, and the finger-nails are reddened with henna, like those of the Turkish women.

The dress of an Albanian lady is very rich and costly. It consists of a pair of very full trousers of red silk, drawn in at the ankles, under a small *revers* of thick embroidery; a chemisette of gauze worn under a gold embroidered sleeveless vest of crimson velvet; and over all a coat of the same material, reaching to the knees, and trimmed all round and on the sleeves with a handsome border worked in gold thread. Slippers to match are worn on the otherwise uncovered feet, and the long loose hair is surmounted by a small red fez with a full tassel of dark blue silk reaching to the shoulder.

It is not surprising that Albanian women, cut off so entirely as they are from all intercourse with the outer world, and living under social conditions so far behind those of other European nations, have not distinguished themselves, like their Ottoman neighbours, in literature. A few of their names do, indeed, figure in history, but the qualities that made them famous were similar to those which distinguished their countrywoman Olympias, wife of Philip of Macedon, and mother of Alexander the Great—unflinching courage, tenacity of purpose, and ruthless cruelty. Khanko and Shahnitz, the mother and sister of Ali Pasha, played a great part in their country's history at the beginning of the century. And the "Lion of Jomina" owed much, if not all, his success to the efforts of his mother on his behalf at the outset of his career. But though a woman of indomitable spirit, endless resource, and masculine courage, she is remembered only with horror for the terrible crimes she caused to be perpetrated.

The Circassians are, as a nation, but a recent addition to the population of Turkey. When exiled from their fatherland by Russia in 1864, they found a refuge in this hospitable country, where they are said to number some 300,000 souls. Though the slave market at Constantinople has been abolished, and slaves are no longer publicly sold, so necessary is the institution of slavery to the Turkish social system that their importation goes on much the same as formerly. But on the settlement of the Circassian refugees in the country, it was made unlawful for a girl of this race to be sold by her relatives. It was, however, I believe, neither the prohibitory law nor the lack of purchasers that put a stop to the practice, but the over-reaching craft of the Circassians themselves. For instance, two brothers would sell a sister to a Mohammedan, who would then be cited before the Courts by the father, and obliged to give up his purchase.

This enforced liberty is, however, much resented by the women, who consider that they thus lose the chance that might otherwise be theirs of entering the Imperial Harem, and there acquiring position and fortune.

Deprived as they are by their exile of any position they may have held in their native country; released from the traditional customs and tribal observances that stood for them in the place of civilisation; their religion a mixture of Islamism—to which faith they were converted little more than a century ago—and Pagan superstition, it naturally follows that the Circassians, both male and female, occupy a low place among the Mohammedans of Turkey.

LUCY M. J. GARRETT.



Peace.

DEEP in the grass outstretched I lie,
Motionless on the hill;
Above me is a cloudless sky,
Around me all is still:—

There is no breath, no sound, nor stir,
The drowsy peace to break;
I close my tired eyes—it were
So simple not to wake.

AMY LEVY.



Journalism as a Profession for Women.



It is not very long since, when taking a brief holiday at my old Dorset home, I stood beside the church door one Sunday morning talking to a group of rustic friends. They made many inquiries about my health, and one even asserted that I "had grown terrible;" but I own I was startled when one elderly dame asked, "And do'ee still write newspapers?" Probably none but an actual journalist would reach the depths of humorous possibility involved in such a question. In Russia, certainly, it might have had a more literal response than we should give it here, for M. Lavin tells us that the unsuspecting foreigner is sometimes puzzled to know how a provincial newspaper, with a circulation of 1,000 or 1,500, can maintain foreign correspondents in all large cities, and publish whole columns of telegrams. But "the secret was officially disclosed," he writes, "when the Government ordered all writers of the city of Odessa to cease publishing such telegrams without first proving, to the satisfaction of the local censors, that they were *bona fide* telegrams, and not paragraphs fabricated at the office. The result was immediate and striking: silence fell upon the special correspondents." But still, my worthy old friend's query contained a vast amount of reason, for the "writing of newspapers" is a peculiar branch of the literary craft, and demands certain qualifications and special gifts. How far it is a profession suited to the female brain and pen, merits the best consideration.

"Journalism" is a wide term—so wide indeed that few women know how much is contained in it. Not long ago, a lady based her claim to be called a "professed" journalist upon the fact that she contributed a column about dress to a small provincial weekly. No doubt she would have been offended had she heard a story current among the mere male journalists, a little time ago, of an American lady who, seeing at a fashionable gathering several "sisters of the pen" taking notes assiduously on the gowns, said, in a cruelly penetrating voice, "I do hope those clothes-women ain't going to put down my *au de Nil* silk as green." Between the work of the sub-editor's room and of the special correspondent, the mechanical duties of the reporter and the purely literary requirements of the leader-writer, the graceful essayist, and the book reviewer; the functions of the musical, dramatic, and art critics and of the City editor, there are vast distinctions. The particular scope of labours of one, save in a few rare versatile instances which might be given, would be intensely difficult, not to say impossible, to another. And so, when people talk glibly about the desirability of women going or not going into

journalism, the man who knows about it is inclined to ask, "In what branch?"

It is precisely because it is so big that women may find little grooves and corners in it that they may fill comfortably to themselves, and to the benefit of the public generally and the reader individually. Against that admission, the paradoxical statement must be set that, speaking broadly, it is not a woman's profession in the open unreserved sense of the term. As the sturdiest agitators for "Women's Rights" do not ask that the army, navy, and police shall be opened to them, so Sport, Money, War, Corresponding, and a very large share of descriptive reporting will not only be done far more efficiently by men, but indeed can *only* be done by them. But "the new journalism"—to use a cant phrase which has become associated too much with vulgar sensationalism and discordant headlines—gives prominence to social functions, to dress, to decorative novelty, to women's domestic interests, to philanthropy, to bazaars, and countless other questions which may well fall under the easy, pleasant touch of an observant woman's pen. Women like Mrs. Crawford and Mme. Adam are extensively rare, but those who can write a stirring article against some injustice to others, or turn out a pretty *ar*, as in the case of Mrs. Lynn Linton, a caustic sketch, are not so uncommon. There are few editors, however, who would trust an important leader into female hands. This may be mere ingalled prejudice, but it is also fact.

Of course, daily journalism represents the climax of the profession, and few women are physically fitted to stand the tremendous strain that this imposes upon the whole system. It must be obvious to the most superficial thinker that there can be no possible regularity in the work, save in the sub-editor's room. Supposing one takes descriptive outdoor work, there may be nothing whatever happening for a couple of days, and then may come a rush and a pressure of events morning, noon, and night. Then there are technical difficulties. Imagine yourself deputed to send in—let us say, to take a real instance—two columns of description of the reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, on the occasion of their golden wedding, at the National Liberal Club—a function which terminated somewhere about midnight. If you are on a morning paper, this means writing it in the office in Fleet Street, and getting away from there in the "small hours." For an evening paper, the "copy" would have to be posted over-night or written very early next morning; and though it seems as if the duties of an evening paper could be accomplished at more practicable hours, this convenience is more than balanced by the intense speed at which an event, such as some opening ceremony or a wedding, occurring during the day, must be recorded to find a place in the late editions. I had, on one occasion, to go to witness the trial of an electrical tramway system, at Northfleet, in Kent, between two and three in the

afternoon, and to write half a column on the subject as I came back in the train to secure insertion in the "special" and "extra-special" issues of my paper.

Nor is the work invariably nice. It may be a small thing giving not the slightest scope apparently for distinctive or picturesque treatment, but it is over such a commission that the born journalist really shines. One of the most, in certain respects the most, distinguished of London daily editors, a great poet and a great Oriental scholar, tells to journalistic beginners, in the sweet musical voice for which he is also well known, as a parable, how the Apostle Peter "fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake to him the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Is the application quite obvious to all? The journalist will understand it: the "great sheet" is the newspaper, collecting all manner of news from all corners of the earth, but none "common or unclean" when the breath of journalistic genius has passed upon it, and invested it with human interest and sympathetic life. As the smallest screw in a great machine has its part and importance, so a good journalist must despise nothing in the way of work.

A difficulty in starting in the profession, and one that does not at first strike people, is the necessity for commencing young. A lady of mature years and decided opinions would naturally somewhat resent the correction of her expressions or the excision of her choicest flowers of speech by a young editor; and it is hardly necessary to mention that the routine of a newspaper office cannot possibly run smoothly unless all can look with absolute confidence upon their chief. This, however, is not the phase of the difficulty on which I need touch. Few mothers and fathers like the idea of a young woman's enjoying independence so complete that she may be out at all hours of the day or night. Perhaps this is a mere form of conventionalism that should be overthrown; perhaps when that much-discussed person "the woman of the future" ceases to be an abstraction, and becomes a reality, this will weigh nothing; but meantime society likes to see a little chaperonage over its younger female members. The idea of going out to do one's work with a chaperone at one's side is almost as comic as the story, vouched for as true by one paper, of the young married reporteress who took her place at the Press table of an athletic meeting at Lillie Bridge this season with a baby in her arms. People shrink from the idea of sending a young woman into the low lodging-houses frequented by her sex in Spitalfields, or to see Socialist meetings in the Park, or to go all alone where there will be hard physical strain; yet good work of this kind is only performed after much practice. To few indeed does the gift come by inspiration, and journalism, like any other trade, or profession, must be begun before

the mind has lost the receptive and assimilative faculties of its *lehrre Jahre*.

But, it may be answered, "You have said already that there are many different grooves and spheres of work. Surely all journalists do not spend their days writing against time, and their nights in Whitechapel? Why should I not write brilliant leading articles or delightful essays?" Simply that leader-writing is a prize of the profession, and, speaking generally, is only done by two classes of men. First, are such as Sir Edwin Arnold or Mr. Andrew Lang, who are endowed with the advantages of judgment, deductive reasoning, and scholarly attainments, which are the only alternatives of tremendous experience and observation for seats in the editorial department. Second, are those like Mr. George Augustus Sala, to cite the highest living example, who have gone through the whole drudgery of the craft, from its humblest to its most exalted grades, and have acquired by actual experience a knowledge of men and things which they can turn to account when they stand as philosophical critics of a Governmental policy or a new fashion in dress-clothes. No doubt many feel themselves quite as highly gifted as the illustrious men I have mentioned, typical of several more whose names are less well known outside the select and exclusive pale of the highest order of London journalism, but proprietors and those who command editorial chairs are shy of genius on its own valuation. The demand for the bright sparkling fantasy of even a good miscellaneous article is limited, while the market is overcrowded with such wares. They come in by shoals every morning, and some may be passable, others hopelessly commonplace; but the regular staff is seldom at a loss to produce such of these as may be wanted, while they can do the other work as well.

Possibly we may see more women in the sub-editor's room in time, for, to a certain extent, this is mere easy mechanism and quiet work. The arranging of matter, cutting down too lengthy reports, re-writing the paragraphs received from news agencies, to give them a more original aspect, the control of the "tapes," would not be difficult to a clear-headed woman able to meet the eclectic demands of all classes of readers by not assigning undue prominence to one general topic over another. A great rush of women into the shorthand reporters' ranks would probably be met by united action on the part of men to prevent the further reduction of their salaries, very low already from over-competition among themselves. On this point of the probable ultimate result of an influx of women into the profession, it is possible that it may be asked, What do men themselves think of the chances of rivalry? So far, the invasion of the petticoat has not been anything like sufficient to be an appreciable factor, and men in the higher grades of the craft look on with an amused smile and complete fearlessness. In the easier and lower ranks, however, there is fear lest the consequences would simply be more intense competition and smaller pay all round, as has been the case in certain trades into which women have gone, and forced wages down to starvation point. It is said that women-journalists have to encounter jealousies from men, but so

far as my experience has gone, I have never found it so. Certainly I have invariably tried to observe faithfully all the unwritten canons of press etiquette, but by all, from the most elementary provincial craftsmen up to the most influential of editors, from printers to proprietors, I have been treated kindly, fairly, and generously.

I have, so far, purposely omitted to mention the exclusively feminine newspapers. Of course, here is wide scope for lady-writers; yet men have more to do even in this branch than most people think, though there is no particular reason why they should or should not. It is simply that an editor or editress selects the person best able to do given work, and probably as women take more to journalism they will gradually oust men from this post, for which naturally the gentler sex seem suited. This constitutes a fairly big corner in the field of journalism, and will probably increase.

I am now going to make an assertion which is always loudly denied, but which is none the less true, and that is that women are not newspaper-readers. At the family breakfast-table the first thing that three women out of four glance at is the column of births, marriages, and deaths. Then go up by train to town, and you see a morning paper or a sound and sensible weekly in the hands of nine-tenths of the masculine travellers. But if the average woman buys a printed sheet, there is a sadly overwhelming probability that it is either a senseless novelette or one of those terrible hotch-potches of inane vulgarities, stale clippings from American publications, and wantonly inert and silly illustrations. These are strong terms, but the mental mischief wrought by what may be called an unvarying intellectual diet of peppermints deserves them. Long-continued reading of this rubbish saps the mind's vitality, and renders it incapable of the effort to appreciate a good book, or even to follow the arguments of a leading article upon some important social problem, or to grasp the popular description of a great scientific development. It has been said that newspapers do not cater sufficiently for the interests of their female readers; but it may certainly be questioned whether columns on baby-nursing would compensate for reviews, or cookery recipes for political speeches. Women are supposed to take as much patriotic interest in the advancement of the country, and as keen concern in art, music, the drama, and the general welfare, as men.

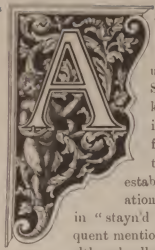
To come to the practical aspect of the matter, in conclusion, assuming all difficulties smoothed away, what is

a woman's probable path in this fascinating, ever-varied, ever-interesting career? She is well educated, we may suppose, with a good knowledge of modern social and political history, and understanding well another language or two besides her own; she is physically strong, able to eat or not to eat, to sleep or not to sleep; she may have no fears of going about alone, and may be able to write with equal facility in an omnibus or under a street-lamp. It is summed up in a word. She must be content to begin modestly. She must learn the tone of a paper's articles, and profit by rejections, no matter how repeated or discouraging, so as not to offer a solemn discourse to a flippant society paper, nor a sentimental story to a philosophic review. For one article accepted, a dozen will be declined, not because there exists a base plot among editors to stifle rising genius, but because subject, style, treatment, feeling, are one or all unsuitable to his wants. If by chance a contribution does come in which he can use, he is ready enough to do so. Only by continual effort can she lose her early amateurishness, a habit of employing hackneyed quotations and phrases, and gain instead the pleasant ease of a professional style. Then, in due course, after much patient waiting, some regular work will arise. It may merely be to send a "ladies' letter" to a provincial paper, or some little unclassified job on a struggling weekly. But, anyhow, her foot then is on the lowest round of the ladder, and she is actually in the circle. She will meet others of the craft, will see for herself what the work really is, and, like a growing vine, will send out little tendrils here and there to strengthen her position, supposing she is capable of maintaining it. "Influence" is of no value whatever in the commencement of journalism. The most weighty personal introduction in the world to an editor is of no help at all unless the work accompanying it is indisputably good. No manager wants a contributor whose grammar needs revision, or whose facts are open to question. But once prove that you are accurate, reliable, painstaking, and punctual, and the barriers that seemed once so hard to climb will suddenly show that they are paths leading to grand heights, and the most stirring and interesting of possible lives. The profession brings one into contact with every man and woman of light and leading; it shows one every advance made in art, science, or literature; it gives breadth and sympathy to the mind, but it demands whole-souled perseverance, large energy, and rigid discrimination from those who would win one or other of the prizes it offers to women.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.



Tapestry Painting.



AS ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth." It is with these words that Falstaff proves to us the existence, in the time of Shakespeare, of what we now know as painted tapestry. That it was about this period in full fashion is evident from the fact that the art had become so well established as to allow of the foundation in London of a guild of workers in "stayn'd cloth." Although we find frequent mention of it in the old inventories, and although allusion is made to it by Gregory of

Tours as far back as the sixth century, yet we have no specimens left of an earlier date than the first half of the fifteenth century, and it was at this time also that the manufacture of tapestry proper was at the height of its perfection.

In the Hôtel de Ville at Rheims is still to be seen a most interesting, and indeed unique, collection of painted tapestry, dating from the fifteenth century. Though in many instances the name of the artist is unknown, critics agree in stating that these canvases are the work of true masters in the art, and hence they are valuable as pictures apart from their rarity and good state of preservation. The subjects, more than thirty in number, are very varied, and comprise scenes from the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, besides incidents from the siege of Jerusalem, and large figures of the Apostles. As some of the designs are identical with those in the hangings in Rheims Cathedral, it is concluded that these *toiles peintes* were originally intended as cartoons, or models, from which the weaver arranged the colours and designs of the woven tapestry, and that they were prepared with the idea of assisting rather than of superseding the real work. Now-a-days painted tapestry is too often looked upon as a sham, or barefaced imitation, and our artists go so far as to take the old woven cloths as the models from which to paint, thus exactly reversing the original purpose for which they were intended.

There can be no doubt that much of the popularity of this "stayn'd cloth" is owing to the fact of its being far less costly to produce than true tapestry, while it possesses most of the recommendations ascribed to the woven pictures. It is soft, yet rich in effect, is practically indestructible, can be rolled up and moved from place to place without injury, can be brushed and cleaned, and so kept free from dust and moth. It is quickly executed, and requires no special preparation before it is ready for use. Though it necessarily calls for a certain amount of artistic skill, yet any artist accustomed to the bold touch of freehand and figure drawing should speedily grasp the general principle of

the art. Now that the fashion of using textile fabrics instead of paper for covering the bare walls of a room is widely spread once more, amateur artists would do well to bear in mind all these advantages that are claimed for painted tapestry. It can be produced at little more expense than is incurred by the use of one of the many papers that are now designed for the express purpose of imitating needlework hangings, and which need to be frequently renewed. Again, the colours required are to be procured ready prepared, so that there is no turpentine, as in oil painting, to offend by an unpleasant smell.

The colours resemble dyes rather than anything else, and are used in a series of washes, instead of being laid on so carefully, and with so much delicate management, as in most styles of painting. In olden times the canvas required sizing before the paint was applied, and it is supposed that in the Rheims tapestries white of egg was used for this purpose. In these days the process is a far simpler one, and the colours are specially mixed, so that no medium is needed. The brushes differ little from those used in painting with oils, except that short, round, hog's-hair brushes are convenient for large surfaces upon which the colour has to be scrubbed rather than laid, ordinary sable pencils being more suitable for the finer portions of the work. The canvas is to be obtained in several different widths, and with ribs of varying coarseness, according to the particular style of tapestry that is to be reproduced. The tints also vary from white to buff, one shade of which is so dark as to be almost brown. The width varies also from three to ten feet, according to the purpose for which it is required. It will be found by a beginner that canvas of a medium degree of coarseness is the most pleasant to work upon. The finer involves more tedious labour in touching up and finishing, while the coarser needs a more thorough saturation with the dyes than an inexperienced worker is likely to be able to apply. Should the copying of any special piece of real tapestry be an object, care must be taken to count the number of ribs in an inch of the original, and then to choose the canvas for the painting to correspond.

The very nature of the material is such that the colours need to be used rather wet, in order that they may soak well into it; indeed, many artists deem it advisable to use water only as the first wash, and to paint in the colour while the fabric is still wet. In this way it will be seen what a small amount of time and labour is required before a result is obtained. By using a second shade before the first is dry, the softest gradations of tone may be obtained, as in no instance is it to be tolerated that one shade of colour should leave a hard, jagged line in drying, instead of blending imperceptibly with the first. The art of thus running one colour into another is a very important feature of tapestry painting, and is best understood by those who have received training

In water-colour drawing, which it indeed greatly resembles.

The colours must be kept, as purchased, in glass bottles, the stoppers of which, if slightly oiled, will not impede the work by becoming fixed at critical moments.

As acids are apt to work upon, and to be in their turn affected by, the dyes, it is advisable to use only glass or china dishes for the colours, a sufficiency of which should be mixed at once for any particular section of the design, as it is difficult afterwards to get just that special tone of colour again. The colours should be amply diluted; and if it is at all likely that the worker will be liable to interruption during the process of the painting, it is advisable to mix about four different gradations of the same colour, and to mark them 1 (the lightest), 2, 3, and 4 (the darkest). Then they will be ready for use whenever she can take up her brushes again and continue her work. The dyes should be mixed always darker rather than lighter than they are required, as the worker will at first be somewhat puzzled by the sight of the canvas after the first washes have well dried in, so much lighter in tint will they be than when she first laid them on. At the same time, it must be remembered that it is almost impossible to remove any of the colour after it has once soaked into the material. With most boxes of colours a bottle of pearl-ash is included for this purpose but it is a case of hard scrubbing with pearl-ash and plenty of water before any of the colour can be taken off, and then only at the risk of spoiling the surface of the canvas. Hence, it is best to work carefully and deliberately, as if it were absolutely impossible to rectify blunders, and to keep a rough piece of canvas at hand upon which to make experiments before using the tints upon the picture itself. This is all the more

necessary as the *prima* acid, with which some of the colours are mixed, has the effect of greatly changing many of the tints subjected to its influence, rendering pinks more yellow, yellows deeper and richer in tone, and blues more green.

The canvas, before any pointing is done, has to be

mounted on stretchers as in oil painting, and as this is a difficult matter for an artist to do herself, it is consolatory to know that the canvas can be stretched for her at any establishment at which the materials are procured. The next thing to be done is to mark the outlines of the subject. If the worker is unable to make a charcoal sketch upon the canvas without a copy, she must resort to pouncing. The design is drawn first very clearly and distinctly upon cartoon paper. A series of holes is then pricked in the paper along all the outlines with a steel knitting needle or a coarse bonnet pin. For the finer parts of the design these holes must not be placed more than an eighth of an inch apart; but in long straight lines the space of half an inch may be left between them. The design is then placed upon the canvas, and well weighted to prevent it from slipping during the pouncing process. Powdered



DESIGN FOR PANEL. LADY AND PAGE.

charcoal—for this is the most satisfactory material to use—is tied up in a piece of rather coarse muslin. This little bag is passed briskly over the pricked design, so that the charcoal becomes shaken out of the muslin through the holes and on to the canvas. This must be very thoroughly done, or the dots will not show clearly when the design is removed. Care must be exercised in taking away the paper, as, should some of the loose charcoal chance to fall upon the canvas, the design will probably become blurred and indistinct. What is next done with the dim outlines thus obtained must depend upon whether they are to stand out boldly or to become merged in the

colouring. Where they are to be clear and distinct, they may now be followed with a fine brush filled with Indian ink. All the dots must be strung together, as it were, with this line of black, and after the rest of the colouring is completed the outlines may be still further strengthened, if necessary. If the lines are not to be conspicuous, but are to be blended with the work, they

M. C. Doerr, and is a good, bold specimen of textile painting, though, as a mere imitation of tapestry proper, the panel on page 12, from the same studios, is more satisfactory. The colouring here is more monotonous, no one tint taking a more prominent position than another; indeed, the general tone of bluish-green which pervades this panel somewhat recalls the "verdures" of old French



DESIGN FOR HANGING: ALCIBIADES AND HIS DOG.

must be merely delicately painted by a fine sable brush, with the same tints that are afterwards to be used for the objects themselves. Thus, architectural details should be sketched in with ochre, leaves with various shades of green, stems of trees with vandyke-brown, rocks with raw sienna, and so forth.

In the hanging shown above, which Messrs. Howell and James have kindly allowed us to select from their studios, the colours chosen are very much subdued, in order that due prominence may be given to the figures of Alcibiades and his world-famed dog. The architectural portions of the picture are put in with much care, as are also the various portions of the landscape in the distance. All these form a fitting background for the rich red robe of the central figure, the additional touches of colour in the picture being secondary in importance. The hanging is the work of a French artist,

tapestries. The very handsome border of conventional flowers and leaves gives a highly finished and complete appearance to the work.

In tapestry painting, attention should always be paid to the border, as it is often upon this portion of the work that are based the judgments of critics as to the date of the woven pieces. In the earlier specimens of tapestry a border is generally omitted, and as a general rule it may be stated that the later the work the more elaborate the border, so that in the seventeenth century this was often scarcely secondary to the design of the centre itself. Hence in designing for tapestry painting, care must be taken that the border shall agree in style with the field of the panel. At the same time, inexperienced artists should beware of the temptation of adding a border consisting mainly of gold, and intended to imitate a picture-frame. The taste which prompts

Such an imitation is certainly at fault; the semblance is scarcely likely to be striking, and it is always a mistake to imagine tapestry as representing an oil painting.

The screen represented below, by permission of the same firm, shows one of the many ways in which tapestry painting may be utilised where the worker does not feel she is sufficiently experienced to undertake a large

easy, owing to the very substance and grain of the canvas, but, if the painting is to be considered as an imitation of a woven material, it stands to reason that the more delicate touches must all be carried in one direction, as in the original. When the work is finished, if intended to be used as a hanging, it may be hung loosely against the wall like a curtain, or stretched tightly upon a frame, or upon the wall itself. Should



SCREEN, AFTER DESIGN BY TENIERS

hanging. Here the subject chosen is much in the style of Teniers, and of certain other Dutch artists who loved to portray scenes of rustic merry making, while for other screens there are designs left us by Watteau and Boucher which work out well in a different style. The scheme of colour must be selected according to the nature of the design, and it is in such a matter as this that artistic training is invaluable, in order that the worker may apply her own knowledge, and exercise her own ingenuity in the arrangement of a design, instead of being slavishly content to copy those of other people.

As a final hint, I must remind those who have a fancy for trying their skill at tapestry painting that the lights and shadows should never be merged by a stippling or cross-hatching motion of the brush, but always by vertical strokes. This will be not only far

this chance to be damp, the tapestry will be found quite impermeable, and the colours also will not be in the least degree affected. For this reason painted tapestry is useful in public halls, churches, and other large buildings in which it cannot perforce be so carefully preserved as in a private house. In Paris it has been extensively used as coverings for large wall-spaces, notably in the New Opera House and in several churches.

One way in which "stayn'd cloth" may be made very useful is in restoring old tapestry, in which a patch of new canvas has to be inserted. Upon this canvas may be painted, after it is in position, the missing details of the original, and this rough sketch will serve as a guide to the embroideress who works in wools an imitation of the old material and design upon the patch.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

The Lady - Artist:

WHAT SHE HAS BEEN, AND WHAT SHE MIGHT BE IF SHE CHOOSE.



F all the intellectual pursuits which may fitly engage the powers of the civilised and cultivated person, Art, it appears, is that which at first sight is considered most adaptable to feminine faculties and conditions. The work, it is generally held, is light and eminently genteel. It lures not the votary from her house, neither does it entice her from her household gods; it calls not upon her to exchange her fireside for the trials, the excitement, or the blandishments of the stage, nor to yield up the company and influence of her own family circle in favour of that of the brother-actor or the rival musician. The cheek of the fair worker does not become the prize *in posse* of the "juvenile lead," nor her face, figure, voice, or execution the subjects of present examination and *vis à vis* remark of the applause, indifference, or condemnation of a critical audience. Her work hardly becomes the subject of contention in the same sense and degree as that of the woman of letters, for she is never called upon to thrust her personal opinions on the world, and her individuality—apart from that which she succeeds in placing upon her paper or canvas—need never be dissected or discussed by the inquisitive pen-point of the newspaper-man. Her personality, if she so wills it, is sacred. Whoever learned aught from the pages of journal or magazine, of the appearance, tastes, or habits of Miss Kate Greenaway! The painter or sculptress challenges no interference, no direct contact with the world—her sitter or model is all she has to face; her fellow countrymen are nothing to her, save when they choose to be agreeable through the medium of the newspaper or the cheque-book. Under the shelter of her own roof and in the midst of those she loves she prosecutes her gentle labour, and builds up the fabric of her reputation. And as she works with ease, in modesty and retirement, she spins her web of fortune, and perchance her claim to immortality.

This picture, I admit, is a fair one, but, alas! its chief merits, artistically considered, are those of invention and imagination. Were the path so smooth, the thousands that tread it to-day—the tens of thousands that have trodden it in the past—would long ere this have inscribed their names upon the roll of fame. A few bright exceptions there are, but very few; you might count them upon the fingers of your two hands. The rest of the long list of lady-artists have struggled against the limitations of their sex's power, yet at no time has the greatest of them come within measurable distance of a master of the first rank, although on two or three occasions women have conquered honourable places in the second. You may generally take it that a woman as a rule paints down to man's level, but never up to it.

Such is the judgment which Time has pronounced, and which I am reckless enough to set once more on record here before the reader. Time the inexorable has dragged down those whom fashion, sympathy, or the taste of the day once set up so high on the pedestal of fame. That same fashion which a hundred years ago placed Guido Reni above Raphael and Titian, welcomed Angelica Kauffman as the high priestess of the god of Art (if such there be), as the beloved and favoured of St. Luke, and found the great Goethe to endorse its verdicts. Yet where is her reputation now! and what is her true position! Were it not for her sex, for the misplaced chivalry of her critics, and the skill of her engraver, she would long since have been relegated to the limbo that holds the worn-out reputations of such academicians as Harlow and Hamilton. But she was a woman, and one whose sense of grace, as in the case of Greuze, to some extent triumphed over her weakness of method and execution, over her sameness and sickness of design. And so her reputation still stands—but be it noted, it stands rather *upon her reputation* than upon her works. And so with Mme. Vigée Le Brun—a woman of beauty and brilliancy, of indomitable energy and undoubted talent: she now occupies a position that she and her admirers would have regarded with a sense of outraged surprise when the century was young. As in her person, so in her art, it was primarily piquant prettiness and brilliancy, backed indeed by something more stable, that compelled men's admiration, and blinded them to the true weakness of her work. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds said of her portraits that they were as fine as those of any painter, not excepting Vandyck himself; but who would have the temerity to publish such a criticism to-day, or even to profess such an opinion!

Other ladies have held positions in the world of art not less eminent than these, and their reputations, though less talked about now, are probably established on a firmer basis. Marietta Robusti, the daughter of the mighty Tintoret, who studied with her father from the antique, from the contemporary painters, and from the nude model, and accompanied him in all his peregrinations attired as a boy—like Mme. Rosa Bonheur has done in our own day—Marietta, I say, made a reputation in her short life that will outlive the dainty sickliness of Kauffman and the memory of Le Brun's eight hundred and seventy canvases. Then, Sofonisba Anguisciola, far more gifted than her five talented sisters, earned such renown that the whole of civilised Europe rang with it. The fair Sofonisba was impressionable, too, for when she lost her husband at Palermo, and embarked disconsolate on a galley on her way to Genoa, she forthwith proposed to the captain, a noble of the city, and being accepted, put off her widow's weeds and married him on her arrival in port. Vandyck was her constant guest at her house, and he bore testimony to

her vast and accurate knowledge of the craftsmanship of art, declaring that he learned more from her than from all the other painters of Genoa put together. Vasari adds his testimony to Vandyck's: "Truly," he says, "may we affirm with the divine Ariosto—

"Women have risen to high excellence
In every art whereto they give their care."

Arcangela Paladini, too, was another so highly considered that she, in common with the afore-mentioned painters, was invited to contribute her likeness to the Uffizi Gallery of Autograph Portraits—an honour the full significance of which can neither be mistaken nor gainsaid.

Lavinia Fontana, celebrated by Lanzi and by the poets of the day; Prosperia de' Rossi, the fair sculptress, who exhausted all the admiratory vocabulary of Vasari; Rosalba Carriera, among the most talented, as among the least beautiful, of women; Elisabetta Sirani, "the pet and miracle of Bologna," and the victim of a foul assassination, whom Lanzi, Malvasia, Picinardi, and others unite in honouring—all these, in their day, attained a height which Rosa Bonheur does not surpass, and which Lady Butler—even in those days of promise so sadly cut short by the premature recognition of royalty—has not so much as approached, and commanded the patronage, favour and carresses of popes, emperors, kings, and cardinals;—and yet not one of them has kept her reputation.

Now, why is this? Why cannot woman, who has made her mark in all but the very highest walks of literature, succeed in taking front rank as an artist? There are, I believe, several reasons to account for the phenomenon, and to establish the melancholy fact that in the future no more than in the past will she take quite a foremost position among the artists of the day.

In the first place, her comparative (and very positive) lack of power, both mental and physical, stands in her way. Uncreative by nature—and how evident is this in the case of music!—she has neither the patience, the perseverance nor even the strength, to undertake the long years of unbroken labour and close application that are necessary for the realisation of an ideal—if she possess one. In point of execution, as opposed to creation, she may, as in music, ascend to great heights, and well might, in a measure, become to Art what Tyndall and Edison have been to science and experimental physics. We are told by Hippel that "all that belongs to the purely natural lies within the sphere of woman," and this, to some extent, is true, but even in the rendering of flowers, animals, landscapes, and portraits, the vigorous touch of a man's hand and the stamp of a man's insight into the essential character of the thing portrayed, are invariably absent.

I believe that most of those amiable qualities that we admire in woman, and the conditions which we are wont to regard as her lot in life, the constituents of her mission, rob her of what little chance Nature may have vouchsafed of rising to the pinnacle of artistic achievement. Love, Marriage, and Family, with their attendant joys and sorrows, are the three chief obstacles

in her race for fame; while the anxiety of Caterina Ginassi (who was no mean artist herself three hundred years ago) adds the complementary bar:—"The needle and the distaff are the greatest enemies of the pencil and the brush."

It is often urged by the champions of feminine franchise that the domestic life to which the sex has ever been committed has never yet given to women the opportunity of developing what latent power may be within them. In one respect alone I should be inclined to grant the contention. The political thralldom which the sex has suffered, or enjoyed, may have had some influence in robbing women of much of the self-confidence and independence that inspired the brushes of our great masters with vigour, freshness, and originality, while all the time controlling them; but in other respects the obstacles that have often proved insurmountable to women have but whetted the energy of men. True genius is not to be repressed, but encouraged and forced, by opposition: like water, it is practically incompressible. Moreover, some of the women I have named, together with scores of others, whom the interested reader may find duly chronicled in Mrs. Elliot's little book of eulogistic biography, belonged to artistic families, all the members of which were devoted to but one pursuit. Their chances of progress were the same; they lived in an artistic atmosphere, and they were the companions of fathers, of brothers, and of professors whose comradeship in work should have awakened—as it probably did—the spirit of emulation. And further, for a considerable period during the great artistic Renaissance, women were certainly not the slaves they are often represented. In the Universities, and out of them, they took up positions of honour and learning in full view of the public, for it was a time of female enfranchisement in many of the arts and sciences; yet no truly great woman-artist appeared to assault men's hearts with either admiration or jealousy of her work.

On the other hand, neither the applause nor the chivalry of the world has been able to induce an excellence which Nature has withheld—and the world has been niggardly in neither. Victorious generals have done homage to the lady-artist, as when General l'Espinasse forbade his soldiers to approach the house of Angelica Kauffman when he conquered the region of her home in the name of France; or when the late Emperor Frederick, in the Franco-Prussian War, ordered his gunners to fire in a direction other than that of Rosa Bonheur's house in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and to hold it and its surroundings as sacred. Royalty—that seems to have so little in common with budding art—has added its patronage, and conferred its marks of erratic favour. But the dainty Genius of Art responded not.

With as much sarcasm as grace it has been said that the true function of women in respect to Art is to leave it alone, content to play the all-important part of "inspiration," to which all men must lend the knee as to the object of their worship—their Ideal. Her beauty, her unconscious charm, and the subtle expression of her form and feature—these are the offerings she brings to Art:

with themselves discharged their debt to it and to Humanity. Personal beauty, certainly enough, has distinguished, with but few exceptions, the most eminent women artists of the past; while, with musical accomplishments and a talent for language—Aless Schumann, for example, could speak with ease and elegance, it is said, every European language, and no fewer than eight of the chief Oriental tongues—they distributed over a wide and varied field the ability which their male rivals usually concentrated on their one all-absorbing vocation.

It may be said that in those insisting on the comparative inferiority of women in the world of Art I am flinging a third home; but I believe if this point is once frankly recognised and conceded, women of spirit and ability may save themselves from the living death of mediocre achievement, and attain pre-eminence in a branch of Art other than painting or carving; for it is not given to every woman to be a Bonheur, a Demont-Breton, a Henriette Browne, a Breslau, or a Berteaux. My view is that women might become truly great in Translating Engraving—that noble and glorified craft that has from its birth been accepted as an art. They have every capacity that its execution requires, whether the fashion of the day demands copper or wood as the material for their gravers to work upon. As I have stated before, creativeness in its highest form is not germane to woman, her strong point is her executive and imitative faculty—and for that engraving affords her full scope. Those who doubt her possible pre-eminence in this art, need but be referred to the annual competition at our Royal Academy schools for admission. The test set is a certain number of highly finished and carefully shaded stippled copies of casts, and recent returns have repeatedly shown that the relative success of women over men in the examina-

tion is as three to one. But when these very students reach the final stages in Academy instruction, the women are in a hopeless minority, while those of them who attain the highest point of merit in later life are drawn exclusively from the small minority of the males.

I confess I see no reason why the application of woman's peculiar talent so clearly foreshadowed here might not be turned to good account. From the earliest times women have engraved, and engraved right well; but of late years they have been weaned from the art by the more sensual attractions of colour. Diana Ghisi, who came near to rivalling Marc Antonio himself in her renderings of Raphael and Giulio Romano, and Elisabetta Sirani, whose etched work extorted the admiration of all the artists of Bologna, were but the precursors of a brilliant though little-encouraged line of female engravers. Of late the tendency has made itself observed of a revival in this branch of art, and quite a number of ladies are in training as wood-engravers; indeed, the graceful work of one of them has recently, from time to time, been put before the public by the publishers of THE WOMAN'S WORLD. Why should not this example be more generally followed? In all the departments—in line engraving, etching, lithography, and wood-engraving—there is work for all, and opportunities for gain and fame more constant, more continuous, and more valuable than has at any other period been the case.

And if the fruits of labour appeal at first to a somewhat limited section of the art-loving world, the final result will undoubtedly be far more real and far more lasting. But then, again, is it given to "the lady-artist" to prefer future fame to present admiration and cheap applause? That is a question to which a unanimous reply can hardly be hoped for.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

The Decorative Uses of Flowers.



THE time is quite within the memory of not very aged people when the floral decorations of an ordinary drawing-room chiefly consisted of clusters of artificial flowers, done in wax, which reposed under glass domes on various useless tables, one of which invariably appeared to part the white curtains in the exact centre of a window. It was an ugly period, and, luckily, one of short duration. Then came a reaction, which has now grown so strong as to threaten to turn our dwelling-rooms

into veritable greenhouses. After all, it should be remembered that in social life the human beings who take part in it are the first consideration, while the flowers and foliage are the background.

Ball-room decoration has certainly greatly improved in later years, and the huge banks of palms, flowers, and foliage clumped together in one dense mass reaching nearly to the ceiling are now no longer seen. Groups are arranged more artistically, stems are allowed to come into view, instead of being hidden away by a somewhat lower plant being placed immediately in front; and picturesque effect is more sought after than the mere brilliancy produced by a mass of bloom. Mirrors framed with green creepers have a deliciously cool appearance; and Mrs. Green's (of Crawford Street) original idea of hanging trails of the American creeper, like a curtain, over one side of a large looking-glass, the other side being caught back by a garland of flowers, is most successful.

Palms, obviously, form a beautiful background, where the room is sufficiently spacious; but they should never be allowed to divide two seats, and thus interfere with social intercourse. A comfortable chair, again, with foliage obscuring over the back, so that it is impossible to look back at all, is a ridiculous object, but one that is not quite unknown. Lilies, and other heavily scented flowers, are very lovely, but should be used sparingly, for fear their perfume should be overwhelming. For this very reason the guests were obliged to leave several ball-rooms this year. Surely, it would be better to expend a little more on intelligence and a little less on material, if the hostess is unable to give any thought of her own to the enjoyment of her guests. Our modern search after Beauty is taken upon too easy a road, whose pavements are of gold, whereas she requires to be sought after in a more painstaking manner. We have too much "sent in" from outside, and too little to give out from within. If our floral decorations were governed less by a wish to impress than to please, we should be more ashamed of hearing such remarks as, "It must have cost a great deal," or "I wonder who did it," as the sole criticism of our labour.

For a temporary or unfurnished ball-room the aid of the carpenter may be called in, and a shelf erected, sufficiently high to form a frieze above, from which hangings of pale blue art-muslin may depend, and over this garlands of hops and ginkler roses; while at intervals on the shelf blue-and-white china jars, containing yellow irises, may be placed. Here you have a varied yet harmonious whole, which would not clash with other colours or depreciate the effect of any gown whatsoever. Large panels of plaited rushes, nailed against the wall, make an excellent groundwork for almost any flowers to be twisted into, or when these are scarce, in autumn, Virginia creeper, honeysuckle-berries, hips-and-haws, pear-leaves, laurels, and ivy trails, just relieved here and there by one or two chrysanthemums, will be found effective.

It may here be noted that particular attention was paid to the floral ornamentation of staircases at some of the great balls of last season. On one occasion the balustrades appeared to be a mass of La France roses, their pale, delicate tints being accentuated by the dark ivy leaves which formed the background. In a house where the period of Louis XV. reigns supreme, only gold and white blooms were used, these being formed in festoons and tied with gold ribbons at intervals. They were very beautiful, and perhaps suitable to a great occasion, but over-elaboration in what must be temporary is not desirable, and purely floral decorations should be fresh, spontaneous, and, indeed, arranged on the happy impulse of the moment.

So, too, with the dinner-table. Just now there is too much millinery scattered over it. Ribbons tying bunches of flowers together were pretty, and had some meaning; but what significance can be attached to streamers floating from candelabra, and yards of ribbon trailing over the table-cloth, and lost in a bewildering maze round vase and dish, until the eye is tired with trying to find out if there is a beginning or an end! Contrast this, on a hot summer's night, with these large flat old blue dishes

filled with water, on which float three or four perfect roses, stems and leaves lying out upon the surface, sufficiently far apart to show the china in between, or with large shallow bowls of glass, bordered with fern, with water-lilies in the centre. We have left the days of steaming joints and presentation plate behind; flowers have taken their place, and so far the move is a good one, only we must guard against excess. Adopt all the pretty novelties of wheelbarrow, crescent, and gondola, if you will, but be careful not to overload your table with such elaborate erections that your less wealthy friends may fear to return your hospitality. Flat decoration on the dinner-table has held its own for some time now, and probably will continue to do so. The old corks and unshaded candles formed a veritable barricade between the two sides of the table; now we are allowed to see our opposite neighbour in comfort. Low, shaded lamps, such as Messrs. Osler had on their table, which gained the prize at the Botanical Gardens this year, are very charming; shedding a soft glow over the table, they are a great rest to the eyes. The same firm have some exquisite tulip-blossoms in china, for holding flowers; they are in single and double sprays, and can be massed together or scattered over the table at will. Closely resembling the natural flower, and most delicately tinted, they are beautiful in themselves, and their suitability for flat decoration will be better understood by the accompanying illustration.

For a single decoration on a moderate sized table, place a palm in the centre, and entirely surround it with successive tiers of specimen-glasses filled with bunches and trails of honeysuckle; the spaces in between should be filled up with different kinds of foliage, until no glass can be seen, and the honeysuckle has the appearance of growing in its native hedgerow. In the evening a shaded lamp can be substituted for the palm, and looks very pretty. The old-fashioned silver decanter stands are delightful things to arrange flowers in; they should be filled with moss, and the flowers made to stand upright. They can be treated in an infinite variety of ways. Marigolds and marguerites look well, and so do clumps of small-sized iris, or the small Icelandic poppy, with quack-grass; but prettiest of all is physalis, with its tiny orange flower closely resembling a Japanese lantern; this, mixed with asparagus-fern, has an exquisitely light and fairy-like appearance. Some really good blue-and-white jars are a great help in table decoration; yellow always looks better in them than in anything else, and for every-day use when flowers are difficult to obtain they are charming if simply filled with variegated foliage.

A decoration for a large party might consist of very tall glass tubes, high enough to be over the heads of the guests, filled with light branches of trees and stately snow-white arums, with small sacks of lovely old brocade below, covering tins of water which are overflowing with white roses. The high tubes are a change from the flat arrangements, while they do not obstruct the view. Large bowls of pink peonies and Solomon's seals are very delicious. I do not think flowers ever look better than when simply grouped in old china bowls; but of these we

are not all the happy possessors, and one great lesson to learn is to use what we have got, and not to rush out purchasing this and that because it is the fashion, for we are sure to meet it everywhere we go, and so soon get tired of it, and put it on one side for the next new thing. Floral, as well as other decoration, becomes in this way too uniform, whereas an original thought would give it the stamp of the individual, and raise it from the dead level of similarity. People may be as fanciful as they please, so long as they do not become grotesque, and use alarming contrasts of colour because they feel certain they have never seen them before. Fancy is a dainty maiden, and will not be wooed after this fashion.

A great deal, of course, depends upon surroundings. When the walls are bright, and the whole room brilliantly lighted, small silver bowls of lycopodium and fern have a restful effect; and flat posies of flowers may be scattered here and there in between; but where the backgrounds are oak panels, brightness should be aimed at. For this purpose yellow is most useful. Malmaison carnations, too, are admirable against dark backgrounds, and so are dahlias. Foliage should be used sparingly in such rooms, since it always darkens the effect; white flowers are, of course, ominously suitable; especially when arranged in red trellis baskets, half covered with asparagus-fern. Flimsy, straggling decorations where all else is solid—scarlet asserting itself in patches, small glasses dotted all over the room until the eye is weary with jumping from one to the other—are certainly anything but pleasing.

For the general effect in good-sized rooms, foliage, subject to what has been said about dark backgrounds, seems to be the most satisfactory, unless large flowers, such as peonies, sunflowers, and dahlias, are obtainable. Great sprays of hurel in high blue-and-white jars, the smaller kind of palm and fern planted in brass and china bowls, boughs of copper-beech in a beaten copper jar, are all delightful; the last being particularly pretty in a room hung in the pinky shade of terra-cotta now so popular. And the flowers should be brought into as close a relation as possible with the occupants of the rooms, by being placed at the corner of the writing-table, or close beside a favourite chair, or, like some votive

offering, beside the picture of a friend; though I do not, of course, mean to delar them from other positions.

It is impossible for decorative purposes to speak too highly of the iris. Many new species have been introduced of late years from various parts of Europe and Central Asia. They are to be had for about seven months in the year, beginning in the early spring, and are suitable for everything except shallow dishes. In the autumn wonderful trophies can be formed of tinted leaves. The yellowish green of the oak, the tawny touches on the plane-tree, the dark brown of the sycamore, and the orange hue of the elm, with a few of the bright red leaves of the cherry, and some dark bits of pine for contrast, make a deliciously harmonious whole; and in the hedgerows are to be found trails of rambling bryony, gorgeous-hued brambles, and the fruit of the wild rose tipped with scarlet.

I wonder if people with large gardens in the country ever quite realise how much people appreciate gifts of flowers. I think not, or more rooms which have little in them to make them bright would present a gayer appearance; and the long, empty-looking hospital wards would always hold something lovely to interest the weary eyes of the patients. A flower is such a perfect thing for a gift, for what else is so appropriate a symbol of the affection we feel for each other? The artistically arranged bouquet, fringed with real lace, and tied up with the broadest of ribbons; the brocade bags and plush cornucopias, luxuriously filled with exotics, may possibly be a medium for it; but if the receiver sees nothing in it but what money can purchase, it can hardly be a "joy," whatever loveliness it may have. I confess to a great tenderness of feeling for an old-fashioned cottage nosegay, where a rose is overshadowed by a double dahlia, where crimson stock and scarlet geranium, purple columbine and vivid blue larkspur, calceolaria and mignonne, are side by side, bound round with large leaves of scented geranium, and all compressed into the smallest possible space. Such a posy is the delight of children, while to some of us older ones it brings pleasant memories of quaint little rooms hung with dimiti, where small gardens have been rifled to fill the bowl which stands in the window in harmony with its surroundings.

ETHEL JOHNSON.



TULIP-BLOSSOM FLOWER-HOLDER.

Wise in her Generation.

IT was a charming party at Mrs. Westerleigh's: a good floor, a good band, and a respectable set of people. I were my own grown from Russell and Allen: no elaborate fang of tulle or net, but a really handsome confection in white corded silk, the sort of thing which exactly suits my style. Nature never having let me out for the part of *jeune fille*. We arrived a little late, but a great many people seemed to have room for my name on their programmes; indeed, throughout the evening I enjoyed the rather novel sensation of a ball-room success. Not that I set much value on such a bit of social ginger-bread. All very well for boys and girls in their first season, but by no means fitted to satisfy the appetite of persons arrived at years of discretion.

The dancing had stopped when we got into the room, and I stood for a few moments in the doorway making up my book for the events of the night. Regy Walker was negotiating with me for the supper dances, when the Slands were announced. I looked up, without moving a hair, and saw them within a yard of me—Philip and Philip's wife.

The latter I observed to be slight and pale; not ugly, of course, for in these days even heiresses cannot afford to be ugly, but generally insignificant. But her maid, her tailor, and her corset-maker are evidently the best of their kind.

I don't know how long Regy Walker and I stood there adjusting our ball-cards; perhaps a minute, perhaps a hundred years. Then the room went round suddenly, and I found myself shaking hands with Philip.

Our eyes met; he smiled his wonderful smile. It might almost have been last year. But it can never be last year again.

Last year, Philip, you were a hard working, ambitious young man of whom great things were already prophesied at the Bar, this year you are a person of importance—your fortune made, your position assured. Last year I was a one-ideal young person in a white frock, who blushed and smiled with unalloyed delight when her friend approached her; who had smiles and blushes for no one else; whose days were full of vague, delicious happiness; whose wakeful nights were sweeter than nights of dreams. This year I am a woman who knows her weakness, knows also her strength, and has had her experience.

It is the third day, and I have risen again.

Without knowledge of life there can be no true enjoyment of life. Life, I maintain, in the face of the sentimentalists, to be an acquired taste. For the educated palate there are all sorts of gustatory surprises—olives, caviare, a host of sauces—far more delicious than, if not quite so wholesome as, the roast meat and boiled pudding of domesticity. You were right, Philip;

and I, who once believed myself your victim, crushed beneath the juggernaut of your ambition—I was wrong.

Meanwhile, I have left me—Philip Shand and Virginia Warwick—shaking hands with one another, and melting into one another's bosom, with almost exaggerated animosity.

"Am I too late for a waltz?"

"There is only number eleven left."

"A quadrille? I ask for bread, and you give me a stank."

I wrote down his initials on my card, and he made off, smiling brilliantly.

I stood looking after him with a curious sense of unreality, divided between a desire to laugh aloud, and another—to go from the room, from the house, to some vague, impossible region of darkness and silence and solitude. At the same moment, I grew aware of a pair of wide-open grey eyes, fixed upon myself with unenvied intention, from the distances. Their owner was a tall, fair, woolly-headed man, whose whole appearance was indubitably different from that of the surrounding people. It was not long before Mrs. Westerleigh swept up to me with this unknown young man in her wake.

"Sir Guy Ormond—Miss Warwick."

We both bowed, and he asked me for a dance, with a fervour quite disproportionate to the request.

"Some poor little waif of a swell!" was my reflection, as he wrote his name against the twelfth waltz—the only unclaimed dance on my card.

For it must be owned that we were that night a distinctly middle-class gathering, a great mixed mob of Londoners; no mere Belgravian birds of passage, but people whose interests and avocations lay well within the Great City.

"May I take you in to supper later on?" said Sir Guy earnestly.

"Yes, please," I answered, giving him a glance almost as serious as his own. Certainly, there is no game so amusing as that which Philip taught me to play last year. At the opening of the eleventh dance Philip came up to me.

"You don't want to dance this thing?"

He lowered his voice to the old confidential pitch; but his manner was a shade less confident than of old. After all, why not? I hate quadrilles, and I like to talk with Philip.

"If you will allow me," he said, as we strolled off to the conservatory, "I will introduce you to my wife."

And then I found myself bowing and smiling to a colourless person, who bowed and smiled in her turn, and announced her intention of calling on me at an early date.

A few minutes later I was in the conservatory, hanging in a delicious chair, a becoming pink lantern swung above my head. Opposite me, his chair drawn

close to mine, sat a well-groomed gentleman in evening dress, with expressive eyes and a vivacious, intelligent face. A charming picture of manners, is it not?

Little by little I gave myself up to the pleasure of the moment, which, when all is said, was considerable.

He is not the Philip of last year, but he has the same eyes and the same voice. The Philip of last year never, indeed, existed, save in my imagination; but I have caught the trick of *bien-être* in the society of this person who looks like him; of basking in the glow of that radiant vitality, the warmth of that magnetic presence.

"May I take you in to supper?" said Philip presently.

"I have arranged to go in with Sir Guy Ormond."

He looked at me curiously.

"The bloated aristocrat! But perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

"I was introduced to him to-night."

"He's a good fellow; a little sentimental and dilettante, but you can afford to be sentimental on thirty thousand a year."

Thirty thousand a year! Sir Guy was a person of more importance than I had imagined. I dropped my eyes to my fan, and Philip went on in his familiar, mocking fashion—

"Do you love blue-books? Are you devoted to poor-law reports? What is your opinion of Toynbee Hall? And when, Miss Virginia Warwick, were you last at the People's Palace? By such paths lies the way to the royal favour."

I looked up and met the glance, mocking and serious and curiously intent, of his brilliant eyes. At the same moment, someone brushed through the ferns and lounges to where we sat, and announced himself as my partner for the next waltz.

It was Sir Guy Ormond.

Philip rose at once, with an air of ostentatious magnanimity, a flourish of *fair play* in every line of him. The look in his eyes stung me. Was he insulting me, this polite person, bowing himself gracefully away? But after all, is there any deeper wrong, any crueler insult left for him to offer?

Let me write it down, once for all, that we must remain for ever unspoken, unexpressed.

If a man stabs you, or robs you, or injures your fair fame, do you take these things at his hands in silence? Even if he escape the world's punishment, do you smile upon him in the face of the world?

Idle questions, no doubt!

And I—I shall go on smiling at Philip to the end of the chapter!

II.

I wonder, sometimes, that we do not go oftener to the bad, we girls of the well-to-do classes.

If you come to think of it, it is a curious ordeal we pass through at the very outset of our career. Take a girl in the schoolroom and see what her life is.

A dingy room, dowdy dresses, bread and butter, and governesses! In all the household there is, perhaps, no person of less importance than she. Then, one day, this creature, knowing nothing of the world, and less, if possible, of herself, is launched on the stream of fashionable

or pseudo-fashionable life. At what has been hitherto her bedtime, she is arrayed gorgeously, whirled through a gas-lit city, and finally let loose in a crowded ball-room, there to sink or swim. There are lights, jewels, heavy scents, and dreamy, delicious music; it is all a whirl, a clatter, a profusion. And there are a great many people, gay, good-looking, well dressed. One person comes to her again and again. He is a great deal older than she, with all the assurance of strength and experience. Deferential and tyrannical, he entreats and commands at one and the same time. And he has a strange power of sympathy, a wonderful insight into her innocence; knows her better than herself, it seems, this charming, clever person. Everywhere he follows her about; with every look, with every tone, he says: "*I love you.*"

She does not know why she is so happy. All day long she dreams, dreams, or gossips of the night to come. If she thinks at all about it, she thinks prim thoughts such as have been instilled into her, and which have nothing to do with what she feels. The natural promptings of her modesty she mistakes for resistance to this unknown force, which is drawing her to itself as inevitably as the magnet draws the needle. With her little prudish defences, she believes herself equipped for any fray; she feels so strong, and, O God, she is so weak! One day a bolt falls from the clear sky; he is going to be married to a woman of fortune, of good connections; he is away in the country wooing his rich bride. . . . Pshaw, what a rhodomontade!

All the girls, nearly, have gone through it; everyone knows how Carrie lost her looks after she came home from Cowes, and how Blanche fell off to a skeleton the year Fred Birch was married. Carrie looked blooming enough in the Park the other day in her new carriage; and Blanche is fatter than her husband, which is saying a great deal. Not go to the bad? But perhaps a good many of us *do* go after all, though the badness is not of a sort which demands the attention of philanthropists, such, for instance, as Sir Guy Ormond.

Sir Guy Ormond is very strong on all social questions. He is also an Agnostic, and a Socialist of an advanced type. He regards the baronetcy conferred on his father, a benevolent mill-owner at Darlington, in the light of a burden and an indignity.

How do I come by my facts? I gleaned them from no less a person than Sir Guy himself, in the course of two dances and a hasty supper.

The limpid fluency of that young man's discourse is something astonishing. However, he is quite intelligent, in a stupid way, and quite good. Not an atom of vice in his composition, I should say, and not an atom of humour.

Mrs. Philip Shand called on me some days after the Westerieighs' party. She has that air of petulance, of protest, that I have often noticed in very rich people. They have got into the way of expecting too much.

"You set a golden cage for happiness,
And, lo, the uncertain creature flutters by
To settle on your neighbour's hand, who has,
Perhaps, no cage at all."

So much for the vanity of riches.

Mrs. Philip was polite enough in her vague, dumb way, and hoped we should meet that night at the Rochamptons' dinner-party. We did meet, and Philip was told off to take me in. I accepted the fact coolly enough, and he bore himself towards me with an air of ostentatious restraint; but finding it not so effective as he had, perhaps, supposed, he dropped into one of his morbid moods, which, to do him justice, are rare.

Philip has his faults, but he is not a bore; yet, like most of his sex, he is not without possibilities in that direction. "In a civilisation like ours," went on Philip, between his mouthfuls of *quenelle*, "there can be no middle course. You must go with the tide or drift into some stagnant backwater and rot. It's the old story of survival of the fittest."

"Survival of the toughest," I interposed flippantly; but he continued: "If you want anything worth having, you must make for it and fight for it. If you don't get it for yourself, no one else will. Not that it is an unkind world. Quite the contrary. There is a great deal of kindness going about one way and another."

"Exactly," I answered; "but the best of us can only be benevolent by fits and starts; our own pains and pleasures, like the poor, are always with us. Under the influence of a whim or a passion, people will do a great deal for one another. But for thorough-going, untiring support of one's own interest, there is, after all, no one like oneself."

He looked at me, with an air of shocked and affectionate concern.

"Don't," he said; "don't! It doesn't do for a woman to talk like that!"

After dinner, Mrs. Philip, evidently a dutiful wife, asked me to go with them next day to a private view at the Institute. I said yes without hesitation; and at the end of the evening Philip reminded me of the engagement. He had risen to say good night to me, and stood holding my hand, with no undue pressure, certainly, but not without a gentle reluctance to let it go.

I told you once, Philip, that I loved you, did I not? not in words, it is true, but with perfect frankness, nevertheless. Perhaps, to put it very plainly, you think that I love you still.

But, indeed, you would be wrong.

Only, this thing I know: that life can hold no such moment in store for me as those bygone moments when my hand thrilled to yours; when our eyes flashed and flared in mysterious meeting; when the air about us was tense with the unspoken and the unrevealed.

III.

The Shands called for me at the appointed time, and I drove with them to the Institute, where the usual private-view crowd was assembled.

As we were going in, I was attracted by the sight of two people on a bench overlooking the staircase.

The long head, and straight, tow-coloured hair; the pale face, equine profile, and earnest manner were unmistakable; it did not take me half a second to recognise Sir Guy Ormond. I recognised his companion

also; a discontented looking woman, eccentrically dressed. It was Melora Grey, the poetess.

Poor, poor Melora! having enacted for a great many years, and entirely without success, the part of *jeune fille*, she has lately adopted that of *esprit fort*, and no doubt Sir Guy (simple soul!) affords her ready appreciation.

Heaven save me from the laurels of third-rate female celebrity! Unless she happens to be Patti, or Lady Burdett Coutts, or Queen Elizabeth, there is only one way of success open to a woman: the way of marriage.

Sir Guy, unless my vanity be mistaken, looked as if he would very much like to join our party, but Melora had no intention of releasing him. No doubt she had schemes of bearing him back to Bedford Park, there to discuss bad cigarettes and questionable philanthropy in the shaded light of an æsthetic "den."

He *did* escape, however, a little later on, and joined us in the big room, when I soon found that he had quite as much to say about art as about philanthropy.

Philip's face began to display unmistakable signs of boredom and irritation, but, as for me, I listened and looked, put intelligent questions, and made brief but pertinent answers, which seemed to annoy Philip even more than the æsthetic discourse.

What, indeed, had become of Philip's magnanimity?

He fidgeted about me, changing from side to side, trying to attract my attention by various devices.

Presently Sir Guy and I strolled outside together, and stood leaning on the balustrade watching the people swarm up and down the great staircase.

Philip was soon at my elbow, wanting to know if I had had enough of it, in tones that admitted of but one reply. "I am quite ready to go," I said, and looked him full in the face with a sudden thrill of triumph and resolve.

Am I to witness yet further developments of that highly organised product, Mr. Shand?

Having introduced me to my first experience, is he about to initiate me into further knowledge of life and character, as seen under conditions of highly artificial civilisation?

Highly artificial! The Dog and the Manger is an old-world story, adapted to quite a simple state of society—but I do myself too much honour!

Meanwhile, Sir Guy stood there pressing an invitation on the whole party of us for an At Home at Toynbee Hall. Men of his type and Philip's are like oil and vinegar; the invitation, and the acceptance with which, after some demur, it was met, are, I think, significant.

"That prig!" said Philip in the carriage, later on.

"Poor Sir Guy!" I laughed lightly. I was in good spirits. It was no polite fiction when I told my hostess that I had thoroughly enjoyed myself.

IV.

Sir Guy Ormond evidently admires me—so much so that a less experienced person might be inclined to jump at conclusions on the subject. But I know very well that a man does not go about the world with thirty thousand a year and a baronetcy without having some idea of his own value; and with all his high-faloot theories,

the son of the Darlington mill-owner has his share of shrewdness and caution. He is whimsical, too, and obstinate, like all men of his stamp; and having, moreover, such a passion for female society generally, must often, in all innocence, have roused unfounded hopes in the female breast particularly. Not that, accidental advantages apart, he is the sort of man that women naturally take to. Perhaps it is that he assumes towards them an attitude so few are capable of appreciating; he respects them

As for me, I like him genuinely; he is such a good fellow; I wish sometimes that he were rather less so.

My room is full of blue-books, pamphlets, and philosophical treatises. "Sesame and Lilies" and Clifford's "Essays" are hob-nobbing on the table; the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" and a report of the Democratic Federation stand together on the shelf. This is an age of independence and side-saddles; but how often is woman doomed to ride pillion on a man's hobby-horse!

Philip stands by and notices everything with his quick eyes. And I—is it at the cost of dignity that I permit myself so much intimacy with Philip?

But Philip amuses me more than anyone I know; and I suppose that I amuse Philip—am sure of it, in fact—or he would have turned his back on me ages ago. But while I think of it, is it possible that in her mild, inarticulate fashion, Mrs. Philip is beginning to hate me! This must be seen to at once. I have no intention of playing a losing game a second time with Philip. Indeed, I am acquiring such skill with games generally that Philip begins to respect me as he never respected me before. Sometimes I think he is a little afraid of me, and goes so far as to doubt if he has done the best for himself after all.

We should have been a well-matched pair; between us we might have moved the world!

V.

In a world of surprises, there is perhaps nothing which astonishes us so much as our own feelings.

I have begun with a sententiousness worthy of Sir Guy himself, but my pinious refuse to sustain me at so giddy a height.

Let me, then, come down to facts.

The letter came on the 18th of June, by the first post. It is as well to be exact. I recognised the handwriting, and put it in my pocket unopened. When, in the privacy of my own room, I broke the seal, I found what I had half expected.

In eight closely written pages Sir Guy Ormond made me a formal offer of marriage.

Worly, egotistical, pompous it was, in the main, an honest and a generous letter.

I read it once, twice, then sat staring mechanically at myself in the glass opposite.

It was the moment of my triumph; I had won my game; it only remained for me to stretch out my hand and claim the stakes.

The reflection of my face caught my vision; its expression was scarcely one of triumph. And surely there must be some mistake in the calendar, some trick in the

sand and quicksilver; I was not twenty, with smooth cheeks—I was a hundred years old, and wrinkled!

Still I sat there staring, a dull dizziness, a stony incredulity taking possession of me.

For gradually it was brought home to me that by no possibility could I accept Sir Guy's offer.

I will take no undue credit to myself; I had no choice in the matter; I simply could not do it!

VI.

"Have you posted my letter, Célestine?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; shall I put out your gown?"

"I am not going out to-night, after all."

Not to face Philip! Philip—this is the hardest part of all—who will think I have played my game and lost; who will undergo a mixed moment of disappointment and gratified pique as the state of the case dawns on him, then turn away with a shrug from a commonplace and uninteresting failure. These are mean thoughts! But have I ever pretended to magnanimity?

I am sorry for what I have just done—I shall be sorry for it all the days of my life!

A year hence, no doubt, I shall be capable not only of stalking, but also of killing my game; then, in all probability, there will be no game to kill.

I gave myself every chance; I waited a week; something stronger than myself withheld me from giving the answer I wished to give. I am defeated, a traitor to my own cause, having brought nothing but dishonour from the fray.

* * * * *

Let me open the window, and lean out to the stars. Stars, you have often seen me weep, but to-night I have no tears to shed.

Something falls to the ground with a crash.

Only some books of Sir Guy's—the poor books he is so fond of, and writes his name in with a flourish.

(I am not sure that there are not some tears left, after all! Yet, can there be much pathos over a person with thirty thousand a year?)

Let me lean my forehead against the cool window-ledge, and hide my face from the stars.

Have I, too, been cruel? Have I also been the means of showing another human being the darker possibilities of his own soul?

Would it have been better, after all, to complete the wrong I had begun?

If I had loved you—but ah! my poor Sir Guy, that could never be, could never have been.

Here, with closed eyes and hidden face, and head bared to the night breeze, let me shut out thought.

The wind is soft and very sweet; there is no sound save the distant murmur of the Great City.

Black, black in its heart is the City; the blackness of man's heart is revealed in its huge, hideous struggle for existence.

Better be unfit and perish, than survive at such a cost.

* * * * *

"No, thank you, Célestine. I will shut the window and I shall not want you again to-night."

AMY LEVY.



The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTON.

"Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield in frogs and fringe to none."—Monsieur.

"*SAINTE Mouseline en l'air!*" is the exclamation of a modern French writer who affects to believe that simplicity is a thing of the past. But the keen observer of modern manners and modes must acknowledge that there is a great alleviation of simplicity in our day, though it often hides extravagance and lavish expenditure. The wardrobe glories of to-day take the form of dainty gowns fitting to perfection, made for day wear, of inexpensive stuffs, finely braided, silk-lined; and if any other trimming happened to be applied, it would be simple but costly. A stuff gown of 1889 costs more than a silk gown of ten years back. It is only for evening toilettes that very rich silks and "frogs and fringes" appear, unless indeed it be on the more ornamental class of mantles, which are exceedingly elaborate.

The woman of fashion of to-day, if asked to express her feelings on the subject of attire, would say at once that it is the duty of women to look their best, and to contribute in this manner their quota to society, as everyone who forms a part of it is expected to do—whether it be in the way of conversation, wit, music, art, or general amiability. Special talents do not fall to the lot of everybody, but it is within the power of every woman to make the best of herself. To do this, it is particularly essential that she should devote much time and care to personal neatness. Finish is the desideratum of good dressing, and few succeed unless they give time, thought, and patience to the subject. "Well groomed" is a slang phrase applied to a woman's attire which is smart and trim, but, like most slang, it is singularly expressive.

It was one of our greatest statesmen who said that "happiness was atmosphere," and a woman should not only be a pleasing poem of beauty in herself, but be surrounded by pretty things. The heading to our article shows some of the new trifles which the fair sex delight to possess. They were sketched at the Crown Perfumery Co., 177, New Bond Street. The photograph-stand in the shape of a chair made in light brown leather is quite new in idea; and the photograph-case for travelling commends itself because it will close up easily, thus protecting the picture, but it stands up, showing it off well when required. The colouring is charming, subdued and mellow, mingling well with any room, and with any table-cloth on which it may be set. A jarring colour, like a false note, is fatal to harmony. The hand-painted money box in olive-wood points to a distinct fashion of the moment. Many women who have some pet scheme of charity resolve to lay aside a certain sum weekly, or all the coppers or silver three-pennies, and keep these ornamental boxes on their tables as a reminder. The idea is good, and merits encouragement; and the intrinsic beauty of this little box is likely to foster it. The fan-holder is one of the prettiest things of the kind that have yet been introduced. Its shape is good, and it serves equally well for a brooch. The foundation is silver, Hall-marked, or gold; and diamonds and pearls, either or both, are intermingled. Women wear so many brooches; low bodices are often covered with them; and the lace and mousseline-chiffon ties and fichus require several to keep them properly in place.

Nothing, however, is so much in request as what is old, whether it be old oak, old miniatures, old paste, or old scarf-pins; and for the moment these are looked up with great care. The pins with which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers fastened their shirt-frills are now securing almost identical frills worn by their degenerate granddaughters and great-granddaughters. Bunches of Parma violets are held in place with them, and also the lace and crossway folds, which drape low bodices so inexplicably that it is almost impossible to tell how the fair wearer ensconced her self in them. One of the most admired gowns at a recent wedding puzzled even the women who admired it. There was nowhere the slightest trace of an opening. The material was a black velvet stripe on a white satin ground. It was so cut that the stripes formed points back and front, and it was literally moulded to the figure; the only trimming was some handsome black gimp epanlettes which concealed a join that was continued under the arm. But even when told, I had a difficulty in detecting it.

A tea-gown is a necessity in autumn, and a new mode of making—thoroughly novel in design—is not easy to find. The one in our illustration (p. 26), made by Messrs. Liberty, of Regent Street, is of Roman satin—a material which stands much knocking about, and will not crease, even if the garment is used, as tea-gowns are apt to be, to lounge in and repose on sofas. It is made in two colours—bronze-green over pale blue. There is a loose over-dress, the skirt underneath crossing from right to left; while the under-bodice, severe in its simplicity, crosses from left to right; it is bordered with bronze embroidery, and a girdle encircles the waist. The half-sleeve has a soft drapery, most becoming to the arm. The skirt is long; and, as a rule, long trains are beginning to be much worn both for tea-gowns and dinner-gowns. We are bringing more sense to bear in the fashions of our dresses than we were wont to do some years ago. Skirts are comfortably short for hard wear; and in the country useful cloth dresses are supplemented by gaiters and knickerbockers to match. But for the more luxurious gowns the length is in no way curtailed, and the gain is on the side of grace, especially now that complicated draperies are discarded. This state of things is to be commended on another ground, viz., that it encourages the manufacture of rich stuffs, which are displayed to

the fullest advantage. The chief feature in this season's rich silks is the exceeding beauty of the designs, faithfully copied from nature. A yard or more is required to develop the magnolia-blossoms, the caladium-leaves, the trunks of forest trees, and other artistic gleanings from surrounding beauty applied to silk. Weaving has reached its greatest perfection; and the frisé or uncut velvet, blended with the cut, contributes an element of great beauty, giving a light and shade which on a satin ground

has special attractions.

Many "tea-gowns," as they are unfairly called, for they are worn principally at dinner-time, are made of magnificent brocades on a plain or corded satin ground, silk and velvet blending in the floral design.



SEAL TIPPET, WITH CHINCHILLA COLLAR.



BLACK FOX PLASTRON, WITH BOA ENDS.

In black some of the handsomest patterns are thrown on a striped ground—half satin, half armure royale. Very tall women are wearing the new matelassés with a

placed towards on a testaceous ground, the designs accentuated by a thread of colour as though the outlines were stitched. They are principally made *en Princess*, with a front draped from neck to toe, quite simply, but in crepe de Chine or thin silk of a contrasting colour. The piece lace used for these is now made of a sufficient width to drape the entire front, and the last idea is a Chantilly lace with a black ground, the design in colours.

Happily for our pockets, England has opened up an extensive trade with Switzerland, where, as at St. Gaud, entire villages and villages all their inhabitants give themselves up to embroidery. Thanks to their technical schools, and their unflinching industry, the work has greatly improved of late years. The lisse-embroideries this season are artistically most beautiful. Crepe de Chine fronts of gowns are worked now on the principle of the Chinese shawls, and show the same fringe, which is most fashionable; stole-like scarves thus edged appearing often as side-panels between the breadths of the silk, which are left with the selvedge showing.

Chartreuse, a lovely colour in these delicate fabrics, is often embroidered in white; lisse and crepe alike are the foundations on which are thrown charming Empire wreaths in exquisite colorings, which graduate in size towards the waist.

Many of these Swiss embroideries in former days most unfailingly rejoiced in the name of "Hamburg," but they all emanated from the land of William Tell then, as they do now. Some of the newest designs have broad hems, the embroidery being carried down them in points, with palms rising from the points. Conventional floral patterns are most in favour, but a design of natural lilac is so faithful a copy of the flower, it seems possible almost to gather the blooms. Persian colouring in some of the embroideries on white and cream grounds accords well with the brocades with

which they are worn and tan embroidery on crepe, mingled with pearls, is largely used on those *robes de luxe* which only the rich can afford. Deep-pointed Velasquez lace in black and white, the design often outlined with cord, is used for the hems, reaching half-way up the skirt, and securing a full drapery of softer material; while a narrower make of the

same is utilised for the bodice, turning up like a giraffe from the waist. Black lace thus treated over white crepe de Chine with a white velvet tea-gown is being now sent home to a well-known duchess, and is just the sort of dress that, once seen, is not likely soon to be forgotten. Furs and feathers will run each other hard this coming winter for trappings, and even for bias. The curled and uncurled ostrich are used for the newest hats of the season in white and natural colours, but for tippets fur has no rival. The two sketches on page 25, taken at the International Fur Store, 163 and 168, Regent Street, show the latest form in which these additions are made to the ordinary bodice or cloak. The seal tippet is cut in front like those muslin ones worn by the Puritans centuries ago; it reaches to the waist in a point, and just comes to the tip of each shoulder; but here the

comparison ends. The collar is Elizabethan, so made that it will either stand up or turn down; but the former mode of wearing is newer, and more fashionable. This particular collar is made in chinilla, the fur appearing both inside and out. It is light, warm, and delightful wear, for on entering a room it can be slipped off in a minute. The collar is accompanied by a muff with a small fancy serpent introduced on the outside.

The more important plastron with boa ends is made of black fox; it is warm, and a most handsome garment, the fur proving becoming to the face. Natural fur is now in great demand, and those who can afford it are ordering coats lined and bordered with sable. For less-



NEW TEA-GOWN.

favoured mortals, beaver and astrachan seem to be the popular furs.

The accompanying sketches of two dresses made by Mmes. Eliza and Jean McKechnie, of 124, New Bond Street, exactly demonstrate the best style of useful and handsome dinner-gowns adopted this autumn. The steel-blue brocaded satin worn by the figure on the extreme left is quite a new colouring, with a large, bold, conventional floral pattern thrown upon it. It is made in the Directoire style, the skirt just touching the ground at the back, the plain sides opening in front over a petticoat of white crêpe de Chine, gathered at the waist, thence falling in

divided by the sash. The back drapery is fastened on to the basque, thence falling in long straight folds. The elbow sleeves are turned back over the elbow in a roll to match the collar of the Zouave, gathered in two little frills down the side of the arm in front, and open in a V to show the top part of the arm. Round the arm-hole is a stand-up graduated gathered frill of double silk, higher at the top than at the sides.

The other toilette is made of a cream-grounded brocaded foulard, the design printed upon it in the same new steel-blue shade. The skirt has treble pleats on the left side of the front, and is softly draped



NEW DINNER-GOWNS.

soft folds. The bodice is uncommon in style, with a sort of open Zouave jacket, cut in a V form at the back, whence it commences to roll back, with a collar widening on the shoulders and again diminishing under the arms, where it terminates about five inches above the waist in the side seam. A sash of the silk is let in at the side, meeting the Zouave jacket; this crosses the edge of the basque in front, meeting a similar sash-end from the other side, falling in two loops and ends over the back drapery, where it falls in two long loops and two ends edged with knotted fringe nine inches deep. The front of the bodice is filled in with soft folds of white crêpe de Chine shaped like a V, apparently cut in one with the petticoat, but

on the other, so that the silk falls in a cascade, and opens over a petticoat of biscuit-coloured Russian net. This is gathered at the waist, and falls in straight folds over silk of the same shade, and is finished off at the hem with four rows of narrow ribbon of a paler shade. The back is slightly draped and gathered to the bodice, while the fronts of the bodice come from the side seams to the bust beneath a rosette bow of narrow ribbon. The Russian net vest appears to be a combination of the material of the petticoat. The sash, edging the bodice, is tied on the right side, the ends finished off with pleating, forming tassels. There is a collar at the back, made of the silk, and lined with the plain bismit

town, gathered into a heading, and further edged with satin drops. The sleeves form a large puff, covering the elbow at the back, standing up high on the shoulder, and gathered into a puff. This is a most picturesque make of dress.

The New Victoria Silk brought out by Messrs. Hilditch, of 11 and 12, Chesapside, is likely to prove exceed-

more Street, is composed of the new velvet brocade matelasse, interblended with plain rich velours du Nord, trimmed with fur, aiguillette fringe and cord,



NEW BONNET.



THE "EMMON" MANTLE.

ingly attractive to wearers of silk dresses. It is ribbed, but rich and supple, with poult de soie effect, and so woven that it will not fray, nor will it rustle or become greasy—all merits which will commend it to those who know the value of a good-wearing, good-looking, really handsome black silk. Either for morning or evening wear nearly every woman must of necessity possess a black silk dress, and the advantages of a really satisfactory one are not likely to be ignored. The mantle, sketched from one of Messrs. Dolbenham and Freebody's latest models at Caveudish House, Wig-

with ornaments. The matelasse and the velvet brocade thrown upon it are black, but the pattern interwoven in the matelasse is indicated by a thread of red colour. The black velvet sleeves stand up unusually high on the shoulders, even for the present fashion; the cuffs are bordered with fox fur, which also encircles the throat and edges the velvet sides at the hem. Above from the waist these are almost hidden by elaborate ornamentation in passementerie and drops. Indeed, this is quite one of the handsomest styles of cloak to be had this year; it recalls the robe of some Venetian dame of mediæval times. The bodice fits like a dress, and the handsome matelasse

material falls in drooping folds across the bust, kept in place by cords and ornaments. The muff is of the same fur as that on the dress. This style is suited to a tall stately figure, and requires to be admirably made. The bonnet, from the same firm, shows the fashionable combination of heliotrope and Chartreuse velvet; a point of black lace falls over the centre of the forehead. When on, it has a certain importance, but in the hand appears very small indeed. It is surmounted by a bow of velvet secured by a horse-shoe; and the strings are of velvet, tied in a bow beneath the chin on the left side.

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Paris Fashions.

THE hunting season is at its height. November is in France the huntsman's month. Bird-shooting draws to a close, though there is an occasional *battue* for partridges; the favourite sport is now furnished forth by the boar, the roebuck, the rabbit, the fox, and the hare. The fox and the hare are not, however, much hunted in France. The ladies take more and more every year a share in the excitement of the chase. The Comtesse de Paris and the Duchesse d'Uzès are the leading huntresses. The fleetness with which they follow the hunt, and their exploits in the field, have won for them fame. A number of ladies who do not hunt on horseback, hunt on foot, and, gun in hand, prove themselves untiring pedestrians. French women were at one time little addicted to taking open-air exercise; now, during the autumn season, their walking exploits rival the prowess of the hardier English women. They tramp through woods and across country clad in skirts scarcely coming down to the knees, wearing high boots of untanned leather reaching up to the hem of the skirt; a business-like-looking little bag hung with a strap across the shoulder, a gun, and a small felt hat complete their attire. The dresses are made of velvet or light woollen material of the colour of the woods in autumn, russet and golden-brown leather, or dim green like the green of the pine-trees. To describe one of these dresses is to describe all. The one we have in mind, destined for one of our most accomplished Dianas, and made by a leading house, was of woollen stuff, checked fawn and brown. The short skirt was pleated and edged with a band of brown velvet. The velvet vest-bodice opened over a chamouis waistcoat fastened with filigree buttons. Untanned leather boots, a Russian leather sashet, a small brown felt hat trimmed with a pheasant's wing, carried out the sober autumnal harmony of colour.

November, on the third of which falls the fête of St. Hubert, patron of the hunt, whom all gallant sportsmen and sportswomen delight to honour, is also the month when the life of the country houses reaches its fullest tide. There was a sylvan charm in the festivities attending the grape harvest through France, in the late September and early October days, which, perhaps, may be lacking at the gatherings assembling in honour of the chase; still the St. Hubert festivities are distinctive and interesting. From generation to generation they have been carried down, and each family has celebrated the saint according to its own traditional rites. At Chantilly the Due d'Aumale revived the ancestral custom of the "Benediction of the Hounds." On that day, the service in the chapel was attended by all the huntsmen in grand livery, and by the whole pack of hounds grouped outside the chapel door; the dogs were trained to lift up their voices in a loud bark when the *piqueur* and his men gave a flourish on their horns at the moment of the elevation of the Host. After the ceremony, the oldest dog in the pack was decorated with the duke's colours. In the evening there was a great ball in the château and a *curee* by torchlight. The Duc de Doudeauville at La Gaudinière celebrated the saint's day with less religious but with no less stately observances. On a less elaborate scale, but everywhere, St. Hubert's day is fêted through France. There is hunting in every province and close to Paris. Fontainebleau Forest has recovered something of the courtly brilliancy of its old life while Mme. Carnot dispenses a kindly hospitality in the château.

The most charming dinner and evening dresses are now despatched to the various country houses all over France. The ladies, who during the day, clad in short skirts, tramp across country, take up, with the evening,

their ride of Parisians and assembly in dignity and beauty in the brightly lit drawing-rooms of the luxurious châteaux.

The men at the dinner-table wear the red coats, the white kidderbockers, that are donned in France, as much as in England, during the hunting season. The ladies wear rich silk dresses, or faille dresses embroidered with flowers in natural colours, or laced Pèkin dresses, such as were worn by the fair ladies of the Court of Louis XVI. The tailcoats of these picturesque gowns are V shaped or cut square, and trimmed with old point lace, or with the graceful fichu Marie Antoinette brought into fashion. Among some pretty evening dresses the Maison Lippmann lately sent to a country house in Touraine, I noticed a charming gown of black-embroidered net; the skirt and bodice were gathered; the sash and wristbands were embroidered in gold. A velvet vest, in old pink velvet, richly embroidered in gold, gave a touch of Spanish grace to the dress. Another dinner dress was in sulphur-toned faille; the skirt opened over a petticoat of old point lace; the coquettish bodice, à la Duchesse de Bourgogne, was tastefully trimmed with lace. A very pretty gown for a young girl was of electric blue crêpe de Chine; the seams of the skirts were edged with interludes of cream guipure, the bodice, à la robe, was gathered into a wide sash; the sleeves, set very high on the shoulder, were trimmed lengthwise with guipure interludes.

A charming country-house carriage dress was made by Felix for one of our leaders of fashion; for late autumn or winter, the same costume might be made in black genre and tan faille. The general effect of this dress was willow-green and sheeny white touched with gold; and the many-coloured embroideries had a great charm for the eye. The upper dress of foulard was of delicate green tone; the under dress was of white satin cloth, framed in by an embroidery in varied silks, brightened with gold and steel. The bodice was gathered into a sash of ivory white satin cloth, embroidered all over the collar, the edge of the square bodice, the wristbands of the wide sleeves, were of the same delicate embroidery in white cloth. The chemise was of soft ivory silk gauze. The large hat was of cream straw, trimmed with knots of willow-green velvet, and a foam of cream feathers; cream gloves and varnished shoes complete the costume.

The late autumn will soon fade into winter. The Exhibition will shortly be closed, but its influence will be seen in the variety of stuffs worn during the winter. The Tour Eiffel will be remembered in colour. I have never seen such a variety of fabrics as are now used by our leading dressmakers in carrying out their creations. England contributes her somewhat thick and masculine woollen tissues for walking-costumes; Scotland the tartans and checks of warm, soft tints; the East gives us marvellously beautiful and supple silken fabrics, of dazzling yet harmonious colouring. Evening dresses will be composed of these brilliant and delicate Eastern stuffs. Our French cloth, silken and suet, will, however, be held second to none in favour for morning dresses. These cloth dresses will be composed of two tints of the same colour, or mingled with plush or velvet of a deeper shade,

and trimmed with broad brightened with gold, silver, and steel. Russian embroidery will also be largely used. Tan, beaver, heliotrope, smoke-grey, coppered, old blue, will be the favourite colours. The Eiffel Tower has furnished a new shade of terra-cotta which will be fashionable. The beautiful fading autumnal tints, the crimson of the Virginian creeper, its warm golden tones, russets and fawns that match the bravery of the woods in the declining days, are among the finest of the new colours. Nothing shows more the advance of taste in colour than the way in which the tints of nature are imitated by our dyes. The crude colours of old days, the magenta and shrill green, that had no counterpart in nature's hues, the strident blue, are rins against taste which can no longer be committed. The new dyes, however brilliant, are, as a rule, tender and broken. The Edison green—an electric shade copied from the lights thrown on fountains—departs, I think, from that pleasant reticence of tone.

A feature of the new trimmings is the charm of their design. The Exhibition gave a great stimulus to dress decoration. Charming designs were shown in ingenious minglings of beads and braid. Crocheted silk passementeries, leaf designs, flowing and delicate, embroideries in flowers, foliage, vine patterns, works of art with the needle, were to be seen in the section devoted to trimmings, and will be all largely worn during the winter. The Vandyke form is greatly in favour. Metal embroideries combined with silk in Oriental trimmings, crocheted silk trimmings, shading from light to dark, light silk fringes and grètois, composed partly of silk and partly of beads, are also to decorate gowns and cloaks. The French always make an effective use of black. Black and gold, black and silver beads, black lace, are to be seen on many of the most fashionable costumes. Panels destined to adorn the sides or front of skirts are called after the Eiffel Tower. Very broad at the base, these panels slope almost up to a point.

The cloaks are made either short, and very much braided, or very long and ample, in fancy fabrics. The braided jackets are so richly covered with arabesque or palm patterns that the surface of the cloth is scarcely visible. Black jackets are braided in colours, coloured jackets are braided tone upon tone, Suede-coloured jackets braided in brown, Nile green in dark Russian green.

The autumn mantle which is the subject of our illustration is of fawn tartan, barred with chestnut lines, gathered at the waist by a wide belt of maroon velvet embroidered in varied shades of gold. It is fastened in front with a buckle of lustrous gold. The collar is of the same gold-embroidered velvet. The large hood, of the shape known as "bonne femme," is lined with surah and bordered with the embroidered velvet. This mantle, lined with mother-of-pearl surah, is opened in front, and slit at the back over fawn cloth. The little hat worn with it comes from the Maison Vivot. It is of undyed felt, trimmed with a knot of chestnut velvet; in front of the crown are placed two *choux* in silk gauze, one chestnut-brown, the other pale blue.

Dresses will be more than ever clinging this winter.

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Supple fabrics draping the figure—following its lines with something of Greek elegance—will definitely replace the barbarous hoops, the crinottes, and cushion. With this simpler fashion the stuffs that fall naturally in sweeping lines will be most in favour for dinner parties or ceremonious afternoon gatherings. Shot velvet will then be much worn. The play of harmonising or contrasting colours, mingling and breaking over the soft richness of velvet or plush, can only be seen effectively in gowns that fall about the figure in long lines. These shot velvet dresses are sometimes full of subtle and delicate harmonies, such as we see in the plumage of birds and in shaded flowers. Others are brilliant, with a flame-like splendour of effect. Delicate dove-grey velvets shot with white, turquoise-blue shimmering over with rosy gleams, mauve breaking at every movement of the wearer into soft sweeps of pale blue, are, to my mind, more lovely than are some of the more magnificent combinations of colour. Scarlet velvet, shot with gold, clothes a woman in a garment of flame. Brown, quivering with gold, is one of the handsomest shots to be found in velvet or plush.

A handsome costume to be worn at a fashionable wedding is of this last combination of tones. The bodice is made to tightly fit the figure to some four or five inches below the waist; the skirt, gathered round the edge of this basque, escapes the ground by some two inches all round; it is bordered by brown passementerie, brightened with a tracery of gold. The collar is of passementerie; the sleeves, puffed at the shoulders, are gathered at the elbow into a tight lower sleeve, of passementerie, reaching up from the wrist.

Bonnets and hats are to be less large and less flat than they were during the summer. The Maison Virot, which has done for bonnets what Worth's has done for dress, has in its show-rooms a number of graceful head-gears for the coming winter, at which I was fortunate

enough to get a peep. Delicately fantastic, these creations of the famous unison are almost impossible to describe. How can words convey the effect of a bend given here, of a knot of ribbon placed there, of the crowning grace attained by the introduction of a tuft of feathers or scarf of lace! The charm of colouring, also, is an art, mastered by the Maison Virot, and the hues of some of these hats

and bonnets are a delight to the eye. The Benardaki hat has a wide brim, fastened at the back by a knot of velvet; a splendid cluster of feathers is placed in front. A pretty ivory-white felt hat, coming over the forehead in a little peak, was trimmed with two *choix* of gauze—one pale blue, the other ivory-white; a ribbon, of the tone of soft brown known as wood-brown, circled round the crown, and was fastened with a knot. This shape is, as a rule, very becoming, and can be made in grey, in beige, or brown felt, and adorned with different trimmings. The Langtry hat is very original in form; the brim is flat; the crown, shaped like a jockey's cap, is trimmed with a tuft of wood-brown feathers mingling with loops of gauze of the same shade; an aigrette, formed of a bird of paradise, brings a radiant touch of colour into the dainty headgear. There was a sort of toque of undyed felt, which greatly took my fancy. It was trimmed with astrachan, and fastened by two silver arrows. In the front was placed a coquetish knot of old pink velvet. An eccentric little

hat was a jockey's cap in old green velvet, surrounded by a scarf of black lace, supporting an aigrette of marabout feathers. A hat made by Virot for country drives, or for following the hunt in a carriage, is of fancy straw, lined with spotted net; the same net surrounds the crown, forms light bows and loops at the back, and hangs in a long scarf, which in chilly weather may be conveniently drawn round the throat. A tuft of feathers is placed slightly at the back and droops over the crown.

MARQUE DE VELOURS.



AUTUMN COSTUME.

National Character and Etiquette.



THE English character has so long been assailed with reproaches for its coldness, selfishness, awkwardness, and the like, that it has come to accept that presentment of itself as true, just as a sensitive nature may be stunted by blame or precociously forced to grow. If a child is continually told how stupid, how ugly, or how clever it is, it may not be able for years to shake off that exaggerated and damaging estimate of itself, and reiteration is not without effect upon grown persons either, if we may take to be true the story of the man who fell into a serious illness through being told by his friends how exceedingly bad he looked. Yet a few casual comparisons between English manners and those of some other nations may tend to show that while the faults found with us are not altogether devoid of justice, we are not quite so bad as we are painted. And the reader who is good enough to follow me to the end of these paragraphs will be able without any help from me to connect all peculiarities of manner, whether on the good side or the bad, and whether on the part of ourselves or of other peoples, with traits of national character which are too familiar to need anything like minute specification.

The first advance towards social intercourse is naturally the Salutation, and here we find the ceremonial cut down to its least possible proportions short of disappearing altogether. But the meaning is there all the same. "Good morning," "Good evening," conveys the good wish, and cheers its recipient on the way. A smile and a nod are considered sufficient in passing or in meeting ordinary acquaintances, but people well known to each other invariably shake hands, however short their interview may be. This greeting, expressive of fidelity and trust, is peculiar to English-speaking countries, and is regarded as an unnecessary familiarity elsewhere. Its singularity is commented on when compared with British coldness in other respects. The fact is that, first and last, an Englishman is not prepared to demonstrate his personal predilections. To a stranger he offers his hand as if to say, "I will be honest and deal fairly with you, but I won't promise to like you," while to friends tried and true he would hardly do more. A Frenchman, on the contrary, makes a low bow, and smiles with marked affability, as who should say, "I am most favourably impressed; I cannot fail to be charmed with your acquaintance." Until their respective value proves itself in the issue, it is purely a question of taste which salutation is the more to be commended.

Another national peculiarity is that the onus of recognition rests with women. No Englishman likes to

follow up an introduction unless quite sure that it would be agreeable to the lady. On the Continent, however, the reverse of this is the rule, and there it becomes the duty of the gentleman to pay his respects. He would also raise his hat to those of his own sex whom he happened to meet, which an Englishman seldom feels himself called upon to do.

There are many small contingencies which cannot be calculated beforehand, and it is in these casual incidents, erroneously considered unimportant, that good-breeding will appear. Women may well take thought that the honour and responsibility rest with them of instilling ideas of chivalry and courtesy in their children which will grow with their growth, and find expression in an easy dignity of demeanour that no artificial manners can approach. There is no mistaking the difference between a lifelong habit and a hastily adopted trick, for it is true of all developments of natural resources—all their "art," "character," "conduct," or what you will—the best is always the simplest, and that same simplicity is not arrived at in a hurry. There are people in the world whose manners, one feels, would not hold out if any strain were put upon their temper; and others, again, who make shift to do without any, like the old lady who "never learnt grammar, and never felt the want of none." So much the worse for them and the unfortunate persons with whom they come into collision. Who can deny that the world would be a pleasanter place if boys and girls were better prepared for self-control and kindly thought for others? Reverence for age—a noble tribute scrupulously paid by the philosophers of Greece and Rome, and inculcated in Scripture as a religious duty—was formerly more demonstrated in England than it is now. In this respect we compare unfavourably with France and Germany, where parents and grandparents are approached with an amount of veneration that might almost make us ashamed. Aged women in the East have control of the household, and enjoy important trusts, as in the case, recently brought under our notice, of the Shah's aunt, who keeps the Court jewels. Oddly enough, there is in Persia one of the most selfish of salutations, and one that is generally understood in an entirely opposite sense. "May your shadow never grow less" sounds as if it might mean, "May your strength and stature continue undiminished so long as life lasts," but really signifies, "May your (protecting) shadow never be less (extended to me)." We may dismiss the subject of preliminary greetings with the grave ancient Eastern greeting and response, "Peace be with you," "And with you peace," which, though it sounds formal, cannot from its very stateliness become so mechanical as the English "How d'ye do!" to which nobody listens.

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The custom of calling and returning visits is the next advance towards acquaintance, and this duty generally devolves upon ladies, since gentlemen shirk it whenever a plausible excuse can be found. It is the "best-abused" practice of society, but there is nothing to take its place. It is a conventional duty certainly, but whether a pleasure as well depends entirely upon the persons concerned. The fact is that fifteen or twenty minutes—a limit of time which it would hardly be considerate to exceed—is too long for the purpose of talking to an uncongenial stranger, and too short to convey all you wish to say to a friend. Englishwomen as a rule do not appear at their best on these occasions, and contrast unfavourably with their French sisters, who have a graceful knack of making odd moments pass easily. There is something in the genius of their language and manner of thought that gives a certain elegance to trifles; and a Frenchman at an afternoon party will find a hundred chances of making himself agreeable that an Englishman would never see. Here we come again upon a strong characteristic of our race that has met with adverse criticism abroad. An Englishman never "lays himself out to please." This is a pity. There is no degradation in affording others entertainment. He need not "make himself agreeable," as the commonplace phrase has it; he has only to be agreeable and all will go well. Lord Chesterfield, *facile princeps* in the great art of pleasing, recommended his son to call frequently upon ladies, that he might know how to present himself well and to perform little acts of courtesy and attention without embarrassment. Self-consciousness is painful to the sufferer, and to those who witness his sufferings, and it is worth some pains to get rid of it at once.

To balance many shortcomings, the gift of making people feel at home is indisputably English. Spaniards say of any possession admired by their guests, "It is at your disposition." An Englishman says nothing of the sort. He does better. He takes his friends into his house, treats them well, and trusts them without reserve. There is a singular nobility in such confidence, and we may maintain this characteristic with pardonable pride. The etiquette of hospitality consists in the right ordering of dinners, luncheons, balls, &c. Let us begin with dinner as the most important function, where the respective rank of the guests is considered, and precedence is rigidly maintained. It is an old-world custom to be mindful of dignities, and though on many other occasions distinctions are waived, it is curious to notice how strictly the rule with regard to dinner in England is observed. The master of the house conducts the chief lady-guest, the rest following in the order of their social status, and the hostess bringing up the rear with the gentleman of highest rank. The Germans are very punctilious about etiquette on all such occasions. Their State dinners are frequently held in the middle of the day, when full dress must be rather an infliction to the wearers, and the fine distinctions, down to the least of the minor dignitaries, little short of vexatious. On the whole the observance of precedence is a convenience, and saves a great deal of time and trouble.

People who make no pretence to be fashionable often say, "Oh! it is so tiresome to be ceremonious." On the contrary, it is tiresome to be uncereimonious. Things go much more smoothly when there is some guide: age, rank, or something of the kind. For each person to wait for the other is decidedly uncomfortable, and about as embarrassing as meeting someone suddenly in the street, and not knowing on which side to pass—a collision usually being the result of such uncertainty! In England, the gentlemen remain some time in the dining-room after the ladies. This is a national custom that has been much reviled, perhaps because it dates from the period when orgies were kept up, and the women of the royal households and feudal castles left the table before the proceedings became unruly. There is no precise reason why it should be retained, but in many ways it is an excellent plan. It gives the women of the party an opportunity of getting to know each other, and enables men to foregather for a short time upon their own topics, while making a distinct break in the programme; a dinner party being a fatiguing function to sit through without some change of conditions.

The etiquette at balls is exceedingly simple compared with the elaborate ceremonies and processions in Russia and Germany. Greater liberty is permitted to young people to walk about in the intervals or sit out during dances. Though it is not considered correct to dance more than three times with the same partner, girls are left in all such matters very much to their own good sense. In Germany there are several fanciful dances where the ladies select their partners for one turn round the room, and if they leave out anyone to whom they have been introduced, it is considered an insult. Excepting the royal quadrille which opens the State ball, there is no survival in England of the stately measures of former times. Dancing is not so much a social pageant shared by all, and a spectacle beautiful in itself, as a personal pleasure for those who take part and a weariness to those who look on. A hunt ball is perhaps the prettiest example of national taste that a foreigner could see. A well-lighted shire-hall, into which have been introduced as many objects of outdoor interest as the heart of Englishman could desire—flowers, shrubs, foxes' heads and brushes, with other trophies of sport—makes a fitting frame to the moving groups of fair-faced girls, bright and fresh as daisies in the field, bronzed young officers, hunting squires in pink, with here and there the member of some neighbouring club or a master of harriers in green. The meeting of old and young from all parts of the county is a sight that does the heart good to see, and is very characteristic as a social observance.

In letter-writing, again, the formula observed is indicative of business-like honesty rather than sentiment—"Dear Sir," or "Gentlemen," "Yours faithfully," or "Your obedient servant," are sufficient preamble and conclusion. The French, with greater regard for the personalities, begin and end with compliments expressed or implied, such as—"Agréez, Monsieur (or Madame), l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée." Italians write very wonderful letters in an elegant hand with many polite circumlocutions. The

address. "Alta Vostro Signoria," is inscribed with elaborate swirled initial letters, and the signature preceded by a superlative—"Il vostro devotissimo servo," or some equivalent flourish. Englishwomen consider "At home" cards sufficient for ordinary invitations, and when a note is necessary, it can be the simplest and briefest of compositions, unless personal friendship dictates some warmer expression of affection. Few people have the time or take the pains to write letters that will bear the test of being read often. Small blame to them, now that facilities for friendly intercourse are so much greater. Conversation should take the place of correspondence as a social art; and so indeed it does, subject to certain modifying influences which have changed its character from the conversation of a century ago. But those were tedious days. You might be walking unsuspectingly in a wood when someone would insist on telling you his adventures in eight books. Table talk was very much the same, and it was left for one or two discursive persons to entertain the rest. Dumas hardly proves a better case for the French *salon* of the early nineteenth century, for in one of his novels he asserts in a witty preface, that though in other European countries "on discute," "on péroré," &c.,

"ce n'est qu'en France que l'on s'ennuie." The *le proceeds* to describe a typical *soirée à causer*, where a young lady unfolds a MS. and reads the history of a lachrymose young man perplexed by the rival charms of a blonde and a brunette. This discrepancy may explain seriously as belonging to the mannerism of French literature rather than to social custom, since we know that the French excel in conversational skill, but coming as it does after a lofty exposition and a criticism of contemporary failings, the climax is comical enough.

If amongst us there are no talkers so remarkable as those of former days, there are more of them, and each one gets a fair chance. The wit of to-day must be ready with repartee or allusion without appearing to give it too much importance, and he will change his topic often if he is wise. The intelligence of women as listeners, their ready tact and inspiring sympathy, fit them singularly well for leading a conversation without seeming to do so. To give hints on such a subject is worse than useless, for books on conversation are usually so full of instruction as to what *not* to say, that you feel after reading them that the only chance of making yourself agreeable is to hold your tongue.

ANNE GLEN.

Some Cheap and Tasty Supper Dishes.

"Le bon dîner français."—Adapted from *Le Bon dîner*.



HE people who sup nowadays are chiefly those who dine early, either for convenience sake or for motives of economy, or on Sundays out of consideration for the servants; but we hear great complaints of headaches, bad nights, and indigestion, all caused by the late and indigestible meal of the previous day. Indeed, bread and cheese and beer, which seem to be the staple of English supper, are not easy of digestion, if taken late in the evening; and it would obviously be better in every respect if some daintier and lighter dishes were, at least occasionally, substituted. For instance, in summer we French delight in thin slices of ham with salad. If partaken of in moderation it is not likely to disagree; yet the salad must not be the ordinary English salad, dressed with English vinegar, nor, still more deplorable, with ready-made salad-dressing, always found in peculiar pyramidal glass bottles, formed of concentric rings, but should be dressed like that of the Chevalier d'Albigny. He was one of the poor noblemen who were compelled to leave France to escape being guillotined during the great Revolution, and who, like so many of his compatriots, had come to seek a refuge in hospitable England, where he tried to keep body and soul together by imparting his language to the young sons of Albion.

One day when the Chevalier d'Albigny was eating his modest meal at some tavern in London, two of his

fashionable pupils came in, and invited him to join them at their table. In the course of dinner a salad was placed before them, but the young English lords, having tasted it, ordered it to be taken away as food perfectly unfit for human consumption. "Non pas, non pas," said the French nobleman; "et si vous voulez bien me le permettre, Messieurs, je vais vous prouver combien vous vous trompez. Cependant," added he, "comme les ingrédients nécessaires me manqueraient ici, veuillez me faire la grâce de venir demain à la même heure, et je vous ferai goûter ce que c'est qu'une salade française." The English guests agreed to come, and the next day they found the chevalier ready to receive them. The salad, which was in a grand French bowl, was composed of a beautiful yellow lettuce, which he had previously ordered to be very well washed, and the water so thoroughly shaken out of it that it was perfectly dry, while he had all the coarse ribs and stalks taken out, and the larger leaves carefully torn in two, not into small bits as in England. On it were placed, in an elegant pattern, some slices of beetroot and eggs, having between them nasturtium and borage blossoms, the rich colours of which made it look very pretty, at the same time that their taste was very pleasant. In a pretty plate or saucer were three or four little heaps of *finest herbes*—chervil, spring onions, tarragon, and mustard and cress—all chopped up very fine. The chevalier, who had most aristocratic hands, threw back his lace cuffs, spread these herbs delicately over the

salad, after a time, an Italian gave in that then, p. excell. place), drop, a the spec careful up with fork. require down, the *raison* complex a happy invitation the request was an ledged under h exactly a nice n ingredie salad br the pow end, for munera returned savings forth the country. The two big relation dressing. And made in supper te called a than sci of chees experien the great to succo trifle wit Take Then tal and a p Grate yo in the b salt acco less in th pepper, stir very soon as i drink wi Burgund,

salad, armed himself with a salad-spoon and fork, and after having put some pepper in the spoon, filled it three times with oil, the best he had been able to procure at an Italian warehouse, sprinkling it equally over the salad, gave it two or three turns with the spoon and fork, so that the leaves underneath should be covered with it; then, putting some salt in the spoon, and filling it with excellent French vinegar (also procured at the same place), he filled it once—*only once*—and spread it drop by drop, as it were, all over the salad; after which, taking the spoon in his right hand, and the fork in his left, he carefully (so as not to bruise the leaves) stirred it, bringing up with the spoon the under leaves pushed back with the fork. This is what we call *fatiguer la salade*, which requires a light and dexterous hand, so as not to press it down, yet to allow everything to be impregnated with the *assaisonnements*. After this last feat the salad was complete, and the guests praised the result highly; and a happy ending it had, for the chevalier received a formal invitation to dinner from the parents of his pupils, with the request that he would kindly dress the salad, which was an equal success, a service most delicately acknowledged in the shape of a five-pound bank-note placed under his plate. Invitations succeeded one another with exactly the same result. Ultimately, the chevalier had a nice mahogany chest made, containing all the necessary ingredients, and this was deposited by his chair, and the salad brought to him on a tray, with proper decorum, by the powdered flunkies. My little story has a very happy end, for the chevalier's accomplishment was so well remunerated that after the return of Louis XVIII. he returned to the South of France, bought back with his savings his confiscated lands, and was able to lead thenceforth the comfortable and happy life of a well-to-do country gentleman.

The reader must have perceived by this time that two birds have been killed with one stone, for the relation of the story gives a most careful recipe for the dressing of a salad.

Another very nice and wholesome dish, which can be made in the "twinkling of an eye," and even on the supper table itself, in a dish over a spirit lamp, is what is called a *fondue*. It is a Swiss dish, and is nothing else than scrambled or buttered eggs, but with the addition of cheese and butter in proportions such as "time and experience alone have revealed," says Brillat-Savarin, the great gastronomic authority. Therefore if you wish to succeed and produce a perfect *fondue* you must not trifle with the weights.

Take whatever number of eggs you wish to use. Then take the third of their weight of Gruyère cheese, and a piece of butter weighing the half of the cheese. Grate your cheese, heat up your eggs in a saucepan, put in the butter and the cheese with them, add very little salt according to the newness or staleness of the cheese, less in the latter case. Now put in a good deal of white pepper, which is a great feature of this antique dish; stir very quickly with a spatula or flat spoon, and as soon as it has slightly set, serve in a warmed dish, and drink with it good claret and water, or some very rich Burgundy, "*et vous m'en direz des nouvelles.*" It

appears that at Belley in the department of Ain, near the Swiss frontier—the birth-place of Brillat-Savarin—where the *fondue* was in great repute, it was served with due decorum as far back as the end of the seventeenth century, to a bishop just appointed from Paris. The prelate helped himself copiously, and not knowing it was a savoury he ate it with a spoon. All the guests looked at one another with amazement, and wishing to be very polite also used their spoons; but the next day it was the talk of all the town, and it has never been forgotten there to this day.

Another very charming dish quite appropriate for supper is *hachis de rôti de bœuf à la Toulousaine*, a mince of roast beef. If it is tried it will be found very different from the usual English mince, so often unpalatable. Chop up very fine (but not with the sausage machine) whatever quantity you may have of the remainder of a sirloin, entirely free from skin, gristle, and nerves; also two sheep's brains slightly boiled in a little water and salt; mix it up with the beef and add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, or mushroom ketchup, or Copenhagen sauce (the best of all sauces), and two or three yolks of eggs; season with salt, pepper, and a very, very little nutmeg. Make nice long thin rissoles of this mixture, roll them into very fine bread-crumbs, then into the whites of the eggs beaten up in a snow; roll them a second time in the bread-crumbs; fry them, and serve them either dry or on a rich French tomato sauce, as described in "Economical French Cookery for Ladies."

Another savoury supper dish, which also is very economical, and invaluable, because it allows housekeepers to make use of their cold mutton, is called *hachis de mouton à la Parisienne*. Take pieces of mutton entirely free from gristle, fat, or skin, and chop them up very fine with the same quantity of roasted chestnuts, also chopped up; put a teaspoonful of flour with a quarter of an ounce of very good butter into a saucepan; when nicely melted and brown put your mixture in it, and moisten it with a little gravy or good stock, a little salt, black pepper, and a *souffçon* of nutmeg. Put the lid on and leave it for one hour, no more nor less, on the gentlest of fires; dish it with croûtons fried very dry, and, if you feel so inclined, with as many poached eggs as you may require over it. For the eggs you may substitute small pieces of macaroni about one inch long, previously boiled in water and salt, and sprinkled with grated Gruyère cheese. Should the cook be an artistic one she will devise a pretty pattern with them over the mince without allowing them to get cold.

One of our *pièces de résistance* for supper is what we call *un gâteau de lièvre*, which has the advantage of being capable of being done the day before. Take a hare, bone it, and rid it of all possible membranes, skins, and nerves; chop it up and pound it in a mortar; chop up also and pound in the mortar a calf's pluck or two or three lambs' fries. Boil some bread-crumbs in very good broth until they are quite absorbed in it, and put it on one side to get rather dry. Pound it and mix it together with the hare and pluck. There must be about as much bread-crumbs as meat, and the

pink most weight at least as much as two thirds of the weight of the hare and the bread-crumbs combined. Season with salt, black pepper, and spices, parsley, eschalot, a little thyme and basil, chopped up as fine as the head of a small pin; moisten the whole with game stock obtained from the bones of the hare boiled with salt, pepper, and one clove of garlic, then finish up with three yolks of eggs and one whole egg beaten up together. Line a mould (tin or earthenware) with thin slices of fat of bacon used for larding and called *bardes de lard*—thin slices of *bacon*, not *lard*, as many might translate it; put in your mixture, cover the top with more *bardes de lard*, bake it in a moderate or rather slow oven. It should be put in at night and left there till the morning, if there is no great fire. When the *gâteau* is done let it get cold in the shape, and when you wish to use it, dip the mould into boiling water for a moment and turn it upside down. Remove the *bardes de lard*, and cover the *gâteau* with very fine raspings of bread of a nice bright colour. Decorate it with little bits of parsley, and it will look as nice as it will taste.

We cannot conclude these scarce made and savoury recipes better than with an eminently French sweet dish—*œufs à la neige* (snow eggs). Take one pint of milk, two ounces of lump sugar, and a small piece of vanilla from which you have removed the seeds. Put it in a saucepan, and as soon as it boils take it off the fire. Take four very good eggs, separate very

carefully the yolk from the white, which you put in a soup-plate. Beat up the whites to a thick fine snow—it is done enough when it will bear a whole raw egg—and sprinkle over them castor sugar mixed up with the seeds of the vanilla. When the milk boils take large round spoonfuls of the snow eggs and put them carefully into the milk, turning them round with a small fish-slice, so that they are done all round; when done (which is very soon), take them out and place them on the dish you intend to serve them in. Then beat up your yolks very, very much with one table-spoonful of orange-flower water, and two table-spoonfuls of milk. Pour the whole very gently into your saucepan when the milk has just boiled, and where you have cooked your whites of egg, and stir round over a slow fire until it gets thick. Then take it off quickly, for if it gives one boil it will curd, and pour it gently over the snow eggs, which will float over it. Put it in a cool place, and serve it quite cold. Mind you beat your eggs in a cool place. If you should require a larger dish you have only to double the quantities.

As a final suggestion to readers of average digestive capacity, I would say, "Never delay going to bed directly after supper. If you allow digestion to begin its laborious work before retiring, you may be certain of a disturbed night's rest; if, on the contrary, you retire as soon as you have finished your meal, it will help you to a perfect repose."

EMILIE LEBRUH FAWSETT.

"Hope."

ON G. F. WATTS'S PICTURE.

LOOK up, ye weary-hearted, spent with sighs.
Say not all's dark, while one fair Spirit hies.
Keeps loyal vigil o'er your shadowed sphere.
And yet not vigil—blindfold are her eyes;
She sees not yet the end of miseries
That, rising like harsh discords from beneath,
Have riven the lyre her faithful arms enwreath.
For from that sphere ascend no harmonies—
Ah, no! but moaning on its single string
Like midnight wind, one note of anguish frets
Her lyre, and yet she smiles while bending low,
A sweet, worn smile, wafted from far-off Spring.
"Sweet note," she seems to murmur, "well I know
You chime with that one star which never sets."

DOROTHY HOLLINS.



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SCOTTON HALL.

Scotton Village and Guy Fawkes.



HERE was born in the year 1570 A.D. a man whose infamous notoriety is dinned, on one day in the month of each November, into the suffering ears of every Englishman. Bishopthorpe, the residence of the Arch. bishops, a village one mile and a half south of York, competes with that city for the questionable honour of being the birthplace of Guy Fawkes; but as we find the record of his baptism in the registers of St. Michael le Belfrey, the church which stands under the shade of the great Minster, it is more than probable he was born at York, and not at Bishopthorpe.

There was some doubt at first as to his real name, for Guy, when apprehended in the vaults under the House of Parliament, in the act of laying the train of gunpowder which was to end the lives of the King and his Ministers on the morrow, gave himself out as John Johnson. This, however, at his trial he acknowledged to be false, and stated that his patronymic was Fawkes, and that his father's name was Edward, by profession a notary of York. He, it appears, died thirty years previous to the plot, and was buried—so the register of St. Olave's, Marygate, in York, tells us—"in the Cathedral Church."

This Edward Fawkes was the second son of William Fawkes, a notary in the Ecclesiastical Courts at York, who married Ellen, the daughter of William Maryngton, an eminent merchant, and Lord Mayor of the City in the year 1536. The "gudwife" Ellen, in a will full of interesting and curious matter, makes a bequest to her

grandchild in the following terms:—"Item: I give to Guye Fawkys my beste whistle and one ould angell of gould," which, with her blessing, was the extent of his grandmother's bounty. Her son Thomas benefited under the same will, in kind, more than his brother Edward, becoming possessed of, among other things, "my second carpit of tapistrie, a white silver girdle with a gilt pomander, three quishinges with rede roses, a bracelet, a fether bed with bolster, a mattres, a paire of blanketts, twoo pyllowes and pillbearers, a paire of shetes, my second petticoate, my worsted gowne gardet with velvet, a damaske kirtle, and my better silke hatte." Strange articles, these, for a man to make use of, you will think, but not at all uncommon bequests from one sex to the other. Money in those days was not so plentiful as it is now, and great store was set on household goods and wearing apparel, though to us it may seem ridiculous even for a fond mother to leave a "second petticoate" and a "worsted gowne" to her son. Edward received her "weddinge ringe," and was made the "full and whole executor of this my laste will." He survived his mother but a few years, and was buried in the Minster in the year 1579. Curiously enough, like so many lawyers, he died intestate, leaving little or no provision for his widow and three children, of whom Guy, the only son, was the eldest: consequently, the whole of the real estate descended to him as heir-at-law.

Thus, at the early age of nine, Guy found himself deprived of paternal guidance, with only his mother to look up to; and she, apparently in reduced circumstances,

and otherwise, laden with the care of his two young sisters, could have given him but little supervision. It seems, however, that his father's friends took an interest in the boy, for he was placed in the Free School in the "Morse Fayre," an establishment founded by a Royal Charter of Philip and Mary, now known as St. Peter's School, and there, as it is still, under the immediate patronage of the Dean and Chapter. While there he had, among other schoolmates, the afterwards celebrated Bishop of Durham, Thomas Morton, who wrote a good deal against the Papists; and Thomas, eldest son of Henry Croke, Secretary to the Council of the North in 1581, afterwards knighted (whose wife, Lady Croke, on one occasion at the New Year presented her royal mistress, "good Queen Bess," with a purse of russet silk, enclosed in which were four pounds). These circumstances, taken into consideration with his father's official connection

marriage with Dionysius Baynbridge, a Roman Catholic gentleman who lived at Sutton, in the parish of Farnham, near the then important town of Wareborough. The influence of this event on her son's future life cannot be placed in too important a light, as he from that time found a home in his stepfather's house, and there was brought into contact with the friends of his newly acquired parent. He was a Protestant before, and we now find him associating with a Roman Catholic family, and mixing among its connections, with whom clung the traditions of Mary's reign and the unavenged cruelties of her sister's. We can thus imagine the surroundings in which he lived, and the attempts which must have beset him to become a proselyte, when we pause for a moment and think of the people among whom he took up his abode, and the intense though subdued religious fervour pervading all classes of Romanists at that time.



THE ENGRAVED HALL, SUTTON HALL.

with the Ecclesiastical Courts, point conclusively to the fact that young Guy was brought up in the tenets of the Protestant faith. Indeed, both parents, and most of his near relatives, appear to have been members of that religion, and there is no reason to suppose that Guy, at such an early age, belonged to any other.

The year 1585, however, brought with it a change. His uncle Thomas Fawkes died, leaving most of his property to his two nieces, Elizabeth and Anne, Guy's sisters, while Guy received but "my golde ryng and my bedde and one payre of shetes with th'appurtenances." His mother's name does not appear in the will. About this time, or perhaps a little later, she contracted a second

Poor Guy! it was a bad day for him when his mother doffed her cap of widowhood. Little did he anticipate the chequered life, with its variety of adventure, that was then opening; the notoriety his name would attain; the infamous part he was to play in his country's history; and the terrible end in store. No! little did he wot of all that, or he might perchance have hesitated before embracing those new doctrines which proved his ruin and made his name a by-word. Poor Guy! we cannot defend his crime, but we can pity the enthusiast who was unfortunately prevailed upon to attempt the completion of the unscrupulous work of stronger but less daring minds. That he was no coward is evident from the calm

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way in which it is related he bore his three months' imprisonment and accompanying torture, the cruelty of the rack wringing never a syllable of incriminating evidence from his suffering lips. Religious fervour, fanaticism—call it what you will—imparted to his last moments something so near akin to nobleness that the words of George Eliot, "that life is the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice," could almost be applied

The Baynbridges' house, pictured in our view of the village, is now but a small cottage, utterly denuded of the dark oak panelling which covered its walls in hall, staircase, and chamber, but a short time since; one massive door alone remaining to tell of its former dignity. The hand of the arch-destroyer Time is manifest throughout the village, aided too often, appearances seem to tell us, by that other potent agency, its human duplicate. There



THE OLD KITCHEN IN SCOTTON HALL.

to this poor creature if they did not bring him too close to the heroism of a saint—a position no creed could accord him, and no one would allow him, when the end at which he aimed was the fearful crime of a wholesale homicide.

In Scotton, besides the Baynbridges, who were connected with the Vavasours of Weston (a family firmly attached to the Church of Rome), there lived at the time branches of the powerful Catholic families of Percy and Pulleyn. The village owes its name no doubt to the first inhabitants, who came from Scotland, and may once have belonged to the monastery at Ripon, dissolved by Wilfred in 676 A.D. From Harrogate it is easily reached, lying snugly in the hollow just off the high-road, midway between Ripley, the venerable seat of the Ingilby family, and the picturesque sleepy old town of Knaresborough. But it cannot be said that the place offers many attractions, unless to "sketchers an sooch muk," as an old Yorkshire dame was overheard to remark contemptuously to an inquiring tourist when pointing out two Brothers of the Brush who had found food here for their pencils.

are one or two moderate-sized houses in the village, showing plainly that the place was of some importance in former times; but, alas! decay is written in their every feature, and there is no prospect of improvement to come. Yet, despite these signs, there is a peaceable old-world air clinging to this little Yorkshire hamlet of Scotton, which imbues one with thoughts of the long ago. Let us sit awhile in the forgotten Quaker burial-ground, and gaze across the fields at the old hall. What pictures of the past rise up before us! The old hall was *the Hall* in those days, and not the crumbling farmhouse it now is. Horsemen came and went, mysterious messengers with sealed packets; Jesuits sought hiding here; and oft was called into requisition that secret passage which the present occupants, and local tradition, will tell you exists between it and Guy Fawkes's home. Ah! what times have those oaken rafters and panels witnessed! The song, the dance, and the jest; merry-making, murmurings, and maskings—all have fled. The Vandal has descended: the old kitchen with its ingle nooks and huge fireplace,

wherein, are still the *recessed* stone seats, gets a fresh coat of whitewash every year, and thick is now this calbus crust—covering floor, roof, rafter, and beam. Naught of the interior remains in its pristine state; the present living-room of the sturdy Yorkshire farmer alone gives one an idea of what the house was like in its best

new houses of our present day. The Percy coat-of-arms was until recently visible over *one* of the doors—a silent informant bespeaking former greatness—but, like many other traces, is now obliterated.

The exterior of the house has perhaps escaped a little better and there is a good deal of fifteenth and early



SCOTTON VILLAGE, WITH VAN FAWCETT'S HOUSE (ON THE RIGHT)

days. We here see what was evidently the entrance hall, a habitable room in those times as well as now; the principal door does not open immediately into it, a small passage intervening; the heavy stone flags still do duty as flooring; the staircase communicating with the upper story is solid, but the old carved balustrade unhappily has disappeared; the deep-set windows still retain their iron bars; the ceiling is black with the smoke of many generations; and the rafters, like the doors, bear testimony to the sturdiness of English oak. Alterations have, however, entirely spoil the character of the room; a partition cuts off one corner, adding thereby another apartment, seen in our illustration (p. 38) through the open door. The beam on which is hanging a coat marks the limit of the old fireplace, which contained those cosy ingle-nooks fashion is making prevalent in the

sixteenth century work left. The windows are mostly intact, and retain the deep-set sill and marked character which indicates the old forest dwelling of this part of the country; some, however, have been built up, and the rooms into which they admitted light are now used as storage-places for farm produce, or made noisy with the cackling of querulous hens. The handsome arched portal still preserves its massive oak door; the steps seen on the right running up outside give access to a large room occupying the entire length of one wing of the building, and containing a huge blackened chimney-place. The house, indeed, seems to have been well supplied with these; and one could almost fancy any of them big enough to roast an ox in.

Let us step outside, leave these regrets behind, and return to the old burial-ground. Many pleasant hours

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have we spent here, with the warm sun and the drowsy humming of our only companions the bees. One can fancy Guy strolling pensively down to his friends the Percys at the Hall, musing on his surroundings and the new faith he had embraced; or, perchance, he turns his footsteps in the other direction, and wanders up to the rising ground out there beyond the village house-tops. What a prospect meets his eye! Lovely hill and dale stretching away to Yorkshire's highest country; and what subtle colour, if the day be fine, greets him! The well-known Brimham Rocks break the middle distance in irregular fantastic outline; away roams the eye to where Great Whenside terminates the picture in the hazy blue of the distant moorland.

There can be but little doubt that Thomas Percy, one of the originators of the plot, first became acquainted with Guy Fawkes in Scotton; but the evidence as to his being an inhabitant is not conclusive. In his marriage licence Percy is described as of Beverley. His wife, who was Martha Wright, sister of John Wright the conspirator, came from the Holderness district. It is a strange fact that Thomas Winter, another of those most closely implicated in the plot, and who suffered the extreme penalty of the law with Guy Fawkes, was connected by marriage with the previously mentioned family of Ingilby of Ripley, near neighbours to the good folk of Scotton. These circumstances lead one to surmise with very good reason that the famous Gunpowder Plot was mooted and discussed in Scotton. Taking this for granted, there is little doubt that, Guy's pliable nature becoming apparent to the other conspirators during their intercourse at Scotton, he was marked, when the time was considered ripe, for the carrying out of that diabolical design.

Having completed his twenty-first year, Guy acquired the uncontrolled power of disposing of the real property which had devolved upon him as his father's heir. He determined to realise, and, with this view, sold all he possessed, taking up his abode permanently at Scotton, with the intention, no doubt, of settling down to the life of a country gentleman. Disagreements with his relatives, or perhaps a naturally restless and roving disposition, gave him other ambition, his sojourn there lasting but barely three years, at the end of which time we find him enlisting as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army, then in the Netherlands. From thence fate drifted him through France, and he became a veritable wanderer. The fact of his being present at the capture of Calais in 1596, and entrusted with an important command, leads

us to suppose his capacity as a soldier was of no mean order. Three years later he reached Italy, as the following extract from a letter written by Richard Collinge to Giulio Picciolo, Venice, will testify:—

"Good Sir, I pray you lette me intreate y^e faviour and friend-shippe for my Cousen Germane Mr. Guido fawkes who serves Sir William [Stanley] as I understande he is in greate wante and y^e worde in his behaffe may stande him in greate steede. I have not deserved sine such curtosie at y^e handes as for my sake to help my friendes, but assure yourselfe that if there be aine thinge I can do for you may e^mmande me for the respecte I have to o^r old friend-shippe, but also by this meanes you shall hynde me the more to you. He hath left a prettie livinge here in this countrey wth his mother being married to an unthriftie husbando, since his departure hath wasted awaye yet she and he were o^r friends. . . . Lette him tell my cosen Martin Haryngton that I was at his Brother Henries house at y^e Mounte. . . . Things goe well forward here, o^r enemies persecute us all more than ever, and are in particular feare o^r looke for somewhat more from o^r malcontents. . . . I e^mmitte you to sweete Jesus his hole protection, this S^r John Bapt^{ist} eve.

"Yours in Christe
"RICHARD COLLINGE."

From this we may gather that, like the majority of fortune-hunters, Guy's finances were at the time at a low ebb. Let us trust that this letter was of some avail. The latter clauses, while they impress one with the writer's piety, give evidence of a subdued feeling of discontent and restlessness among the faithful, and show a widespread animosity against the ruling powers.

In 1601 we find him (according to Davis's pamphlet on the Fawkeses of York, to which we are indebted for some of these facts) accompanying Thomas Winter to Madrid as an agent for Spanish exiles; and again visiting Spain two years later with Christopher Wright, a brother of the conspirator. In April, 1604, being at the time in the Low Countries, he was summoned to England, and the part he was expected to undertake in the conspiracy unfolded to him.

It is not necessary here to enter into details which are a matter of history; suffice it to say that, having been captured, he was placed on trial and arraigned for high treason. In court he conducted himself with extraordinary coolness, and fenced with his interrogators with an ingenuity quite Irish, but which cost him the agony of the rack on more than one occasion. After three months of imprisonment he was finally brought before his judges on January 27th, 1606, found guilty, condemned, and conveyed from the Tower to Westminster, there suffering execution when barely thirty-six years of age.

WILLIAM W. COLLINS.



the workers. The workers have in many cases tried to resist this tendency by combining together in trades unions; and they have been, not always nor completely successful, but certainly far more successful than any other agency, in preventing the fall of wages. In like manner the employers have formed associations, rings, trusts, syndicates—combinations of various sorts in order to keep up their selling prices; and they too have been more or less successful, although not, as far as I can judge, so much so as the trades unions. The consumers have never hitherto combined; and there is not the slightest need that they ever should combine in order to get things cheaper, for the whole machinery of modern commerce does that business for them. The consumers whom I have in my mind are troubled, not with a wish to pay less, but with a wish to pay prices which will enable those whose work they buy, to live in health and decency. No consumer standing alone can be sure of doing that. We want to know which employers do pay their workers at such a rate, and we want to do our buying with those employers only.

Well, here again the trades unions show us a way. Many of the unions keep, and one at least prints, a list of those employers who pay the union rate of wages and comply with the union rules as to hours, &c. Any person, for instance, who desires to have printing done for him on terms which the printers themselves consider fair, can obtain a list of union houses from the secretary of the London Society of Compositors. But when a lady wants to have a dress made for her, how can she tell which of the large West End establishments pays good wages and gives fair treatment to its workers? How, for instance, can she tell that of the many ladies who have started retail sale-rooms, Mrs. A gives the highest rate of pay (as far as my knowledge goes) in the trade, together with good lodging and good food; while Mrs. B, whose wares are equally costly and equally fashionable, pays her employees ill, provides inferior meals for them, and allows them too little time in which to get those meals? I happen to know the facts about those two particular cases; probably my readers know the facts—one about one house, one about another—concerning a good many more; but our knowledge is of no use except to ourselves and our immediate friends. What is needed is to bring all this information together and to make it generally accessible, so that those who really care about dealing with a "fair house"—to use the trades unionist term—shall be able to do so.

It is now two years since I wrote an article for a magazine setting forth the desirability of forming a league of consumers, one of the main functions of which should be the publication of a list of employers in various trades who pay the best rates to those who work for them. Several small meetings have been held, and the names of a considerable number of people desirous of joining have been received. At the present time a small sub-committee is drawing up a scheme of rules, &c., and it is intended to call an early meeting of all persons whose names have been given. Those of us who are trying to carry out this scheme see clearly that there

are many difficulties. We do not propose, at present at any rate, to publish any "black" list, which, indeed, under the present English law of libel would be rather a hazardous undertaking. We quite admit that our lists of good employers will necessarily be at first very incomplete indeed, and that perhaps they may never become really complete. But we do not think that any great injustice will arise from this, for the following reasons:—While our league is small and unknown, the number of customers who deal exclusively with houses on our list will be very small, and therefore no other equally deserving employers are likely to lose much by us. On the other hand, if the league should become numerous, powerful, and well known, employers would desire to have their names on the list, and would themselves make application. The managing committee, on receiving such an application, would naturally require indisputable proof that the wages and conditions were really good. They would not publish the proofs; and if any employer refused to allow the inquiry, he could hardly complain of his name not appearing.

Of course there is something inquisitorial in this examination; of course we shall be told that an employer's dealings with his workpeople are his affair, and nobody else's. But that is the very point which we dispute. We think that the payment and the condition of those who work—through their employer—for us, are our affair, and that we have no right to remain in an ignorance that involves, or may involve, their misery. The idea that no man has a right to take the work of another at a price which makes healthy life impossible is—to our shame be it spoken—a comparatively new one; but that it is pretty widely spread has been shown by the attitude of the public generally towards the strike of the Dock labourers. It is this idea which lies at the root of our attempt to form a combination of consumers for the purpose, not of gaining more profit, in the usual sense of that word, for ourselves, but rather to prevent ourselves from helping against our will to take undue profits from those with whom we deal.

Again, we shall probably be told that this attempt will diminish trade because it will cause a general rise in prices; and that if we make things dear, we shall buy less of them, and that then the workers will lose more than they gain. To this there are two answers. In the first place, a rise of selling price, if due solely to a rise in wages, would not diminish trade. Fewer of the dearer things would be bought, it is true, but the better-paid workers would spend their extra money, and their increased expenditure would extend trade in some direction or another. Trade would not be diminished, it would only be turned in a new direction. In the second place, it does not follow that better payment of workers involves a higher selling price; in many cases the exact contrary is the fact. And in regard to London shops, my own inquiries, limited as they have been, have sufficed to show me that it is by no means always the shop which is most expensive to the customer that is the best paying for the worker.

The main purpose of the Consumers' League would be the preparing and keeping up to date of such a list as I

have collected. This task, when we look at it, as it were, wholesale, seems almost impossible; but again, we may console ourselves with the example of the trades unions. They are not complete, even in the best-organised trades there are numbers of outsiders; but these very outsiders have been brought to a better level by the improvements made by those who are organised. And—more important perhaps still—the unions generally have raised the level of public opinion as to conditions, hours, and pay. This League of Consumers, if it gained any strength at all, would assuredly have the same tendency. It would probably never become anything like universal, but even a partial success would do something in the right direction.

The carrying out of this scheme in detail presents, indeed, a good many difficulties, which will require careful consideration. The mere making of the list—however small it be to start with—is not easy. It will probably be necessary to take one trade at a time, and it will be easier to begin with those in which there are pretty strong trades unions, and to get a trades union list as a basis. For, though the committee of the Consumers' League might, in some instances, see fit to add other firms, it is difficult to think that they would exclude any whose terms were thus declared acceptable by the organised representatives of the workpeople. The list should in all cases, however, be completely definite. We must not say: "List of houses where fair pay is given;" but "List of houses where the minimum rate of wage is not less than—" and where the ordinary hours are not more than—" for every employer declares that he pays "fair" wages, and would be aggrieved if he were left out of a "fair" list. "Fairness" is, after all, a matter of opinion, whereas the actual prices paid and the actual hours worked are demonstrable matters of fact. The collecting of accurate information on these definite points would not, I believe, be nearly so difficult as those people might suppose it to be who have not tried. The workers in very many trades have a pretty thorough knowledge of the wages and the conditions in most of the houses in their own line, and are very willing, in most cases, to impart it. A very brief specimen list, printed by me in August, 1887, and reprinted in various places since, was made up almost entirely from information given by workpeople who had themselves been employed in the houses

named, or who knew others actually employed in them. I gave this list merely by way of example; and my own opportunities of getting information being chiefly among West End workers, I named shops of dressmakers and milliners only within a special, very limited area of the West End, and said so, as I thought, very definitely. In spite of this, however, I have been met, over and over again, by this sort of objection—"But your list only tells us of expensive shops, we don't do our shopping in the West End; why are not A of Clapham, and B of Islington, and C of Kensington, on your list?" To all such objections we can only answer, "Wait a little, and meanwhile send in your names, so that we may have an opportunity of inviting you to a general meeting; and when you come to that meeting, help us, if you really care about trying to do equitably by those who work for you, by bringing forward any suggestions and any difficulties that occur to you."

We know that our attempt must begin in some one quarter. We cannot do all that we want to do at one time; whether we can ever do more than a very little depends upon the strength of the feeling—growing, I believe, daily stronger—that it is our duty to pay something more than a starvation wage to all those who work directly or indirectly in our service. For my own part I believe that feeling to be already very widespread, and to be ineffective mainly for two reasons, both of which are branches of that ignorance of which I spoke at the outset. We do not most of us, know how our work is done, or what is paid for it; and we do not see any way by which, as individual buyers, we can influence the payments made. The Consumers' League will be a means of telling us the facts, and will enable us to bring together our separate individualities in a way that will influence the payments made and the conditions granted to those who work for us. It will enable those of us who care to deal justly to do so. I believe that the majority of Englishwomen either do care already, or would care, if they understood the consequences of their own dealings. Therefore I look forward with hope to the establishment of a league of just-minded buyers, and to a day when we may go and do the longest day's shopping without the haunting dread that our bargains are being paid for with some other woman's flesh and blood.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.



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New Books.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOKS which have so long been popular have served a useful purpose. It is always pleasant to have autographs of one's friends; and everyone, inasmuch as he has a birthday, may fittingly be asked to inscribe his name in a birthday book. Those whose minds are tinged with sentiment, and do not allow anniversaries to pass unnoticed, are glad to have an artificial aid to their memory. "The Book of Wedding Days," which has recently been published (Longmans & Co.), has not so good an excuse for existence. In the first place, marriage is not yet a universal custom. We all count many bachelors and spinsters in the circle of our acquaintance, and the names inscribed in "The Book of Wedding Days" will form at the best an imperfect record of our friendships. Nor is the wedding day generally kept as a festival. It takes a quarter of a century to convert the common bronze of matrimony into silver. Those, therefore, who are anxious not to be behindhand with their gifts and congratulations in honour of a silver wedding, must treasure their "Book of Wedding Days" for five-and-twenty years before it can save them from forgetfulness.

In place and arrangement "The Book of Wedding Days" differs not a jot from the old-fashioned Birthday Book. The quotations, two for every day in the year, have been compiled by K. E. J. Reid, May Ross, and Mabel Bamfield with considerable tact and skill. They are not all of good omen. Most couples would prefer not to enter their names opposite the line from Sheridan, "Oil and vinegar! Egad, you'll do very well together!" "I drink to love and thee" has a Bacchanalian twang, which is hardly in keeping with the seriousness of matrimony. It is damning in its faintness to praise a bridegroom because

"He'd a soft, pleasant mien,
And his habits were clean."

There are certain things which always ought to go without saying. But no doubt these passages are inserted to give a touch of humour to the book, which, in spite of them, it sadly lacks.

We have found few misquotations or other errors. The editors have given a wrong version of the first two lines of "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and have ascribed it to Donne instead of to Marlowe. This should be put right if a second edition affords the opportunity. The work is dedicated, in a series of very lame couplets by the Earl of Rosslyn, "to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in recollection of their Silver Wedding Day." There is little but commonplace sentiment awkwardly expressed in

the following lines, which are a fair specimen of Lord Rosslyn's performance:—

"They smile defiance to the shafts of time,
The words of envy, or the deeds of crime,
And live in grateful hearts that welcome here
A prince and princess that have no compeer."

Mr. Walter Crane furnishes "devices and decorations" for each page. But he is not in his happiest vein. He has been obliged to fall back upon allegorical designs for the months, a scheme which affords little scope for fancy or ingenuity. If it were not for the anorini which occur on every page it would be difficult to discern any appropriateness in the drawings. We are quite willing to make the largest possible allowance for decorative convention, but is there not an awkward suggestion of chilliness in a design composed of nude figures skating on the ice? We have often heard of this as a burlesque *motif* for decoration, but we hardly hoped to see it realised. And surely no savage chief has ever entertained such quaint ideas of costume as some of Mr. Crane's Cupids. Pads and a pair of wicket-keeping gloves form a scanty equipment, while we cannot help thinking that an opera-hat and a monocle is either too much clothing or not quite clothing enough.

OF LATE YEARS many women, by their own energy and intelligence, have fought their way into the learned professions, but as yet no daughter of Eve has been permitted to hold a commission in the army. The inspired heroism of Joan of Arc has not induced many of her sex to follow the bugle-call. At the same time, the nineteenth century has its amazon, who, armed only with bandages and cooking implements, performs no less valiant deeds than did her prototype, though she marched to battle carrying spear and buckler in her hands. Sister Emma, whose "Recollections" have recently been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is an admirable specimen of the modern amazon. She has told her story with a simplicity and directness which carry conviction with them. She is evidently a woman of action rather than of speech, and cares little for the graces of literary style. The biographies of some hospital nurses whom we remember were inspired either by a morbid sentimentality or by a desire to prove that doctors were the most irrational and incompetent of men. Sister Emma, however, has no *arrière-pensée*; she aims only at giving an unadorned account of her experiences, and all who read her book will confess that she has succeeded. For the last twenty years she has followed a career of usefulness and adventure. In 1867 she began her training in the surgical ward of a hospital, and for some time devoted herself to private nursing. "At first," she

women, "I thought it very hard work. My feet used to blister with the constant treading about, and my hands from wringing out his flannels for fomentations. After a little, I got used to the work, and altogether my life was a very happy one."

But the untrifled monotony of private nursing did not suit Sister Emma, and when an opportunity was offered her of joining the Universities Mission in Zanzibar she eagerly embraced it. Prophecies of evil told her that she would die in six months, and though she lived to give them this lie, she suffered terribly from fever, and in less than two years lost three stone in weight. On her recovery from her severest attack, the sympathetic Zanzibaris urged her to return to England. "You go home quick to your mother," said one day, who spoke English well, "for you will die. Zanzibar boys love you very much. Zanzibar no love you; it is too hot." At last Sister Emma took this interested advice, and went back to England and her private patients. Her task was not always an easy one. She tells us that she was once sent to nurse an old gentleman who had driven away fourteen horses in one month; but a little firmness and tact soon conquered him. "Sometimes this old gentleman," says Nurse Emma, "used to throw pillows at his nurses; sometimes his feeding-cup of milk or beef-tea, or, in fact, anything within his reach; and he looked very like throwing the contents of a feeding-cup over me when I first approached him, so I took the cup and said, 'You know as well as I do that if you want to live, you must take food. If you don't want to live, don't take any; but it won't make the least difference to me which you do.' After this he made a good recovery." And no wonder for the most cantankerous invalid could not offer much opposition to Sister Emma's sensible indifference.

It was in 1871 that Sister Emma's great moment arrived. In that year she was appointed to the responsible post of superintending the nurses who were sent out to attend to the sick and wounded soldiers in South Africa. She arrived at Cape Town just after the battle of Ulundi, and proceeded straight to Ladysmith where the church had been turned into a hospital to receive the wounded. Of the excellent work that was done at Ladysmith Sister Emma gives a modest and straightforward account. She and her colleagues were indefatigable in their attention to the sick. They cooked for them, nursed them in a variety of ways, and received their confidences; and no doubt many a soldier still keeps a warm place in his heart for Sister Emma and Sister Elith.

The Egyptian War of 1885 was the next campaign in which Sister Emma took part. Here there were far more serious difficulties to overcome than in South Africa. The terrible heat made cooking, to which Sister Emma was devoted, the cruellest torture. When work was over for the day, "the rats were always having a country dance over the bed-room floor." The following dialogue would make the blood of many Englishwomen run cold in their veins:—"Then came a sound as of dried leaves being blown over a gravel-path in autumn. 'What's that?' said Miss Edwards. 'Only cockroaches. You

know they are just as plentiful here as in England.' But to one of Sister Emma's determination these evils were but trivial, and she returned home after the war none the worse for her sojourn in the desert. Her hobby is the feeding of the sick and wounded. She is never tired of insisting upon the importance of this duty. "Would it not pay the British nation better," she asks, "to feed up the sick and wounded for about three weeks or a month, and send them back to their regiments rejoicing, rather than keep them a little longer in the hospital, at a little less expense, only to make them discontented, and wish themselves well out of the service?" To this sensible question there can surely be but one answer.

HOME NURSING has not the touch of romance which makes the hospital and camp attractive to so many, but it is none the less a matter of the utmost importance. Almost every woman is called upon at some time in her life to discharge the duties of a nurse, and too many doctors bear testimony to the disastrous consequences of inefficient nursing. Miss Dolores's *Manual of Home Nursing* (Swann, Sonnenschein & Co.) is a praiseworthy little work. It is quite simple in style, and not obscured by half-understood technicalities. Dr. Mary Sarsfield warmly recommends it in a brief preface, and it will no doubt be found useful by a large number of persons. Miss Dolores is no less convinced than Sister Emma of the importance to the invalid of well-cooked food, and aptly concludes her little volume with a chapter on invalid cookery.

Who are the girls at Wintersdorf? This is not a question, nor the refrain of a ballad. It is a grave question. Who are the girls at Wintersdorf? We do not know, but this at least is certain—they are very fortunate young ladies. For some years past they have been privileged to hear an annual address from Mr. John S. Simon, who has now gathered up his speeches into a volume, and published them under the title of "The Three Reverences, and other Addresses" (T. Woolmer). Mr. Simon takes himself (and "the girls") very seriously, yet there seems no reason why he should do so. We are willing to allow that his intention is admirable, and we have no doubt that his addresses precisely served the purpose for which they were delivered. But it is difficult to find any justification for their appearance in the form of a volume. He should have been satisfied with his public at Wintersdorf. In all probability, there is a gentleman attached to every academy for young ladies throughout the country who can string commonplaces together with the fluency of Mr. Simon.

At the same time, it must be said that if that extraordinary product of modern civilisation, the "young person," be an object desirable of attainment, we may warmly recommend Mr. Simon's addresses. An attentive study of "The Three Reverences" would be sufficient to make a "young person" out of the wildest maelcap. And after all, she would not be so badly equipped for the battle of life, she would be able, from the pages of Mr. Simon, to quote Goethe and Carlyle, though she had not read these esteemed authors. Then,

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she would find no difficulty in conversing idly on the sentiment of pictures, and she would have a fine stock of aphorisms at her finger-ends. For aphorisms, indeed, Mr. Simon has a pretty gift. Here is a specimen of his skill in that direction: "Good verbal memories do much to preserve orthodoxy." Of all copy-book headings, surely that is the quaintest that human ingenuity has ever devised. For our own part, we prefer the healthy-minded madcap to the "young person," and we cannot confidently commend "The Three Reverencers" to our readers.

THE new volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine* shows no falling off from the high standard of excellence attained by this periodical, whether in regard to illustrations or to literary contents, though the former are scarcely up to the level of the latter, owing in part, no doubt, to the scanty margin of the page, which sensibly depreciates the effect of some of the full-page pictures, notably of Mr. Coombe's engravings of King's and High House Farms, which have somewhat unfortunately been set face to face. Against these, however, may very well be put the many dainty little "cuts" that stud the pages, and also Lacour's charming tinted engraving of Mr. Burne-Jones's "Study of a Head," which shows us a great artist

in one of his best moods. The most noteworthy literary feature of the magazine is Mr. Marion Crawford's "Saint Ilario;" but there are many other contributions from well known pens, among them Mr. Trill's "Et Cetera" notes, which make as delightful reading as can be found between the two covers of an eminently readable volume.

From the same publishers have come excellent reprints of two of Miss Yonge's stories, "Chantry House," and "Scenes and Characters," and also of Charles Kingsley's historical essays, of which the first, "Plays and Puritans," gives title to the volume, and of his "Westward Ho!" This edition of a great, yet somewhat over-rated, novel is of notable cheapness even in these days, when the best books can be had new for about as little as the rubbish of a fourth-rate bookstall; for although the paper is good, the type clear, and the margin not inadequate, the published price is sixpence. With some fine qualities, the book has more than trivial faults, for in it the artist sometimes sinks into the partisan, and oftener into the preacher; yet if the pleasure to be got from it is compared with most other delights, what a miracle of cheapness it is!

Mr. Browning's Types of Womanhood.



NO poet ever had more perfect opportunity to study woman's character in its sweetest and noblest aspects than Mr. Browning, and nowhere does this great artist show more consummate power, or more delicate intuition, than in his portraiture of women. Independently of all mere conventional claim on our sympathy, relying by no means exclusively upon slender forms, taper fingers, ruby lips, or the like, Mr. Browning's women step out of shadow-land into the atmosphere of breathing humanity. They have their adorable perfections and imperfections; they are feminine to the very core. Each word-painting of physical beauty has its spiritual counterpart in characters whose every outward trait bespeaks a corresponding moral quality.

Specially tender and charming are the poet's studies of girlhood. They are not merely half-grown women, these fair maidens; we are not oppressed by the reflection that in a few short years they will insensibly become stereotyped replicas of commonplace humanity. They wear a perennial halo of golden youth, and the white blossoms in their garlands are immortal. They are buds that shall not, like the rose of the old moralist and divine, lose "some of their leaves and all their beauty, and fall into the portion of weeds and out-worn fibres."

Take the portrait of Evelyn Hope as an instance:

"Sixteen years old when she died."

We seem to have known her in her opening bloom, with soul so fair and true—"that body and soul so pure and gay;" though, as we now stand and watch by her side, nothing remains of her but the sweet white brow, and the cold hand wherein to lay love's last token. Mr. Browning does not forget the young gold of that amber hair, nor the lips of geranium-red. He brings before us the startling contrast of breathing life and icy death with painful sharpness. Side by side with the fixed and tranquil image of the child in her last sleep we have the warm, living girl in her flower-like beauty.

Another girlish portrait of singular charm is Felippa, or Pippa, the little silk-winder of Asolo, the heroine of one of Mr. Browning's most imaginative productions. Nothing can be more forcible than the contrast between the girl's shining innocence and the lurid flashings of Ottima's guilty and fevered soul. Pippa's day—her yearly holiday—is an idyll of picturesque beauty, wherein, truly, she moved about "in worlds not realised," and sang her simple songs with voice attuned to purposes divine. We see her leap from her little bed before sunrise, tingling with delighted anticipation, with "the year at the spring and the day at the dawn," and we follow her through the memorable experiences of that wonderful day to its close, when, weary with unwonted excitement, she lies down to rest with her pretty, wise reflections, and simple benediction of herself.

Then, we specially love the Greek maiden, Balaustion, a creature of superb physique, who, despite all her talent and philosophy, is yet such a truly natural girl,

as when her sitting on the bank, with four young girl friends whose ripples are parted with eagerness to hear her adventure. An attractive picture, this, of lissom figures and white draperies, gracefully and carelessly grouped, relieved against the dark blue background. There is a delicious touch of the Giron girl in "Wild Pomegranate Bower," with her gift for restoration, her pretty audacity, and her expressed resolve to "live and lie Balastion," a vow which meant precisely as much as such vows do in our modern days.

But we must not linger over these buds of spring. Mr. Browning has given us less attractive creations. James Lee's Wife is, we take it, quite the most uncomfortable and altogether impracticable specimen of an intellectual woman ungenially united that ever challenged criticism. She is suffered to draw her own character with such uncompromising exactness as to cause quite a shudder in its contemplation, and in spite of all the fine things said of her by the Browning Society, she remains a type of much that is essentially repellent and unsympathetic in woman. By her own showing, she is introspective and hypersensitive, with a fatal idea of educating and reforming her husband, watching him closely, and analysing his every action and motive; and since these methods result in his naturally giving her less and less of his society, she indulges in seven cantos of "wails," deploring everything in general—the weather, the inconstancy of man, the unsatisfactory nature of amateur art-study, and the alleged failure of marriage, in her own case, at least. We confess to a sympathy with James Lee, in the absence of any definite charge against him, and we doubt whether mere mortal man could ever have made the lady quite happy, or checked her pursuit of "the blue rose" of impossible conditions. She would seem to have been somewhat undomestic, with a tendency to stand in "magnights and doorways, to lie on cliffs, and to find "sermons in stones" in season and out of season. She was not young, and we should not like to hear her eponym describe her personal appearance in the disparaging terms she resorts to in her bitterness. Here, we think, she hardly does herself justice, since, had she really been so aggressively plain, she would more probably have described herself as of radiant beauty.

Another aggrieved wife among Mr. Browning's heroines is James a good deal more of our sympathy, namely Elvire, wife of the modified Don Juan in the poem "Fifine at the Fair." Unlike James Lee, of whom we only hear in his wife's regretful moanings, the husband in this case is very much *en evidence*, and describes his marital standpoint with frank, almost too frank explicitness. In the two women we have two strongly contrasted types, Fifine the vagrant, and Elvire the symbol of domestic love—the gossamer and the spiritual. And since these two types present an equal attraction and interest for the husband, and as they are not combined in one woman, we are less surprised at the unhappy position in which the wife finds herself. Little wonder that Elvire shakes her head "with a sigh that is almost a sob," and with pale fingers presses the arm of a husband whose undisguised admiration of a gipsy rope-dancer is the *motif* of the whole

poem. That *man* should *possess* the latterly unrebuked, and that *woman* should remain fixed and constant as the polestar, is the moral of this gentleman's spoken reflections, and we can hardly blame Elvire as too conventional, or as narrow-minded, in her gentle protest against such principles. We can hardly desire a smiling toleration on her part for the modern Don Juan's lawless ideas. The sequel shows what serious ground she had for disquiet. Elvire seems to have been *clary* of her words—at any rate she gives her husband ample opportunity to speak, and he avails himself of it to the extent of some two thousand lines, uninterrupted save by the silent eloquence of eyes, and deprecating touches. We cannot but smile at the husband's amazing question—*Why is the wife in trouble?*—since the native cause at work to grieve her was of so powerful a nature that it could only be done away with when life was over and past, for one, at least, of the married pair. For the five minutes' dereliction from duty which the modern Don Juan so ostentatiously permitted himself stretched out, seemingly, through Time to Eternity, leaving no possibility of reconciliation, till, at the close of his own life, the pale shade of Elvire visits him "in ghostly glimpses of the moon, and with her grand, womanly words, sweeps away the barrier between them at last, and for ever.

That mysterious epilogue called "The Householder" shows the character of Elvire in its clear light of divine tenderness, "hoping all things, believing all things," and we feel that whole troops of splendidly developed gipsy rope-dancers could not outdo the gentle wife in the very essence of true womanliness.

But let us turn to deeper depths and loftier heights: to the Druse maiden, Anael, a masterpiece of portraiture—Anael, whose great love, betrayed by the unworthy deception practised on her by the lover whom she worships, leaps back to yet fuller life, almost in the first throes of agonising disillusion. Her first impulse, on learning the imposture and base scheming of her lover, was one of bitter scorn and denunciation, as was inevitable; but with the next heart-throb, there wells up again the deep strong fount of tenderness. He is not divine, not even nobly human, this lover of hers—a mere man, after all, and not a true man—an impostor! The idol is wrrenched from its niche and dashed to earth—shall not all men look on at the shame and the humiliation? No! that shall never be. Her Love cannot die, though her Faith is slain. Now is the time for her desperately to fling the mantle of that abounding love over his failure and insufficiency, so that they are hidden from all—from the world, from him, even from herself. She will set him right for ever with that world now marred and blotted out for her, and with a supreme effort she hails him as divine, in the presence of all, and with the noble falsehood on her lips, falls dead at his feet. Nowhere has Mr. Browning sounded a truer note than in this powerful study of woman's love at its flood-tide of almost divine self-sacrifice.

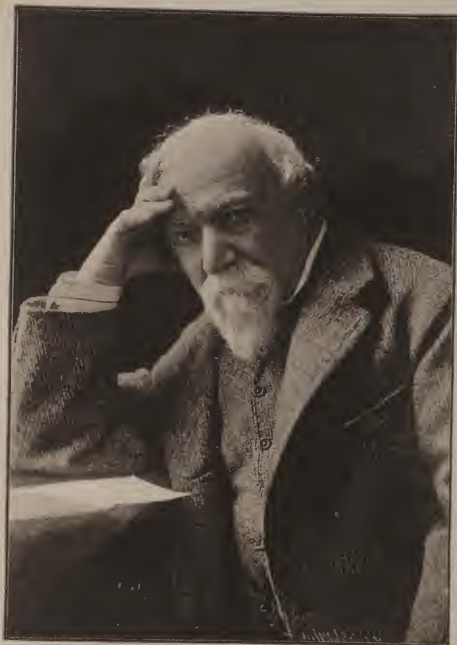
Two deeply interesting studies are the Queen and Constance, in that complicated tissue of misunderstanding, "In a Balcony." We have here another contrast as marked as that between Elvire and Fifine, but

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on different lines. The Queen, no longer young, and starved of all natural food for her warm affections, is waked from the loveless grinnings of a mere automatic life of politics and ceremony, to a real ardent love for a man who has rendered her important diplomatic services, but who is the accepted and devoted suitor of the Queen's young and dependent cousin, Constance. The character of the Queen is strongly conceived, a tragic figure, indeed,

motives and ideas were, or whither tending, and she involves both her patroness and her lover in hopeless shipwreck and disaster, professing the most enlightened philanthropy all the while. It is hardly a consolation that she, too, goes to wreck with them, in a storm of her own raising. She has great ideas of self-sacrifice, which serve no other end, unfortunately, than to complete the sacrifice of everyone else; and we feel a genuine sorrow



ROBERT BROWNING.

(From the *Litied Photograph*, by H. A. Grace, Hampton Road, S.W.)

with her pent-up woman's tenderness, and her grey hair, with her fatally ill-timed awakening to love's passionate life. She is by nature direct, open, intense and true in feeling, and the utter crushing of her new-born, late-born hope, adds a depth of pathos to her story, left as she is to a double-distilled bitterness of lonely age, a winter of eternal snows, without a breath of spring. Constance, on the other hand, is subtle, too well able to foresee consequences, but always seeing erroneously, always reflecting, and putting hypothetical cases in a way that would be simply maddening in real life. It was not possible for any ordinary intelligence to imagine what her real

for the unhappy Queen, so helpless in the hands of this female Machiavelli.

How altogether admirable is the insight with which Mr. Browning sets before us the disastrous results of interference on the part of such a woman with the actions and manifestations of a simple, straightforward nature, such as that of Norbert, the lover of Constance, one of those plain-spoken "good fellows" so delightful to meet with, and who do so well when left to play their simple, manly part in their own way, without "coaching." Constance acted on the dangerous theory that methods are nothing, and motives everything, and she

found out her mistake too late, or rather she never did truly find it out, and would have acted in precisely the same way on the very next opportunity, and been equally unprepared for the logical sequence of events. She exemplifies that ridiculous Yankee proverb, introduced by Oliver Wendell Holmes in a volume of his charming "Breakfast Table" series. "The woman who calculates is lost!" To Constance's inborn taste for calculation and circumlocution, those involved with her are sacrificed wholesale, with an energy and finality disconcerting alike to the victim and to the reader.

What a different nature is that of the heroine in the poem "Count Gismond"! Her nature is withheld, but when she tells her story to her friend, she is the happy wife of Gismond, the brave, loyal, trusting heroine of one of the most thrilling romances of mediæval times, when the ordeal by duel was promptly resorted to with unflinching confidence. The story is one of breathless interest, a fine example of retrospective monologue, abounding in dramatic pictures and situations. The Countess describes herself as an orphaned girl, descending the castle stairs on her birthday morning, crowned with her rose-garland as Queen, "to give the tourney prize away," gay, confident, and joyous: on either hand her treacherous cousins, falsely glancing sideways, conscious of the foul plot which was even now ripe for disclosure. "I thought they loved me," she says simply, in telling the tale. The scene is filled in by the troops of merry friends who kissed her cheek and called her "Queen." The streak of golden sunlight that pierced the canopy rested on her happy head. The moment is come to present the victor's crown. Arrived at this point in her narrative, she falters; the scene of horror comes back too vividly, the old mist blinds her eyes, when, by a fine touch of dramatic power, she sees Gismond without at the gate, with his two boys. It is a gleam of the radiant present to relieve the utterable agony of that memory of the past. "I can proceed," she says, and goes on to tell of the terrible denunciation of Gauthier. She tells how she stood smitten to silence by the awful disaster, and how Gismond strode through the affrighted throng as her true knight and defender, and dared the slanderer to single combat, which ended in the triumphant vindication of the gentle misdeed, the dying Gauthier being dragged to her feet to gasp out his retraction in presence of all. Then, in softer tones, she tells how Gismond, kneeling at her feet, asked her love in words which her heart holds safe, no one of which she will repeat to her friend; and how they two walked forth amid the shouting multitude, nevermore to return, nevermore to part. A charming touch of womanly softness is the excuse suggested by the injured girl for the hateful envy of her cousins, which burst forth to blight her on that fatal birthday morning:—

"O, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!"

And another beautiful trait in her character is the absolute child-like faith with which she greets the appearance of Gismond on the scene as her defender. Looking on his face, she knew that she was saved, felt quite sure God had set Himself to Satan, and without a minute's mistrust joyfully waited the end.

Now, looking back on the happy years, the gentle Countess breathes a prayer for the soul of the dead Gauthier, and has passed on to some pretty motherly eulogy on the beauty of her two boys, when the sudden entrance of Gismond breaks in upon the talk, and here we feel how delightfully human our heroine is. It was impossible in Gismond's presence to revert to the chapter of personal history, so ghostly in some of its aspects, which had formed the subject of her discourse, and she meets the difficulty by promptly telling her husband how she and Adela had just been discussing field sports, and the wonderful feats of her t-roel. It was adroit, this little manoeuvre, and Gismond was none the worse for it. Adela, too, with the freemasonry so natural to her sex, would lend herself to the harmless *résumé*. And Gismond, "good easy man," would join in with his own sporting experiences, and thus a happy social evening would be spent.

A sadder picture is that of the hapless lady described by her husband as "My last Duchess." She is dead, and the Duke is negotiating a second marriage. Her portrait hangs there on the wall, "looking as if she were alive," and her husband gives a slight sketch of her character to the emissary of his new father-in-law elect. He conjures up the image of the ill-fated young wife, handed over to the mercies of so cruel a tyrant. We see the "joy-spot" so easily called forth on the pure cheek, the ready flush that dyed its fairness at each lovely sight in nature, the quick, responsive smile with which she acknowledged each trifling act of courtesy—smiles so sweet, so winning, as to incense the iron-hearted Duke. We note the earnest passion in the eyes that look from yonder canvas so yearningly into our own, and we resent the arbitrary cruelty which had avowedly stopped all smiles, and chilled the warm young life into death.

We have briefly indicated a few of the slighter studies of women in Mr. Browning's poems, each alike an individual creation of distinctive interest, each a gem of faithful and artistic workmanship, testifying no less conspicuously to the mighty power of the master than do those more important and more extended conceptions of female character with which it is obviously impossible to deal in a sketch like the present. Nowhere, save alone in Shakespeare, have we found such extraordinary fertility of genius in the production of varied types, of such power, of such vivid reality, of such inexhaustible freshness. Mr. Browning's heroines stand before us, each with her distinctive attributes, surrounded by a halo of her own peculiar grace, one and all proclaiming this great writer as a subtle and conscious psychologist, seer-like in his marvellous knowledge of humanity.

ANNIE E. IRELAND.

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Amy Levy.

THE gifted subject of these paragraphs, whose distressing death has brought sorrow to many who knew her only from her writings, was born at Clapham, and spent the greater part of her short and outwardly uneventful life in London. Her family was Jewish, but she herself, as she grew up, gradually ceased to hold the orthodox doctrines of her nation, retaining, how-

love for her husband, and her longing to share his thoughts;—

"I guided by his wisdom and his love,
Led by his words, and counselled by his care,
Should lift the shrouding vale from things which be,
And at the flowing fountain of his soul
Refresh my thirsting spirit."



AMY LEVY.

(From a Photograph by Montabone, Florence.)

But Socrates wanted no such companion or disciple in his wife, and gradually her love turned to bitterness :—

“ Then faded that vain fury : hope died out ;
A huge despair was stealing on my soul :
A sort of fierce acceptance of my fate—
He wished a household vessel—well ! 'twas good
For he should have it

. till at last I grew

As ye have known me—eye exact to mark
The texture of the spinning; ear all keen
For aimless talking when the moon is up
And ye should be a sleeping; tongue to cut,
With quick incision, thwart the merry words
Of idle maidens."

This poem—surely a most remarkable one to be produced by a girl still at school—is distinguished, as

mostly all Miss Levy's work is, in the qualities of sincerity, directness, and *modesty*. In expression it is less simple and lucid than some of her later verse, far less so, for instance, than the two short poems which we publish in this issue; but its spirit is the same, and no intelligent critic could fail to see the promise of greater things.

"A Minor Poet, and other Verse," published in 1884, showed a distinct advance. This, too, is but a thin volume, with no single superfluous line in it. The last epitaph with which it closes, and the dedication "to a dead poet" with which it opens are perhaps the most perfect and complete things in it; these, if they stood alone, would be enough to mark their writer as a poet of no mean excellence.

A third volume of poems was nearly ready for publication at the time of her death, and is to appear immediately. Some of the pieces to be included in it have appeared already in various papers and magazines, and two or three of these are among her very best work.

Her prose work consists almost entirely of fiction. The few magazine articles which she wrote are good of their kind, but they lack that special individuality which makes the value of her other writing. Of her short stories, two or three are slight and careless, written from a very superficial stratum of thought or feeling, and produced with the utmost facility. Of these stories she herself was the first to speak slightly, and she would never have sanctioned their republication. But even these are marked by a strong vitality. They are careless, but not dull; they show how much the touch of the real artist tells, even in second-rate work. But besides these there are a few other short stories which are by no means second-rate. Among these may be named "Cohen of Trinity," "Eldorado at Islington," "Addenbrooke,"

"Wise in her Generation"—one of her latest, which we give in our present number—and "The Recent Telepathic Occurrence at the British Museum." This last is a good example of Miss Levy's extraordinary power of condensation. The story occupied only about a page of this magazine, and it gives the whole history of a wasted and misunderstood love. There is not so much as a name in it, but the relation of the man and woman stands out vivid as if we had known and watched its growth.

Miss Levy's two novels, "The Romance of a Shop" and "Reuben Sachs," were both published last year. The first is a bright and clever story, full of sparkling touches; the second is a novel that probably no other writer could have produced. Its directness, its uncompromising truth, its depth of feeling, and, above all, its absence of any single superfluous word, make it, in some sort, a classic. Like all her best work it is sad, but the sadness is by no means morbid. The strong undertone of moral earnestness, never preached, gives a stability and force to the vivid portraiture, and prevents the satiric touches from degenerating into mere malice. Truly the book is an achievement.

To write thus at six-and-twenty is given to very few; and from the few thus endowed their readers may safely hope for yet greater things later on. But "later on" has not come for the writer of "Reuben Sachs," and the world must forgo the full fruition of her power. The loss is the world's, but perhaps not hers. She was never robust, not often actually ill, but seldom well enough to feel life a joy instead of a burden; and her work was not poured out lightly, but drawn drop by drop from the very depth of her own feeling. We may say of it that it was in truth her life's blood.

The Promise of Sleep.

ALL day I could not work for wee,
I could not work nor rest;
The trouble drove me to and fro,
Like a leaf on the storm's breast.

Night came, and saw my sorrow cease:
Sleep to the chamber stole;
Peace crept about my limbs, and peace
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—
How I again may woo
The gentle Sleep, who promises
That Death is gentle too.

AMY LEVY.



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Notes and Comments.

CERTAINLY lady doctors may be proud! Even the *Times* records the inaugural address at the London School of Medicine for Women, with as much formality as those of the great hospitals where male students only are received. The address this year was delivered by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the *doctoresse* of the doctoresses, who dwelt upon the dangers as well as the advantages that wait upon the growing tendency of women to study medicine. Here we have now seventy-three women upon the register: in the United States their number has already reached the astonishing total of 3,000. Women, she assured her hearers, are, from the great spiritual fact of maternity, the natural guardians of helplessness and ignorance, the defenders of the weak, the natural foes of cruelty and injustice, and by possession of this noble heritage would introduce new and valuable forces into the noble art of healing. The dangers to avoid are—First, a too blind adherence to authority, since the unavoidable uncertainty of medical science demands a wise reserve; and, secondly, the tendency to adopt materialistic theories.

BUT she mentioned a very surprising fact, and one that gives a strong confirmation to the vigorous language employed lately by Mr. Grant Allen, when she rated soundly the tendency on the part of women doctors to shirk midwifery and accouchement studies. Some even announced, she said, that under no circumstances would they undertake such cases. This is very short-sighted policy, if it be true, and from the strong words used by Dr. Blackwell, it is to be feared that it is. Can it be that Mr. Grant Allen is right when he blames the present-day system of female education as a mistake, since woman's functions in life are totally different from those of men, and therefore their training should be correspondingly different? The system as now pursued, he says, "has unsexed women, and many have acquired an unnatural distaste for the functions which nature intended them to perform."

It gives precedence to the wrong element in the problem. What is essential and eternal it neglects in favour of what is accidental and temporary. What is feminine in women it neglects in favour of what is masculine. It attempts to override the natural distinction of the sexes, and to make women men—in all but virility." Only, let us hope, very exceptionally does advanced education produce such undesirable ends.

THE greatest dramatic event of the month has, of course, been Mr. Irving's revival of Watts Phillips' powerfully sombre drama, *The Dead Heart*. It is not strong, however, in female interest, though Miss Ellen Terry makes the most she can of her opportunities. The character of Catherine Duval is too sketchy for one to feel very deeply interested in her. It is a novelty to see Miss Terry in a fantastic Watteau hat all rose du Harri and porcelain-blue ribbons and roses, and a short-waisted pink satin frock with fichu and apron of filmy mousseline de soie, displaying a dainty pair of very high-heeled blue satin shoes, which is her costume in the first Act. In the second she wears a heavy red-brown brocade cloak, but she is most winsomely pathetic as the sorrow-stricken mother of the last scenes,

in a straight plain black gown and cloak, holding a small hood over her beautiful hair. Miss Kate Phillips' effective *couturière* dresses will probably afford many hints for fancy ball costumes this winter.

MR. IRVING has never looked better than he does in the first Act as the revolutionary young sculptor; nor more impressive than when, somewhat after the famous picture of Sydney Carton, in the "Tale of Two Cities," he stands silhouetted against a cold dawning sky upon the cruel lay of "Madame la Guillotine." On the first night his acting in the scene in which he is led forth from his dungeon, a feeble, dazed creature with unkempt hair and matted beard, his face livid and corpse-like, his clothes foul and dirty, recovering so slowly and so pathetically the sense that freedom has come at last, held the critical house in almost breathless excitement. Not less finished is the duel scene wherein he lays the treacherous Abbé dead at his feet; and here Mr. Bancroft appears to special advantage. Undoubtedly Robert Laury will take front rank in Mr. Irving's wonderful portrait gallery, showing him, in this one part, crushed and crazed, ruthless in revenge, tender in forgiveness, and culminating in the noble tragedy of a supreme self-sacrifice.

NEVER has the scenery at the Lyceum been more beautiful. The storming of the Bastille, with its surging, yelling crowd, is like an embodied page of Carlyle. The Carmagnole is a marvellous effort of stage drill and management, and every dress and weapon is a study in itself. M. Jacob's music is exceedingly clever, whether in the gay measures of the dance in the garden of the Café de la Belle Jardinière of the first Act, or in the happy use he has made of snatches of *Ça Ira*, and such sanguinary lays. One's only regret is that so intensely powerful a story should be marred by its poor, commonplace dialogue. Mr. W. H. Pollock revised the high-flown verbiage of Watts Phillips with no unsparring hand, but still there are no grand poetic lines to come as the climax of the great scenes.

IT must be somewhat discouraging to those ladies who have taken upon their shoulders the mission of dress reform to find that the subject is not more actively taken up by their own sex, while men, in leading articles and other journalistic places, are sadly inclined to make fun of their earnest teaching. It would almost appear as though a discussion on the question will become an annual feature of the British Association's meeting. Mrs. Stopes read a paper at the Newcastle meeting on the "Psychological and Physiological Aspect of Dress," which did not advance any very new theories, but expressed cleverly and concisely the case in favour of dress reform. She asked women not to be blinded by the dictates of fashion, which not only injure the wearer, but which would ultimately be injurious to the national physique. Miss Lydia Becker spoke warmly in favour of the corset, and then a discursive argument seems to have centred around tight lacing and high heels, while a maiden lady criticised the general bearings of lady-dressing.

Now, it cannot be denied that the opponents of dress reform find room for some little defence of the modern society woman's dress. Granted, they say, that there are many silly and unreasonable features in it, yet, paradoxical as it seems, the more "fashionable" a woman is the more appropriate is her dress. To drive in the park she wears a rich mantle, for afternoon and at-home she dons a handsome silk. For the ease of her boudoir she has a luxurious tea-gown, on the river she wears a loose wrap skirt, short full blouse, and shady hat; for the moors she has a rough tweed, and for lawn tennis a frock that is scarcely a handicap to her, even competing with men.

As to the question of suspending the skirts from the shoulders, it may sound plausible to say that "to hang garments from the hips is contrary to anatomical principles;" yet, on the other hand, it is urged that a very small knowledge of anatomy tells us that the shoulders are dependent upon the collar-bone and a mass of muscular tissue. With a slight effort this little bone may be snapped, and the shoulders then are useless. Ergo, say the conservatives, it is difficult to see why more weight and work should be placed upon this already fully taxed and slender bar of osseous substance, when there is no valid reason that the strong stout hips should not carry it.

The majority of those who attack the corset would perhaps be puzzled if asked what really constitutes right facing. Probably the answer would be that the possession of the long trim waist of the well-developed Englishwoman was proof that it had been resorted to. But is this quite certain? Is not the size of the waist as much a question of breed and racial tendencies as the difference between a pug dog and a greyhound? One of our most eminent London surgeons, a man who has devoted immense patience and investigations to female anatomy, holds it as an axiom that "some women have waists, and others have not," while he looks upon the corset as so important and useful an adjunct of woman's dress, that he invariably asks as many questions of his fair patients about their stays as about their digestion. Such women as Miss Lydia Becker regard the gruesome pictures of distorted ribs and misplaced organs as imaginative fictions, and urge that even if they were otherwise it would make little or no difference to a woman's comfort, since the female organisation was designed to meet displacements of the normal conditions far greater than the closest stays could effect.

One or two irreverent male critics have remarked that they hoped that the Milliner's Martyr, or the Living Sacrifice to Style, no longer existed, and refuse to believe that women are silly enough to be coerced into wearing uncomfortable clothes by tyrannical dressmakers. The sensible modern woman, they say, likes freedom and independence in her dress, and asks her *couturière* for garments neither conspicuous nor ugly. The true science of dress is to be healthy, comfortable, and beautiful, and it is at least an arguable question whether a modification of the present system, rather than turning it topsy-turvy, will not meet the case. The subject, however, is one upon which there may well be differences of opinion. Much remains yet to be said about it, and to assist the solution of the problem we shall in our next number give a paper by an eminent advocate of reform, and shall then throw open our pages for free discussion.

In spite of the very reasonable complaints made by Messrs. Lewis and Allenby and Messrs. Dolanham and Freebody as to the unfair treatment accorded to many of the exhibitors in the British section of the Paris Exhibition, English ladies cannot complain that they have been passed over unwarded. Mrs. Ernest Hart takes a gold medal for the technical teaching of the Donegal Industrial Fund, as well as a silver medal, a bronze medal, and two "honourable mentions" for the work done by that useful movement. In the social economy section Miss Mary Hart and Miss Ada Leigh take silver medals. Miss Dorothea Beale's educational work is justly rewarded with a gold medal, and in art work silver medals have been given to Miss Alma Tadema and the Ladies' Work Society. Miss Clara Montalba, Miss Henrietta Rae, Miss E. A. Armstrong, Miss Edith Gwyn Jeffreys, Miss Anna Lea Merritt, and Miss Lotty Couthy all receive lesser distinctions. There is evidently, however, a rankling memory of the refusal of official support to the Exhibition from our Government, and an unpleasant rumour is being circulated that prize-winners will have to pay for their own medals! Such a proceeding would be unworthy indeed of French courtesy; yet we have reason to fear that this, or something equally mean, is in contemplation.

The organisation of the unskilled female labour of the metropolis sounds like a herculean task, but still, after the victory achieved by the dock labourers, not entirely a hopeless one—in time. So far, trades unionism has only made relatively very slow progress among women, and the movement started in 1874 by Mrs. Paterson has but slender importance as yet. Women are so essentially individual in their tendencies of thought and action that they do not grasp with anything like man's tenacity the power which comes from union. The range of occupations, ages, and earnings too, will be so extremely diverse in this union, as at present projected, that the obstacles are far greater than those even of the dockers. No one would depreciate the labours of Mrs. Sheldon Amos, Lady Sandlehurst, Miss Clementina Black, and the Bishop of Bedford, or wish to discourage them, yet it must be apparent that their work has yet to be done. If, for instance, the Union of Shirtmakers, of which Miss Edith Simcox is the secretary, has only a hundred or so members, and is an absolutely ineffectual quantity one way or the other, it seems rather too much to expect that this far larger, and therefore still less individual organisation, will be of much greater service at present. Trades unionism, one fears, will have little vitality among women of the lowest working classes while their education is so limited, and their outlook so narrow. Which, however, is a reason not for doing nothing, but for doing more, and much more.

To the older generation of women, Eliza Cook's death must suggest an interesting retrospect. Born a true daughter of the prosperous middle classes in 1818, she published her first volume of verse about the time of the Queen's accession, and her last in 1864. Stern critics like Matthew Arnold have not hesitated to sneer at her as a poetess of Philistinism; but one cannot help looking upon her as a characteristic singer of the thoughts and tendencies of her time. Woolwork and wax flowers stood for art in the early Victorian decades; æsthetic culture had not come down to the masses in the fifties, and Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning were not to be seen on the circular, well-polished mallogany table of

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the tradesman's back parlour. But Eliza Cook was, and she sang a song that was not too lofty or too deep for her audiences.

LET us therefore spare a friendly thought for the somewhat stern-faced woman who wrote odes to old arm-chairs, rushlights, and the family pony, and, when women wore their hair well oiled to keep it smooth, and crinolines and garishhills, had courage to cut her hair short, part it on one side, and arrange it in little curls, and to assume a shirt-front and tie with her dresses. We can forgive her for her trite reflections, such as—

"Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast;
The lark soars highest from the curth,
Yet ever leaves the lowliest nest."

We can pass over the stilted verbiage of the *Ostrich's* song, who asks his share of melodic compliment—

"Though I warble not in a verdant land,
Nor am ever lashed to a lady's hand."

We will even forget the lathos of the idea which prompted her, after a sight of "Wyld's Great Globe," a species of panorama in Leicester Square, to write a sonnet ending—

"My soul's wing
Seemeth to wear a plume of Spirit-birth,
That wafts me high to the Imperial Power;
Yet my own sphere, studded with shell and flower,
Blinds me with the dazzling mystery of 'Earth,
What art thou?' Nature tells with voice sublime,
One of God's Pyramids upon the Sands of Time."

These things, and others quite as trying, can be suffered in patience for the sake of the honest sincerity of her domestic thoughts, and the simple straightforwardness of her moral teaching.

THE late authoress was the gentlest and kindest of women—supporting her long period of ill-health with the most exemplary patience, but proving still higher powers of endurance and Christian clarity in the amiable intercourse she used to hold with the autograph fiend. One of the most persistent of these—a lady whose name struck terror into the hearts of all the Eminent Persons of the middle of the century—wrote to the gentle poetess to ask for an autograph and an "Impromptu." Eliza Cook actually "thanked" her persecutrix—the writer of these lines has the letter in his possession—and enclosed the following graceful stanza, here reproduced in facsimile reduced to about half size:—

Impromptu
Oh one who said the death of my mother
would leave a scar on my heart
That stroke would surely leave such
The heart - too true to feel -
But oh! it will not leave a scar
The wound will never heal
Elizabeth

It is a notable advance in current journalism to see such subjects as the making of tea under discussion in place of paragraphs about sea-serpents or abnormal

gooseberries. The *Daily Telegraph*, in an able leader, asked the very practical questions whether there was no expert in tea who would come forward and teach us how to make it for the best; and why "we should still be charged 4d. or 6d. at a railway station for a little hot milk and water slightly flavoured with undesirable tannin?" To the first question the reply is that the mere making of tea is easy enough, but the buying of the tea itself is a matter about which few women concern themselves. The market is glutted with stalks and rubbish at 1s. 2d. to 1s. 7d. a pound, and with that extraordinary love for the very cheapest article procurable which seems a distinctive attribute of the age, the average housekeeper glances down her grocer's list of prices, and obeys his command implicitly to "Try our unrivalled blend of robust family tea at 1s. 6d. a lb." Suppose she ordered her bonnets or flannels on the same principle! Tea, as we are professionally informed, is an extremely susceptible article, and will readily part with its own essential and delicate qualities to absorb the smells of coffee, spices, or bacon, very much to its own detriment; yet how rarely does a woman try a tea or devote any consideration to its choice!

THE rule of making it laid down in the largest wholesale houses is to pour on the water immediately that it boils, and never to let it overdraw. An average stand of six minutes is enough. It is for this reason that the tea served at railway stations and restaurants generally is such a pitiful decoction, though in London it must be admitted that great improvements have been effected lately, thanks to the bold innovation of certain bread companies, and of such places as Mrs. Cooper Oakley's "Dorothy" restaurants. As for the miserable stuff served on the railways, one hint which the present writer invariably puts firmly into execution may be given, and that is to insist on having some freshly made in a pot for oneself. It is true that the blonde-headed young women behind the counter look askance, and are often very rude about it, but in this case the threat of a complaint to headquarters brings about the desired result. If every lady traveller acted on this plan, the monopolists of the refreshment rooms would speedily improve their arrangements. The profits made on retailing cups of tea are enormous, and those who do not grudge paying a reasonable price for their favourite and most sustaining drink have at least the right to demand that the article supplied shall not be positively poisonous.

THE probability of the formation of a "Bread Union," and the presumption that such a syndicate would materially enhance the price of bread, have led people to ask why of comparatively late years we should have become so entirely dependent upon the baker for his professionally made wares. Our grandmothers made their own bread, and why should not we? Even in the remotest rural districts the baker's cart is a regular institution, and one has a feeling akin to contempt for the modern farmer's daughter who spends her mornings reading trashy novels, and her afternoons at lawn tennis, or who tries to get a clerkship or some similarly "genteel" occupation instead of contributing to the prosperity of the nation by making good butter and rearing poultry. So it has come about that we import young men from Germany to make our bread, while women desert the domestic sphere to force down the wages of their brothers in men's crafts. In the middle classes a foolish superstition for it was really

po. none—grow up that good bread could not be made in small quantities in this town, even attached to the kitchen, but there is absolutely no room for this help.

A *truly* pathetic plaint comes from Australia. We are accustomed here to think that our own servants give us trouble enough, but this is how Mrs. E. J. Todd describes the domestic difficulties of the Antipodes. "The unhappy mistress knows well that the slightest check to liberty, the gentlest attempt at correction, means instant departure on the part of the injured domestic. The rate of wages alone is enough to make one shudder. The commonest and most ignorant girl will toss her head and turn scornfully away at the timid offer of ten shillings a week, and a general servant or house and parlour maid thinks sixteen shillings a week at least her lawful right. One girl fancies she prefers the manly master will not go into the suburbs, another objects to children, still to list the unhappy mistress of a house vexed with a tiring search through half the registry office in a town, will feel positively grateful to an (incomparably) girl who is kind enough to accept her situation and fourteen shillings a week."

As to the scheme which Mrs. Todd formulates for committees of ladies to send out servants to Australia, there are various objections to it. First of all, it is unwieldy. The Church Emigration Society and numerous other philanthropic ladies are doing all they possibly can to promote the emigration of suitable girls. Secondly, we cannot spare many of our domestic servants. Thirdly, the class which she suggests, namely, the under-paid factory hands of large cities—would be the last to go out. They would be as incapable of domestic service there as here, and they would very soon be complaining from the Colonial Governments that they had no desire to become the "selecting ground" for our female ruffians. As a class these girls have no ambition beyond early independent marriage, else they would not endure their wretched lot; they would laugh at the very idea of emigration. No. All that we can do to help our Australian sisters is to circulate wider knowledge of the advantages awaiting good servants there, and suggest that our colonial residents themselves might do more to teach their own working classes that domestic service is an honourable and worthy scope for female labour.

As an exhibition, the Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery is very interesting. Perhaps one is reminded of a little of the young lady who counted her chickens before they were hatched, in Mr. Walter Crane's pleasant vista of reunion between designer and maker, and the elimination of "so-called industrial progress which produces shoddy wares"—and one is tempted to resent the imputation that "we have reached the *réductio ad absurdum* of an impersonal artist or craftsman trying to produce things of beauty for an impersonal and unknown public." As if it were impossible to walk down Bond Street and buy a beautiful tea service or brocade across a counter! But it is an eminently practical show. The majority of visitors to the Academy or the Grosvenor must be satisfied with looking at the pictures. Here, however, the things are close in every-day demand, and anyone may want a lamp, a portiere, or a well-designed cretonne, though of these last a few are alarmingly crude in colour.

The mural decorations are very beautiful, especially the gloomy panels of Mr. Clement Hutton; and Mr. Walter Crane shows some characteristic designs for friezes and panels, carried out in gesso and fibrous plaster, some being tinted with lacquers. Mr. William Morris, poet and socialist, artist and upholsterer, is a large exhibitor, sending carpets, tapestry, damasks, and wool hangings; and there are stained glass, beautiful covers for books, great oak chairs, pottery, decorative and utilitarian, and specimens of ecclesiastical embroideries. "Needle paintings," to use the only correctly descriptive term for some of the embroideries, form a strong and excellent section, and special notice may be directed to the bed cover from a sixteenth-century design copied by Mrs. Gerald Davies from one found in a farmhouse in Hampshire, to a screen panel done at the School of Art Needlework, and to a curtain by Mrs. T. Warble.

The National Training School of Cookery has moved into its imposing-looking new premises in Buckingham Palace Road, and resumed its teaching work. Some important changes are likely to be made in the arrangements for plain and high-class cookery diplomas, but nothing is definitely decided at present on the subject. A great feature of the new establishment will be the comfortable accommodation and board provided at a cost of one guinea a week for lady students, and twelve shillings a week for cooks. The building is fireproof throughout, and the decorations are carried out in a pretty scheme of delicate salmon-pink, and a shade of brownish *mauve rose*. When the school was located at South Kensington there was often some difficulty in the disposal of the made dishes, and it is partly to meet that trouble that a high-class restaurant is to be attached to the school, in which lunches and dinners, either *à prix fixe* or *à la carte*, will be served. Unfortunately there is a little hitch in opening this at present, but as soon as that is overcome the dining-room will be the great novelty of the place, and should be a distinct success.

A CORRESPONDENT, who writes from D'Entrecasteaux Channel, Tasmania, has been good enough to send us a letter in which, with words of praise for *THE WOMAN'S WORLD* which modesty compels us to suppress, we find a suggestion that is worth printing. "In every book of fashions," she says, "there are many neat and elegant toilettes for slight and tall figures, but when these girls and young women, at present 'divinely tall, divinely fair,' shall arrive at the age of forty, they will in most cases no longer possess their elegant proportions, and—well, 'they will lose their figures.' Now, this being the case, can you not occasionally give a few hints and illustrations to us who have passed middle age, and who, without wishing to be dowdy or ridiculous by aping juvenility, on the one hand, or by sacrificing good taste on the other, still desire to be as attractive in appearance as may be fairly possible?"

"If your Magazine," the writer proceeds, "will thus assist and recognise dames on the shady side of forty, it will confer a benefit on them, and will certainly be not only unique among the high-class journals of fashion and esthetics, but will also greatly extend its sphere of usefulness." We are more than a little obliged to our correspondent, both for the kind things she has found to say about this Magazine, and for the hint thus pleasantly thrown out, but not, as she may find, thrown away.



NEW INDOOR COSTUMES.

(See page 1)

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Nikita at Home.

ON the very threshold of Nikita's home one feels the personality of the fair young singer. Nikita is gently trilling some exercises, and as the French page

Mr. Strakosch has evidently inherited his father's heroine-worship of this Patti of a younger growth. He speaks in glowing language of her career, of the genius



NIKITA.

(From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

takes my message to her, the melodious notes that have aroused the enthusiasm of nations come floating down the staircase, expelling echoes of Baker Street and banishing memories of the Underground Railway. Mr. Robert Strakosch, Nikita's impresario, comes to greet me, and explains that the young *diva* is just then engaged in her daily exercise of his late father's "Ten Commandments of Music," under the direction of her uncle, M. le Roy. By these self-same "Commandments," I was told, Maurice Strakosch trained Adelina Patti, who for nearly forty years has practised them with diurnal regularity. They were taught to all M. Strakosch's pupils in Paris, including Bjorksten and Wachtel, Heilbron, Sigrid Arnoldson, and Christine Nilsson, who has described the "Commandments" as her "musical toilette."

which, in her earliest years, manifested itself in the repetition of every song the infant heard, and which in childhood won triumphs in nearly every important town of the United States. He still clearly remembers the day on which Nikita, fresh from these triumphs, and not then fourteen, came with her mother in search of his father's instruction. At first the old man hesitated to undertake Nikita's training, but on hearing her sing the jewel song from *Faust*, Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair," and other arias, the old spirit of the impresario was aroused, and he prophesied of Nikita that "she will be one of the greatest cantatrices the world has ever seen." Less than two years later, in the autumn of 1887, M. Strakosch—denied the fulfilment of his prophecy—died suddenly, and the duties of impresario to Nikita, who

had already made her *debut* in London, devolved upon her son.

By the time this information had been communicated Nikita's merry laugh was heard, the exercise was over, and the singer was free to receive her visitor. As I entered the room, the "Stars and Stripes," flaring above a pretty piano in black and gold, forcibly reminded me that Manchester Street cannot strictly be said to be Nikita's home. But she is an English girl as well as an American "citizeness." The manner of her welcome assured me of the fact, as well as the clear, sparkling eyes and complexion, fresh "as morning roses newly washed with dew." When I began abusing London weather, she impatiently shook the wavy tresses, almost even black, that fell in disorder to her waist, and flatly declared that of all European cities she liked London best.

"In Paris," she exclaimed, "one cannot even take a walk alone. When I was living there, every morning I had to promenade in the Tuilleries with an intolerable governess."

"Are you fond of outdoor exercise?"

"Not passionately, but I take a walk with my mother every fine morning. The park seems pleasant at all times of the year. But I take the greatest pleasure now in my painting. I have only had lessons for a month or two, and I have not yet attempted anything original, scarcely anything in fact besides the colouring of portraits of my friends and myself."

"May I see some?"

In reply Nikita handed me a portrait of herself painted on glass. Having admired the skill with which the colours had been used, I ask my fair interlocutor to show me the souvenirs of her musical success, which a glance round the small, tastefully furnished room had revealed. Nikita coyly complied with my request, with a grace that appeared to have not one touch of vanity.

First I was shown the letter which Nikita, when travelling in the United States as "the Miniature Patti" with an opera company composed of children under eighteen years of age, received from Adolina Patti. Mme. Patti and Nikita happened to sing in Boston on the same night. When the concerts were over, Patti sent for Nikita and heard her sing. Two or three days afterwards, she wrote to her young fellow-artiste as "my dear child," and in her small, clear writing gave her advice which Nikita has evidently treasured as carefully as the letter. Nikita shows me other letters of scarcely less interest, from Rubinstein, Massenet, and others of the great musicians with whom she has come in contact on her Continental tours. A photograph of Frederick von Rodenstedt, the German poet, bears the following verse, inspired by Nikita's concert at Wiesbaden:—

"If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me;
Thou pour'st forth the sweet melodious sound,
I, hearing thee, am quite in rapture-drowned."

This was not the only ode Nikita had addressed to her in Germany. Another photograph had written on the back two pretty stanzas by Oscar Blumenthal.

But Nikita was impatient of the attention I bestowed upon such tokens of her artistic triumph, and I had to be content with examining those that were more conspicuous in the room. On an easel, for instance, was an illuminated address, which, together with a golden crown, two hundred Russian students had presented to her after a concert at Moscow. By its side is a luxurious copy of one of M. Massenet's latest songs, "Esclarmonde," which had just been sent by the composer, and which Nikita intends learning.

"Which are your favourite songs?" I take occasion to inquire.

"Oh, I like them all," she replies. "In England I dare say I sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' most frequently, and then 'Ernani Tuvohani,' which I have been fond of ever since I was a little child. Another English song I much enjoy singing is 'The Last Rose of Summer,' when I always pick a rose to pieces. Just look at this!" Nikita impetuously cries, as she lifts from its resting-place on a sofa a little toy sword, with a handsome brass sheath. "It was given to me by one of the generals of the United States army, who had it when a boy from his father. It must be very old. I remember that some years ago in New York I used it in *The Dead Heart*, the piece Mr. Irving is playing now. In one of the scenes before the Bastille I was engaged to sing the 'Marseillaise.' I had to rush forth from the crowd as a poor girl, flourish the sword, and sing." Nikita, in the sincerity of the moment, suited the action to the word, and broke into song with the words of the great revolutionary epic—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé."

On Nikita's finger a diamond sparkled brilliantly. Of all the jewels which princesses and nobles have bestowed upon her, Nikita treasures it most because it was given to her by Prince Rudolph of Austria a short time before his romantic death. Nikita has no other costly treasures to show me, because they are all safely stored in Paris. She consoled me, however, with a sight of her pets.

"This pussy," explained Nikita, fondly stroking the snowy-white fur, "I call Venus Blanc. The other one is called Major Beauty Blanc, because he is so proud of his appearance. There is also Adonis Blanc, but we left him in Paris, and he is at present being lodged and fed there."

"Was your bird a present from Russia?" I inquired, pointing to the little dark-feathered creature hopping about in its cage by the window.

"Yes; it was given to me in St. Petersburg, during my last tour, by a gentleman who had heard me sing. I don't think it is quite acclimatised yet, however, but it is very tame, and will fly about the room with the window open. When I am going through my exercises it takes a delight in singing against me, and, as it takes a different note, generally puts me out of tune. But you have heard my dove story! Well, would you believe it, as a sequel, I have just heard that three days after leaving Prague

the poor bird prior to her Prague

Nikita's last winter by the well-high. One Nikita fancied the statuaries confirmed her between two feathers as humane feel sent letters but neither fate of the fire brigade was too short by several years had gathered stayed, had the stonevo struggle for safely accom placing the bird being thirb was we return, it see

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the poor bird came back to the hotel! The hotel proprietor has had it taken care of, and as we are going to Prague again I shall bring it back with me to England."

Nikita's dove story is briefly this. While in Prague last winter she stayed at an hotel which was overlooked by the well-known tower of that city, which is 250 feet high. One day, standing on the balcony of the hotel, Nikita fancied she could see a bird fluttering amongst the statuary at the summit of the tower. Opera-glasses confirmed her feus; she could see a dove pinioned between two angels' wings, blood staining its white feathers as it wildly struggled for liberty. Nikita's humane feelings were aroused; at her own initiation she sent letters to the Mayor and the Commissary of Police, but neither functionary would interest himself in the fate of the bird. At last, however, some men of the fire brigade were persuaded to bring their escape. It was too short; it did not reach the summit of the tower by several yards. Then a workman in the crowd which had gathered rushed forward, and, before he could be stayed, had mounted the escape, and was clambering up the stonework to where the bird was making its last struggle for life and liberty. The perilous climb was safely accomplished, and in a few minutes the hero was placing the bird in the young singer's hands, a diamond ring being the guerdon of his deed. Within a week the bird was well, and was allowed to fly away, only to return, it seems, in three days to its kind protectress.

Nikita is a very impulsive talker; a chance word will set free a flow of graphic description or vivacious chit-chat. A reference to books brought forth a confession of her literary faith. With a knowledge of three or four languages she never reads any but English fiction, although novels she delights in, as a relaxation from the heavy strain of professional study. In our little conversation about books she spoke enthusiastically of Wilkie Collins and the author of "Molly Bawn."

"Are you fond of the theatre?"

"There is nothing in London I like better than an evening at the play; personally I like singing in opera more than at concerts. The other day I saw *Sweet Lavender*—is it not really sweet!—and I am anxious to see *The Dead Heart* and *The Middleman*. The managers are very kind in sending me boxes, but I do not often go out of an evening for fear of catching cold."

This remark led to a little inquiry on my part *à propos* of the self-sacrifice of artists. Under the *régime* of her old *maestro*, Maurice Strakosch, Nikita is forbidden to take ice-creams or water-ices—usually so dear to the American girl—candies and nuts, sauces or wines, and generally all highly seasoned delights of the table. Nikita reckons little of these deprivations, however; and in her devotion to her art she studiously refrains from going into "society," with its excitements and late hours. This, it seems, is why the young singer is so seldom

seen at "at homes" and receptions unless she has been professionally engaged. Last season she accepted such engagements at Lady Randolph Churchill's, Baron de Rothschild's, Mrs. Samuel Montagu's, and other notable houses; but as Nikita never sings more than three times in the week, and her public engagements are arranged so long a time in advance, her impresario has to make many refusals.

"What I most enjoyed last summer," Nikita says with enthusiasm, "were some boating excursions. Is not the Thames lovely at Hampton Court? I think in sunny weather I should never tire of being on the river."

Nikita professed to have no great craving, however, for the ordinary social pleasures, and on the whole gave one the impression of being really a very domesticated person.

"I design my own dresses," she declared, "and for the matter of that could make them as well."

"Then, mademoiselle, I must compliment you upon the gown you are now wearing"—which was of light blue cashmere in the Directoire style, and prettily trimmed with floral brocade.

"Mamma always allows me my own way in designing them," Nikita proceeds; "but we have such discussions over dinner as to which dress I shall wear at a concert. Then I am so very fond of cookery; if I only had the run of a house I should make all sorts of nice things."

The talk then turned upon Nikita's future plans. She spoke with evident enjoyment of the tour upon which she is now engaged in Russia. Her experiences in that country last winter were so pleasant that she was delighted with the prospect of returning. On an enormous map spread across a table in another room, Mr. Robert Strakosch was just then marking the course, but the long journeys through deep snow had no terrors for the sprightly young singer. She likes the people, and in the warmest of furs has no dread of the cold, while the sleighing affords her the keenest delight. For the Russian tour she was then studying *Romeo et Juliette*, which, with *Fra Diavolo*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Nozze di Figaro*, at present comprises her repertoire in opera. All this she quickly tells me as I am about to bid her *au revoir*, as well as that she is going to take part at St. Petersburg in the jubilee of Rubinstein, who has just finished an opera with a part specially written for her clarion soprano voice.

"I hope to be back with the spring," she exclaims; "and, after a stay in dear old London, we shall probably be going to America and Australia."

And as I wish Nikita—who at her birthplace in Washington was christened Louise Marguerite Nicholson—all possible success in her future journeyings, I am reminded of the fact that in twisting her patronymic into Nikita, Maurice Strakosch unwittingly bestowed upon his brilliant pupil an appellation which in Italy—the land of song—means, according to etymology, victory.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

An Arraignment of Fashion in Dress.

"Here Fashion, nobley goddess, changing still,
Finds ready subjects to obey her will,
Who laugh at Nature and her simple rules."



WOMEN have always been accorded the right to concern themselves with Cookery, Cleanliness, and Clothing; though male help, partly in suggestion, partly in action, has occasionally invaded each of these three provinces. The rapid advances of the sciences of physiology and chemistry, and the extension of education, have done much for the first, in showing the values of food-stuffs, and the changes they undergo in cooking and digestion; and for the second, in showing the reason of the health-giving effects of cleanliness in person and surroundings. Lectures are being given to explain the fundamental laws of the two practical sciences of dietetics and sanitation.

But the realm of *Clothing* has not been invaded in the same manner by the forces of Progress. A Despotism still reigns there, consecrated by the authority of the ages, and strengthened by all human weaknesses, the Despotism of the goddess Fashion. Many critics in the past have vainly inveighed against her follies; rebels have arisen, and some notable rebellions; but she has never yet suffered an upheaving *revolt* from within, or conquest from without. Her dominance has outlived all other despotisms; though she is the most capricious, the most unreasonable, she remains the most powerful goddess on the earth, obeyed more or less by all, revered by many, worshipped by millions. The other false gods and goddesses bow down before her, even Dea Moneta pays her fealty.

The reason is not far to seek. Her worship only exacts from her votaries to *seem*, and not to *be*. These accept, as an ultimate law in her sphere, that "whatever is, is right." But the critical tendencies of the age, beginning at the heart of things, are at last troubling the surface. Here and there are heard voices inquiring, "Is all yet as it ought to be?" Although she brands all inquirers as rebels, we, whose minds have been stirred to disbelief or doubt, must face the risk. We must unite, to find in union strength. A minority is always maligned till it becomes a success. We must free our names from misrepresentation, and make clear the reason of our actions, the meaning of our rebellion, the plan of our reform.

Fashion has hitherto exemplified the modern doctrine of Evolution in a capricious manner, with erratic forms of "reversion;" periods of comparative common sense wheeling back into cycles of nonsense. We only refer to past history to prove that she has not always been worthy to be trusted to walk alone. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries she made her ladies' sleeves so long that they had to tie them up to prevent them trailing upon the ground. In the reign of Edward IV. the ladies' horned

caps were three-quarters of an ell in length and were draped by folds of lawn hanging down to the ground. In France the palace gates of Vincennes had to be heightened by Charles VI. to admit his Queen, Isabel of Bavaria, and her attendant ladies. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the whimsical goddess invented farthingales and hoops monstrous to behold; and she has aired them again and again, down to the year of grace 1860.

The invention of tight-laced bodices or corsets is lost in the mists of time, and these she has not seen fit to give up, even by this year of wisdom 1889. Last century she devised enormous head-dresses of hair, piled a foot high on the head, of a manufacture so intricate and expensive that it often had to be prepared the day before the feast for which it was intended, and the unfortunate victim had to sleep upright as best she could, to keep it in its pristine glory. But these towers were frequently lovingly worn even beyond a month afterwards, in contempt of the elementary laws of cleanliness. Many a time have Fashion's designs offended moderation and outraged modesty, and but very rarely has she had any thought for comfort, economy, utility, simplicity.

These are serious indictments. And we know that *any style may reappear again at any time* if so it pleases the goddess's whim, unless we secure some pledge at her hands. Though our foremothers have suffered cruelly from her tyranny in the past, and we ourselves have had individual wrongs, even up to date, we are willing to let bygones be bygones, if she will promise to do better in future. We can never eliminate Fashion, but we can guide her by collective will. Even if we had power we would not drive her from her dominions. We would only institute the proper form of government, a monarchy limited by laws, councillors, and a representative parliament. We wish her to take for her prime minister Reason, and for councillors Science and Art, Moderation and Morality. We want her to allow a sweeping reform bill to pass without veto. But we do not want to dethrone her. She has a great work to do in determining the directions of trade and finance. She is an economist of time to those who are too busy to design for themselves, of brain-power to those who are unable to do so; she protects the nerves of those who are liable to colour-shocks; and she promotes human kindness, by the common language made possible through her various styles. In short, she is a great latent Power of Progress and Reform. And we want her to become so without unnecessary delay. We wish her to consider at her leisure, when she has had time to consult with the ministers we recommend to her, if she can do nothing better for us than she does at present. We do not even object to her repeating herself, if she will promise only to repeat

her reasons, if we prefer, if we should remain by all.

What we before it go society the v idea. To th select few, h what everyb worn. This distinction, cannot grasp seen repeated.

Therefore and to give o us, we claim time." And it is in the v groups of es put their th "majority" is possible th sary to wear them prenat wisdom; if it absolutely po stiff collar ro cracks across short, if star gentleman. Their appea man's Maga women are questions, no her future in all its bearing admiring mu desired end i frustrate oth one in view cover us and modesty, and rival interest

In the fir value of unat material next Linen and c and chilly on action, whi attention to before we h sensible gran as a belief in woollen garm heat do not through mu general adm styles of ten girls to leave in all cases be

her reasonable and effective compositions. We would prefer, if possible, that the best of these compositions should remain long enough among us to be understood by all.

What we write now may be treated as "out of date" before it gets through the press. To three classes of society the word "fashionable" represents a very different idea. To the first it means a style that only one, or a select few, have any knowledge of; to the second it means what everybody wears; to the third what everybody has worn. This, though chiefly, is not altogether a social distinction, it is also an intellectual one. Some minds cannot grasp the intention of the goddess until they have seen repeated expressions of it.

Therefore, to save time, words, and reasoning power, and to give opportunity for all three classes to understand us, we claim to speak of the past five years as "the present time." And when we speak of the followers of fashion, it is in the wide sense. We do not include the various groups of aesthetics, or those scientists who have already put their theories into practice. We are speaking of the "majority" of the living; and only of our own sex. It is possible that by-and-by men will ask her if it is *necessary* to wear tight-fitting buckets on their heads to make them prematurely bald, and give them the appearance of wisdom; if the cut and combination of their clothes are *absolutely* perfect; if it is *unavoidable* to wear a high, stiff collar round their necks, that cuts their throats, or cracks across every time they look at their watch; in short, if starch is always to reign the supreme test of a gentleman. We are not in league with male rebels now. Their appeal will probably come out in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Here, in *THE WOMAN'S WORLD*, we women are about to ask the goddess Fashion various questions, not only about her present foibles, but about her future intentions. Does Fashion consider *any* style in all its bearings before she holds it up to the gaze of an admiring multitude? Does she *always* adapt means to the desired end in the wisest way she can? Does she *never* frustrate other ends as valuable and as important as the one in view? The chief end of British clothing is to cover us and keep us warm; but exercise, cleanliness, modesty, and health must be considered, and the great rival interest of Art acknowledged in decoration.

In the first place, does Fashion properly estimate the value of materials? It is very important to have woollen material next the skin, especially in our variable climate. Linen and calico, after any over-heating, strike damp and chilly on the surface of the warm skin and check its action, which flannel does not. Dr. Jaeger has called attention to the value of wool in his own way. Long before we heard of him, many of us inherited from sensible grandmothers a belief in its importance, as well as a belief in the value of alternated folds of calico and woollen garments in retaining heat, as the dark rays of heat do not pass so rapidly through differing media as through multiplied folds of the same material. The general admiration of slowness, intensified by the tied-back styles of ten years ago, induced many well brought-up girls to leave off flannel garments, which they have not in all cases been very ready to resume.

Material for external garments ought to be considered also from the hygienic and economic aspect, as well as from that of the purpose in hand. The same may be said of form and design of material. Is the clothing distributed equally over the body, in weight and bulk of proper proportion? When so distributed, does it interfere with no action or exercise that ought to be performed? The tight small mantlets with pinioned arms, worn three years ago, made it impossible for a lady to raise her arms to tie on her own bonnet after having put on her cloak, without running the risk of ripping up the seams somewhere. The tight dress-sleeves of last year, added to the narrow-cut shoulders, made it almost as difficult to elevate the arms, and even more difficult to use them in other directions. The pocket, being set very far back, was much more attainable by any other hand than that of the owner. The skirts, during the same period, though not too long to annoy other people (except in coming downstairs), have been still long enough to prevent the wearer from walking without lifting them, either in going uphill or downhill. And even on flat ground they have been quite long enough to cut rapidly round the edges, and to gather dust and mud enough seriously to affect cleanliness. Above a long heavy dress in winter was often worn a heavily wadded mantle edged with fur, which, besides sweeping the dusty streets, increased materially the weight borne by the wearer, so as to reach at times the limit of fatigue.

It is true that to make up for these difficulties Fashion invented a steel apparatus called a "Dress-improver." If perfectly motionless, and properly adjusted, apparently this invention helped to bear the burden and keep it from the mud. But the inartistic aspect of the excrescence reached absurdity when the wearer walked and the garments waggled after her; or when she attempted to sit down, especially in a small space. Some of us feared to risk the various struggles it entailed, and have lived through that period in safety. Seeing the error of her ways, or being tired of the article, Fashion has discarded that kind of, "Improver;" but a survival still exists in a modified form, and of a different material, that may still make barbarians ask, as the Turkish lady asked the English Ambassador's wife, "Are *all* the ladies in your country deformed like you?" The train, or longer dress for evening wear, infringes the rights of other people to a pathway, as those merchants do that display their wares on the pavement. They increase also the risk of gathering dust, and destroy freedom of action, as there are times when they *must* be held up by the hands. They also increase the weight.

If we investigate the functions of the feet, we find that they have two—the one to support the body, and the other to aid its locomotion. But Fashion does not assist to develop either power. All coverings of the feet should permit free circulation of the blood, healthful action of the skin, development and play of muscle, natural position of the toes and joints. Fashion has decided that the only beauty in feet is smallness, not proportion, flexibility, or usefulness. She has already tried to cover them from sight by the length of the dress; but she knows the charm of a small toe when

"Her feet beneath her petticoat, Take little miss peep in and out?" and she calculates the effect of small impressions on sand or mud. Therefore, she first makes the sole of the heel or shoe much narrower than the foot, so that the "upper leather" projects beyond the sole, is walked upon, and gets worn too soon. This upper leather is made as tight as possible, chiefly in the region of the toes, so that circulation and continued exercise are impeded; the toes are not allowed their natural play, but are driven against, and sometimes even upon each other, in a way that threatens bunions and causes corns. In order, further, to make the sole of the foot seem smaller, and to cram the bulk of it into a smaller space, high heels are very generally used, especially in evening slippers. This is a most serious wrong. High heels destroy the arch of the foot, and its natural elasticity and spring, and thereby all true grace in walking. They strain the muscles of the shin, contract and wither the muscles of the calf, destroy the proper balance of the body, displace important internal organs, and affect the brain and the spine most injuriously by the constant "vibration," besides giving occasion to frequent accidents of a most serious kind, to wearers who try to run downstairs.

The false canon of art that considers smallness the only beauty in the foot is also applied to the middle of the body; and, where a small waist is not natural, it is too often induced by tight-lacing. The victim of this habit finds it impossible to draw a full breath, eat a good meal, take healthy exercise, or live a complete life. More is dwarfed than the waist when she takes to tight-lacing, a practice only valuable, as stimulants are, in cases of emergency, or in times of real need. Those who practise the habit are not fit judges of the need. We can only imagine what they would have been had they been left to Nature. Dr. (Arson) has pointed out the evil effects in the skin, the muscles, the bones and cartilages, and the internal organs; and Dr. Witherforce Smith has shown the effects of the alteration of curves by tight-lacing, and the alteration of the shape from the true oval to the round waist, which betrays the truth, however much the victim of this bad habit may insist that she does not "lace," and may even believe she speaks truly.

In all discussions on this point we find great confusion of ideas, chiefly because, in a question of degree, each lasty speaker has a different standard. Individually, I have never used the word "stays," or pronounced for or against them. There may be tight-lacing in various degrees of severity without the intervention of stays, and there may be stays without tight-lacing. Let me illustrate. If beside a hyacinth in our garden-plot we put a stick, that is its "stay;" if we tie the hyacinth to the stick, the tie may or may not represent "tight-lacing." The first is its support, the second may prove its destruction. But it remains a question whether properly nurtured hyacinths require such a prop at all, just as we may discuss whether properly brought-up women really

need the support of whalebone and steels. Under existing circumstances, I am not opposed to the use of a little whalebone. It prevents creases and impasse, and keeps the bodice tidy. But I can imagine a style of dress possible that needs no whalebone, and women that have no experience of either stays or corsets; and it is quite possible that Fashion, after she has taken her university degree, may introduce them to us. In the meantime, I utterly condemn all forms of tight-lacing.

If an apparatus of steels and whalebones, cased in strong material "that will not give" when strenuously pulled in, imprisons the body, and prevents its natural growth, from association of ideas I call this apparatus a "corset." But belts, as Dr. Embleton has noticed, are quite as dangerous and deadly.

But I noticed that this essay of Fashion to make waists small may be condemned upon other grounds than general health questions, and on other teachings than those of Science, namely, those of Art. For all laws of Art are based on harmony and proportion. If Fashion, then, substitute for these the one canon of local "smallness," the result in most cases is discord and disproportion. When a hand is tied round a pillow it bulges above and below, but it seems to bulge even more than it really does by the contrasting difference in the two girths. Such a hand is the fashionable "hand." But the corset is only a graduated and broadened belt, and the bulging out above and below is considered as an element of the seeming smallness of the middle. If smallness in every detail were considered a beauty, there would be some consistency in it, and Fashion might order Procrustean boxes or jelly-moulds to limit the growth all round. But why Fashion should like one part to be small at the expense of another is one of her insoluble conundrums. If a very small woman has a very small waist and foot, it is all right; but if a large and tall woman wishes, and insists on having, a waist of the same size as the small woman, it ceases to be a beauty, and becomes a deformity. The tight-lacing young lady is ashamed of her Creator's handiwork, and thinks herself capable of improving upon His design. She thinks Matilda Jane's notion of a woman ever so much better than the Divine conception, or the representations of Art. Matilda Jane's model is not the wasp, as she does not desire entire discontinuity between the two sections of her body, but a connection as limited and circumscribed as possible, after the fashion of those glorified fashion-plate models, which have much to answer for, on account of their bad example. But she forgets that fashion-plate young ladies are not intended to eat or sleep, walk or work, or ever to become middle-aged. They are not even intended to stoop down and button the marvellous Chinese boots they are credited with. Among my own acquaintances I have known many who began the day's dressing by putting on their walking-boots, as, having no maid, this feat was impossible after the corsets had been pulled together as tightly as they would go; and I have heard of many more serious disabilities produced thereby. It is evident, then, that we must estimate not only our wearers, but our makers and designers of fashion-plate styles.

In attending a slopes of a fine sh been broadened b threatened with increase the effect evidently has been otherwise, worn o the belted waists sleeve is good for must not now talk harmless style. If proportions of the exercise of the arms mentioned them ag tight sleeves to th gether hopeful. N every way to con metrical measure Islands, I feel sorr of large build, wh and a sensible moti a "season in town ionable aunt and d appear a Complex she dresses. "If I If I am unfashiona I am either fashio I am always either self."

Perhaps I ought ing for the head. Bu and therefore is not In our choice we o abstract, but a com and features. We c Two years ago the flowers became so s in the undress places made, "A has le lowered since. We secrets to confide) wh ning out at the level o

* This statement applies to all heels that curve inwards to a smaller base than the real heel, and that elevate the stature above half an inch in the slipper, and one inch in the walking-boot.

In attending so much to the waist, the beautiful slopes of a fine shoulder have been ignored; these have been broadened by fulnesses and puffs, and we are even threatened with padding there, in order further to increase the effect of the very small waist below. This evidently has been the origin of the heavy capes, fur and otherwise, worn on the shoulders, and which expose the belted waists and the poor arms. The half-length sleeve is good for the glove-maker's trade, therefore I must not now talk of an evanescent and comparatively harmless style. If they were not made tight, and the proportions of the bodice were not arranged so that exercise of the arms is impossible, I would not here have mentioned them again. But the transition even from the tight sleeves to the over-hanging "gigot" is not altogether hopeful. Now, while the goddess is trying in every way to confuse the truth of the "anthropometrical measurements" of the women of the British Islands, I feel sorry for some plump rosy country girl of large build, who comes up from a healthy home and a sensible mother to risk the doubtful glories of a "season in town" and "coming out," with a fashionable aunt and slim City cousins. To her it must appear a Complex Constructive Dilemma every time she dresses. "If I am fashionable, I am uncomfortable. If I am unfashionable, I am ashamed of myself. But I am either fashionable or unfashionable. Therefore I am always either uncomfortable or ashamed of myself."

Perhaps I ought to have said a little about the clothing for the head. But a head-dress is a separable accident, and therefore is not so important in a practical aspect. In our choice we ought to consider not only art in the abstract, but a combination with our own complexion and features. We ought also to consider other people. Two years ago the gigantic piles of straw, ribbon, and flowers became so serious at afternoon performances, and in the undress places in theatres, that a loud outcry was made, "À bas les chapeaux!" and they have been lowered since. We still have to consider (if we have secrets to confide) whether our friend has a skewer running out at the level of our eye. We still are occasionally

distressed by the sight of little stuffed birds. But the bonnets, as a rule, remain small. They have been made suitable for the most persistent fashion we have known in our lifetime — the fringe or bush of hair on the forehead. We have become accustomed to this now, and do not criticise it so severely as we did at first. But it is evident the wearers suffer even more troubles than the owners of ostrich-feathers; for the rain, or the fog, or the damp limps out their crisp glories in a very short time. I have seen hasty arrivals at the hotels, scrambling into their boxes to get ready for the table d'hôte, frantically searching for a pair of curling-tongs; or, having secured these, for some means of heating them. I should not like to be tied to a pair of tongs in this way. It is said crimping is good for the hair, and I won't deny it now. But it takes time.

This brings us to our last question—Could Fashion invent styles that would take a little less time to arrange and put on? We have seen calculations of the value of time saved, if only ten minutes a day, during the lapse of years; and I think she might save us even more than that. I might write much more, but having pointed out the goddess's most serious faults, I will leave the criticism of her follies and frivolities to others. She has enough to account for in her general modes without being taken to task too severely for her special peculiarities. But I have surely brought forward enough to show that we do not speak without reason; and that all women should join us in seeking after a *rational* dress. If all did so, then even Fashion, hitherto the capricious, the unreasonable, would require to become the scientific and the reasonable; our will would have to become her will, as, like other monarchs, she would recognise in the "Vox populi" the "Vox Dei." But does not this consideration shift all the blanc of Fashion's vagaries from her shoulders to our own?

CHARLOTTE STOPES.

. Recognising that the subject of Rational Dress is one upon which great differences of opinion exist, we have decided to throw open our pages to a free discussion of the question. Any letters that may reach us, whether in agreement with Mrs. Stopes's conclusions or in protest against them, may therefore be looked for in our next number.—THE EDITOR.

At Dawn.

IN the night I dreamed of you;
All the place was filled
With your presence; in my heart
The strife was stilled.

All night I have dreamed of you;
Now the morn is grey.
How shall I arise and face
The empty day?

AMY LEVY.

Children at Fancy Balls.

ONE of the prettiest sights I remember in which children took a part was a stately procession of kings and queens, when the little people, notwithstanding the unaccustomed weight of trains and crowns, carried themselves as to the manner born. Their ages varied from about six to sixteen. They seemed to forget their own individuality, and only to bear in mind that for the moment they were royal knights and dames. Kings came attended each with his wife or wives; some had two; Henry VIII. had six. The Princes in the Tower walked hand in hand, and Thomas à Becket accompanied Henry II.

Charming as was the picture, how much prettier it might have been if the costumes had been copied by cultivated people from the pictures hanging on the walls of our English homes! Anachronisms abounded, and although they might have been overlooked, yet the tawdry finery in the way of ornament was objectionable, and old theatrical traditions had been far too closely followed. Effect is one thing on the stage, and quite another thing when the dress and its accessories have to be seen close at hand.

No fancy ball is complete, to my thinking, without several processions—marches round, if you will—to music, and also a set dance or two, and those who take part in them should be dressed in an appropriate fashion. Swedish peasants should appear for the Swedish dances, Spanish for the Spanish, and so on. For a company of crowned heads nothing could be more admirable than the stately Polonaise, a march in which the couples walk to slow music with joined hands upraised. For this, the trains and the swords, and the flowing head-dresses and cumbersome veils, are all very well, but even children go to a fancy ball to dance; in fact, I find from experience that they prefer this amusement to any form of entertainment, and will abandon the conjurers, tumblers, Punch and Judy shows, and anything

else right willingly for the chance of a polka or a valse, to say nothing of quadrille and lancers, in which, by the way, the girls are apt to remember the figures much better than the boys. Long trains and weighty velvet gowns are extremely ill-suited to a polka or a valse, though historical dresses have many other merits in themselves.

Besides the fact that the fresh faces and limber limbs of the children look peculiarly piquant in the garb of olden days, the young people gain from their quaint apparel a fund of historical knowledge without any trouble.

I am going to suggest that royalty should be set aside now and then, together with weighty crowns and magnificent gold-embroidered trains, and I propose to detail some uncommon and unhackneyed historical dresses that are better suited to those "enviable early days" when dancing "thoughtless pleasure's maze."

Many of the early Norman costumes, with their trailing skirts and hanging sleeves, labour under the same disadvantage

as the royal garments aforesaid, but I have by me a sketch of a dress of the time of Stephen which is but little open to objection. Norman dames understood a good deal of the subtleties of dress, and had fine figures for displaying them. The authorities on which this sketch was made are good—the Cotton Manuscript, a psalter of the twelfth century, and Strutt's "Habits of the People of England." Unlike most dresses then worn, the bodice is low and pointed, perfectly plain, the skirt touching the ground, with a couple of rows of gold braid close together twelve inches above the hem; over this is a tight black tunic of black diapered woollen stuff; the hanging sleeves match the bodice and lower skirt, which are of a bright red mauve; there is a white head-dress, encircled by two gold bands, and a wimple attached to it is tucked into the low bodice. A very ordinary child looks quite pretty in this attire.



DRESS OF EDWARD III.'S QUEEN.

A character could easily be ascertained by the white hair of the Burnett, in which would be three or four cut on the wrist, are in low bodice, a jewelled edged with the white of the there is a gold long enough ground, and gold cord. tive is the The hair shows over frisettes towards inste from the face of the head with a gold was called ere secured by t gold passing chin, and fast the forehead an important woman's wardrobe, and became for a child. I trated from E time an unco tume, which little descriptive a brilliant red apron and w fringed with p front of the h gold, fastened by brooch. Black ming edges the heads the apron Simple and Richard II. times, and the with the lily, merely a Prince skirt in one, cut a gold band; t match, through diagonal lines outside of the a fur, cut up at sleeves. The h aureole with point she had next her head-dress. Care should be suitable to th

A charming simple costume of Edward I.'s period could easily be made at home. An all-round skirt in white has a gold spray embroidered sparsely over it. Burnett, in Covent Garden, has gold-printed woollens, which would answer the purpose well. This is bordered with three rows of gold braid. The close-fitting sleeves cut on the cross, with a band of the gold braid at the wrist, are made of the same material; over these are a low bodice and skirt cut in one, without seams or darts, a jewelled belt about the waist. The overskirt is edged with gold, and is drawn up on one side to show the white one; short bell sleeves reach to the elbow; there is a green train, not long enough to touch the ground, and secured by gold cord. Very distinctive is the head-dress. The hair should be rolled over frisettes at the side, towards instead of away from the face. The top of the head is covered with a gold net, which was called *crepsine*; it was secured by two bands of gold passing beneath the chin, and fastened beside the forehead with a jewel, an important part of a woman's wardrobe in those days, and becoming even for a child. I have illustrated from Edward II.'s time an uncommon costume, which needs but little description. It is of a brilliant red tone; the apron and wimple are fringed with gold. The front of the head-dress is gold, fastened by a jewelled brooch. Black ball trimming edges the sleeves and bodice. Gold lattice-work heads the apron.

Simple and elegant is a costume of the reign of Richard II. Blue was the favourite colour of those times, and the so-called kirtle is blue, worked all over with the lily, part of the King's crest. The kirtle is merely a Princess dress touching the ground, bodice and skirt in one, cut half high at the throat, where there is a gold band; the very large armholes are bordered to match, through which appear tight white sleeves, with diagonal lines of gold, buttoning to the elbow on the outside of the arm. The skirt is bordered with white fur, cut up at one side, showing a petticoat like the sleeves. The head is encircled by a sort of golden aureole with points. Chaucer tells us, "A fret of golde she had next her here" (hair), alluding to this form of head-dress.

Care should be taken in choosing dresses that they be suitable to the build and physiognomy of the child.

How many fat, stumpy Ariels it has been my fate to see, and golden-haired gipsies too! Well, for a young slender girl, a delightful costume belongs to the reigns of Henry V. and VI. The head is encased in a horn head-dress made of white muslin, and embellished with precious stones. It is the heart-shaped kind, which Isabella of Bavaria wore of such a height that the doors of the Palace of Vincennes had to be raised for her to pass through. The shape in the present case is of moderate proportions, some inches high. The skirt is white, full, and perfectly plain; over it is a bright cherry-coloured velvet jacket, with a deep but close round basque. It

opens half high at the neck, and is bordered with ermine, as are the tight sleeves to the wrist. There is a low-cut waistcoat of white satin with gold buttons. It is easy to carry out the ermine in eider-cloth, worked at intervals with a few stitches of black and yellow wool. I have made many yards in a morning.

Most children look well in these curious horned head-dresses of the Middle Ages, and they are extremely effective in a room. An uncommon shape is made of red silk with stripes of black velvet, bordered on each side with gold, fitting on the head like a cap having two points, between which a short white gauze veil is pinned on with a square brooch. I am not going to advocate that priceless emeralds, diamonds, and

rubies should be lent indiscriminately to children, with the risk of losing them; but many jewel-cases contain some quaint old treasures, which are infinitely preferable to theatrical gems that are all very well on the stage, but which, as a rule, spoil an artistically carried-out gown.

In Edward IV.'s time the pointed sugar-loaf head-dress was in vogue, but, though quaint and charming in appearance, it is cumbersome to wear. A child looks extraordinarily well in black, partly because it accords so admirably with the pure colouring of youth, and partly because the contrast with the gay colours usually seen at fancy balls is so marked. A black costume with many good points is of the Henry VII. period. It might be made in velvet or stuff, and is easily accomplished. A plain, slightly trimmed skirt, the bodice perfectly plain and low, with tight long sleeves, edged at the wrist with gold, a yellow apron quite untrimmed, a jewelled girdle round the waist, a black hood with a gold Tudor front, fastened with the small gold "clock," enjoined by the



DRESS OF THE PROTECTORATE.

mother of the monarch to an indifference to dress reform—this is really a mourning habit, for the gayest of colours were worn at this period. I will not enter into minute details of the innumerable pretty dresses of the Tudor period. I have by me many designs which I have never yet seen at fancy balls. Feathered hats, as worn by women, and the coifs and French hoods, suit children, but the dresses to my mind are too rich and bejewelled, and are more successful on adults.

I long, however, to see some young girl just stepping out of childhood dressed in a costume of Queen Mary's time. It is made in apple-green velvet, a flowing simple skirt, the bodice ending at the waist in a gold band cut as a low square, with the seams beneath the arm. It is filled in to the throat with muslin, and has a close, up-standing ruff, bound with strings of pearls, and there is a muslin coif on the head. The tight sleeves, ending in a jewelled band above the elbow, have stuffed epaulettes, bound with gold, carried down the sleeve, and tapering to a point. There are many charming dresses of the Elizabethan period with moderate ruffs and farthingales. Fancy-ball-gowns seldom honour James I.'s time with

notice, yet the gowns are easy and graceful—all-round skirts showing an embroidered front, the bodice high, with a double ruff encircling the throat, long sleeves slashed horizontally; and, simpler still, the plain skirt and low bodice of stuff of one tone, made often with long sleeves, wider at the top than at the wrist, where they end in turn-back cuffs of vandyked lace, a wide up-standing ruffle at the back of the shoulder, are shown in Vansomer's portraits of that time. Stuart dresses are simple, and the curled hair is easily managed; the white satin, which is most frequently used, can be easily turned to account afterwards, a point often worth consideration.

The dress of the Protectorate in the picture on page 67 has a white skirt with floral stripes, arranged in box-pleats, ending in a horizontal striped band. The bodice and open over-skirt are black velvet, trimmed at the neck and waist with a network of pearls. The sleeves are light green, the epaulette puffs are a bright pinky red, the cuffs of vandyked lace turn upwards.

The lace-edged ruff, and the muslin fichu tacked into the bodice, are particularly becoming. The hair brushed over a cushion is ornamented with five bows of narrow ribbon, each formed of triple loops.

Quite a little child looks bewitching in the high Commode head-dress of William and Mary's reign. A plain-skirted blue satin dress, with a low bodice, and hanging sleeves to the elbow, the bodice trimmed with graduated lines of gold, is easily carried out. You may,

however, like the accompanying dress of Queen Anne's reign better. The *Spectator* has made it familiar to us, with the towering head-gear matching in tone the under-dress of plain material; the over-dress diaphanous.

Was there ever a fancy ball without some saque dresses? Make any soft flowered silk thus, letting the saque come from the back of a half-high bodice, with a front of mousseline chiffon bouillonné, and divided by rows of ribbon and bows, with many loops of narrow ribbon interspersed; a tight sleeve to the elbow, a cross-cut piece of muslin as a fichu on the bodice, ending beneath a pink bow; a black hat, flat like a plate almost, with a circle of roses without foliage round the very slightly raised crown,

set over a close cap, such as babies wore years ago, ribbon strings hanging from it. You are not likely to find a duplicate, or one more piquant.

Georgian dresses everyone likes, and the next illustration shows a heroine after Hogarth. Her hair hangs in curls, and she wears the becoming Pamela hat over a frilled muslin cap, which matches the apron, fichu, and elbow-ruffles. The skirt is quite plain.

Very pretty is another dress of this period; a full pink satin skirt, a low jacket-bodice of the same, the neck edged with silver braid, carried down the front, with a narrow laced stomach of silver cord, silver fringe round the basque, and a double row round the elbow-sleeves. A pink satin hat is poised slightly on one side over powdered hair, a triple bunch of white ostrich-plumes being at the side. If you are contriving a dress for a little damsel of ten years, try it.

"George the Third was King" for a long time, and during a portion of his reign some ridiculous eccentricities were



QUEEN ANNE COSTUME.

cities were exceeding small in. This draped a quadr in it. I being im dress of out in h mounted seven feathers most on bodice of habit is a revers filled in a misette. have a tu skirt is but is ca side, over same stuff.

If fear ing, do no of George frizzy cur the side behind th net rose a tips, turn face, a de duced in This style turning in lars now, faithful o fancy cost tion of cur always per balls, whet reign had They wore adopt at pr worked with

Some o charming In *Paul J* interfere w "featly foc ground." colourings, caps. They would show already off nineteenth-open, and t

No one of the danc

cities were fashionable. The hair was often turned up exceedingly high, without powdering, and on the apex a small gilt wheelbarrow was poised, with vegetables therein. This, worn with a square bodice and trained tunic, draped over a flounced under-skirt, might form a part of a quadrille, which had something of the comic element in it. Di Vernon's is a dress that is always capable of being improved upon. Hopper drew a delightful riding-dress of that period. The hair was powdered, and stood out in bushy exuberance on either side. It was surmounted by a flat velvet hat, round and large, with seven or eight black feathers curling over almost on to the face. The bodice of the green cloth habit is cut half high with a revers collar, and is filled in with a white chemisette. The tight sleeves have a turn-back cuff. The skirt is not really long, but is caught up on one side, over a breadth of the same stuff.

If feathers are becoming, do not ignore the dress of George IV.'s time, when frizzy curls were worn at the side of the face, and behind the jewelled coronet rose a forest of feather tips, turning towards the face, a dozen often introduced in one head-dress. This style of dress is returning in some particulars now, and, however faithful our rendering of fancy costumes, an indication of current fashions is always perceptible at fancy balls, whether for young or old. The low bodices in that reign had very short waists, and belts fastened with clasps. They wore the short, puffed Empire sleeves which we adopt at present, and skirts opened over front breadths, worked with beads and silk, in the Empire designs.

Some of the plays now running at the theatres have charming costumes which can be adapted to children. In *Paul Jones* there are two that would in no way interfere with the freedom of limb of the little ones "feetly footing it," so that they "seem to skim the ground." They could be carried out in any bright colourings, short skirts, velvet laced bodices, and pretty caps. They are nothing as far as description goes, but would show to advantage in a room, and have been already often illustrated. Much of the success of our nineteenth-century life depends on keeping your eyes open, and taking advantage of surroundings.

No one who has had the privilege of seeing some of the dances which Mue. Katti Lanner arranges for

children, can fail to appreciate the perfection of grace with which they can "beled through the mirthful maze;" and the costumes selected for them are always delightful. Nothing could well have been prettier than the poetical fairy dance given under her auspices in the centre of the Albert Hall, when the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was held there, in aid of the Thimble League, last June. Most of the little people appeared in filmy blue muslin, with pink vests and pink shoes. For boys I strongly recommend the costumes worn by the fairy sprites who appeared from time to time and mingled in

the scene, interthreading in charming fashion alone or round about a central figure. There were some habited in close-fitting suits of grey, some in green, some in brown, with pointed caps, the short breeches cut in shaggy vandykes; they would hardly have been distinguishable against the bark of a forest tree. Even more poetically graceful was the fairy dance which was footed on the greensward of Canazaro Wood, when Lady Archibald Campbell played her rôle of Pierrot with such inimitable grace. I shall never forget the little piper with his cocked hat, green silk breeches and coat, in the Watteau style, nor all the other dainty little figures, from sight of whom it was so difficult to return to the world of facts and reality once more.

I will bring my gossip to a conclusion by describing a dress worn by a handsome little lad last year, copied from Zucchero's portrait of Queen Elizabeth's giant porter in the guard-chamber at Hampton Court. The black felt hat had a narrow buckled band round the high crown, and two marabout feathers curling outwards on the narrow brim; a close, white linen ruff encircled the throat; the over-waistcoat was black, fastened with three buttons, beneath which it flew open, pointed in front as though a narrow basque had been put on, four slashes being made downwards. There were white under-sleeves, and a white vest with gold buttons, a narrow leather band and gold chain, while the ruffles were closely pleated at the wrist. Breeches coming just below the knee, in the old rose tone of satin with white spots, were made very full at the waist, fitting tightly at the knee, and encircled by a black band. Black boots and stockings, the sword slung at the side with a red belt, completed the costume.

ARDERN HOLT.



DRESS OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.



A Woman of Courage.

MONOLOGUE. BY MRS. HUGH BELL.

SCENE.—A Hotel Sitting-room. Door R. Window with closed curtains R.C. Door L. Table, chairs, &c.

[MRS. TREMBLETON standing at the door with bag in her hand, speaking to someone outside.]

MRS. TREMBLETON.—No, I want nothing else to-night, thank you: this room will do quite well. I should like to be called at half-past seven, please. [Comes forward.] So here I am at my journey's end, actually in a hotel by myself, for the first time in my life. It feels very strange! I wonder if I did right to come! What will my husband say—my dear George! Will he be pleased, or displeased, at the bold step I have taken! At any rate he will not be able to taunt me again with being a coward, afraid of my own shadow, as he is so fond of saying, afraid of stirring a step unless he is there to support and guide me. For it was most daring of me to leave home in his absence; to come up to London alone, bringing the diamonds my dear mother left me, to lodge them at the banker's. It is what he has been wanting me to do ever since we had them in the house, mainly on my own account, as there have been so many burglaries round us at Richmond that every unexpected sound I hear I think is a murderer in the dining-room. When George is at home I don't mind so much, as he is always ready to tell me how foolish I am, like a dear, good husband, and to suggest some plausible explanation for the sounds that fill me with terror. But during the last week, since he

has been in France, I really couldn't stand it any longer. I am a little ashamed of myself, I must admit, but after all, we all know that women are not as brave as men; it isn't expected of them, it would be unfeminine if they were. George always laughs at me most unmercifully for my want of courage; indeed, it is quite a standing joke with him. After all, it is perhaps rather a good thing that a husband should have some innocent little standing jokes at his wife's expense, it does her no harm, and makes him think he is a very witty fellow; but I have often pointed out to him that he has never seen me in any real emergency, brought face to face with a visible danger, then of course it would be very different. I should approach it in quite another way, I am sure. I have often felt that in some tremendous crisis, some unexpected occasion for heroism, I should be equal to anything; that then would be the moment for me to draw on that store of strength which no one has suspected till now. When it is an every-day sort of peril, and George is there to defend me, I naturally turn to him—if I see a spider on my dress, for instance, or a daddylonglegs flies round the lamp at night, near my head, or if the furniture gives a great creak suddenly when I don't expect it. It is true, perhaps, that I am a little nervous about uncanny things—ghosts, darkness, the tales of the Psychological Society. I know that after

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sitting next to Mr. Myers one night at a dinner-party, I hardly dared to go home afterwards; and that after reading "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I couldn't sleep in the dark for a month. But still, as I tell George, it really doesn't signify so much, only being afraid of things that one doesn't meet with. It would be much worse if I were like my sister, for instance, whose fears find opportunity in every instant of her daily life; who dares not walk through a country lane for fear the cow grazing on the other side of the hedge should turn out to be a mad bull: who, if a puppy comes gambolling along the road towards her, already sees herself under the care of Pasteur: who, if the wind blows at night, lies quaking, prepared to receive her neighbour's chimney-pot on her devoted head: or still worse, if she happens to have heard of some illness a friend is suffering from, develops the symptoms of it all complete, and prepares for approaching death. No, that sort of terror is foolish. Now, it is quite a different thing to be afraid of a burglar. Burglars really do exist, there is no doubt about it—there are too many well-authenticated cases of their appearing in the flesh. Therefore I feel it would be a misplaced lion-heartedness to keep those diamonds any longer locked up in my wardrobe. I have tried every means possible to tranquillise my fears by keeping a watch over them. First I made my maid sit with them while the other servants were at dinner, as though they were the baby and mustn't be left: the result of that was, that the third night the cat jumped out from behind the window-curtain, and the maid went into hysterics from sheer terror, thinking he was a man in a mask, while I, hearing the noise, fainted in the drawing-room, thinking that the maid was being murdered. Then we tried having a watch-dog, but he regularly went to sleep at sunset, and snored so loudly that he kept us awake all night—snored so that the most timid house-breaker must have been encouraged to come in. Then we put a spring rattle in the hall to summon the police, but it was such a difficult thing to work that I am sure it would have required the united strength of three stout burglars to spring it—so on the whole it will be quite a relief to me to know the diamonds are out of the house, though it was a terrible responsibility having them on the journey. I did not like to cling too closely to them for fear of arousing suspicion—but oh! how my heart beat when that man got in at the first station, that dark-browed man with shiny boots and a large scarf-pin! I know swell-mobsmen always wear shiny boots and a big pin. When he came in, I instinctively took the bag from the netting above my head, and placed it by my side; then I thought it would be better to behave as though there was nothing specially valuable in it, and I put it up again. Oh, how frightened I was when he jumped up and said, "Will you allow me to do that for you?" How foolish I felt I had been—how I vowed never to be so rash again! I wonder where that man went to? He lifted his hat in an offensively friendly manner as he left, and I am sure I saw his eye fall on my bag. Oh, how fearful it would be if he had guessed its contents, and were to track me to obtain possession of it! Such things have happened, they happen every day. I

wish I had gone into one of the rooms below, even though it was more expensive and noisier. They told me that on the first floor every room was occupied except one. I should have felt happier, I think, surrounded with people; here I feel very lonely, I don't believe there is anyone on this floor but myself, it all sounds so quiet. [*Looks round her nervously.*] I will lock the door at any rate, then no one can attack me unawares. [*Locks door.*] Now I feel happier! But perhaps I had better double-lock it, that would be safer still. [*Turns key again.*] There, that was twice, I think. [*Tries to turn key back again.*] I will unlock it and see. Oh, dear, how stiff this lock is to turn! I can't turn the key back again. [*Makes great effort.*] That is once at any rate. [*Tries it.*] Yes, it is still locked. [*Tries again, the key comes out.*] What a stupid lock! [*Tries to put key in again.*] Why, what is the matter? The key won't go in! Good heavens! Suppose I can't put it in again! Here I am locked in—locked in at the roof of the house! Oh, how horrible! [*Tries again.*] No, it is no use, the key is bent—I have hampered it somehow. What shall I do? Oh, of course, the waiter must have a key. I will ring. [*Rings to the bell-ropes, which comes down in her hand.*] Why, the whole house is coming to pieces. Oh, what shall I do! My last hope is gone! I may be shut up here for days. No, after all, I said I was to be called at half-past seven, so I have that hope, at any rate, but until then! What a dreadful thought that here I am, locked in, helpless, at the mercy of anything that may happen! My hair will turn white, I know! Oh, why did I come! And yet, here at last is real danger: now this, if ever, is an occasion for presence of mind, for courage, for heroism even; now my courage will rise, it will be equal to the demand on it! Let me consider now, first of all, what might happen, so as to be prepared for my fate. The most likely thing, of course, is a fire; the great point is to know exactly beforehand what one will do. [*Reflects.*] Let me consider it calmly, solemnly! I see it all in my mind's eye—the first alarm, the running to and fro of terrified men and women, the fire-engine rattling through the streets, coming nearer, nearer—heralded by the shouts of its brave riders, it dashes into the yard, the fire-escape is put up to the walls, the spray from the engines dashes against them: like lightning the gallant fellows tear up the steps, they emerge with lifeless female forms in their arms—down the netting to the ground—back again to the top—on to the roof like a cat—down again—up to the top once more! Am I forgotten? No: the steps of my rescuer draw nearer. Breathless, blackened by smoke, he leaps into the room, where, almost suffocated, but still calm and collected, I await him with a damp handkerchief tied carefully over my mouth—one moment more—the window—the dark—the frantic crowds below—one wild leap into the blackness of space—[*Covers her face with her hands, gasps shuddering.*] Ah! Where am I? I really believed I was doing it! But it is well to be prepared, calmly and resolutely prepared, to face a hideous peril. [*Lifts the candle, looks round her nervously; shrieks.*] Ah! what is that? A black thing crawling on the ceiling! a beetle! No, no, it is the shadow of the extinguisher! I am

shrank from the sight of those walls which had received the dying look of the suicide—the air was heavy with crime—this is the room that witnessed his last struggle—with his last effort he drew that curtain before his convulsed features! Oh, how little I realised till this moment the tragedies of which we daily read! Now I am face to face with one—alone with suicide and death. Oh, what must I do? What shall I do? I shall go mad! [*Leans forward on the table with her head on her arms.*]

[*Knocking at the door. She starts up and stands quivering. More knocking. She whispers close to the door hoarsely.*] Yes, what is it?

VOICE.—[*Outside.*] Sorry to trouble you, ma'am—gentleman leaving at four o'clock in the morning has left his boots here, he says.

MRS. TREMBLETON.—Left his boots here?

WAITER.—Yes, m'm, behind the curtain.

MRS. TREMBLETON.—Left them behind the curtain!

[*Looks round.*] What! oh! Can it be! [*Rushes at curtain and draws it aside.*] A pair of boots! Oh! how foolish I have been! [*WAITER knocks again.*] Yes, the boots are here, but I can't open the door. I have hampered the lock somehow. Will you get a key, please? Thank you; and, waiter, when you come back, I think I would rather go into the room below—never mind if it is noisy. [*Puts on bonnet, &c., takes bag.*] Oh, what an hour of agony I have passed—if only I had known there were no legs inside those boots, how much suffering I should have been spared! still, I am not sorry to have had this experience—this terrible experience! and after all, I don't know that I have come out of it so badly. [*More knocking at the door.*] Is that the key? Thank you. Open the door, please. [*The door is opened from the outside.*] And I really believe [*Going out*] that when I tell George how I confronted the perils of a hotel at midnight, he will at last agree that I must be *A Woman of Courage!*



He and I.

DOWN in the yellow bay,
A boy and girl at play,
He and I;
Across the sea spring sunbeams glancing,
White waves in airy state advancing,
Joy in our light hearts dancing,
While hours slip by.

Down in the yellow bay,
A youth and maiden gay,
He and I;
Upon the sea the summer sleeping,
Up to the shore the soft waves creeping,
Time to our young love keeping,
While hours flash by.

Down in the yellow bay,
We took our cheerless way,
He and I;
The shivering autumn wept and wondered,
As on the shore the wild waves thundered;
We knew that we were sundered,
While hours rushed by.

Down in the yellow bay,
There wandered yesterday,
Not he, but I;
Chill winter on the cold sea lying,
Upon the shore the long waves sighing,
An old grey woman crying,
While hours wore by.

ALICE KING.



The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

...ignifies the sacred rites of pride,
 "Promotes a treasure spent at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear."—*Ecce*

THE popular poet with many echoes thus describes, in the "Rape of the Lock," the mysteries of Belinda's toilette. Now, as then, Beauty delights in dainty surroundings, and never, perhaps, at any age have harmony of colour, freshness, and perfection of form, combined more successfully to meet her wishes. In the above heading are portrayed some of the admirable novelties prepared by Messrs. Russell and Allen, in Old Bond Street. The night-gown case is of the fashionable shape and size, seventeen by eighteen inches, and capable of holding all that can be required. It is made of satin, exquisitely painted, and bordered with ball fringe in soft chenille; it opens mysteriously at one corner, amid bows and gatherings of satin which hide the apertures. It may be varied in hue and in decoration. Sometimes, in lieu either of painting or embroidery, the satin is bordered with the coloured silks worked on moulin, most of which come from the Sultan's domains. In every case velvet of a darker tone serves to enhance the beauty of the satin and the trimming. The handkerchief case is larger than they are usually made, and will hold gloves of any length as well. They are made of rose plush, the old mellowed tone of rose-colour, which was much in favour in the time of the Grand Monarque. They are almost entirely covered with gold embroidery, edged with the ball fringe, and a fullled heading of satin.

Another shaped night-gown case, not in the sketch, but also new, is composed of a square of satin and plush, which has a base of cardboard, and by means of ribbon

and gilt rings is drawn together with the four corners, falling carelessly. This also holds a great deal. A soft-cushion is often made on the principle of the sachet in our illustration, and is beautifully painted. For wedding presents, both can be made in white satin, love-birds and orange-blossom replacing the other flowers. Similar decoration is likewise applied to butter-tubs turned into work-cases, and to drums used for the same purpose; these are covered with plush of terra-cotta shades, and are raised on a stand composed of gilt miniature spades. Two shades of yellow or two tones of green are applied to the tall-hatted baskets used for flowers, or for handkerchiefs and ribbons. Placed about the room, they are certainly ornamental.

The other items in the illustration come more directly under the head of dress. The shoes are a revival of an old model worn about the time of Queen Anne. They are very perfect specimens of the shoemaker's art, and display the high flaps and buckles of that period. They are made in white and gold brocade for a white and gold gown. The three fans are quite original in their style. Each rib of one of them is composed of lace gathered to the foundation of ivory wood, or whatever it may be, so that it forms a succession of layers of gathered lace overlapping each other. For young girls, either chiffon gauze or gauze pinked at the edges replaces the lace, and has an even more gossamer effect. This perpendicular mode of trimming fans is shown in another kind, where strips of vandyked galon follow the line of the rib. The third is a black fan, with a cock's head truthfully represented. Feather fans of

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all kinds and all prices are used still, and are so pretty that they are sure to continue to be in vogue for some time; but there is yet a greater novelty—a gauze fan with a huge soft silk petalled rose covering half of it, and garlands of rose-leaves the remaining half; when folded, it presents the appearance of a posy.

Now I must turn to what is veritably the *pièce de résistance* of dress: namely, tailor-made garments. The

It appears again on the revers to the pointed jacket and to the cuffs.

The new woollen materials are sold in broader widths than of yore, and are consequently cut to greater advantage. We are always slow in adopting new colours for serviceable winter garb, and continue to ring the changes on old colours, brown, green, red, black, and grey. Fawn is frequently combined with pink, heliotrope with myrtle,



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

three illustrations from Mr. Dore, of George Street, Hanover Square, W., are just what are wanted for the moment. The so-called fishing-costume is equally well suited for country wear at home or abroad. It may be made in any check tartan or tweed mixture, and is, in fact, simplicity itself. The skirt has broad kilt-pleats, the loose jacket is bound with leather, and has a leather vest, which is cut open at the throat, leaving ample room to display the folded neck tie with its centre scarf-pin—a masculine item of the wardrobe, which, like some other manly adjuncts in dress adopted by women, is eminently becoming. Deep brown and reddish-brown are the newest tones in cloth gowns this winter. The red-brown rejoices in the name of "Eiffel," being as nearly as possible the tone of the famous tower. The second gown is of that tint made with a darker brown velvet front, and an embroidered side panel—an embroidery, by-the-by, that partakes of the nature of braiding, united by lace stitches and emphasised with cord, which outlines the design.

steel-blue with rose. The light tints are introduced in the form of waistcoats, cuffs, and sometimes panels, but the new idea is that of an over-dress, opening and showing another beneath. Some of the long coats would seem to be split in half, and draped over each shoulder, the intervening space in skirt and bodice filled in either with silk or velvet.

Caped coats are not new, but caped jackets are decided novelties this winter. In the illustration there are but three capes; sometimes their number is increased to five. The jacket is close-fitting, and pointed like an elongated dress-bodice in front.

Life in the nineteenth century becomes more and more complex, and this is demonstrated as much as anything in the matter of dress. Twenty years ago you needed a morning-dress, a visiting-dress, a low-necked dinner-dress, and a ball-gown, the number of each of these garments being decided by individual requirements. Now women dress for dinner in as many different ways

as the meal is served. Low gowns, half-high gowns, or tea-gowns which are akin to dressing-gowns, or tea-gowns that closely resemble the revised Court bodice, inspired by the modes of mediæval times—all these are popular, and you have to know the habits of your host and hostess when you pack your trunks for a round of visits.

The sketches made at Messrs. Capper's, in Gracechurch Street, show three distinct styles of tea-gown. The lady with the tea-cup wears a rich black brocaded silk, made with a Watteau pleat, gathered from the shoulders

the sides. It is lined inside with white lace, laid on pink; the all-round skirt displays bands of moiré, which are also carried across the ends of the long pendant sleeves; these show not only their pink lining, but narrow under-sleeves. The soft pink silk is much gathered in front, yoke fashion, whence the fulness descends to the feet, and the reseda of the dress and the pink of the front are united at each side by moiré revers. The central figure wears a strawberry cashmere gown, made with a short straight Empire back to the bodice. There is a turn-down collar at the neck, epaulettes to the sleeves, and sash-



NEW TEA-GOWN.

instead of pleated; a closely gauffered ruff encircles the neck. The sleeves are rather of the form known half a century ago as the "leg of mutton," narrow at the wrist and wide at the top; but, more than this, the top of the sleeve is gathered several times, and laid over the shoulder of the dress, with a heading forming a shell-like trimming on the bodice. The front is of Chartreuse silk covered with figured net sufficiently wide to reach from the throat to the instep; a lace edge is added at the foot, forming a graceful and luxurious finish. The figure on the right wears a dress which is equally picturesque, but not so costly; it is made in reseda surah, mingled with pale pink. It has the elegant Medici collar, which hides the nape of the neck, and turns back becomingly at

ends falling on the left side, where they are gathered into tasselled ends.

For this particular style of dress the brilliant apple-green is much called into play, especially in crêpe de Chine, softly pleated from the waist, in such a way that it is gathered at the hem, and turned under, forming a bouillonné. The front is composed of magnificent brocaded flowers in velvet and frisé on satin, and long angel sleeves of the crêpe fall over tight ones, with a deep gold-trimmed wrist. There are no apparent seams in crêpe de Chine, the selvages being visible, and arranged to fall in cascades. This was not, however, made by Messrs. Capper; they have some useful dinner-gowns of another kind. A combination of black and red displayed the wafer spots

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which Dame Fashion has delighted to honour this winter. A coat fell over this full skirt, and the sash-ends were knotted at the sides. A large Incroyable frill of red and black lisse placed in front of the bodice gave it a very dressy appearance.

Those women who wear out sleeves quickly will be glad to hear that they are now made of quite a different fabric from the bodice. With a drab cloth gown, for example, green velvet sleeves were introduced, matching a loose vest, over which the cloth crossed. But it is as impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule as to what is

richly jetted, which opens at the side to show one of the net *petes*, bordered with an Empire design; the bodice, arranged in folds over the shoulders, forms a point in the front, and long ends of ribbon fall at the side. Piece lace is much used for such gowns, with revers of moire, united by jet fringed ornaments; pendant fringes, which quiver and flash, add to the attractions of gowns. Mousseline chiffon is a potent rival to tulle, and is likely to remain so, for it wears well, and can hardly be creased or torn, though, of course, it is far less strong than the Russian net, which it is almost impossible to spoil. There



NEW EVENING GOWN.

worn as it is to follow the example of the past generation, and set up a dress or mantle that can last on for several succeeding years. "Few and frequent" should, in ordering dresses, be the motto of *élégantes* who desire to dress well.

Evening gowns become a matter of moment at this season; and the accompanying sketches, made at Messrs. Redmayne's, in New Bond Street, show two pretty styles; one intended for quite a young girl, the other for a married woman. The first gown is of cream gauze, with interwoven stripes and knots of ribbon down the front; the simplest and most natural garlands of grasses and daisies fall from the left shoulder down the skirt. The second dress is a combination of black moire,

is a difference in the treatment of the two materials. The Russian net is simply gathered and allowed to hang full, being sometimes bordered with a pointed trimming, or oftener interthreaded with narrow ribbon or velvet. The mousseline chiffon is considerably fuller, and is gathered under at the hem, forming a soft double edge, generally garlanded with flowers some twelve inches above the hem.

The rose, "the fairest flower of all the year," is the one most used to trim ball-gowns. Sometimes the petals only border the draperies of chiffon, falling like a fringe; sometimes the entire skirt is trimmed, not so much with rose-leaves as with over-full roses which are scattering their petals; a row of roses without any foliage, seemingly imprisoned within the puffing at the base, or (and I find

(this a most graceful mode) fastenings of small button roses
 garnish the hem of the skirt, just like the pretty ribbon-
 ed garlands of the Louis XV. time. This mousseline
 chiffon—rag main—lends itself well to a new idea of
 putting one colour over another; green over pink, pink

great object for the moment is to give an appearance of
 flatness about the waist and great length to the bodies;
 the girle, formed of pointed lace (which is much worn),
 should have the points turned downwards, not upwards,
 to produce this effect.



NEW MILLINERY

over yellow. These combine with broadened trains or
 panels where the brocade shows the two tones, velvet
 orchids perhaps introduced at the side. The flowers
 used on ballgowns are few and small, but what
 they lack in quantity they gain in quality, for they
 are faithful reproductions of nature. The admixture
 of tints in flowers, as in fabrics, is daring, and much
 magnificent embroidery is introduced. Often three
 shades of poppies find their way into one garland. The

There are some radical changes in millinery. Miss
 Phoebe Smith, of 276, Regent Street, has many new
 ideas well carried out. The two bonnets and two hats
 herewith illustrated show distinct styles. The lower
 bonnet on the page is made in *Edison* style; a tint which
 is becoming to most complexions, and a decided improve-
 ment on the Electric, its immediate predecessor. The
 material of this head-gear is cloth, and it is trimmed with
 sable-tail. Nothing could well be closer-fitting in the

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way of head-dress, but it attains much added importance by the trimming. This is composed of brown velvet, placed above the face in rosettes, with two upstanding ends; the strings are narrow, and come from the back. The other bonnet is made in sealskin, or, at all events, the crown is, with the front trimming of a deep Mandarin yellow velvet, intermixed with brown ribbon, and leaves formed of sealskin.

Hats are larger, while bonnets are smaller; the brims of the former come mostly to the front, diminishing to nothing at the back. No. 1 is made thus in black velvet, with jet at the extreme edge. The bow is formed of ribbon velvet, with a yellow and black wing, and immediately in front is one of the new accordion-pleated bows, made in the pure yellow tone of lisse known as "bouton d'or." The wing at the side is of the same tint.

No. 3 is still more original in form. It is a fawn felt; the long flat bows, which only give height at the back, are made in corled ribbon; three small birds cluster immediately at the back of the brim, as though they had just alighted there. No crusade against the use of birds in millinery would seem to be of any use, for a great many are placed on every hat, not just one or a wing, as was the case a few seasons back. The Paul Jones shape, which finds much favour as worn by Miss Huntington in her famous *role*, turns up in the brim, and as often as not the edge is secured to the crown by a flight of little songsters, whose "woodland notes" have been perhaps prematurely silenced: at least, so say the birds' champions; whereas the trade defend themselves by affirming that most of the plumage they employ is artificially put together.

At all events, fashionable ornaments now on hats and bonnets are often small pins with miniature birds, made in feathers, likewise the coarse osprey. Gold galons appear on the brims of hats and the crowns of bonnets. Felt is often used, with uncut edges unbound, capable of being twisted into any form. The double crown recalls the Castalia, with its double ships, the one tacked on to the other. But it loses its grotesqueness when trimmed. There are many shades of brown in millinery, and Lava is one of the newest.

Mme. Vera, after carrying on a successful millinery business for a long time in the dining-room of her own pretty house in Lower Belgrave Street, migrated, as far as show rooms are concerned, on the 1st of last month to No. 41 opposite. She has a most fashionable *clientèle*,

and plenty to tempt them withal, having that innate perception of what suits individual faces which is genius. Chosen with a keen knowledge of the effects of dress, each model embodies some special point, and does not run in a similar groove. Red velvet blends best, it would seem, with jet and black wings, which, on the small, close, fashionable shapes, start from the back, the tips meeting immediately in front, above the forehead. Between these points is a rouleau of velvet. One small bonnet seemed to suit whoever put it on, young or old. It had a black velvet bow in front, the foundation velvet, with barberries so natural that they seemed to grow there. The new jet used in millinery this year is formed with facets studded on to metal backs, and so can be bent to any form. A black velvet bonnet had circles of jet of this kind in the centre, supplemented with flat bands on the front, and a bow or butterfly of jet.

A quaint hat in brown velvet had the crown like the top of the paper caps erewhile worn by bakers, the straight sharp edge running from front to back. The narrow upturned brim round it was covered with jet. Some of the hats have crowns which are hard, like those worn by the Beef-eaters, but they diminish rather more towards the base. One of these was made in black velvet, with a wing and two ostrich-plumes turning down from the crown. Some of the broad-brimmed hats with a flat crown have this brim cloven at the back, forming two points.

All this millinery requires careful putting on, and the face has to be well studied before selection is made. It is becoming much the fashion to wear no veils at all with hats, and when worn with bonnets they are certainly longer, the borders covering the mouth and chin. Many of them are attached to wires, which adapt themselves to the bonnet, and can be easily put on and taken off. The closely spotted veils are said to be most destructive to the eye-sight; the clearer the design the better, for eye-sight is a thing to prize.

Two dresses have been sketched at Mme. Poncecot and Longstaffe's, Alfred Place, Kensington, for our frontispiece. The first is a dinner-gown in black striped material; the bodice is trimmed with rows of beading, with a Medici collar at the back; the transparent sleeves are high on the shoulder, reaching to the elbow, and tied midway with a bow of ribbon—a simple charming style. The second is a tea-gown made in soft pliable silk, with an embroidered panel; the fashionable Zouave trimming on the bodice has a bordering of ball fringe.



Paris Fashions.

DURING November the fashionable world remained out of town; and but for the influx of strangers France, as there were in the good old days, yet these bright intellectual centres do exist, a little changed in



COUNTRY HOUSE AFTERNOON GOWN.

pouring into Paris, to witness the brilliant pageant of the Exhibition, there would have been a certain sense of dullness pervading the gay city. In December the country is apt to grow bleak, then the *châtelaines* and their guests begin to set their faces Paris-ward. The *salons* open once more, and although it may be the fashion to deplore that there are no more *salons* in

alm, and in spirit it may be, but social, political, literary, musical, they still flourish.

If some noble hostesses linger in the country, they utilise its quiet to devote some time to the cultivation of a favourite accomplishment. A number of our most brilliant leaders of society take up some branch of art with zeal. The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is renowned

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for her prowess in the hunting-field, is a sculptress of no mean talent. The Comtesses de Latona and de Muliedo and the Vicomtesse de Clairval exhibit at the Salon. Queen Nathalie of Servia, the proscribed Queen, is as clever with her painter's brush as with her sculptor's chisel.

The Duchesse de Luynes, daughter of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld by his first wife, a scion of the princely house of Polignac, is a painter whose work need not claim to be judged leniently as amateur. The Duchesse is a pupil of Côté, and her signature, "Yolande Dallert," is known by connoisseurs. These are but a few members of the company of noble ladies who cultivate art seriously, and who every year turn their talents to account and place them at the service of charity.

In the retirement of the country many of these accomplished women remain as long as possible to work hard during the daylight hours of the late autumn and early winter months. Their evenings are devoted to their guests and to providing for them refined amusements. Throughout November and part of December the great halls of the *châteaux* in France present scenes of great animation. Concerted music, comediettas, *tableaux vivants*, take up the first part of the evenings; the latter half is usually spent in dancing.

The *cotillon* is a bright and fantastic revel; for the note of these country-house gatherings is gaiety. Dress at these *bals intimes* may be as pretty as the wearer likes.

Low dress is worn; young married women wear jewels; the girls add the sweetness of natural flowers to the simple grace of their attire. Two dresses made by the Maison Lipmann will give an idea of what may be worn on gala evenings in our ancestral country seats. The first, intended for a charming woman, the Duchesse de C——, was of delicate straw-colored faille, embroidered with chaplets of violets nestling among their leaves. The skirt and bodice were richly trimmed with Mechlin lace, caught here and there with clusters of violets and clasps of diamonds.

A young girl's dress was of Indian *crêpon*, of the delicate lilac tone of Parma violets. It was draped as only our dressmakers can drape. These artists in dress study the lines of the drapery of Greek statues, and this dress clung about the wearer's form with those exquisite lines which are the ideal of beautiful clothing. A drapery of mousseline-de-soie of the same shade of lilac was folded across the bust, and was gathered into a wide draped sash of satin of the same tone, which fastened at the back.

The variety of materials shown at the Exhibition and the national costumes will influence the coming fashions. Worth, the Maison Morin Blossier, the Maison Lipmann, &c., have, with admirable art and tact, adapted the

Japanese and other Eastern nations' ideas of grace to European attire. I have seen some beautiful dressing-gowns falling in ample folds in Oriental stuffs, worn with a little Japanese corset of velvet, cloth, or smooth *peau-de-cygne*, all embroidered or encrusted with jet. Tea-gowns of embroidered Indian *crêpe* are lavishly trimmed with lace.



TEA-GOWNS.

Our illustration on page 80 shows a country-house afternoon costume, of *peau-de-cygne*, in a delicate shade of cane-yellow. The straight skirt is bordered at the hem with a wide band of passementerie worked in round braid of a deeper shade. The same design is repeated in slender lines up the seams and on the front of the bodice, where it loses itself in a draped sash. The hat of net and lace is trimmed with a knot of pale blue faille surmounted by an aigrette of marabout feathers. The

paralised covered with lace matches the colour of the dress: this handle is of old ivory.

Tartans are very fashionable. Everything Scotch is in high favour just now. The Highlanders at the Exhibition—in semi-barbaric costume, dancing their wild reels, singing their native melodies—have produced a sort of furor. Every sort of Scottish tartan is fashionable, and some charming fancy checks are woven in every sort of material—in wool, in silk, satin, plush, velvet, in plaid velvet stripes, flowers are brocaded over tartan grounds. The soft autumnal hues, the nasturtium-yellow,

and old gold appear in these fancy plaids: pink and black checks are also fashionable. *Tou pourras carraquer!* we are fain to exclaim. Our artist dressmakers, however, understand how to manipulate these many colours so as to produce pleasant harmonies. The Maison Lippmann designed some checked costumes that were models of reticent yet varied colouring. One was composed of ruddy Etruscan tone, soft old green, and black checks; the skirt was round and undraped; the charmingly cut bodice was fastened at the waist by a large buckle of dull gold. Another costume from the same house was fawn crossed with brown; the redingote bodice was plain fawn. A wide fawn-coloured mantle was worn with this gown.

Close-fitting bodices, moulding the figure, are coming into favour. A new device is to fasten such

bodices either behind on the shoulder or under the arm, and to conceal the fastening by trimming. Women whose figures are finely and harmoniously developed may effectively wear such a garment; but the majority of women can ill-afford to dispense with the disparities of the cunningly adjusted lines designed to conceal the shortcomings of Mother Nature. A delicately toned cloth gown of fine texture was made in such wise as to show neither side-seams nor darts. The bodice was cut on the cross; the stuff was caught in the centre of the chest in three "puckers," which spread outward. These puckers were repeated on the top of the skirt with three folds, which, as they disappeared, left no trace over the hips. The straight skirt, made without a foundation skirt, was drawn into full gathers behind.

The sleeves were set very high on the shoulders; at the bend of the arm, inside, were placed three little puckers. The art of the dressmaker lay in the admirable manner in which these puckers, in each instance as they expanded and merged into the close-fitting material, left no trace of their passage. A cream-coloured cloth, made according to this pattern, was fastened down the back with a close-set row of round pearls, a line of which edged the high collar, and was repeated on the sleeves down the outer line of the arm. This creamy dress, simple in outline and pure in its delicate colour-

ing, would have delighted the heart of a Pre-Raphaelite painter. A triple cape—one side of which was brought in a curved line to the opposite shoulder, and, ending in a point, was fastened to a large egg-shaped button of pearl—gave a quaint finishing touch to the costume.

The revival of the *Famille Benoiton* at the Odéon night, it was feared, lead to a revival also of the fashions of 1865. The foreboding is not likely to be fulfilled. The more graceful and rational dress of to-day has educated the eye to the charm of flowing lines, and the days of the crinoline will not for the present return. The trailing skirts of the time, however, find favour with our fair Parisiennes. The acting on the stage of Victorien Sardou's earlier comedy was en-



HAT FROM THE MAISON VIEROT.

mentally artistic, and the costumes were *chef-d'œuvre* of elegance and harmonious colouring. They differed somewhat from the fashion of to-day, but the exaggeration of bulky skirts was subdued by the art of the dressmaker. In the first act, Mlle. Réjane's gown consisted of a Lyons silk redingote; on a black ground, roses fresh and sweet were woven in interlacing clusters. The trailing under-skirt was of rose-coloured satin, veiled in front with billows of soft pink mousseline-de-soir, striped with interludes of fine jet. The bodice opened over a chemisette of the mousseline-de-soir; the sleeves were wide, and reached to the elbow. The second dress, of grey moonlight-blue cloth, was made with a closely fitting bodice, apparently seamless, gathered into the three puckers in the front that I have described as again now coming into fashion. The front of the lightly

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draped skirt was edged with a deep band of scalloped grey velvet. A dim silver passementerie, in delightful harmony with the prevailing tender blue and grey tones of the cloth and velvet, undulated across the bodice, supporting the three puckers, circling round the edge of the little basque and, crossing in front, fell over the front of the skirt. The sleeves were of velvet, very wide at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists.

The third costume might be charmingly adapted to the present fashions. It was composed of a long polonaise of amethyst-coloured cloth, fastened at the side. A narrow heliotrope braiding touched with gold and a line of grey feathers concealed the fastening. The bodice was gathered in front into a sash of heliotrope and gold; the sleeves were embroidered up to the elbow with the gold and heliotrope braid.

Another dress, the note of which was eccentricity to suit the character of the wearer, might also, with some modifications, be made to suit the fashion of to-day. It was of thick Lyons silk; over the ground, pink as a moss rose, creamy sheaves gave the effect of a play of light on the surface of the silk. The skirt was round; the bodice was a Figaro vest of black silk braid, displaying a chemisette of pink muslin, gathered at the waist into a sash of pink surah. The wide sleeves of exaggerated size were of pink satin, covered with black net, spotted with velvet. The costume was piquant and effective.

Tea-gowns, or *toilettes d'intérieur*, are more and more in favour as the habit grows upon our Parisiennes to be informally at home between five and six. The natty outdoor costume is laid aside; the more elaborate evening dress is to be assumed later; it is the time to wear a gown of easy fit, lending itself to a certain picturesque individuality. The illustration on page 82 shows one of these charming dresses designed by a leading artist dressmaker. The under-dress of black lace is gathered at the waist into a wide band of ribbon; the flowing over-dress of peau-de-soie is ample and simple in outline. The wide draped sleeves set high on the shoulder are peculiarly graceful; the cuff repeats the lace of the under-skirt. No jewels are worn with the tea-gown; the elegance of the *négligé* is to be found in its suggestion of restful simplicity and flowing ease of line.

A new pelerine, the "Marie-Louise," has just been put forward by the Maison Virot. It is a quaint little cape made of velvet, matching the colour of the bonnet, and bordered at the throat with a boa of either feathers, chinchilla, or blue fox; the ends of the boa are fastened on one side at the waist with a bow of ribbon, or with a fox's head. The name of Virot conjures up the vision of the head-gears exhibited in the show-rooms, to be worn during the winter.

The bull-fights at the Corrida have brought into vogue the Spanish taste for strong colour sobered by black. The torrero hat is of black felt or velvet trimmed with

knots of silk and draperies of foulard or velvet, vivid pink, old red, or marigold-yellow. Higher yet in favour with our Parisian ladies is the pretty "Benito" hat, the wide rim of which frames the face becomingly, the loose crown of soft silk drawn by a narrow velvet ribbon. A graceful hat is of beaver-coloured velvet, the wide brim, crowned with sweeping plumes or long feathers, fastened by two *choux* of pale blue velvet. Our illustration (page 82) shows one of Virot's creations, which, intended for autumnal days, may be easily adapted to the more wintry season. Of black gathered net, it is trimmed with *choux* of silk gauze, azure, straw-colour, and mauve. A band of black velvet holds the hat back; on this band is placed a winged fly with delicately gauzy wings outstretched.

The small bonnets and hats of the Maison Virot are as becoming and as fantastically graceful as are the larger head-gears. One of pale blue cloth was embroidered with gold; the pretty *chiffonnée* shape was outlined in black velvet, and surmounted by a large knot of purple-grey-toned velvet. Another small toque was of old blue velvet and astrachan; a water-green cachemire was bordered with beaver. A charming little bonnet for the theatre was of pink velvet draped with old point lace, and wreathed with jet. For elderly ladies the close-fitting baby-bonnet type is coming into vogue.

Mantles are varied in form; some are as wide as those worn fifty years ago—in the days of our great-grandmothers—but a wholesome shrinking from exaggeration keeps in check the *bizarrie* of form. A cloak for afternoon visits that I saw in Worth's show-rooms seemed to me to be a model of picturesque elegance. It was of myrtle-green velvet, short behind and long in front, displaying a Figaro vest of astrachan. The wide velvet sleeves were gathered at the wrist into a band of the same fur; the high collar also was of astrachan. Sleeves sweeping down to the hem of the mantle are the "last thing" for the theatre and opera. One such cloak we have seen is of brocaded silk fitting the figure; there are angel sleeves of aerial cream mousseline-de-soie. The cloak is trimmed with a pelerine of lace, the long ends of which fall in a foamy cascade down the front. A double border of lace edges the brocaded silk under-sleeves.

Astrachan is to be the fashionable fur in Paris during the winter. It is used in combination with cloth, plush, and velvet. Panels, sleeves, revers, collars, and bands of astrachan, adorn mantles and every kind of outdoor costume. Sometimes a cloth cloak is made with sleeves and a vest of astrachan. Plush jackets of strong colour, gold, ruby, or green, may have vest, revers, and high collar of the favourite fur. The jacket may be of astrachan; the sleeves, which are always set very high and full on the shoulders, are sometimes terminated at the elbow, and gathered into passementerie gauntlets; in this case the vest of the jacket is of passementerie.

MASQUE DE VELOURS.

The Woman of America.



AMERICA may be said to afford a kind of private view of that Promised Land of "Women's Rights" to the fair exponents of the various causes generically summarised in that formula. 'Equality of the Sexes' is usually understood to mean the possession of the Parliamentary franchise by women, and the liberty to engage in such various pursuits as have hitherto been regarded as the exclusive prerogative of men, and may comprise anything, from banking to bicycling, from preaching to printing. Certainly, political enfranchisement does not hold more to our sisters in the States than it does to us here, where we possess the same privileges as the male taxpaying citizen, in most municipal affairs. But of social, professional, and business freedom, they usually have more than we have. The woman of the New World has in a sense become a law unto herself. As the children say, she "started fair" in the race with man, and has now arrived at a stage in the game when it is possible to compare her with the woman of the older races, whose position is the result of the guidance and tendencies of the centuries.

The domestic side of women's character is the one which we of Europe value first. The latest school of dissatisfied females tell us that we are wrong to encourage girls to look upon marriage as an end and aim of life, and that they should rather be educated to be self-reliant and independent of the other sex. Men are enemies to be reckoned with, jealous foes of baser, greedier, lower instincts, and all that is pure and spiritual has been vested by nature in the Eternal Feminine with capital letters. The beautiful faith that we used to cherish in the wife's tender love and proud humility towards her husband, and the mother's happiness in her children, receives assaults from ladies who regard it as an evidence of servile submission and unworthy slavery when the woman assumes her husband's name, or manifests any interest in the up-bringing of her offspring. This is an importation from across the Atlantic. Making all allowance for the different conditions of society the first outward and visible sign of the inward temperament is that the domestic virtues do not occupy the primary places in the Western woman's life. This of course, is a broad assertion. I am aware that there would be found many notable exceptions, who could learn nothing from the most motherly of European matrons; and that, especially in our country districts, women have to surmount difficulties in the way of obtaining help and service that we can scarcely even understand.

But for all that, the quiet, contented, stay-at-home life of the *bourgeoise* and upper middle class woman here,

does not commend itself to the American, who begins young to taste some form of amusement and excitement. Her education is conducted upon similar lines to that of her brothers, and indeed with them. This is the real source of that frank, unreserved manner which in after life carries her through in whatever position she may be placed, and makes the feelings of men towards her those of *camaraderie* rather than chivalry, of friendly help rather than the lover's devotion. The examination system in her education is less present there than here, and the average American standard of woman's attainments is lower than our own, for the simple reason that she leaves the schoolroom younger. If, however, culture is an aim, she goes in thoroughly for it, and the women's universities at Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Wellesley compare on equal ground with Girton or Somerville. It is stated, on reliable authority, that at Bryn Mawr one half of the students are fitting themselves to be teachers, and the rest are there from choice or novelty. The taste for independence thus acquired is not likely to desert a girl when she leaves college and she frequently decides afterwards to live by herself, though her parents may be able to offer her a comfortable home. "Residential Flats" for lone ladies have of recent months sprung into existence in London, but we associate their occupation with teachers, artists, better paid female clerks, and, in short, with women whose daily necessities require convenient and inexpensive lodgings. No so, however, with the Yankee girl. She has adapted the hint, and the American speculators now say that there is a big field of future profit in building "Dorothies," i.e., houses containing numerous small suites of rooms for feminine accommodation. But a further feature to note is that those who take such rooms are not by any means all dependent upon salaries or earnings for a living. Many of their tenants are girls of good position and independent means, who either are tired of, or dissatisfied with, their home lives, and have preferred to embark upon this species of female Bohemianism, if such a word may be applied to the decorous dignity with which they make a point of conducting themselves, disarming thus the obvious and inevitable comments which such an existence would excite here.

Such girls as these have even their country cottages, to which they go in due informality for the summer months, entertaining there their girl friends, and painting and piebeking to their hearts' content. Even if they remain under the parental roof, they order their existences at their own sweet will, have meals to suit their own convenience, and their separate and distinct circles of friends. It never occurs to a Yankee girl to tell her mother she is going to join Mr. So-and-so's "theater party," or to hint to him that her mother might be asked as well. She goes out for a day's sleighing with a male acquaintance, not the night before at a dance, with perfect *sans-froid*, putting into practical precept the

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doctrine that *quod s'ervat' d'vocat'*. Her cavalier gives her candy and flowers, which she frankly accepts, quite unharassed by the scruples that an English girl would feel at such attentions.

She marries with no intention of wearing the yoke too closely as far as the obligations of domesticity are concerned. It is a curious anomaly that, while the morality of this great people compares very highly with that of the Old World, and a woman travelling alone knows that every man is her brother, the facilities for divorce, especially in certain States, are greater than in any other civilised country. Naturally this fact, consciously or unconsciously, enters into the views she forms upon the sacred compact, and it is not going too far to say that she somewhat despises an ideal in which bread-and-butter and babies figure largely. Above all things, whether married or single, she has two demands: first for the excitement of taking part in a movement, secondly for novelty in this. It may take the religious form, and then her church or chapel or sect will be an interest before which nothing else must stand. The extraordinary descriptions of the transcendental and the ludicrous in faith, common across the Atlantic, are the outcome of this demand, and we all know of wicked satires which depict her as the lineal descendant of Mrs. Jellaby, making missionary night-shirts at the meeting-house, while her children's wardrobes are in need of repair, or peddling apples for a bazaar to support the minister, while she has omitted to make preparations for the home supper. If it takes the line of temperance, here, perhaps, she will be found to be carrying out her convictions to their farthest, most uncompromising end. Moral suasion, or even gentle legislative means do not go far enough. She and her sisters in enthusiasm will fall on their knees, pray and sing steadily the whole day and night through on the pavement outside a "saloon," and by direct appeal, by sheer force of numbers, and even physical strength will make the profits from whisky diminish very appreciably. Local option, as we understand it, is a mere half-measure to her, and nothing short of absolute, complete prohibition will suffice. If social enjoyment is her aim, she will have larger, or longer, or more luxurious parties than her neighbours, and if she lives in the country, will be always arranging picnics, and "surprises," the latter a development of hospitality which, even with the Americanisation of society, we do not know here, and which seems to consist of a pre-organised onslaught on to a given house, by a number of neighbours, who bring provisions and refreshments, and proceed to dancing and amusing themselves after receiving a submissive welcome, and treating the hosts as a kind of guest in their own houses.

The actual society woman, however, of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia represents a type of another kind. She prides herself upon a sort of intellectual exclusiveness, and, in a way, thanks God that she is not as other women are. She it is that furnishes the originals of those subtly analysed creations of so many of the distinctively American novelists. To school herself into a passionless calm is one of her aims, and to be able to indulge in close, introspective self-study is one of her

pleasures. Men are interesting to her, especially when she experiences feelings about them contrary to those she wishes to have, or thinks she ought to have. Her amusements are morbid rather than active; she affects a little philosophy, inclining to pessimism, but manages to surround herself with art and comfort. Marriage, if at all sympathetic and happy, gives a somewhat more healthy and everyday turn to her views; and in company she is one of the brightest and most fascinating of her race.

Not, perhaps, till one is considerably thrown into the society of English and American women together does one realise their inherent differences. Watch an introduction, under similar circumstances, of two fair average specimens. The English girl, brought up in the conventional restraints of propriety and dignity, is distant and frigid. She is not quite certain what is the exact degree of intimacy that "Ma'ma" will prescribe, and she bows gravely, and makes a commonplace remark, because she thinks there is no fear then of overstepping the mysterious, intangible fetters in which she is held. Not so the American girl, who extends her hand, and manifests an easy cordiality at once. If the substance of her conversation be not very original, she clothes it in words that make it brighter and fresher, and she does not mind saying that "she guesses she's real pleased to have struck you." She talks very rapidly, and will "get through" with the most reticent, whether man or woman, for she can keep up the talk unaided. She lays her accents on unfamiliar syllables, and lets us know soon how much she paid for her "cunning bouquet," and her opinions of "Eu-ro-pe," with equal unreserve. She is a success in London society because she has the wisdom or the courage to be what she is, and not to water herself down to the vacant silliness of some girls, or to assume the assertive slanginess and vulgarity of others. With a huge capacity for enjoyment and amusement, she has a keener sense of humour, as a rule, than the English girl, and is hampered by no conventional terrors of giving offence by laughing at things as they actually appear to her.

It is just this naturalness which prevents her from being vulgar or aggressive. Her dress may be bad, for though much intercourse with European taste is toning down the characteristic fondness for lavish colours and trimmings, dress is not a strong feature across the Atlantic. She may talk through her nose; she may not even know how to eat according to our views, and may compare fortunes and prices and sizes of diamonds; yet, as long as she does not attempt to be other than American, she is not "vulgar." Rather, she is herself. But she seldom offends; she possesses a quality, not precisely tact, with all the subtleties of *finesse* which we associate with the word, but a gift of knowing how to please, and of reading rapidly and accurately the feelings and thoughts of others. The complaint is often made here that the high faculties of deference and reverence are not hers, and she is credited with arrogant flippancy and bluntpious self-consciousness. This comes, I think, from the very scanty knowledge possessed by people generally regarding American institutions. In a

country where the rights of labour are such that it has first shown upon an estate, and where, if a "hand" wishes to "better himself," he merely asks for the wages that are owing to him, and can leave literally without notice, there is but scant encouragement to respectful homage either to person or institution. Democratic freedom of opinion and republican theories of human equality have crept into manners and tone of thinking as well as into politics; and that, therefore, which is capable of misconception into irreverence and easy speaking is little more than a habit of acquired expression.

The self-reliance, and the ability to manage everything for herself—from choosing a ribbon to a European tour, from criticising a novel to marriage, and possibly, divorce—leads her generally to place a high value upon herself and her own attainments. With very little capital, with very few introductions, with absolutely no direct knowledge of English manners, she comes over, and will recite a poem or run a theatre, preach or write or address meetings, with the same cheerful alacrity and certainty of success, sooner or later. Jealous detractors would ascribe the reputation she usually does contrive to win to the fact that she and those around her are proficient in the art of advertising; but she generally contrives to be original over something. Let me give a case in point. Last season, Mrs. Shaw, *la belle suffreuse*, suddenly appeared in London, at a few private parties. There was no puff preliminary, but she went to the right houses first, and at a bound jumped to such a height of fashion as an entertainment that no hostess who aspired to be "smart" could dispense with her whistling performances. If she had taken the Albert Hall last season, she could have filled it, and she was interviewed by the evening papers as a genuine *lionne*. Why? Simply that she was a novelty, and she was adroit enough to know where to start from. And I might multiply instances of entertainers who, practically unknown, by utilising their quick faculties of observation, and their gift—even when slender—of originality, have filled their pockets, and won a "bubble reputation," while our own performers, plodding on along the old lines, and setting out from the old points, have had to sit jealously in corners waiting for work which will not come.

Of the capabilities of the American woman as actress or singer, we have had abundant opportunities of judging of late years. Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Ada Rehan, Mme. Albani, Miss Ella Russell, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mme. Belle Cole, and Nikita, are some among many names that might be given. In art, in its more restricted meaning of painting, she has been less prominently to the fore; and there are not now many to assume and wear the novelists' cloak with the dignity of indisputable first rank. America has not yet given us a Charlotte Brontë, a Jane Austen, a George Sand, or a George Eliot; and even Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, generally classed among the authoresses of the States, comes really from Lancashire, though her up-bringing and education was strictly American. It would be rash to predict what Miss Amélie Rives may prove in the future, but while her first work, "The Quick or the Dead,"

despite its terrible crudities of style, and redundancy of words, was all sufficient to arrest attention, her later book, "Virginia of Virginia," reveals an advance so remarkable as to promise great powers as they develop.

To speak on the subject of the future of the "Woman's Movement" in the States is perhaps as yet premature. Mrs. Belya Lockwood has already made her bid, a forlorn hope, it is true, for the Presidency; and there is the townlet of Oonalaska, wherein all the officials, from the "Mayor" downwards, are of the female sex. They have invaded journalism, the churches, the bar, and Wall Street, and indeed, save army, navy, and police, there seems no line into which the petition has not fearlessly rushed. At the risk of incurring the hatred of all the strong-minded and progressive ladies who may read this, I must record my conviction that a reaction against this system must come. Already there are signs that this is the case here. There are plenty of us who have protested that we should regard the enfranchisement of women as anything but an unmixed good, and that all necessary or advisable power is already in our own hands. Instead of raising themselves, by the assumption of work that men could certainly do quite as well, if not considerably better, they will rather bring men down to a lower level. When men have lost virility to the extent of allowing their affairs to be managed entirely by women, as in the instance of Oonalaska—an extreme one, I admit—there is a masculine deterioration taking place which, in a generation or so, will not be anything like compensated for by the fact that the chief of the local police is a woman, and that "General Sarah Jane" has been appointed in command of the military detachment about to proceed to quell the disturbances in the Crowfoot Indian territory."

The cause that sends women into the labour market to compete with men, however, is not only this diseased passion for a pseudo-equality. The agitation is too artificial for this to be an appreciable factor in the situation. As in England, at this moment, women are afflicted with the same silly dislike of honest manual labour. Domestic service does not attract the humbler classes of society, and so the whole social machinery is thrown out of gear by the fruitless efforts of women to earn a livelihood in other and overcrowded spheres—as dressmaking, type-writing, and clerical work. While one field is thus deserted completely, others have to endure the strain of over competition and depreciated wages. Before society can accommodate itself to this altered condition, vast changes, revolution in fact, must take place. It may be that we are working for that in the fulness of time, but I am rather inclined to think that it will never come; rather do I agree with Mrs. Frank Leslie, a genuine daughter of the States, and a sound and reasonable woman of business, who says: "The coming Woman, for whom the world waits and watches, and whose advent is foreshadowed in all the throes and struggles of our own day, is not going to be emancipated from the tender weaknesses and loving impulses of the woman of to-day. She is not going to spring like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully armed and equipped, into a world which she will coldly govern by wisdom and

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justice. She will to the end of the chapter love and marry, and bear children; feel sorry and humiliated if no man asks her to do so; and she will never, ah, never! under whatever circumstances, lose that delight in submission of her own will and her own judgment to that of the man she has crowned as her king; she will never be very logical or very consistent, or very comprehensive in her theories; she will always have a good deal of personal preference in public or private life, and she will very seldom be capable of abstract justice in her decisions or her actions. But where she fails in these characteristics man abounds, and as the woman gives to him her quickness of intuition, her lofty standards of right, her overflowing benevolence and untiring devotion

of self, her bright fancy and subtle perception, her gentle courtesy, her pure morality and her inborn religious tendencies, so may he give her of his own best qualities, and the two will work together in sweetest harmony and with noblest results." Precisely! That is the experience of all that is highest in the past. And therefore it is that I think social affairs will right themselves on these lines, and that the woman of America, with her shrewd common sense and her quick faculties, will be to the front, without believing that the "equality" of the sexes means that women should sink their own beautiful individualities and execute feebly the harder work that man, with his wise, true instincts for what is best for us, has taken as his own. MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

The Decking of Churches.



HE custom of decking our churches, our houses, or our public buildings with evergreens and flowers at great festivals or times of rejoicing seems to be a very old and time-honoured usage, and it is one prompted by the very spirit of gladness itself. The appropriateness of the custom can hardly be questioned, but how as to the way in which such matters are carried out? The idea is a beautiful one in itself, but the idea and the accomplished fact are too often widely at variance. Conventionality and the narrow opinion so universally prevalent, that there is

but one recognised way of doing most things, is the ruin of this age in matters of taste, and in nothing does this show more conspicuously than in the decking of our churches.

All sign of imagination is, generally speaking, absent. The delightfulness of sweet-smelling shrubs, evergreens or herbs, when flowers are scarce or not to be had, appears to be ignored with but rare exceptions, and in place of natural blossoms recourse is had to many ugly makeshifts to give colour. The beauty of a garland is great when composed entirely of sweet-scented leaves and branches, and of plants and herbs of various kinds, from the wide variety of the foliage employed, while the aromatic scent is delightful to breathe. Bay and lavender, fir and rosemary, tansy and sage, and many more present great contrasts to the eye, and very charming are their different tints, from the rich green of the classical bay and laurel, to the pale grey-green of the lavender and sage. Rue also is another very effective addition to a garland, though to some people the strong peculiar odour of the plant is unpleasant, but when used sparingly it adds just a faint note of pungent spiciness to the blended fragrance of the whole which is distinctly agreeable. Many other sweet-scented shrubs might be named, according to different

localities; in sheltered spots by the sea there would be myrtle, escallonia, sometimes lemon-scented veronica, and others growing unprotected in the open air.

Why do we not think more highly of the quality of fragrance in the decking of our churches, even when the plants we use are flowerless? To a thoughtful mind the perfume they give out is a tribute of thankfulness and praise from the green things of the earth, so delicate and exquisite that like the song of birds at daybreak it thrills the heart with gladness. In a church decked with sweet-smelling boughs, nature joins her incense of fragrance to the worship which is offered there by grateful human hearts and voices to the great Maker of both men and plants. "He hath made everything beautiful in His time" are words which should be more often borne in mind. Autumn and winter, spring and summer, each is full of beauty, and at no season is nature reft of all charm. Even at that most death-like time when frost and snow seem to hold the world in their icy grasp, the ivy remains bright and glossy, and the yew, the cypress, and the box seem to say, "We endure, and we hope for the coming of spring," while the holly looks out bravely in defiance of the desolation around.

Although, as we have seen, there are plenty of sweet-smelling green things to be had even in winter, yet such slaves are we of conventionality that we ignore them and follow always one and the same plan of decking our churches—especially for Christmas. In this last case it is something of this kind: holly must be used throughout. Mistletoe, from its association with Druidical ceremonies and profane customs, is seldom admitted, except in little out-of-the-way village churches where the simple folk have never troubled their heads about such things as the former associations of the plant, but look on it, together with the holly, as a "bit of Christmas." But conventional custom is better informed and more correct. So it must be chiefly holly that is used, and if there are no berries, why, then something must be made that will look like them. Peas dipped into a solution of wax and vermilion,

on what red, will just murder very well; then there must be scarlet flannel, muscadine, and cotton wool or some stuffy material to represent snow, and sometimes even powdered sugar scattered over the so-called snow to give a frosty appearance to this poor parody of winter's glittering path. The paper too comes in usefully for stuff, and paper is supposed to represent silver, and red boxes of ribbon or flannel are thought to deliver the whole of our performance. Then there must be texts in staring white letters on a tightly stained red ground, and leaves (must be) stitched down flat to make green borders to the scene, which (last may) be said to be an illustration of the beauty of patience and of nothing else.

Now with all this familiar process known as "decorating" in our minds, let us spend Christmas in imagination, as many of us have done in reality, on the slopes of the Fens, in that sunny land where the hills are clothed with an infinite variety of plants of all kinds and where so many of these lovely, sun-loving plants of the latitude family delight to grow which give out their delicious aromatic fragrance at the slightest touch. Here the world has its adopted home: wild lavender grows in unchecked freedom mingled with juniper and cistus, and the luxuriant bushes of rosemary—growing everywhere among the rocks in happy ignorance of aught save the joy of existence—will soon put forth a profusion of starry pale grey blossoms. Very numerous are the sweet-scented shrubs and plants that flourish on the sheltered slopes of these green mountains that, like faithful sentinels, guard the favoured coast from the cold northern winds, but even there our usual programme for keeping our Christmas festival must be rigidly adhered to. The mountains are searched in all directions for holly, as the English church cannot possibly be "desecrated" without holly. It simply *must* be had. Meanwhile, the lettering of the scarlet flannel and the stitching down of the ivy leaf border proceeds calmly and slowly. At last a few branches of the longed-for holly arrive, brought down from a considerable height on the mountains; but oh, consternation! no berries. Well, fortunately they can be made, and the manufacture before described proceeds, and great is the complacent satisfaction and innocent pride in the result when finally the laborious work of what is called decoration is finished, while the conspicuous want of taste and art displayed is no more suspected than is the blind waste of beautiful material growing close at hand.

On the other hand, it was there too that one felt how full of meaning and how aptly eloquent a wreath may be, speaking as no words can ever speak. It was a funeral garland laid in midwinter on a grave; only a wreath of myrtle branches and rosemary, lavender and olive, with here and there a bit of yew, a few early violets and orange blossoms, yet it spoke to the heart of love and remembrance, sweetness and peace, though mingled with sorrow, with the newly awakened flowers testified by their bright presence to the truth and reality of the resurrection after the short wintry sleep of death.

Shall we not, then, free ourselves from some of our worn-out tasteless customs, and use a little more common

sense as well as exercise our minds and imaginations in the matter of decking our churches or homes?

There are two or three suggestions that might be made. First of all we would plead for greater simplicity—a plan requiring a much shorter time for its execution—a plan requiring a much shorter time for its execution, and entailing less fatigue and labour than the one most generally adopted; for is it not obvious that floral decorations for any festival should be, as was originally intended, a joyful and delightful task and one soon accomplished, instead of being, as it too often is now, a long-drawn-out effort of what might almost be described as floral upholstery, the effect of which when all is done is quite out of proportion to the time and patience employed in the work? Besides the fact that those on whom the matter chiefly rests are often left too tired in body and mind to enter with much enjoyment into the spirit of the festival for which their labours were a preparation. In short, is not the *decoration* of churches apt to trench on the permanent *decoration* of the building?

Decking with flowers might be made far simpler, and should never be allowed to take up much time. Natural wreaths of ivy or climbing plants, lightly twined about the pillars, are better than elaborately made garlands of the same breadth throughout, for these latter need a most artistic eye and hand to prevent them from being heavy. Pitchers full of flowers, placed wherever taste suggests, instead of the geometrical designs or devices executed in flowers, and the use of coloured hangings—these are a few practical suggestions offered to simplify and at the same time improve the present plan. The hangings mentioned should be either embroidered with needlework or of rich stuff, or if neither of these is attainable, then of plain uncoloured material, provided only it be of good and harmonious colour, for this last is an important condition. Good shades of the different colours employed in churches can now be had without much difficulty, and we believe that if bright hangings were more generally used, the gain in effect as well as in time would be greater than we have any idea of. They might be made too, the occasion for the production of beautiful needlework by those who have talent for that branch of art. There might be scenes in applique work or in bold outline, or else simply ornamental or emblematic work—some of the wonderful things which are described in the Bible. For instance, in the account of things made for the Tabernacle, who among us has not admired in imagination the border of the High Priest's robe—of pomegranates and golden bells—or longed to have seen the hangings of the Tabernacle, of "blue and purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen, of weaving work with cherubims," and the curtains "wrought with needlework."

One thing more. We are apt to be paralysed by the thought that our needlework is destined for use in a church, apparently forgetting that the best and most beautiful that we can accomplish is what we have to aim at, and in order to arrive at this we must use our minds and our individuality, but trusting everything to the decision and taste of so-called church art shops, to the exclusion of our own natural feeling for beauty and our powers of selection. Look at the best examples of

ecclesiastical what to im that the objects in to obscure and colour church and ancient wor stood than have been of scarlet deemed b should dignify a also to o and this especially if with subject emblems, nel is ugly in colour, suggestive ism and of is generally use of as which to sh devices in l

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ecclesiastical work, we certainly must, in order to learn what to imitate and what to avoid. We shall readily see that the slightly conventional representation of natural objects is right and necessary in art, but that it is wrong to obscure and lose completely all natural beauty of form and colour, as is too common in modern professional church embroidery; nor is it so in the best examples of ancient work, when art was both purer and better understood than it is in our own day. The hangings which have been advocated are not to be confused with the use of scarlet flannel condemned before; they should distinctly add dignity and meaning also to our churches, and this they will do, especially if embroidered with subject pictures or emblems, while the flannel is ugly and startling in colour, besides being suggestive of rheumatism and other ills, and is generally only made use of as a ground on which to show texts or devices in holly or ivy.

Two small village churches known to me have in habitual use at festivals the brown earthenware pitchers, such as are commonly used in cottages; these are placed in the windows, filled with flowers and boughs. In one of the churches hangings of bright-coloured stuffs are laid on the window-sills, and on these hangings the pitchers stand. There happen to be nine windows in the church, and on each pitcher is painted in golden letters one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit: "Love" on one, "Joy" on another, "Peace" on a third, and so on through the whole list of beautiful virtues; while on each of the hangings is embroidered some verse which carries on the thoughts suggested by the word on the pitcher to which it belongs. Thus below the word "Love" is worked the text, "Love is strong as Death," as in the above illustration. "Faith" has the words "Until the day break," and stars that tell of the darkness in which faith remains firm and steadfast. These examples are quoted merely to make clear what has been described. The hangings are found to give gladness and colour to the church on the gloomiest days, and to mark out the great festivals very brightly and effectively.

Then, besides the plea we have already made for greater simplicity and freedom, and less of weariness and elaboration in our system of decking our churches, there

is another, namely, that we should exclude nothing in nature which is beautiful and fitting, however humble it may be, from the honour of taking part in our rejoicings, merely because we may consider it common or not generally used for the purpose. Flowers of all kinds come naturally first and foremost, for they are themselves notes of gladness and embodiments of praise, but after them do not let us under-value our sweet-smelling green things just because they may not all possess attractive blossoms. Sweetness is their especial

gift—not beauty, and their appeal to the senses is both rare and subtle.

Let us also cultivate the sense of the relative fitness of flowers for their several positions, and avoid some of the favourite combinations of the professional florist, which, rightly or wrongly, jar like a discord on a sensitive ear—notably the very common arrangement of water-lilies, of regal bearing and massive texture, in close juxtaposition with the lightest and most delicate maiden-hair fern; the unfortunate result of which is that the lilies look almost heavy and clumsy, and the fern meagre and insignificant, while both are all the while perfect in their own way, but spoiled by being put into unnatural proximity. Or, to give one other instance of arrangement

only too common—that of tall white lilies plucked singly from their stem and thrust into small, low, round vases in company with bits of scarlet geranium of stumpy growth. Such things are painfully unpleasant to the eye. Let lilies and irises and foxgloves show the graceful stature given them by their Maker, and let the pink-tipped daisies nestle together in pleasant bunches and companies, as they love to do in nature, for in this way each best fulfils one great purpose of its existence—adornment and beauty.

Then last of all—but, perhaps, most of all—let there be thought and meaning, as much as may be, in all that we do. Silent lessons—something more than that which first meets the eye—are good, for we seldom forget truths that dawn upon us somewhat in the light of a discovery made by ourselves. The meaning of the wonderful words of the Bible written on the walls of our churches has been known to be illustrated and



WINDOW DECORATION.

show to the world with strange obscurity and vividness through the instrumentality of flowers. "The beauty of fineness" may never before have been really understood till that group of tall white lilies, standing near and presenting a picture of perfect natural beauty, enabled the thoughts to grasp something of the idea of the perfection of spiritual beauty. There are meanings in all things around us; and one of the uses of the loveliness of nature would seem to be that it helps us to read something of the meaning which lies out of sight. As the seasons pass, each one with its flowers, those flowers are as messengers bringing us hopes, or memories, or warnings. The autumn crocuses, a pale, sad company, come to tell us that summer's close is near, and that winter draws on

apace; with the winter will come the snowdrops, that speak of hope, of patience, and of spring; and then will come the spring herself, and with her the bright awakening of the whole host of flowers that sleep the winter through. Messengers they are, and heralds of immortality.

And those of us to whom such things are no mere fancies, but realities, will welcome the sweet green things and give them their honoured place in our churches and our garlands and our memorial wreaths—knowing that they, too, speak a language as delightful as that of the flowers, only it lies deeper below the surface, and must be listened for in order to be heard, just as their leaves must be touched or bruised before they give out their fragrance.

GRACE HEATHCOTE.

When I am Dead.

WHEN I am dead
A stranger hand will close
The dim, unseeing eyes,
For I shall die alone;
I ask no pity, save
The benediction of God
For one whose burden weighed
Too heavy to be borne,
A secret, aching care,
Outbalancing sweet hope—
But all things have an end,
And rest *must* come to me
When I am dead.

When I am dead
The tears will doubtless fall
Upon an icy brow,
And whispers rise, "Tis sad
That she should die so young,
That life, replete with hope,
Should have such end as this.
They will not know, ah me!
The poet's sweetest lines
Are nought to that small phrase—
"When I am dead."

EDITH GRACE LEVY.



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The Choice and Arrangement of Furniture.



DURING recent years important changes have taken place in the interior decoration of our houses, and whereas in days gone by heavy, cumbersome, and severe furniture was the rule, now all is attractive to the eye, luxurious, and comfortable. The change has not come about suddenly, but has crept on slowly and surely. The harmony of colours has been more thoroughly understood; art schools have sprung up in every important town of England; and the impetus given to the production of delicate wall-papers and fine art objects generally has vastly aided the carrying out of artistic decoration. What musical strains are to the ear, so are tones of colour to the eye, and the due blending of these latter in the taste displayed in our homes produces a congenial atmosphere of no little importance to what the French term the sense of "well-being," and even to health itself.

To better realise the difference between the past and present style of furnishing, it will be as well to glance back into the Middle Ages and to the period of the Renaissance, before which everything used by our remote ancestors was of the rudest simplicity. In the fifth century long soft divans were adopted from the East by the Romans. Later on came the Crusades, bringing together men of all countries, and those of the West quickly imitated much of what they had seen in the East; we often find them sitting at their feasts cross-legged on the ground, or lying in Oriental fashion on soft bright-lined carpets. It was at this period, too, that woollen stuffs began to be used for the covering of chairs and stools, and maidens worked hard in producing silk embroideries for armorial bearings, and tapestry for the decoration of their rooms. From the East, again, came the introduction of wall-drapery; and tables, which for some time had been made of precious metals, were now constructed of wood, and covered with pieces of rich tapestry; while canopies, more or less gorgeous, were erected over the heads of favoured guests.

The couches of the poor and of the monks were narrow and homely, but kings and nobles provided themselves with large and high beds, which could only be reached by the aid of a stool or chair, and so wide that a number of people could rest in them at the same time. The heavy-carved chimney-piece reached to the ceiling, and in the corner of the room stood the bedstead with foot to the wall, entirely screened by heavy tapestry curtains, forming almost a small apartment in itself. Near the windows were benches covered with drapery, and the "dresser," which formerly had stood in the hall, was now promoted to one side of the sitting-room, and was still decorated with valuable dishes and curios. Stools and arm-chairs of elaborate design were placed in different parts of the room, numerous cushions were

scattered about for the use of those who preferred lower and softer seats, while large Flemish carpets covered the tiled or oak floor.

In the epoch of Louis XIV. and XV. we find a further change had come over home-decoration. The walls were for the most part white, with a profusion of gold and florid paintings. Where formerly all was of the austere Gothic, with small-paned windows and heavy tapestried drapery, there now appeared gilded Doric columns reaching to the ceiling, between which were inserted panels of bright-coloured figured satin, encircled with gold ornamentation. A large high mirror was placed over the mantelpiece in a gilded frame, with numerous white and golden Cupids filling up what would otherwise have been a vacant space between looking glass and ceiling. The gilded spindle-legged chairs were covered with bright brocaded satin, the carpets were paths of roses and garlands, and the long high windows let in all the light possible in order to render the room as brilliant a picture as could be.

In Louis XVI.'s reign the tones were somewhat more subdued, but the ceilings were usually painted with running, flying, and swinging Cupids holding garlands of roses against the puffy white clouds of a pale blue sky. Gilding was not quite so lavishly spread on the walls, nor were the coloured satin or silk panels so much in vogue. The decoration of the mantelpiece was singularly plain and simple, in most instances consisting merely of a timepiece supported by gold figures, with a tall golden candelabrum on either side. We notice, also, varieties in the forms of chairs; but, whatever might be the shape of the body, the legs of tables, chairs, cabinets, and spinets were always of the same spindle type.

At the beginning of the Victorian era—the Dark Age of art-furniture, so to speak—a very doleful period set in. In place of the picturesque came heavy flock papers of red or green; suites of strong and solid Spanish mahogany furniture of useful, inartistic shapes; gaudy glazed chintz for loose chair-covers and bed and window drapery, crackling noisily when moved; Brussels carpets of marvellous patterns, and, indeed, every kind of furniture seemed to assume as vulgar a form as possible. The drawing-room was especially depressing, with its set of stiff chairs upholstered in green rep, all exactly similar, in one fast pattern, with curtains to match. All good taste seemed to have vanished, and the "latest thing out" was bought because it was a novelty. It was not until after the opening up of China by the war of 1860, and the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking, that light again began to dawn in our art-furniture circles. Chinese influence rapidly made itself felt, silks of rich colour and fanciful decorations came gradually to us.

A still greater change was wrought ten years later, when communication with Japan was freely opened, and in the course of a twelvemonth our shops were stocked with artistic bamboo furniture. For some years a perfect

crises for "Japoneries" prevailed. At the same time came also the highly æsthetic movement, which, though ridiculous in many instances, proved a radical antidote to the insatiable commonplace which had existed for so many years. It taught people to think, and to better understand the blending of colours, and to realise that different tones might be brought together in one room

Most people, even those heartily inclined, have felt an intuitive repulsion on entering a room which is rich in real art-curios, simply because the harmony is broken by the eye lighting upon some patch of colour that fails to blend with the prevailing tone of the room. It is not always wise to reproduce in your own room what you have admired in that of a friend. The effect will pro-



DINING-ROOM

without necessarily causing a discordant effect. Undoubtedly every novel epoch has its exaggeration, and for a time *whimsies* were rampant; every room had its blue and white china, lumpy storks and paddy bluffs, and every vase its lily. "Greenery yellow" tints prevailed through house and dress.

All these *whims*, however, helped to teach the one primary lesson: that furniture and drapery of kinds must be in harmony. This does not by any means involve monotony of form or colour, for nothing would be more depressing than to have a room in which everything was identical in tone and design. A true artist, in choosing his landscape, rarely paints a scene of plain green fields without some relief of colour in the shape of houses, white or red, thatched or otherwise, tree-trunks and branches, water, figures, anything to relieve the monotony of the picture. Again, how varied are autumn tints, with their dusky shades, ranging from brightest scarlet to deepest brown and lightest green, and yet no feeling of discord is experienced when one tree such as a holly or a fir, stands green among them all. Nature is ever harmonious, but certainly never monotonous, and the nearer we keep to nature the more perfect will be our ideas of colour.

What looked well elsewhere appears atrocious, simply because it does not harmonise with its surroundings. The same principle applies to dress. A pretty bonnet or mantle appears to suit your friend to perfection, and you accordingly hasten to get one like it, regardless of the face or figure which it is to adorn. "That which suits one person or room rarely suits another," may be taken as an axiom; but there are certain general rules upon which it may be safe to rely as a basis in arranging a house, and a plain soft tone of colour is best to start with. Let one colour prevail in hall and passages, and avoid violent contrasts between one part of the house and another.

The mere arrangement of furniture greatly conduces to harmony in a room. It would be an error to place a seventeenth-century carved wood cabinet in close proximity to a satinwood Sevres inlaid table. Such an incongruity would neutralise the effect of each; yet in a large room ample opportunity might be found for the display of both without the sense of unfitness which would be experienced were they near neighbours.

There is a charm about the variety to be met with in rooms of this kind that can never be obtained by those who depend on the professional furniture-monger to fill

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up a house. Almost anything may be harmonised, provided, to begin with, it is not actually in bad taste. Suppose, for instance, that a wall-paper is of no definite shade, but lends a distinctly disagreeable tone to the

be sparingly introduced where a delicate-toned harmony is desired.

To treat the subject more in detail we will first take the dining-room. For this nothing can be better for the



ENTRANCE-HALL AND STAIRCASE.

room. It is quite possible to render it unobjectionable, and even pleasant, by bringing near to it drapery or objects which would supply the colour that is in default. Wonders may be wrought by introducing one of the large pieces of blue or yellow pottery now so frequently used in decoration, and even a bright square plush cover on a small table, in many instances will give the needful finish to a room, and supply, so to speak, the missing link of tone which was required to complete the harmony of the whole.

There are general outlines of rules laid down as far as colour is concerned, and it will be found by anyone who makes the experiment that primary colours can only

walls than distemper of a plain even colour, green, red, or neutral tints. These shades form a good ground for pictures, and harmonise well with the varied tones of a Turkey carpet, which is by far the best floor-covering, both from an artistic and a housekeeping point of view. Moreover, oak furniture never looks better than when placed near a plain colour. The hearth should be lined with glazed tiles of a dusky tint, capable of reflecting the glow of the burning embers (but not too bright), to attract the eye in the warm summer days when fires are no longer required. One great thing to be remembered in a dining-room is that it is intended for meals, and, though it should be made as comfortable as possible, none of the

lighter fancy furniture should be permitted here but had better be passed on to the morning-room, where a less literary style of decoration is permitted.

The faults to be chiefly avoided in a dining-room are dimness and overcrowding, and plenty of space should be allowed for passing to and fro. The lighting of the room is most essential for the comfort of meals, and by far the pleasantest method is to have candles, or small lamps with shades, or one large lamp in the centre of the table. Not that light in other parts need be avoided, for tasteful wrought iron brackets are to be procured, for either oil or gas; but the former is certainly the more mellow and less heating.

The entrance-hall, passage, and landing claim more attention than is usually bestowed upon them, and a very fair estimate of the taste of the occupants can be formed by the first impressions conveyed on entering the front door. Some houses have large square halls, and these are easily made to look well, when furnished with a square carpet, a few carefully selected pictures, and an old Dutch clock. But the majority of London houses possess a long, straight passage, which the inmates adorn by placing a chair on one side and a hat-stand on the other, while the floor is covered with oilcloth. The really best plan to make such an entrance-hall presentable is to lay a thick Oriental rug the whole length of the passage, and to hang a few oak frame engravings on the walls. Hats and umbrellas must be relegated to the far end, as much out of sight as possible, and a coloured brass- or iron-mounted lamp should be slung from the ceiling. For stair-carpeting nothing looks better than felt, of a colour to harmonise with the wall-paper, and the landings can be brightened with one or two of the large Eastern rugs. The lighting of the passages should be in keeping with the hall lamp, and tinted globes will help to soften the gas-rays, which, glaring through a white glass shade, would quite spoil the effect of the whole harmony.

The drawing-room admits of a greater latitude of artistic feeling with regard both to furniture and decoration than any other room in the house. With a paper of a calm and suggestive decorative floral pattern, one or two of the prevailing tints of the paper should be selected for the paint of the woodwork, while the ceiling should be cream colour rather than white. By this all parts of the room are at once brought into harmonious combination. Should the apartment be sunless, let the woodwork be painted white, and the walls papered in shades of yellow, but with all due regard to pictures or ornaments, for which they necessarily have to form a background. Indeed, decorations must be soft and subservient, or they will clash with the pictures or the tints of the pottery. For bright sunny rooms darker tones may be adopted, for in this instance the bright colours in china or glass will glitter the more from amidst sombre surroundings. A rich Persian carpet with dusky blue centre, or a number of Eastern rugs laid on matting or parquetry floors, leave nothing to be desired. The arrangement of the mantelpiece requires especial care, but, supposing it to be one of the high wooden overmantels built in the wall, a judicious

selection of ornaments is all that need necessarily be considered. Otherwise a soft covering of some rich texture enhances the beauty of any carvings (white marble always looks cold and bare), and with the help of an old round mirror an air of picturesque quaintness can be obtained. Simple Lambeth stoneware tiles in brown, red, or peacock blue, and a high brass fender with firebricks and scuttle to match, certainly look well. Curtains for the windows may be chosen with due regard to the tone of the room, and the drapery of the piano must harmonise with the curtains and carpet. Owing to the great improvements in the manufacture of art and Madras muslins, there is now no difficulty in finding colours that will blend or contrast with any style of decoration.

The furniture should not now, as it was in former days, be *ex suite*. Each chair may be of a different form, and old furniture of good design and may often be met with at sales looking miserably forlorn no doubt, until re-covered with some quiet-toned material, such, for instance, as tapestried cretonne (an admirably substance for this purpose), and placed in a suitable position in the drawing-room. This position must in every case depend upon the shape of the room, square apartments being the most difficult to deal with, but by drawing out the piano at right angles with the wall, placing a cabinet across one corner while a second is fitted with a cushioned seat, and a third with a small table, curies, furs, and bright bits of china, the hard lines of such a room can be somewhat broken. Cheap furniture should never be bought; it is sure to fail in purity of design if not in strength of workmanship.

It is unnecessary to enter into details of every table, chair, or cabinet required to furnish a drawing-room; it is sufficient to remember that no striking contrasts, either in colour or form, should be brought near together, or the effect will be disastrous to repose and comfort. Candles are by far the simplest and prettiest method of lighting, and with the aid of one or more shaded lamps any room, however large, can be thoroughly well illuminated.

The library is, properly, a room for books, and must be furnished with due consideration to this one idea, quietly and restfully, with walls of reddish-brown, showing up to perfection the bindings of the volumes. The table with its multitude of small drawers, pens, ink, and paper should be placed in a favourable light; the rocking-chair, the reading-desk, so disposed that they can be used as they stand. The lamps should have coloured shades to protect the eyes from glare, and there should be soft rugs or a Turkey carpet to deaden the sound of footsteps.

The smoking-room looks best when decorated in the Oriental style, and genuine Eastern materials are easily and cheaply procured for covering the cushioned divans and the floor. A good effect can be produced by the use of painted or embroidered wall-coverings, small trophies of arms, quaint pipe-racks, and hanging coloured glass lamps. Tapestry door-curtains, looped to one side, look well, and on a corner pedestal a large spreading plant, tinted vase, or marble statuette is

effective, or pillows make an agreeable and fragrant and cosy corner.

The bedrooms are always the most difficult of the walls to decorate, during any twist and contortions of the walls are plain, but cheerful papered and polished be is laid, and easy to run. The curtains and, besides of furniture, certainly be able couch.

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effective. Large couches for loungers, and low cushions or pillows of rich-coloured materials, would combine to make an inviting withdrawing-place for lovers of the fragrant weed. Should the size of the room permit, a cosy corner might be partitioned off by a Cairene screen.

The bedroom claims quite as much thought as the rooms already described, more especially in the papering of the walls, for what can be more unpleasant than to lie during any illness staring at a design which seems to twist and wriggle itself into mysterious forms, the contortions of which it is maddening to follow? Tinted walls are pretty if draperies can be found to blend with them, but they have a tendency to look cold. Small cheerful patterns are better; and as for floor-covering, polished boards with felt, over which a rug or two is laid, amply suffice. This floor-covering should be easy to remove, for the sake of health and cleanliness. The curtains and draperies of the bed should be similar, and, besides the iron or brass bedstead and ordinary suite of furniture, a small writing-table and easy chair should certainly be introduced, and, if possible, a really comfortable couch.

Passing to the nursery, where the tyrants of the house

reign supreme, all should be brightness. The introduction of washable wall-papers makes it easy to keep the room healthy, while the designs, particularly if accompanied by a few well-chosen pictures, are calculated to assist in the development of the juvenile taste by unconsciously educating the eye in colour, form, and figure. Close-fitting boards over which lies a square carpet, easily removed for a shake, the crawling-rug (decorated with all the known animals, not to speak of big letters and small words) on which Master Baby can disport his sturdy limbs, the high chair, changed at will to a toy carriage, the strong deal table of shapely form in its way, albeit plain, and rush-bottomed chairs, all combine to make a nursery artistic as well as comfortable.

It has been tritely remarked that, though every man's house is his castle, there is no need for it to be a "castle of horrors." With the present facilities for procuring all that is beautiful in form and colour, our homes ought to be rich in artistic taste. Above all, let us adopt as our maxim Ruskin's admirable precept, that "Whether we fill our spaces with colours or with shadows, they must equally be of the true outline and in true gradations."

E. M. JOYCE.

The Legal Status of Englishwomen.

OF all the results produced by the development of civilisation, probably the most striking and apparent is the enlargement of the share allotted to women in the daily concerns and social institutions of the Western communities. Yet, notwithstanding their increasing sphere of activity, the legal position of women in England still presents such a marked contrast with that of men as to attract notice and comment. An accurate description of the peculiarities of their status principally consists of an enumeration of their legal incapacities, for lawgivers and lawyers, including even Frenchmen, with all their gallantry and affection for the Law of Nature, have never shown any inclination to construe the sweeping maxim "All men are equal" as inclusive of women.

The incapacities and privileges which bestow on women a distinct legal status arise partly from sex, but more especially from marriage; and if English law is codified within a reasonable time, the familiar division between the married and single will assuredly appear as a subdivision of the class.

Commencing with the disabilities and peculiarities arising from sex, it is satisfactory to find that this branch of the subject has now shrunk to insignificant proportions, and that only in those matters which jurists style public law do women, as such, labour under any striking incapacities. It may be roughly stated that neither by the common law nor the constitution is it possible for any woman to exercise any public function. They cannot be elected nor vote at Parliamentary elections. Debarred at present from sitting

as county councillors, although the Legislature has manifestly been coquetting with the question, they are allowed to vote at municipal elections, and can act as members of School Boards. The Established Church will have none of them amid her hierarchy, the only function clearly open to women being that of sexton, for in reference to churchwardenship the authorities are at variance. Still they may hold many offices of a public character: a woman may be Queen, constable by deputy, high constable, and even sheriff, at any rate in the county of Westmorland. Women are not summoned as jurors save in the exceptional and happily rare instance of empanelling a jury of matrons when necessity may require it respecting the condition of a woman sentenced to death.

Notwithstanding the general disabilities of infancy, there are certain acts which an infant can legally perform if he or she has attained "years of discretion;" this age was fixed in a comparatively recent case as being fourteen in the case of males and sixteen in the case of females. A limit would seem to be indirectly sanctioned by the Legislature in the Prevention of Cruelty and Protection of Children Act of this year. That a male attains discretion at an earlier age than a female is in direct conflict with Roman civil law, and our own law is moreover peculiarly inconsistent, for it allows a girl of twelve to consent to marriage, while a boy must be fourteen; also a girl of seventeen can, with leave of the court, make a binding marriage settlement, while the youthful bridegroom must have attained the age of twenty.

As regards the status of married women, matters have materially improved since Sir William Blackstone in 1765 penned his statement: "By marriage the husband and wife become one person in law; the very being and legal existence of woman is suspended during the marriage, or is at least incorporated or consolidated into that of the husband . . . and hence it follows that whatever personal estate belonged to the wife before marriage is by marriage absolutely vested in her husband." For although at the present day a wife takes the domicile of her husband, and her legal rights as regards probate and divorce are regulated by the law of his domicile, still, presuming she is married to an English man, she now occupies a fairly independent position in reference to property and contract.

This revolution has been partially effected by the action of the Court of Chancery through its benevolent doctrine of separate use property, and partly by the instrumentality of legislation, for the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, notwithstanding its many grave defects, may be aptly styled the Magna Carta of their rights. Women married before 1870 and between 1870 and 1883 afford examples of a status representing both the archaic and the transitional state of the law.

But without tarrying to investigate the barbaric but logical rules of the common law, and the uncertain and timid legislation of the transitional period, it will be more profitable to study the position of a woman married after the commencement of the year of grace 1883. Everything to which she is or becomes entitled is her separate property, which she can alienate at pleasure during life, or bequeath by will. She can bind it by contract if only the creditor can manage to prove that she had some property of her own at the time of contracting, but the judgment against her will merely be an order to bind her property, as no order can be made against her personally, and she can laugh at the formidable procedure of a debtor's summons. The bankruptcy courts are able to sweep within their nets almost every class and description of mankind, and also the estates of deceased persons who died insolvent; but a married woman, although possessed of separate property, is not amenable to their jurisdiction unless she is carrying on a trade separately from her husband; and even then she possesses certain privileges. It is, perhaps, needless to add that she can be a shareholder in a company, even although liability is attached to the shares.

Over and above the idiotic reason usually assigned for not appointing a married woman a trustee—viz., her subjection to "her husband's kicks and kisses"—there are still cogent considerations against nominating her such, even in a settlement of personal property. A married woman can sue and be sued when she is her-

self personally interested as a *foam*, but she cannot appear as "next friend" for others. She can even sue her husband.

Not only has the husband fallen from his former high estate in the legal world, but in certain respects he seems scarcely to be fairly treated. His wife can sue him civilly for damaging her property, while, on the other hand, he has no remedy against her for damaging his; however, as regards criminal remedies, they are on an equal footing. Although he gets nothing through his wife at or after marriage, he is liable for her slanderous tongue, and for her other "torts" committed during marriage, which seems an unfair extension to rational animals of the principle that "if you have a monkey in a cage, you must look after it, and see that it bites nobody." The general principle that neither husband nor wife can give evidence for or against each other in criminal trials still remains, but almost every recent statute which creates a crime or modifies its punishment introduces an exception to the old rule.

Considering the wide expansion of a wife's proprietary and contractual rights, it is not surprising that she should be gaining larger powers, rights, and duties in reference to her children. A married woman with separate property is now liable for the support and maintenance of her children and grandchildren, although as between herself and her husband he remains primarily liable. The wife, if survivor now becomes the guardian of her infant children, and will act jointly with any whom the father may have nominated; and she can also, either by deed or will, herself appoint guardians. The court, again, has power to bestow on her the control and custody of the children up to the age of twenty-one, to the exclusion of the father.

Passing to the sphere of criminal law, if a wife commits a crime in the presence of her husband, there arises a legal presumption that she acted under his coercion. Still, this is only a presumption, and one which does not hold in the more flagrant crimes, such as murder, manslaughter, or treason.

In concluding this sketch of the legal position of women, it will be perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader that the old saw about "a woman, a dog, and a chestnut-tree," &c., is now obsolete law, and that a husband has no power to inflict personal chastisement on his wife, although he can still apparently restrain her liberty in the case of gross misbehaviour. "Every Englishman's house is his castle," and so is every English woman's; consequently, if the house is her separate property, and the husband is living apart, and has no *bond fide* intention of living with her, he has no right to enter her home, although they may not have proceeded to the extreme of a judicial separation.

H. STORER BOWEN.



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My Mountaineering Experiences.



IN a daily paper of recent date it was stated that a lady had just ascended all the five peaks of Monte Rosa in one day. If there be no mistake in this report (and mistakes in these matters are not infrequent) it was a feat which few would care to imitate. It is certain, however, that there are many more lady mountaineers than there were a few years ago, and I can testify that they who have begun successfully are always anxious to try new peaks. Having been asked to recount my experiences, I will proceed to do so, though I am not clear that they deserve the distinction which it is intended to confer upon them. However, such as they are, they came to me at Kandersteg—a beautiful little valley situated on the northern side of the Gemmi Pass—where I spent a month of my last holiday. It is all but surrounded by mountains of 8,000 to 9,000 feet high, the lower parts clad with pines, the peaks standing out bare and bleak against the sky. On the eastern side is the gorge called the Eschinen Thal, at the extremity of which stands the beautiful Blümlisalp, with its perpetual snow top, of which one gets such a fine view from Thun. I had ascended some of the lesser heights, but gazed longingly at this snow-capped mountain, when, to my delight, one day a lady, who was making a walking tour in the country, suggested that we should attempt it together. It has three chief peaks, the Weisse Frau, Blümlisalphorn, and Morgenhorn, the central one being the highest (12,042 feet). We of course fixed on that, and engaged two highly recommended guides. After we had settled with them, a gentleman who spends the summer in Kandersteg, and knows its mountains thoroughly, offered to accompany us; it would be better, he said, for two unprotected females, one of whom had never before been roped, to have an extra safeguard, and we gladly accepted, to our subsequent great delight and comfort, for he made a splendid guide. Our provisions, consisting of two loaves, beef, tongue, butter, cheese, tea, coffee, cocoa, and soup, were handed over, along with our wraps, &c., to the guides, and we left the hotel in the afternoon at 1.30.

It was not a very promising day; there had been a thunderstorm early in the morning, and it was still somewhat misty, so that we should probably have postponed the attempt, had it not been my companion's only chance. Our way lay for the first hour up the Eschinen Thal, till we reached the beautiful lake, situated at the foot of the mountain. This we crossed in a boat, and then had a very hot walk through the Lower Eschinen Alp, and by steep steps, cut in the rock, to the Upper Alp. We were very glad to sit down here on some rocks outside the chalets used by shepherds in the summer, and to watch the cows driven in and milked for us. We bought

some cream and firewood to take with us, and then continued our journey over the loose stones and rocky ledges of the Schafberg, with the Blümlisalp glacier to our right, till at 6.30 we reached the Frauenbalm Club hut (about 7,000 feet), where we were to sleep that night. It is about 16 feet by 12; a raised wooden bed, covered with straw, occupies about half of it, the other half being taken up by a long narrow table, with a form on each side, and a stove, while on the shelves round the walls are ranged pots, cups, and knives. The guides fetched water from a neighbouring glacier stream for the kettle, and we had a meat tea, after which we climbed up above the hut to the edge of the snow, and had a lovely view of the Jungfrau, Wetterhorn, and other points. But it was too cold to stay there long, and we soon descended and took shelter against the side of the hut, where we sat looking down upon the glacier, and watching the stars come out, while the guides sang and awakened the numerous echoes. Presently we had some cocoa, and then the guides made the beds by shaking up the straw, and laying blankets over it. They, being well used to such scenes, slept soundly; but we were not so fortunate, and only dozed now and then for a few minutes. Next morning we got up at two o'clock, washed our faces in a saucerful of water, had a good breakfast, then sat patiently waiting till the mists should clear off. At one time we almost feared that they would prevent us from venturing any further, but at four they began to lift, and we left the hut a quarter of an hour later.

It may interest some readers to hear how I was dressed. I had on a flannel dress, made with quite a plain skirt, and a loose, belted bodice. When fairly started on the snow, I pinned the skirt up round my waist, but my under-skirt was still too long, and next time I go abroad I mean to have the skirt made to button up so as only to reach my knees, and to wear knickerbockers of the same material underneath. Another thing I must have will be gaiters, for we were often in snow above our knees. I had a warm Scotch plaid across my chest, leaving my right arm free for my alpenstock, and a Tam-o'-Shanter. I also had blue spectacles and a veil, which I put on when the sun came out. I ought to have worn that sooner, as I found to my cost, for the wind burns as much as the sun, and for two or three days afterwards I was an awful spectacle.

We climbed up to the point reached on the preceding night, and then halted while the rope was put round our waists and fastened on the left side, leaving about ten feet between each of us. One guide led the way, and the other brought up the rear, while our gentleman friend came in between us two ladies, except when the snow was very soft, when he went on next to the first guide, so as to make the steps firmer. We began by a slight ascent, following the tracks of a chamois, made a very pleasant descent down the other side, half running and half sliding, traversed a level piece along the bottom,

and they had a stiffish climb up to what is called the "saddle," being the valley between the Blumisalhorn and the Rothhorn, a smaller peak of 10,822 feet lying to the north. We had previously been on the north-western side of the mountain, but now went up the slope that is visible from Kandersteg. But the mists were still very thick, and it was only at long intervals that we had any view. We rested here for some time, and had some refreshment, and then came the hardest part of our work. It was the first ascent of the year, and the guides did not know in what state the ice and snow might be, but they determined to make for some rocks we saw above us. It was very steep, and slippery work, and the guide had to cut each step out of the ice, so that we got very cold, and were heartily glad when at last we reached the black slabs peeping through the snow. But a great disappointment awaited us. They were all covered with a thin coating of ice, which made them quite inaccessible, and it was necessary to turn back and find some other way. There was a very bitter wind, and the cold, damp mists hid the sun, so that we were chilled to the bone. My feet, too, began to feel very uncomfortable, as soon, therefore, as we reached some more accessible rocks, I sat down and took off my boots. These, I was sorry to find, were not thick enough; the snow had penetrated them, and my toes were almost frozen. The guides set to work, and rubbed them with rum unceasingly for half an hour, which quite recovered them, though the sensation of returning circulation was not pleasant. I could not put on my stockings again, but one of the guides had on two pairs of socks, and lent me one. I drew on a pair of stocking-tops over them for garters, and then bound a handkerchief round the tops of my boots, to keep out the snow.

We remained on the rocks as long as possible because of my feet, and also because there is so much more variety in them, and we much enjoyed scrambling up. At last, after four hours' climbing from the saddle, we reached the summit at 11.30. Alas! for the lovely view that we ought to have had. The guides pointed to various parts of the mist, and told us the names of the hidden peaks, but we could only see one or two of the nearer ones. As it was bitterly cold we only stayed a few minutes, and then began our descent. Just as we were starting my companion dropped her alpenstock, which bounded down the side as far as we could see, and must have fallen into a crevasse at the bottom, as we never saw it again. We reached the saddle without any other adventure, keeping rather more to the rocks than on our ascent. Just after leaving it we were in danger for a few minutes. We had intended to go home a different way, and were walking carefully along the top of the slope, when I slipped, and, though I was at once pulled up again, I started some snow, which rolled at a great pace down the side, increasing as it went till it pitched

into a crevasse. They did not think much of it; but next minute the guide in front of me did the same, and it was then discovered that we were on an icefield covered with only about half a foot of snow, so that if two or three of us had slipped at once we should all have gone into the crevasse without any possibility of escape. We, therefore, took to our original track, and had to keep to it all the way to the hut, for the mists came on again so thickly that otherwise we might have lost ourselves.

I had one other adventure on the snow. We were going up an ascent, and I was put last, as I had lent my alpenstock to my companion. The guide wished to pull me up, but I indignantly declined, and came up close to him, so as to slacken the rope. This prevented me from seeing my way, and I suddenly slipped into a crevasse. I managed to keep my head above ground, so when the guides felt a tug on the rope and turned round they saw a Tam-o'-Shanter, blue spectacles, and veil poking out of a hole. They extricated me as soon as their laughter allowed, and we hurried on, running down the last snow slope, and reached the hut about 1.15, having been roped for about twelve hours. We were quite ready for the soup which was at once made for us, and then despatched one of the guides into the valley, to announce that we were coming, while we dried our things. We left there about 6, and reached the hotel in three hours, feeling no ill effects from our expedition beyond many bruises gained on the rocks, and very burnt faces.

Another day, with our gentleman guide, I left the hotel at 8 a.m., and ascended the Allmengrät, a very steep hill of about 9,000 feet, descended thence to the Allmenalp, and then went up the Alpachelen Hübel, also very steep, but not so high, and over the Banderkrindli to Adelboden. The valley of Adelboden lies parallel with that of Kandersteg, so that we had to cross the range, a spur of the Wildstrubel, to reach it. We walked down to Frutigen, where the two valleys meet, and then returned, reaching our hotel at 10 p.m.

A third very pleasant excursion was to the Tschingelochthorn (8,990 feet), the steepest ascent I have ever made. The last part is like the side of a house, and if I found no foothold I was held dangling in the air by the rope which the guide held from above. We then crossed the Lännerglacier, and came down by the Rotte Kuumi to the Schwarenbach Hotel on the Gemmi Pass, where we slept, hoping to ascend the Bahnhorn next morning. But we were disappointed, for, when we awoke, it was blowing hard from the south-west, and the rain was coming down in torrents, so that there was no resource but to return to Kandersteg. It was very disappointing, for everyone eulogises the magnificence of the view, and the ascent is said to be comparatively easy. I hope it is only left for another year.

EDITH M. BENHAM.

MACRAME
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Macramé

Macramé Lace.

MACRAMÉ is specially interesting from the fact of its being the forerunner of all the many varieties of pillow-lace. To the difficulty of disposing of the long, loose threads left along the edge of any unhemmed fabric, may be ascribed the origin of knotting them into rough patterns, in which the fringe, if not altogether dispensed with, is at any rate weighted and kept in order by the heavy network of knots above it. As a finish to the edges of veils, towels, and scarves, knotted lace was common in early ages amongst dwellers in the East, and the very word "macramé" points to its Arabic origin. It is supposed that the formal designs in which it is usually made were originally copied from the carved arches, screens, and lattices that are characteristic of Arab houses. It was not until the fifteenth century that any attempt was made to produce more elaborate patterns, and even then it was rarely that designs for it were introduced into the pattern-books. The common name for it in Italy and the adjacent countries was "punto a gromo," or knotted point; but it remained only a short time in vogue, owing probably to the vast and rapid strides made about that period in the production of more delicate pillow-lace. The somewhat firm and rigid nature of macramé too, has influenced its position in popular favour, and we now consider it better suited to the ornamentation of furniture than for any of the other purposes to which lace is applied. This objection has, however, been partially removed by the very great improvement that has taken place of late years in the macramé cords and twines. Some of these are to be had in the most artistic of colourings, and are so soft that the worker's fingers are no longer bruised and bleeding from the stiffness of the string, as was frequently the case when the work was first revived.

Macramé lace is particularly pretty, if made in knitting

cotton, as a trimming for quilts, toilet-table slips, and bedroom hangings; in the finer makes of cord it is a handsome finish to linen blinds or brackets, while in silk it may be used wherever passementerie and gimp find a place. Nothing could be more appropriate for ecclesiastical linen than macramé, but it needs working in fine linen thread and in suitably chosen designs.

The lace nowadays may be made upon a heavily weighted pillow, or upon a loom. If a pillow be used, it can be easily made by the worker herself. It consists merely of

a strong, oblong bag, stuffed tightly, yet kept almost flat. The best stuffing is a mixture of bran and sand, and the sand must be thoroughly dried before it is put into the case, or it will rust the pins. An outer case should be placed over the cushion, made of some striped material

like ticking, as many people without this aid find a difficulty in keeping the lines of thread perfectly straight. The pins that are used to hold the threads down to the cushion are about two inches long, and have glass heads of various colours. A few still longer ones are useful to fasten down the horizontal strings. Pins are not needed if a loom be used. This consists simply of an oblong

deal board with cross-bars at each end, and staples to hold the threads, which, by an arrangement of screws, can be either slackened or tightened. At the back is an iron rest, by which the board can be placed upon the table at any slope that best suits the convenience of the worker. It is useless to recommend either cushion or loom; each worker must decide upon whichever she prefers herself; one whose eye is perhaps not very exact will miss, upon the loom, the guiding stripes of the cushion, while she who speedily gains proficiency in the work will find the manipulation with pins both fidgety and unnecessary. When macramé is to be worked as a square, a cushion is essential, as the



SAMPLER OF KNOTS.



SAMPLER OF KNOTS.

board provides for the leaders to run in one direction only.

Whether ivory or gillow be chosen, the first thing to do is to stretch the horizontal strings. These are cut as long as the piece of lace that is to be made, and are generally used double. They must be stretched perfectly straight and as tightly as possible. The threads, of which the pattern is made, are next strung upon the first foundation thread, as shown in the first of the two samplers on page 99. In these are given all the principal knots used in macramé lace. At A is shown the

wise, and they are all looped into it in turn, exactly as the cord is made in the foundation row. These bars may have any number of threads, according to the pattern, and may slant either to right or to left.

Very pretty, though of course simple, designs in macramé may be worked with merely a knowledge of these few knots. At F is shown that particular tie known as a Solomon's knot. Four threads are needed for these knots, the two centre ones taken together form a leader, or foundation upon which the others are looped. This is also a double knot, each portion of which is drawn into



A SQUARE.

way in which the threads are doubled exactly in half and looped on to the foundation. Other and more elaborate ways of doing this are shown at B and C. When a sufficient number of threads has been looped on, they are worked into a cord with the double knot shown at D. This is known as a macramé knot, owing to the prominent part it plays in the lace, and a cord such as this is usually worked directly after the strings have been fastened to the foundation thread. The same double knot is shown again at E, where a certain number of threads is taken to form a slanting bar. In our sampler this bar is made of six threads, the first of which, on the right-hand end of the work, is called the leader, because it is the foundation, as it were, of the whole bar. It is held with the left hand across the other five slant-

position before the next one is made. In the illustration, for the sake of clearness, the first part of the knot has been left loose. Solomon's knots may be worked either as an open filling, or as a bar. One double knot, used by itself, is often useful for filling a small, open square that is left in the middle of four slanting bars. In this position it is shown in the outer part of the insertion above the vandyke on page 102. If Solomon's knots are to be used as a filling they are worked in rows, the knots being alternated in successive rows by being made of two threads from one knot and two from the next. A very different effect may be gained, as seen at G and H in the second sampler (page 99), by working the knots either close together or far apart.

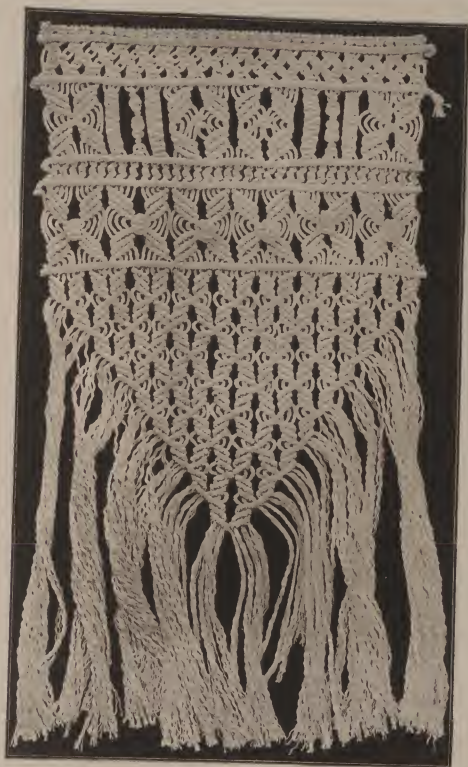
Pretty, crinkled bars are given at I and J, which are

made of single knot as a leader, first half as a leader

with the second two threads. Double knot double thread raised knot to close bars. of the macramé four threads,

made of simple and double knotting respectively. The single knotting is worked thus:—Take the second thread as a leader, hold it out straight as it hangs from the foundation, and work upon it with the first thread the first half of a macramé knot, then hold the first thread as a leader, and work the first half of a knot upon it

which are worked five or six Solomon's knots. Many workers like to stretch the two centre strings very tightly, and often tie them to a large button or stud in the front of the body of the dress. It is, however, quite unnecessary to do this after a little practice, and anyone whose fingers are ordinarily supple will find no difficulty



VANDYKED EDGING WITH FRINGE.

with the second thread. Continue to knot with these two threads alternately until the bar is long enough. Double knotting is worked in exactly the same way with double threads instead of single ones. At *k* is given a raised knot that is often useful as a centre to a group of close bars. Thus worked, it forms an important feature of the macramé fringe on this page. It is made with four threads, the two centre ones being the leaders, upon

at all in holding the two leaders taut between the second and third fingers of the left hand, while the right hand and disengaged fingers of the left are busily forming the knots. When these are finished, the picot is drawn up thus:—Thread the right-hand string upon a carpet needle, and pass it through a small opening that will be found just above the first knot; do the same with the left-hand thread, passing it of course through the

opening at the left-hand side of the bar of knots, then pass the two mobile strings through the larger opening above the bar, and draw all four down until the last knot rests firmly upon the first one. This is a very effective arrangement of knots, as it is well raised above the otherwise flat surface of the lace. Another style of bar, consisting alternately of open picots and Solomon's knots, is shown at L. This also requires four threads, and the knots are worked upon them as shown at F. Instead, however, of their being drawn up tightly over the leaders, the interval of nearly half an inch is left between each knot. Then, when they are pushed up along the centre, the two side strings will form a little loop or picot between each knot.

Upon a judicious use of these few knots, and the careful and regular tying of them, depend all the many handsome designs that can be worked in macramé lace. The vandyke edging given on page 101 is a characteristic pattern entirely made up of the knots I have described. Thirty-six double threads are required for each point, and these, when bent in half and looped into the foundation, make seventy-two working strings. Each thread before it is doubled should be two yards and a quarter in length. This measurement is for the coarser makes of macramé twine, the finer sorts needing shorter strings. After the first cord, three rows of Solomon's knots are worked as described and figured at F and G. Then there is another cord, and an insertion containing various patterns. (*) First, a cross made up of four sets of triple bars knotted as described at E, three close bars of Solomon's knots, the middle one of which is twisted three times before the threads are knotted into the third cord. Then another set of close bars, arranged so that they slant in the opposite direction to those of the first cross, the open square in the middle being filled with a single Solomon's knot. After this, the three bars are again made, another cross, and then the pattern is repeated from (*).

After the third cord is worked, a narrow insertion is made of short bars of single knotting (see I), the threads being knotted twice upon each leader. Between the fourth and fifth cords is a row of crosses, made of bars in the same way as those at the beginning and end of the second insertion, but finished in the centre with a raised picot, as shown at K. The

vandyke itself is worked entirely in bars of macramé knots slanting alternately from left to right. It will be seen that these are arranged in a series of crosses like those in the first wide insertion, but made up of four threads instead of six. The cross at the end of each row is worked with three divisions, instead of four, thus giving the proper slope to the vandyke. The ends of string left below the vandyke are unravelled to give a fuller appearance to the fringe, and are then cut off as evenly as possible. Sometimes each strand of fringe is

knotted at intervals along its length, and in some patterns the strings are tied together to make tassels. It is quite possible to finish such a pattern as this without any

fringe at all. Each string left along the sides of the vandyke is turned over to the wrong side, cut off, and caught down with a stitch.

Far more use may be made of macramé now that the secret of working it in squares has been discovered. This is more troublesome to manage than the lace, as additional threads have to be inserted at intervals in the corners. To work the square shown on page 100, which is an easy one, the strings are first cast on in the usual manner, the foundation thread being pinned down on the cushion so as to make a small square. The insertion is worked exactly as it would be for a border, the knots being arranged so that they set perfectly flat in the corners. The second cord is then worked also to form a square, and extra threads are looped on to it in the corners. These threads are managed in a manner slightly different to that in which they are generally knotted. A

large pin is passed through the exact middle of one of the extra threads, and this fastens it firmly down to the cushion. A double macramé knot is worked with the first half of the string into the foundation, then the pin is taken out and the second half of the thread is also knotted into the foundation in the usual way. By this use of a pin the double row of foundation threads is done away with, and when the work is finished it is almost impossible to discover which are the extra strings. In the last and outermost insertion, threads have been added at all the spaces like that marked A in our square, while in the corners as many as eighteen or twenty have been added upon the double cord which is carried along the top of the Solomon's knots, all of which are worked with the extra threads. A double cord is then knotted along the edges of this



INSERTION.

insertion, are all worked in macramé knots, the strings being cut off the work the knot work Proceed to The small filled in w is finished.

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insertion, and it is in the second row that the threads are all worked in and cut off. When the first double macramé knot has been worked for the second cord, take the string and hold it with the foundation as a leader, work the next macramé knot over the two together, then cut off the end of the thread. The thread which worked this macramé knot is held with the leader, the next knot worked over it, and then cut off in the same way. Proceed thus until all have been worked and cut off. The small hole left in the centre of the square must be filled in with a few small bars or knots, after all the rest is finished.

After the minute details I have given of the various knots and patterns, no difficulty should be found in copying the insertion on page 102. It illustrates another way of finishing off without a fringe, and the edges are managed simply by tying one double knot, as shown at D. The ends of the strings are then turned over to the wrong side, sewn down, and cut off close to the work.

An insertion of this sort is often useful to add to the width of a piece of lace, and much improves the appearance of linen blinds if sewn about three inches above a lace edging, the linen of course being cut away behind it.

An inexperienced worker will find some difficulty in deciding what length her working strings should be cut, in order that any particular pattern of lace may be made. As a general rule, it may be considered that each thread, after it has been folded in half, should be four times as long as the lace is wide. This length is an ample allowance for any but the most elaborate pattern, but it stands to reason that the worker must use a certain amount of her own judgment in the matter. It is best to cut at first only so many strings as are required for one division of the pattern, and to make a note of their length. Before cutting off future strings, after the first set is used up any superfluous thread left below the pattern must be measured, and its length deducted from those that are cut for the rest of the lace.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

New Books.

DARELL BLAKE, who gives his name to Lady Colin Campbell's recently published novel (Trischler and Co.), is not deserving of much sympathy. He is a provincial journalist, enormously impressed with a sense of his own importance. Humour, taste, and tact are alike wanting in him, and though it is easy to understand how the narrow-minded prig Lady Colin represents him to be should complacently believe in himself, we are at a loss to account for the interest which he seems to inspire in the other characters of the novel. After a brilliant editorial triumph at Middleborough he is appointed to conduct a great London daily, *The Tribune*. His success in his new position is immediate, and no less remarkable is the rapid victory he achieves in the *salons* of the great. He arouses the sympathy of Lady Alma Vereker, the wife of an elderly judge, who is interested in the masses, and plays the spider to the fly of Darell Blake with disastrous results. For Blake is married to a provincial wife, who is as little fitted, by training or intellect, as her husband to fill a place in the grand world. The editor of *The Tribune* soon forgets his political enthusiasm, as well as his domestic virtue, and commits the fatal error of taking Lady Alma seriously. He is finally indiscreet enough to follow the lady to Homburg, where there is a "scene," and a good deal of mutual recrimination. Blake, escaped from the meshes, returns to England to find his wife dead, his prospects blighted for ever, and no course open to him but to set sail for Australia. Such are the materials out of which Lady Colin Campbell has woven her romance. That her attempt has been crowned with any measure of success cannot for a moment be argued. She does not seem to have any grip of her characters. She tells us that this man is a brilliant cynic, that that woman is a polished wit, yet we look in vain for the

slightest coruscation of humour in the conversation of either the one or the other. The men and women who crowd her canvas are never allowed to display their own characteristics to the reader. They speak all with the same accents; and the dinner-table conversations which Lady Colin reports are only so many *symposia*, in which she herself takes the principal part. That Mr. Blake should recite leading articles is not to be wondered at (it no doubt saved him trouble), but why should Lady Alma, Mr. Sedley, and the rest draw their inspiration from the newspaper column? The truth is that there is neither blood nor bone in any of Lady Colin's characters. They are but masks, behind which the novelist herself airs her views upon politics and social questions. The most successful thing in the book is the sketch of Darell Blake's faithful but commonplace wife. Herein the influence of George Eliot is apparent; but, in spite of its lack of originality, there is a touch of life and pathos in the misery of Victoria Blake. Lady Colin herself never seems to have realised Darell Blake. To us he seems a contemptible cad. He is capable of calling his wife "old girl," he can refer to a lady to whom he is about to be introduced as "Mrs. W.," and finally we are told that had his opinion been asked on the decorations of his wife's drawing-room, he would have pronounced them "tasty." But there is a strain of vulgarity running all through the book, which displays little knowledge of the novelist's art, and scant appreciation of human nature.

IN "Chopin, and other Musical Essays" (T. Fisher Unwin), Mr. Henry T. Finck has placed music-lovers of both hemispheres under a distinct obligation. We cannot, indeed, hold him guiltless either in substance

on in style. Sometimes he is more combative than necessary, and more emphatic than is just; there are references to a personal character from which he would have refrained had his sense of humour been equal to his musical insight; he indulges freely in the musical slang for which we have to thank the Germans; and none but an American author would deem it meet to begin a glorification of the most romantic, if not the most poetic, of the world's music trade, exports about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of music to America every year. These, however, are small enough things when set against his large erudition, his capacity for interpreting the deepest ideas of the new school of music, his gift of concise exposition, not seldom intensified into epigram, and his sincere devotion to music for its own sake. Of Chopin he is an enthusiastic champion, and if he is here and there carried into excess—as when he speaks of the Polish genius as having exhausted the possibilities of the piano—it must be admitted that he writes with insight and discrimination, and has much more truth on his side than those critics who, even in this day, in Germany at any rate, can look upon Chopin as only a second-rate genius. Mr. Finck is very scornful of that Jumboism which has not even now quite died out. Yet, when one remembers what a radical innovator Chopin was, and that he lived in days when pronounced national peculiarities were not treated with the respect which it is now the vogue to pay them, the wonder is that he fared so well with his contemporaries.

On the subject of the sonata our critic has some ingenious things to say. If Chopin, we are asked to believe, did not favour this form, it was not his fault, but the fault of the sonata—its psychology is false. At first sight this looks like a particularly audacious piece of special pleading, but if we read on we see that Mr. Finck is very far from flinging the proposition in our faces after the manner of the dogmatists. "Men and women," he goes on to reason, "do not feel happy for ten minutes, as in the opening allegro of a sonata; then melancholy for another ten minutes, as in the following adagio; then frisky, as in the scherzo; and, finally, fiery and impetuous for ten minutes, as in the finale. The movements of our minds are seldom so systematic as this. Sad and happy thoughts and moods chase one another incessantly and irregularly, as they do in the compositions of Chopin, which, therefore, are much truer echoes of our modern romantic feelings than the stiff and formal classical sonatas." In these sentences, we imagine, many will recognise the voice of sense and truth. Still less disputable is the remark which follows—that it was natural that this emotional freedom of movement for music should be vindicated by a Pole, "for the Slavic mind is especially prone to constant changes of mood." Although he was only Polish on his mother's side, it is strictly accurate to thus speak of Chopin without qualification as "a Pole." With him patriotism was a passion, which long exile only served to foment. "How sad it must be to die in a foreign country!" he wrote before his banishment began; and when the time of his departure came he carried with him a handful of his native soil, which he

kept for nineteen years and had strewn in his coffin shortly before his death; "so that his body rested on Polish soil even in Paris."

The worst of these essays is the one on "Music and Morals," in which an exaggerated view, as it seems to us, is taken of the debt of morals to music; the best, perhaps, is that which deals with the "Italian and German Vocal Styles." But quite as interesting even as this is the one on "How Composers Work," which abounds with curious information concerning the influences that have impelled composers to their mighty works. Among the most potent of these influences is romantic love, as might have been expected of the art which appeals most directly and powerfully to the feelings. Beethoven, for instance, profound and intellectual as was his genius, dedicated thirty-nine compositions to thirty-six different women, was never tired of looking at pretty faces, was constantly falling in love, several times made up his mind to marry, and was twice refused. Weber, again, when he wrote *Freischütz*, was within a few months of his marriage, and, as his son tells us, actually saw his bride in his mind's eye while composing and heard her sing his melodies, and as she approved or disapproved, passages were retained or rejected. Still more influential was the great passion in the case of Schumann. We have his own word for it that his compositions for the piano written during the period of his courtship reveal much of his personal experiences and feelings, while in his marriage year he wrote over a hundred songs, and those his very best. Even Schubert, unpretending as he was in aspect, and little given to gaudy of any kind, managed to fall in love with a countess, and when she asked him why he never dedicated any of his compositions to her, could reply, with delightful gallantry, and perhaps a good deal of truth, "Why should I? Are not they all dedicated to you?" But space has limits, and we can only further assure all who are interested in music that if they once make a beginning with Mr. Finck's volume, they will not be content until they have got to the end.

ALL who care to see good work duly appreciated will be glad to know that Mrs. Stopes's book, "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered" (Tribner and Co.), is in its second edition. That it is an entirely conscientious piece of work, no one who is not suffering from rabid prejudice will be found to deny. It reviews, with patient research, all the evidence, both internal and external, bearing on the question; and the reasoning upon the facts, in its precision and agency, is not less admirable than the industry with which they have been sought out, the orderly skill with which they have been marshalled, or the humour with which they are lighted up. If there should still be anyone who doubts that women can be scholars and logicians, the best way of ministering to his mind diseased would be to present him with a copy of this volume. Should he chance at the same time to be a "Baconian"—and the coincidence would not be singular—the gift would be still more appropriate, and, let us hope, serviceable as well. First he would find the probabilities from the known character and education

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of the writer of the plays discussed; then the internal evidence of Shakspeare's plays and Bacon's books is dealt with in a fashion which shows the authoress to be a student of the philosopher as well as of the poet; and lastly, the external evidence is passed in review. By the time he had got so far he would, if there were a glint of reason left in his mind, be in no mood for objecting to the title of the next chapter, "The History of the Heresy;" and if he should go on to the appendix, it would only be because of the interest with which the subject is invested, and not because he needed any further persuasion to a state of right-mindedness. Mrs. Stopes deals with Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the author of the Great Cryptogram, fairly, that is, with severity, and the results of Dr. Nicholson's triumphant analysis of his amazing method are concisely set forth. Since that particular phase of the delusion which gives Shakspeare's glory to Bacon seems to have originated with a lady—Miss Delia Bacon—it is fitting that it should have received its final refutation from another member of the sex.

SINCE Lady Harberton and the Church of England Funeral Reform Association and other bodies have made their influence felt in the direction of simplifying funeral observance, considerable changes have come over both ceremonies and mourning attire. But up to the present moment we have been without any handy history of funeral rites and customs—a distinct blank, when such subjects as the fan and the glove have been honoured with costly volumes. It has remained to Mr. Richard Davey, a gentleman of repute both as a journalist and a dramatist, to supply this want in every-day history, and into the hundred or so pages of his work on mourning he has packed an amazing amount of information, and some extremely interesting reproductions of rare prints. Starting from Egyptian monuments, he has lightly skimmed most periods, and found strange records of royal burial fragments, and unearthed curious details of many great funerals. Though the subject is so dismal, Mr. Davey's pleasant style has kept it thoroughly readable, while a word of praise must certainly be given to the "get-up" of the book in white vellum, gold, and grey. It is published by Messrs. Jay and Co., Regent Street.

Mrs. Tomson's "Selections from the Greek Anthology," which has recently been added to the "Canterbury Series" by Mr. Walter Scott, is a delightful little volume. The intention was admirable, and it has been admirably carried out. To the general reader, whose acquaintance with Greek may be presumed to be limited, the "Anthology" has always been a sealed book. The pages of Bohn gave him but ill-digested versions, which smacked too strongly of the "crib." But many generations of scholars have sought recreation in the study of the Greek epigrams. They were the solace of Dr. Johnson's sleepless nights. The poet Gray devoted many months to the preparation of an accurate text of the Plautine edition, while Shelley and Cowper are among those who have delighted to render

them into English. And this is not to be wondered at, for they possess a charm which is all their own. Nor are they marked by that severe beauty, that exquisiteness of restraint, which renders the masterpieces of Greek literature difficult of appreciation to the unlearned. Meleager, Leonidas, and the rest are frivolous enough in their view of life, in their treatment of love—the subject which ever engrosses them—to prove acceptable to the most modern reader. Here and there, it is true, we listen to the genuine note of pathos. But, as a rule, the poets of the "Anthology" are no less and no more serious than were the English poets of the seventeenth century. They touch lightly on art, on love, on the beauties of nature; on all the topics, indeed, which might be expected to inspire the modern writer of *vers de société*. Here is a trifling verse by Plato (the English is Dr. Garnett's) on a gem engraved with a herd of cattle:—

"Can mortal skill, unaided, serve to place
A herd so numerous in such narrow space?
Can mortal be the kine I here behold,
Grazing on gems within a fence of gold?"

In the following exquisite version of Meleager, which we owe to Mr. Andrew Lang, is there not something of Herrick's grace and feeling for nature?—

"Now the bright crocus flames, and now
The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,
The daffodilies bud again.
The thousand blossoms wax and wane
On wold, on heath, and fragrant bough,
But fairer than the flowers art thou,
Than any growth of hill or plain."

But the Greek poets could be satirical, and even savage, when the occasion arose. It is thus that Paladas addresses an inanimate actress:—

"Thou hast a score of parts not good,
But two divinely shown:
Thy Daphne a true piece of wood,
Thy Niobe a stone."

And it would be difficult to surpass in brutality the following couplet by Ammonius:—

"Light lie the earth, Nearehus, on thy clay,
That thus the dogs may easier find their prey."

The task of selection is always a difficult one. In doubtful cases personal taste is the final arbiter, and, as taste is nothing if not capricious, it is almost impossible that a selection should be perfectly satisfactory to any other than him who made it. But, on the whole, Mrs. Tomson has performed her task with unusual judgment and good sense. She has succeeded in bringing together, within a small compass, a large number of admirable translations. The best are by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Lang, to whom the greater portion of the volume may be attributed. Others are by Miss Strettell and Messrs. W. M. G. Hardinge, J. A. Symonds, and Edmund Gosse. Mrs. Tomson herself supplies an introductory essay, which contrives to convey a good deal of information in a picturesque shape.

Amateur Dressmaking.—I.

IF the adjective "home-made" is always applied to dresses as a term of reproach, it is safe to say in five cases out of ten that bad manipulation is the cause of it. The skirt should hang well and the bodice fit well—that is, of course, admitted; but if the worker is uncertain as to all or any of the processes of putting together and finishing, the uncertainty reveals itself in the finished garment, and it is fatal to the best pattern ever cut. Not that amateurs are by any means tender towards the best patterns: in the other five cases (out of ten) the management of the pattern is certainly wrong. Amateurs often imagine that because a cut-paper pattern served very well for small Miss Jones, it will serve equally well for small Mrs. Brown; indeed, it has fallen quite within my experience that some of them think it will serve quite as well (with a little judicious letting out) for tall and stout Mrs. Green. This is the first great blunder of the devoted amateur, for, although the two small ladies may only have half an inch of difference in the length of back, that same difference is very important when it brings out the bodice half an inch too long or half an inch too short in the waist. Then comes the pinching and pulling and screwing, the letting out and taking in, which spoils the shape of the bodice and the temper of the worker, till the wretched garment is flung aside in disgust, or finished roughly "for wearings"—that limbo to which the ill-made attempts of amateurs are almost invariably consigned. Yet with a little forethought and care this miserable end to a praiseworthy effort might easily be avoided.

The first step is to make sure that the pattern is as absolutely correct as it is possible to get it; the second, to manage it so well in the cutting out and putting together that there is no chance of the outlines being lost until the worker is ready to dispense with them entirely. There are many different methods of fitting, each capable of being very successfully worked by those who have studied them thoroughly. In girls' papers a good deal is said of the easiness of stripping down an old bodice and making a pattern from this; it is a plan I do not entirely advocate, as, unless certain precautions are taken, the new dress is apt to come out short-waisted, through no fault of the worker; and this same uncertainty as to the position of the waist is a great objection to those paper patterns which are purchased by bust and waist measures only. Where paper patterns are used they should be checked out and corrected by a set of accurate measures, and then they serve very well; indeed, I find the plan an exceedingly good one for classes of village girls, who are not sufficiently expert at figures to master the intricacies of proper fitting by measure.

Again, some professional dressmakers, noted for the elegance and accuracy of their fitting, form the pattern on the lady from unshaped lengths of lining or sheets of paper, pinning in and cutting away till they have an exact mould of her shape. Of this method of fitting I

can only say that if amateurs ~~envy~~ they should not attempt to emulate—unless, indeed, they practise on a dress-stand—for, except by experts, it is one of the most unsatisfactory and laborious methods of fitting extant. Sometimes (I confess, for the amazement of my students) I have fitted the half-bodice on the show-stand or on one of the students in this way, completing it in from seven to ten minutes, but amateurs take from half an hour to an hour, and then they make (through lack of experience) certain blunders which are fatal to the after-success of the bodice. Besides, very few people can fit themselves in this way, and, if for that very important reason only, the method has never gained much ground, except amongst professional fitters, by whom, in spite of the progress fitting by measure has made of late years, it is still held in high esteem.

Fitting by measure is the safest and most exact of the various methods of fitting known, and this plan, originated from the necessities of tailors, who could not well mould heavy cloth garments to their gentlemen customers by means of pinning, has been applied to ladies' cutting, and from Germany and America has spread all over Great Britain, in the form of "systems" to be learned in a few lessons, and the mastering of which is, unfortunately, too often made synonymous with the mastering of the whole art and mystery of home dress-making. The simplest explanation I can give of fitting by measure is this:—Certain measurements are taken from the lady to be fitted, and by their help, according to rules laid down, a pattern is drawn, or "drafted out." A bodice cut by this pattern is reasonably expected to fit without alteration. Learning a system, therefore, means learning how to take these measurements, and how to use them, according to the rules, to produce a perfect pattern. These systems divide roughly up into three or four classes, but in an article like this the briefest review of these various systems would lead me too far from the main question. These mostly taught to amateurs are "direct-measure" systems, and the only point necessary for me to touch upon in relation to them is the mistaken belief that the one unvaried cut will fit every class of figure equally well. This is delusive. Some women have full, round figures, with plump arms and shoulders, and hollow waists; others are flat in the back and chest, and thin about the shoulders and arms; whilst matrons who have passed middle age accumulate "size" over the ribs and across the front of the waist. Button the dress of one on the other, and the result is—wrinkles. How can it be expected that the one *shape* of pattern, even if the sizes are varied to suit individual variations, can be equally successful with these diverse classes of figure?

Working women, again, from the habit of stooping over their work, have broad, flat backs, and narrow, contracted chests, with a hollow down the centre of each shoulder, which must be filled if the best-cut dress in

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the world is to fit them without wrinkles; whilst, in consequence of the bending, the shoulder-joint comes so far forward that the width of chest a lady can carry would give a sense of unbearable constriction about the armhole to the working woman's dress. Here is a class of figure where the dress must not only fit, but be *comfortable* as well, and discretion is required as well as blindfold accuracy in measuring and making up. Again, we get differences in the shape of the garment which necessitate variations in the cut; such differences, for instance, as those between jackets with close-fitting fronts and those which hang loose and open from the shoulder. Then, there are bodices with varying numbers of seams and pieces; others double-breasted, or fastening aslant—indeed, the cut must vary with the fashion, and the best systems are those which, whilst fitting well, and combining good shape with comfort, can still be most easily adapted to the fluctuations of ever-changing fashion.

Fortunately, however, if the cutter has once obtained a mastery of a base or foundation system, the variations required can easily be applied to it, and these variations, though lack of them will cause great trouble, are neither difficult to learn nor difficult to apply, if only the fact that they are *necessary* is once admitted and provided for.

Having made this clear, I will proceed to lay down rules for such a foundation system, giving one which produces a well-shaped, close-fitting bodice, and to which the variations for shape and style can be easily applied. These variations will of course be fully explained in their proper place. For the convenience of readers I will divide the rules into a given number of sections, and I earnestly advise anyone who means to study it, to master each section thoroughly before proceeding to the next. Worked at in this way it will be found quite simple to work out, and easy to comprehend.

Let us begin with the measures. Prepare the list in the order of use as follows:—

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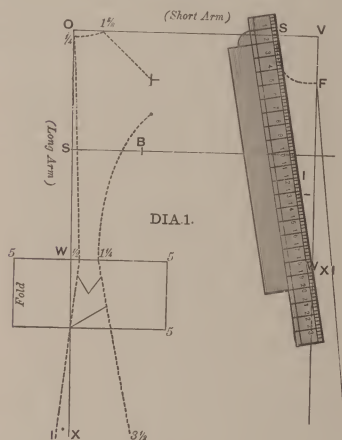
	SMALL.	MEDIUM.	LARGE.
Neck	12	13	15
Length of Back	15	15½	16
Side	7	7½	6½
Width of Back	5	5½	7
And on to Elbow	17½	18½	19
Armhole	15	16	18
Bust	32 or 33	34 or 36	42
Front Length	17½	18½	17½ or 18
And on to darts	13	13½	12½
Chest	6½	6½ or 6¾	7½
Waist	22	23	30
Inside of Sleeve	16	17	18
Wrist	6	6½	8

It is best to learn how to take the measures a few at a time, and for the first section the first five only will be needed; the others will be explained in due course as they are required. Unless the lady is wearing a belt, fasten one round her waist, pulling it close, to prevent it rising up, and then pushing it down as low as it will go.

Do not be afraid to push it well down—short-waisted dresses are the bane of the home dressmaker. We begin with the—

Neck.—Measure round the bare throat.

Length of Back.—From half-way up into the neckband down to the bottom of the waist-belt or strap. As neckbands vary it will be as well to have a safe rule for finding the top of the back length. Slip your fingers inside your own collar and nod your head to and fro gently. You will distinctly feel two little bones at the



back of your neck move with the bending. The highest of these will give you the surest point to start the length of back from.

Side.—From the bottom of the belt upwards, directly under the arm itself, taking care not to carry the tape too high under the armpit.

Width of Back.—From the centre back seam across the prominence of the blade-bone to the sleeve seam. It is a general error with amateurs to take this measure too wide.

Armhole.—Round the shoulder-joint, quite regardless of the dress the lady is wearing. To find the shoulder-joint put your fingers on the end of the shoulder, and gently (with your other hand) swing her arm away from her side two or three times; this will allow you to distinctly feel the movement of the joint with your fingers. Pass the tape tightly round it, and then ask her to swing her arm, whilst you let the tape run till it feels easy and comfortable, but not *slack*.

I have set to the list of measures a few averages, which will help you to check your own measures when they are taken. We will start to work on the second column (the average for medium figures) for the sake of a

clear examples, and here we come to a question of tools. My students use a square-edged tailor's square, drafting on rough-faced strong cap-paper with BB leads; they have also a ready reckoner to save calculations, and a tracing wheel to transfer the outline of the pattern to the lining when the dress is started. The tailor's square is like two flat rulers (called arms) 18 and 24 inches long, marked in inches, half-inches, quarters, and eighths, and joined together at the starting of the figures. Closed, it looks like a flat ruler—open, it is two sides of a square, with a beveled corner at the hinging. The use of the square is to draw straight lines, and in some parts of the work to save applying the measures three or four times. They also use a red and a blue pencil to throw up the outlines. And now to begin.

First, open a sheet of paper and lay it on the table before you, with its longest length running from left to right and the shortest away from you. On it lay the open square with the corner to your left hand, the long arm running down to your right, and the short one across the paper. Let the square be about two inches in and down from the edge of the paper; and, holding it firmly, draw a line down the outside of each arm from the corner. This will give you a line this shape—F. In drafting, this is called "forming a square," and the paper is our starting-point, so mark it O. From O take down the line to your right hand $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch and mark it $\frac{1}{4}$. From O take across the line $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total work measure ($\frac{1}{4}$ of 13 is $1\frac{1}{4}$) and mark with a dot. Connect with the $\frac{1}{4}$ dot by a slight curve, using red pencil for it. It is dotted in the diagram.

Put the corner of the square to $\frac{1}{4}$ and measure down from it the length of the back to the waist (W), and put a dot. Next push the square gently down towards W till the figure upon it corresponding to the side measure (in this case $7\frac{1}{2}$) rests on the W dot. The long arm should be level with the long line from left to right, and laid so close to it that if you pass the pencil down the outside of the square it will only thicken the line. Holding it steady, draw a long line across the paper from the corner and mark S. This laying one arm of the open square true to the line and drawing or marking along the other arm is called squaring.

On the line from S proceed to measure the width of back ($5\frac{1}{2}$ here) and mark B. We have next to square again. Put the corner of the square at the B dot with the long arm laid true to the line from S; this will leave the short arm laid running upward to the top line. Up this arm from B now go $\frac{1}{4}$ of the armhole measure (here $5\frac{1}{4}$), and put an angular mark at $5\frac{1}{4}$ like a T on its side T. Now close the square and draw a line from the neck curve $1\frac{1}{2}$ to the angle of the T (with red pencil, for the shoulder. Half-way between the B and the T put a red pencil dot for the top of the back curve, which we shall soon be making.

Now return to the waist, and from W measure in half an inch ($\frac{1}{2}$) and put a dot; then from $\frac{1}{2}$ go $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in and put another dot ($1\frac{1}{4}$). Connect these two dots with a red line.

Next connect $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ with a red line and then turn

the paper fairly round so that $1\frac{1}{4}$ is to your left hand and the red dot between B and T to your right, and connect those two points by a red curve. This curve sounds rather difficult, but is in reality far from being so; the arm more intently makes a curve than a straight line, and if you try two or three rapid "sweeps" without stepping you will find the curve easily and quickly done. If, however, you doubt yourself too much to try this, dot in the curve first (as shown in diagram), and then draw the firm red line over the dots. Next measure down from W 10 inches and mark X. From X come 1 inch outside the line towards the margin of the paper and connect the dot with $\frac{1}{4}$ by a red line. From X then measure inside the line $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches and connect with $1\frac{1}{4}$ by a red line. Draw another across between T and $3\frac{1}{4}$ and the first lesson will be completed.

I should earnestly advise my readers to thoroughly master every step of this first section before attacking the second one. The coloured lines of the drafting (they are dotted on the diagram) show the lines to be afterwards used for the dress; the blacklead lines will not be needed, their purpose here being somewhat similar to that of the scale lines of a coloured map.

Our next section will be a short lesson on adapting the long, close-fitting outline to a couple of pretty backs for short bodices. For a point (these are worn with the draperies of the skirt hooked or buttoned up over them), come 5 inches down the long red line from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 and dot, and also $3\frac{1}{2}$ down the line from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$; connect by a slightly curved line, and you have all that is necessary for a point. For the pleated habit backs on tailor-made bodices it is best to make the variation on the lining when cutting it out, but I give it on the diagram to familiarise you with it. At each side of the waist allow 5 inches of lining beyond the red fitting lines. Let the lining be 5 inches long below the waist square across, the material again being from 2 to 3 inches longer than the lining, unless the pleats are lined with silk of a contrasting colour. This extra length of material is to be hemmed up as a facing for the pleats, and neatly pressed, before any other portion of the bodice is put together. The line marked "Fold" in the diagram should always be put to the fold of the lining and material, as it is considered bad workmanship to have a seam there. Very often the jacket is cut with the 5-inch square to the centre seam only, the line from the curve following the ordinary back-line for 5 inches below the waist; this gives another pretty style of back easy to make.

Tabs are generally $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long below the waist, the lines from the angle meeting the ordinary pattern lines $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches down. They are rather more difficult for the amateur to line and finish neatly, and the small kilt or box pleat, which is generally introduced beneath them, should be set on a little below the waist-line, or it is apt, by its bulk to push the dress up, and to make it practically short-waisted. These are the most general styles of bodices-backs now worn, as "fancy tails" are out of date, and short bodices are being rapidly superseded by redingotes.

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Notes and Comments.

ON account of the great interest which has been manifested in the Rational Dress question since Mrs. Stopes read her paper at Newcastle, in connection with the meeting of the British Association, the Committee of the Rational Dress Society have decided to admit ladies who are not members, on payment of 1s., to the annual meeting of the Society, which will be held in the Westminster Town Hall on November 29th, at 3 p.m. A paper will be read by Viscountess Harberton, to be followed by a discussion, in which Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Stopes, and others are expected to join.

LADY CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL succeeded in obtaining wide and varied criticism for her description of "Women of To-day." The chief objection to be offered to her singularly bright article lies in the choice of its title. Had it been called "*Some Women of the Hour*," or "*A New Type*," it would have afforded small scope for qualifying remark. Everyone who is at all conversant with the highest ranks of society knows well that such women as those she sketches so gracefully do exist, but they are exceptions, few and far between in the average crowd of hostesses. They are essentially the *grandes dames* of our social order, and, so far from being of common acquaintance, it may be doubted whether Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell or anyone else could name, in the whole vast swim of London life, so many as five-and-twenty who are politicians as well as sports-women, students of Herbert Spencer and decorators of their own dinner-tables, authoresses and authorities upon infantile ailments; in short, in her own words, "Admirable Criticisms in petticoats."

SOME who have discussed the article have asked, in answer to the implied appeal for consideration on the ground that woman now is by far the harder worked, "But who compels her to do it? We men do not ask her to speak in public, to write for us, or to add to her compulsory duties a number of voluntary ones." Perhaps not in direct words. But women are very quick to see that the really successful woman in modern society is she whose help men can get, whether politically, philanthropically, or socially. If a woman's interests are not many-sided, without going to the extent of practical efficiency in accomplishments, languages, and amusements claimed by Lady C. Milnes Gaskell, her circle is likely to dwindle down to a narrow clique of hobby-riders. Men are not exclusive in these things, and as the writer remarks, "men and women are beginning to meet in literature and thought on equal terms, whilst women are beginning to be able to be interested in lines of thought and creeds free from personal considerations and influences."

No woman, perhaps, is more competent to speak on the subject than the Hon. Mrs. F. Jeune, who might have been one of Lady C. Milnes Gaskell's models. Mrs. Jeune, too, describes the type, adding what is quite true, that this development belongs at present to the highest classes only; but she adds a warning—a warning, too, so wise that it deserves reproduction. "The life of excitement," she says, "is as absolutely bad for women as if they were perpetually dram-drinking, and we are already

beginning in a small way to see how it affects not only ourselves, but, what is much more important, the 'Women of To-morrow.' Women cannot live at high pressure all the year round; and in the nervous exhaustion and the weakness of heart from which so many suffer, we see the Nemesis that is approaching. The woman of to-day has, among her other duties, to perform the most important of any—namely, to be the mother of the women of to-morrow; and is the overworked, nervous, highly strung creature we know likely to give either a sound constitution or a healthy nervous organisation to her children? The illnesses of children to-day are anemia and weak digestion, both proceeding from want of nervous energy and want of blood, and are largely brought about by the conditions of life under which their parents exist." Mr. Grant Allen and others have not failed to point out the same danger, but addressed by such a woman as Mrs. Jeune to her own sex, the warning ought to arrest attention.

WHAT the head of King Charles was to Mr. Dick, is the idea of studies from the nude model to Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A. We always expect Mr. Horsley to mount his hobby-horse now whenever he makes a speech, but he rode it with more than usual energy at the late Fine Art Congress, throwing the blame of the offence upon the authorities at South Kensington and the Slade Schools of Art, and informing us that every female art student was offered the opportunity of assisting in the degradation of her sex. It is difficult to understand wherein lies the demoralising influence of studying the most beautiful of all created things, namely, the perfect human form, and for a thorough art education this is an essential part of the training. It is hardly, either, a question involving so hot an appeal to "Christian men and women, to do their utmost towards bringing to their senses those senseless female art students who, in their preposterous efforts to unsex themselves, and claiming front places on the male platform, bring dishonour and contempt upon themselves and their country."

MR. HORSLEY records it as a terrible fact that some of the English and American art students in Paris even enter the dissecting-rooms. But lady doctors have to do this regularly, and even Mr. Horsley would hardly assert that it has deteriorated their moral tone. Those conversant with the Parisian dissecting-rooms laugh at the assertion, and say that even if one or two women artists did occasionally go there, the anatomy they would acquire would be of real value to them. Mr. Horsley libels women artists in imputing to them more morbid motives. Few women care for figure studies, but conscientiously go through with them as a necessary branch of their training. It would be invidious to mention names, but here in our very midst we have lady artists whose useful lives and noble aims are proof that art studies have not been pursued at the cost of womanly modesty and delicacy. *Honni soit qui mal y pense.*

THE importance of the movement that advocates the employment of women as compositors is daily coming more to the front. *Compositrices*, as the French name

sets of hands were selected from all the schools for exhibition at the National Competition, and of these, four came from this establishment. One of these won a National Queen's prize, and two obtained National bronze medals, and were purchased by the authorities at South Kensington.

THE school itself is one of the most excellently planned organisations of its kind, and well repays a visit. An especially practical point about it is its sound training in designing, and the application of art to objects of every-day utility. Women are apt to forget this outlet for artistic energy, but for good and original designs, as well as clever adaptations from standard models, the demand is steady and well paid. Another interesting department is the technical class for teaching chronolithography under the direction of M. Faustin, and carried on also as a business in which former students may earn a livelihood. Some people are inclined to despise this as a merely mechanical craft, but as a matter of fact, successful colour printing requires a high degree of artistic perception. Several specimens of the work done are generally on view, and some admirable reproductions have been made here. There is, unfortunately, a heavy debt still remaining on the building, and in order to assist in clearing this off, several leading artists have given sketches to be sold. Mr Marcus Stone, Miss Montalba, and Mrs. Allingham are among those who have contributed, and this little selling exhibition will remain open a few weeks longer.

À propos of the winding-up of the Paris Exhibition, attention may be called to a feature of it which at the time received much less attention than it deserved. We refer to the International Congress of Women, to which the special interest attaches that it was held by invitation of the French Government and "received" by French Ministers. It was acknowledged to be an act of "reparation" for the neglect of the interests of the sex during many centuries. The "reparation" was not complete, for women's enfranchisement was ignored, and other burning questions were tabooed. Still, even with these limitations, it was an event to be noted in the history of women. It brought together for the first time representative women from all countries; it discussed, not only on the part of women, and Frenchwomen, but of men as well, some of the subjects most interesting to women—works of philanthropy, morality, and education, and the social advancement of the sex.

It is true that the idea of the Congress was initiated by the International Congress held at Washington last year, and which intends to meet again in 1892; but the more central position of Paris, as well as the greater novelty of such an event in French society, gave it an importance which the American meeting hardly possessed. Frenchwomen have not been accustomed to speak in public, and it was not expected that they would come much to the front; but, stirred by the enthusiasm of the gathering, many good papers were presented from unexpected quarters, so many, indeed, that about a third were "held as read," from want of time, though presidents, readers, and hearers were most industrious, and discussion was cut down to the minimum. Seeing that two years are to elapse before the meeting falls due in America again, some ladies attempted to arrange for a meeting next year in London, but others desired to postpone it, as, having said all they had to say, they re-

quired more time than a twelvemonth to collect new ideas! Perhaps it would have been as well to remember that there are others who have no such sense of exhaustion, who, indeed, have much to urge upon their earnest sisters, and through them upon the public in general. So deeply is this felt, that we believe a serious attempt is being made to arrange a meeting for next year in Berlin: a thing to be regretted for our country's sake, but to be rejoiced in for the sake of the sex and the race at large.

THE chrysanthemum has observed the centenary of its introduction to European growers with special exhibitions and historical retrospects. Even if the little specimen presented to the Royal Society in 1764 by an enterprising apothecary, and preserved for many years in the British Museum, was really a Chinese chrysanthemum, it was of a very humble order; and the true "first appearance" of the lovely "golden flower," to give it its poetic Greek name, upon the stage of English horticulture, dates undoubtedly from the purple variety brought over by the loving hands of an old merchant of Marseilles named Blanchard in 1789. He succeeded in bringing over one white and two violet specimens, but only one of the former blossomed, and that not until 1795. Three years later Sir Abraham Hume, a devoted amateur horticulturist, introduced the yellow variety, and since then the chrysanthemum's record has been one of progress up till to-day. Oddly enough it has only enjoyed fashionable favour within the last twenty years or so, and some of its most loving historians are obliged to admit that for many years it was "a mere tradesman's flower."

HERE in the West there is little poetry and no legend clinging round the chrysanthemum. For that we must go to China or Japan, where it is *the* flower of the people. In the former country there is a fabulous valley filled with the choicest blooms, all of rarest blue, and in the latter it is believed that the priests guard the secret of raising both green and blue blossoms, but cannot let such beautiful mysteries be seen by ordinary eyes. The great national holidays in Japan are based upon the seasons when their favourite trees and flowers are in blossom, and then the people repair to the woods and gardens, to feast their eyes on the beauty, and to hang upon the branches slips inscribed with poetic sentiments, supposedly inspired at the sight. The chief of these festivals in Japan takes place in October, when the chrysanthemums are in perfection, and among other features of the festivities are the effigies made of their heroes, mythological and real, whose wonderful many-hued apparel is fashioned of the flowers, the roots being cunningly inserted into the wicker-work figures.

THE dainty and graceful fashion in favour of Christmas cards is in no likelihood of diminution this season, and indeed it would be a matter for sincere regret if it were. It is difficult to feel much sympathy with the cross old bachelor who grumbles because the post is out of gear during the last ten days of December, when one thinks of the pleasant, honest livelihood that the custom affords to so many hundreds of educated women. It is no exaggeration to say that a sudden change in the pretty custom would bring starvation into many a home. As chromo-lithography develops as a woman's profession—and none will deny that it is one for which the sex is eminently fitted—we shall see more and more of them dependent upon Christmas cards for a profession. The

Merchandise Marks. Ask now, *request* that all cards printed out of England shall be stamped with a notification to that effect, and the frequency last year with which "Printed in Germany" appeared upon the greetings caused great and widespread regret among those who would rather have encouraged their hard-working artistic sisters.

A CHARMING little exhibition, therefore, organised by Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly, deserves a word of notice, as every one of the cards shown was of downright honest English work. He employs some of the best artists to design for him, lithographs the outlines, and has them coloured by hand, employing thus all the year a staff of ladies. Miss Hewitt has executed some lovely studies of flowers, and two especially beautiful sketches of lilacs and chrysanthemums deserve particular notice. It is very difficult now to find novelties for Christmas cards, and the season's fashions lean this year towards delicately witty and humorous fancies. Now that hand-painted cards are so eagerly sought, it is a good idea to have a simple card of personal greeting separately printed, and no words at all on the card itself. This is especially the case when one is fortunate enough to obtain, say, one of Ernest Grise's clever "Central African" sketches, or one of Forster's fishes, with the life-like silver glimmer of their scales, for such are really works of art, and worthy of a frame for permanent preservation.

PERHAPS no institution has done its valuable and practical work more thoroughly than the School of Art Needlework, nor more independently of outside help. To its fostering encouragement may certainly be traced the great revival of artistic needlework which we have witnessed of recent times. During the closing weeks of the year it holds an exhibition of work suited for decorative purposes and Christmas presents, and the display now on view at South Kensington is an exceptionally good one. There is at present a great fashion in favour of bags, and the "infinite variety" of shapes and sizes would certainly surprise even an inveterate collector of such wares. The table sets, consisting of lamp-shades and flower-baskets, made in pretty shades of drawn Sussex silk, are quite charming, and some novelties in pin-cushions deserve notice. Quite a new feature of needlework are the kid note-cases, card-cases, purses and sachets, so delicately worked in the finest silks that at first sight it seems they must be painted. The same idea is most effectively used for blotting-books, and the covers for such necessary but unsightly tomes as "Bradshaw." An interesting department which the school is gradually developing is that of furniture designing, and some original devices for chairs are both quaint and clever. Whether one buys or not, the show is well worth a visit, and the ladies in charge are always ready to show and describe the beautiful products of art, the needle, and patience, without importuning the visitor to purchase, though few will be able to resist the temptation to make a bargain before they leave.

THE new interest in labour questions aroused by the Dock Strike seems likely to do something for working women as well as working men. The committee appointed last month at the meeting held at Mile End to urge the formation of trades unions among East End working women has got to work, and is already able to boast of "something done." It includes Mrs. Sheldon Amos, to whose initiative the new association owes its existence, Mrs. Tillet, Mrs. Burns, Messrs. Mann and

Champion, Mr. Arthur Leese, of the London County Council, Mr. D. F. Seldon, certain of the East End clergy of various denominations, and representatives of several East London Men's Unions. Miss Clementina Black is acting as Hon. Secretary.

THE new "Women's Trades Association" has already formed two new unions, one among the workers in the jam, pickle, and sweet-making trades, which includes both men and women, and one among ropemakers, which at present consists only of women, but will probably include men also, while an already existing Tailoresses' Union has gained a good many new members. A representative of the association sits every week-day evening from eight to ten at Charrington's Assembly Hall, to take names of women desirous of joining unions in their various trades. The unions formed are self-managed and self-supported; but the central association defrays the first cost of organisation, gives some preliminary secretarial help, and is ready to afford pecuniary help to women who may be discharged, solely for joining a union, before the union has sufficient funds to make them an allowance. The new "East London Confessors' Trade Union" has only existed since early in October, but its membership amounted to about 200 within the first three weeks. In the first week of November a large firm which had hitherto deducted a penny every week from the wages of the girls as payment for a peg on which to hang their hats and jackets, quietly dropped this charge. The girls attribute this to the existence of the union, and consider that they have already gained half of the twopenny weekly contribution which they pay to the union.

THERE has been a serious strike of tailoresses in Leeds. In one large factory—Arthur's—a penny in every shilling is deducted from wages for the use of steam power. No other factory in the town stops more than a halfpenny, and the greater number make no deduction at all. About 400 to 700 women came out, and public feeling was strongly with them. The newly formed Tailoresses' Union grew to 2,000 in a week or two, and considerable sums were collected for the strikers in the streets. Leeds is a stronghold of the cheap ready-made clothing trade, and tailoresses throughout England will have reason to be thankful if this strike succeeds in bettering wages and conditions there.

IT is no small tribute to our national stability of character to be able to look back upon the seven hundred years of the City of London's Lord Mayors. In that long roll, many names have stood forth conspicuously, for their civic virtues, their public munificence, and their private characters, but it is curious how few of the Lady Mayoresses have left behind them any permanent mark. That they have always assisted their husbands in the important social duties attaching to the post is true enough, and they have been, many of them, gentle philanthropists and graceful hostesses. Sweet Alyce Fitzwarren acted as the incentive to Dick Whittington's industry, and rewarded her father's persevering apprenticeship by marrying him; and Dame Bullen, Lady Mayoress in 1457, was great-grandmother of one of the greatest of all women in history—Queen Elizabeth. Lady Whitehead filled the offices of the City Queen with great popularity, and there is a rumour that the recognition granted to one or two ladies of the pen, when the Institute of Journalists was entertained at the Mansion House, was due to her views on the subject of women and the press.



WINTER COSTUMES.

See page 127.

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Edna Lyall at Home.

SOME authors desire to be known to the public only through their books. They shun publicity as they would poison, and esteem themselves happy if they can but escape the vulgar gaze. Although not one of these ears of the real Edna Lyall, who had to assert her identity in order to expose the impostor.

To make the acquaintance of Edna Lyall I had to leave smoky London and journey down to sunny East-



EDNA LYALL.

(From a Photograph by L. and R. Lewis, Eastbourne.)

sensitive plants, the authoress of "Donovan" and "We Two" has hitherto concealed her personality from her readers by using a pseudonym and residing in retirement. Many people, charmed by the perusal of these clever novels, have asked—and asked mostly in vain—"Who is Edna Lyall?" Many American ladies have come to London anticipating an introduction to her as one of the pleasures of the season, only to return to their literary friends at home with the report that the novelist is nowhere to be found in the purlieus of Piccadilly or within the boundaries of Belgravia. This exclusiveness on the part of literary celebrities has its dangers, however, as well as its joys. Some time ago a gentleman appeared in far-off Ceylon and announced himself as Edna Lyall and the author of "Donovan" and "We Two." His pretensions gained credence, and at length reached the

bourne. The authoress resided, I found, in the pleasantest part of that most pleasant of pleasure-towns, in a road whose umbrageous wealth was resplendent in all its autumn glory. The house seems old-fashioned although newly built; there are red-bricked gables and Gothic points, while from the monastic-looking door hangs an antique bell-ringer. In response to my ring I am ushered into a room which I at once recognise as sacred to literary art, if only from the type-writer standing prominently in one corner. The room, which is of medium size, possesses no lavish ornamentation. A large bookstand contains a hundred or two of standard works in various-coloured bindings, while on the walls there are half a dozen pictures. Between two oil-paintings of the battle of Trafalgar and the taking of the *Tenèraire*, is an engraved portrait of Mr. Gladstone, of whom Edna Lyall is

a warm admirer. Above the black marble mantelpiece, strewn with a few feminine trinkets, are several pretty landscapes in water-colours. Altogether the study seems to curiously combine simplicity with comfort; and I am just contemplating the shrubs in the extensive front gardens, thinking how much handsomer they look than those I have seen that morning in a London square, when a light footfall falls upon my reverie.

Edna Lyall motions me to an easy chair by the fire and draws another forward, so that as she sits the glowing embers light up her face and enable me to discern there

"You wrote 'A Hardy Norseman' after your visit to Norway in 1887, I believe?"

"Yes, I am very fond of travelling, and in several of my books I have used my travelling impressions. In 'Donovan' and 'We Two' there are scenes on the Riviera and in Italy, where I have made a long stay. In 'Won by Waiting' I benefited by my experiences of France, although in describing the Commune incidents I had of course to entirely rely on books. 'Knight Errant' was partly written in Italy, where I gained most of the ideas for the novel."



EDNA LYALL'S STUDY.

the sweet charitableness which is the keynote of her works—of "The Autobiography of a Slander" and of "Derrick Vaughan" as much as of "Donovan" and "We Two." She wears a blue serge dress with the plainest of trimmings, her short brown hair is arranged with Puritan simplicity, and at first the superficial observer might see in her features and manners only the prosaic and the commonplace. But as she talks, although the voice is low and soft and the words simple, the eyes light up with thought and the face shows the force of intellectual feeling. There is still some paleness about the face as the result of her recent illness.

"I am quite well again now," Edna Lyall says in reply to my inquiries; "it was quite a long illness, so that all the summer I have done nothing. Usually I spend part of the summer months abroad, but this year I was too ill to go. Before starting another novel I intend going to the South."

"Was 'Won by Waiting' the first work you wrote?"

"I wrote a good deal of fiction in an amateurish way while at school in Brighton, and when I was ten years old I had a vague intention of becoming a novelist. But 'Won by Waiting' was my first published work. I wrote it when I was about eighteen. Then came 'Donovan' and its sequel 'We Two.' I wrote these while I was living at Lincoln."

"Your other books have all been written at Eastbourne, I suppose?"

"Yes. I have been living here, you know, for about four years. It is a delightful place, is it not? I don't think I could write at all in London, although of course I frequently visit it, and find it so full of interest."

Briefly, very briefly, Edna Lyall then tells me her family history. Both her father and grandfather were barristers, while her brother is a clergyman. Her sister also married a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Jameson, and

since leaving that she has been a Saviour's chief character. I dare say you have seen her in the press."

"St. George's, I did not know of it. They were chief characters in the novel. I dare say you have seen her in the press."

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since leaving school it is with this sister and her husband that she has lived. Mr. Jameson is now curate of St. Saviour's Church, Eastbourne, a handsome edifice with a large congregation, and a ritual which is said to be a *via media* between High Church and Low Church.

"St. Saviour's was the church for which you bought the peal of bells out of the profits of 'Donovan'?"

"I did not buy a complete peal, only three bells. They were named Donovan, Gladys, and Dot, the three chief characters of the novel. The church is close by; I dare say you passed it in coming to the house."

"And 'Edna Lyall,'" I inquire, "how did you choose your *nom de plume*?"

"I merely transposed the letters of my true name, Ada Ellen Bayly."

"We Two," the authoress says, was suggested in its purpose and plot by reading that Mr. Bradlaugh, when imprisoned in the Clock Tower, had telegraphed for his daughter. Before writing the book Edna Lyall had been in correspondence with Mr. Bradlaugh on the subject of "Donovan," and ultimately she met him in London, and discussed with him the Secularist movement. At the time of our interview Mr. Bradlaugh was seriously ill, and it was with deep concern that she inquired of me the latest news of the patient.

Then we fell to discussing novels with a purpose, in which, as might have been expected, Edna Lyall is an ardent believer. She admitted that every one of her works had been written with some high purpose kept steadily in mind, although she protested quite vigorously against sacrificing the story to the lesson it is intended to teach. "Donovan" and "We Two" inculcate the charity which takes no account of even the sharpest differences in creed and religion. "Won by Waiting," "Knight Errant," and "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," exemplify the spirit of self-sacrifice and "the life of the crucified." In "The Autobiography of a Slander" we realise, to use Edna Lyall's words, that "slander, however false, however actively contradicted, does in this world leave a slur, and that the purest life and the highest motives are no protection against those whose work consists of 'peddling in the devil's hardware—gossip and innuendo.'"

"Can you tell me, Miss Bayly, of the books which have most influenced your own thought and writing?"

"It is difficult to single out books as having specially influenced one. Among so many good authors I don't know that I have any favourites, but if I have they are Kingsley and F. D. Maurice. I think I have gained most in thought and feeling from these two authors. But I am very fond of poetry—of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and Whittier especially—and I have read a great deal of fiction. In history I have found the seventeenth century the most interesting period, and had read

a good deal regarding it before writing 'In the Golden Days.'"

Edna Lyall thus describes her method in novel-writing. The conception of the principal character comes first, and then are planned the circumstances in which his personality is to be developed, and the subsidiary characters whom he is to influence, or by whom he is to be influenced.

"The time I take over one novel varies greatly with the circumstances. When I am travelling—'Donovan,' for instance, was really begun abroad—progress is naturally somewhat slow. But, without telling you my age, I may say that my works have all been written during the past ten years. I always write in the morning, when the weather is generally brightest, and one's energies quickest."

The remainder of our conversation was of an impersonal character. I introduced the subject of women's work in politics.

"I prefer it to be of a quiet order," Edna Lyall observed. "I believe that women can do more lasting service to the country by helping their children to face facts justly and patiently, and to admire the really great and good, not merely the successful, than by speaking at elections or by worrying persons for votes."

"And what view do you take of the higher education of women?"

"I take a great interest in the question, but hope that the modern tendency to multiply examinations will be checked, for I think it promotes 'cramming' and that is intellectually useless and at the same time morally and physically harmful."

Edna Lyall had confessed to little love for society, and I believe she is seldom seen in the literary and artistic circles of Eastbourne. Her appearance is warmly welcomed in the drawing-room, and once or twice she has charmed her friends with some recitations from the poets. So far from sharing the antipathy to the stage with which the Church is credited, Edna Lyall said, "I know nothing in the way of recreation to equal a good play well acted; after that I most enjoy listening to good music."

I visited Eastbourne marvelling much how this young Englishwoman had acquired such broad and courageous views on the subject of religious toleration; how she had been inspired with the high purposes set before us in her books; how she had mingled, with beautiful conceptions of nobility of character, the knowledge of the vice of Monte Carlo and the Bohemianism of the opera; how, in short, she had written, before the age of thirty, four such novels as "Donovan," "We Two," "Knight Errant," and "In the Golden Days." And I must admit that, pleasant as was my visit to Edna Lyall's home, it has not quite solved the problem.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



Mr. William Morris's Domestic Art.



ART," says Mr. William Morris, "is some creation of man which appeals to his emotions and his intellect by means of his senses." Therefore if we wish to live an intellectual and cultivated life, our surroundings must, of necessity, be intellectual and cultivated. Art must enter into the smallest details of our households, our gardens, and even of our dress, all that is tawdry, false, and meretricious must be cast aside, and we must make our abode amidst the solid, the good, and the true; so shall our minds be refined and the standard of our morals raised. Of the impression made upon us by beautiful surroundings there can be no doubt; even people devoid of much artistic perception experience a certain satisfaction and feeling of rest when dwelling in an artistic house; they can hardly tell why, yet the feeling is there. How much, then, must the true artist suffer from an *endurance* in bad taste, which in the end will insensibly influence him, so that eventually his work will therefore deteriorate in quality.

At no period of our country's history were houses, furniture, and decoration so perfectly hideous and so lacking in art as during the later Georgian and the early part of the Victorian reigns, and at no period will be found such unpoetic pictures and sculpture, or such a debased classical treatment of art. The vulgarity and false taste of the time reacted directly on the artist, and the result is, on the whole, a series of miserable works, artistically false in almost every particular.

It is to the influence of the decorative arts as applied to our homes that we must chiefly look for the regeneration, so to speak, of the public taste. Almost everything we use has a slight touch of decoration about it before it is complete, and these touches should always be in good taste and on artistic principles, or, to a certain extent, the unity of our plan of decoration will be marred. It is difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule as to how much or how little we should decorate; but it is safe to say that overloaded decoration tends to vulgarity, while too great sternness and simplicity of arrangement gives a sensation of coldness and desolation. To have everything about us of the very best and to be able to pay the price which really good handicraft commands would be delightful; but such conditions are only possible to the minority, and so the majority must be content with articles of a less intrinsic value. There is no reason, however, that these articles should not be properly designed and artistic because they are produced by machinery instead of being the handwork of men who are practically trained artists.

Machinery, though it has superseded the much-loved hand-loom of the theoretical artist, has placed beautiful fabrics within the reach of the million—artistic papers for our walls, carpets for our floors, cretonnes and

brocades for our hangings, not to speak of beautiful glass and pottery. So perhaps after all the potter's wheel and the hand-loom are not to be entirely mourned for, as their productions were, of necessity, costly, and their purchase was only possible to a favoured few; whereas, at present, artistic goods are within the reach of the cottage as well as of the palace, and all we need is a judicious choice in the selection and adaptation of them to our requirements.

The last few years have brought about great changes in the decoration of our homes. Schools of art have spread a knowledge of art, and with it a love of art, and almost everyone makes some attempt to beautify their dwellings. But in these laudable efforts many fall far short of success. Rooms are frequently overcrowded, a heterogeneous collection of furniture, *bric-à-brac*, and what not, takes the place of a refined and well-assorted grouping and arrangement. The possessors of these collections imagine that because they have plenty, all artistic requirements are fulfilled. This is a great mistake. If our wall-papers are good it is surely wrong to hide them by covering them with indifferent pictures, badly designed and worse painted china plaques, ugly brackets, and so on. These give no dignity to our rooms, but rather impress us with a feeling of tawdriness and dissatisfaction. Tables loaded with odds and ends are out of place: they are meant for use, and should be ready to receive the work we are engaged on, or the books that we are reading, while the odds and ends should find their proper places in cabinets; chairs and sofas decorated with chair-backs or antimacassars are foolish. The true use of these articles ceased when pomatums and hair-oil were discarded; draperies should be for use, not merely for ornament. Each article in our homes should be selected with a view to its proper place and utility, and so, from a due consideration of minor details, we may hope to arrive at an artistic and perfect whole.

Modern houses are not beautiful in themselves, and few are lucky enough to possess beautiful old houses, and, when they do possess them, should be most careful never to deliver them over to the tender mercies of the renovator, nor should the original structure be altered to suit any passing whim of fashion. When repairs and renovations are necessary, let them be done as much as possible in the style and spirit of the age in which the houses were originally built. Those who are not fortunate enough to own older and more beautiful homes—and they are in a large majority—will find Queen Anne houses not without beauty, especially when their surroundings are pleasant; and the Georgian, though guiltless of picturesqueness, are solid and convenient. These houses have a certain style of builder that will tax all our ingenuity to stamp with anything like an artistic *sachet*, and it is with this class of house that we will

deal. All positive ugliness there may be.

Let us cannot alter out large painting the and require the reds and heavy-looking we need in and foggy to sash - bars should always If our house they will not time dyes the lovelier shades ever be for builder's part the woodwork painted: the frames of white or cream.

Windows modern houses much too large light in a balcony, which for blinds, curtains and similar they are also low, allowing to rake the shadow should be reasonable height wall, and light with moderate—these may be glass, but have of plate-glass woodwork around and should be banished, as we were living, is by no means.

We will consider Mr. M. to be used in the are at the best they are surely papers, or in cloth on a darker shade lovely effects satisfying to the torture inflicted intricacies of form themselves or faces, perpet times when people sick-room or the

deal. All we can do is to hide as much as possible positive ugliness, and to bring out any good points that there may be in these dwelling-places.

Let us begin with the outside of our house. As we cannot alter the structure in any appreciable way without large expense, we will confine ourselves to the painting thereof. If the building be faced with plaster and require paint, let this painting be white or whitish; the reds and browns now so often used are hot and heavy-looking, and what we need in our smoky and foggy towns is light; sash-bars and frames should always be white. If our houses are of brick they will need no paint; time dyes the bricks with lovelier shades than will ever be found in the builder's paint-pots; only the woodwork should be painted: the sashes and frames of the windows white or cream-coloured.

Windows in decent modern houses are usually much too large, letting in light in a haphazard manner, which forces us to use blinds, curtains, screens, and similar "nuisances;" they are also generally too low, allowing a crude light to rake the floor. A window should be set at a reasonable height in the wall, and be furnished with moderate-sized panes—these may be of plate-glass, but large expanses of plate-glass unbroken by woodwork are a mistake, and should be rigorously banished, as on a cold day they make us feel as though we were living in the open air, and that in our climate is by no means desirable.

We will now turn to the interior of our house, and consider Mr. Morris's views on the wall-papers and colours to be used in its decoration. Wall-papers, in his opinion, are at the best but a makeshift for fresco painting, but they are surely very beautiful makeshifts. In designing papers, or in choosing such designs, a pattern of a lighter on a darker shade is one of the best, as it is simple, and lovely effects may be produced, restful to the eye and satisfying to the mind. Who has not experienced the torture inflicted by a badly designed wall-paper, in the intricacies of which curves, dots, lines, and even foliage form themselves into grotesque and impossible animals or faces, perpetually agitating the mind, and often so at times when perfect rest is absolutely necessary, as in the sick-room or the study?

A pattern of a lighter on a darker shade is the first remove from monochrome, and should either be light or very subdued in tone, in no case very dark; one must trust for relief to rich stuff hanging, and painting which allows of gilding being used. A design in two shades of red (terra-cotta with a dash of purple) is good; these shades must be near each other. In blue a greater difference of tone may be permitted; green comes between blue and red. When a certain depth is necessary to the

design, or a second plane required, a third shade or colour must enter into its composition, as in Fig. 1: this is a pattern in a paler and darker shade of golden-brown on a creamy ground. The same design is lovely in two shades of very light greenish-blue, in two shades of salmon-pink, or in very pale primrose or daffodil, also in faint sea-green. This style of design is essentially Western, while that of which the pattern is in a shade darker than the ground-work is Eastern. In this latter method the "colours should be separated each by a line of another colour, and that not merely to mark the form, but to complete the colour itself, which outlining, while it serves the purpose of gradation—which in more naturalistic work is got by shading—makes the design flat, and takes from it any idea of there being more than one plane in



MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

(From a Photograph by Waller and Bonell.)

it: this is the Eastern treatment, and, to a certain extent, the uncivilised."

Fig. 2 is a design of a darker on a lighter shade, but in one colour only; it is on a purely geometrical basis, and looks extremely well in darkish terra-cotta on a very pale shade of the same, golden-brown on cream, darkish green-blue on bluish-white, or grey-green on sea-green.

Fig. 3 is a portion of a more elaborate style of pattern, into which geometrical construction and flowers conventionally treated enter: the pomegranate, the tulips, and wild roses are purely conventional, and yet due attention to their natural growth has been observed. This makes a lovely panel. It has been produced in many varieties of colour, but one of the most charming combinations is as follows: dark bluish-green background, brick-red flowers, grey-green and yellowish-green leaves, with scrollwork of pale grey-blue, veined with white.

Fig. 4 is a sprig of honeysuckle conventionally treated,

part of a wall-paper, the whole surface of which is covered with a repeating pattern of similar sprigs; it is produced



Fig. 1

in several colours, but perhaps the best is on a very pale greenish blue ground, the flowers in pinkish yellow very pale, and the leaves in two shades of grey green, the whole outlined in brown and with the curves of the leaves indicated by brown lines.

These four designs are fairly representative of the different styles used by Mr. Morris, though they do not show a hundredth part of his beautiful wall-papers. There are papers in gold and green, gold and red, dull gold, &c., stamped to represent leather; there are others in large bold designs on gold backgrounds; again others into which birds, flowers, and butterflies are introduced—anything, in fact, from a simple pattern suitable to the bedroom of a cottage, to a gorgeous arrangement fitted for the public rooms of a luxurious hotel or club.

The designing of perfect wall-papers can never be accomplished with any success by an unskilled draughtsman. If a conventional floral design is required, intimate knowledge of the growth and form of each flower is necessary to produce anything like a satisfactory result: a wild rose design, say, in which the untrained designer represents the flower with six or seven petals, will not convey the idea

of a wild rose; the mind will be exercised in finding out what the blossom really is, and the result is failure.

A thorough knowledge of flowers is, therefore, necessary before a successful floral design can be attempted. It is the same with a geometrical pattern: a true geometrical basis must first be obtained, and the design elaborated thereon. "A small and recurring pattern will bear much less naturalism than one in freer space, and the more geometrical the structure of the pattern is the less its parts should tend towards naturalism. Large patterns should be shown to be geometrically constructed; small ones may be masked."

For patterns to be really satisfying there must be a certain amount of mystery in them. Suppose endlessly multiplied roses staring at us from our walls, each in a distinct group of its own, and unrelieved by a softening background, the effect would be restless in the extreme. Again, too intricate a combination is quite as unpleasant: we feel ourselves bound to trace line by line the construction of the pattern till our brains are weary; and, even though the colours of our paper may be harmonious, the effect is the reverse of soothing. Colour alone does not constitute a good paper. "To have a meaning, and make others understand it, must be the aim of our Western art." Our colours, however, must be boldly used, always keeping in mind that they must not tend either to

hardness or to timidity, which latter causes confusion



Fig. 2.

of form, and is annoying to the eye. "Simplicity of expression is strength, violence in design is weakness."

Having papers, we some. be much b do not di pattern an fair size, y inches, or a be hand-pa to contrast your paper two paper ble, unless one is so to be hard it is also a decoration, that attract the level of the floor.

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The select for room deco except of a gol minglet or bro and primrose ing or in dull takes colour f is a difficult co a crimson brok russet is a goo when it is val pure shades, colour for whi though its cre Blue is a col or pure pale b it becomes col if green pred

Having slightly considered the designs of our wall-papers, we will turn to the best modes of hanging the same. If the room be small and not high, or the wall be much broken by pictures and tall pieces of furniture, do not divide it horizontally, and paper it with one pattern and one tint only; if the room is large or of a fair size, you may have a dado of about four feet six inches, or a frieze running round the top, the frieze to be hand-painted if possible, or tinted in monochrome, to contrast or match with your paper. The use of two papers is not desirable, unless the pattern of one is so insignificant as to be hardly noticed; and it is also advisable, in wall decoration, to put nothing that attracts the eye above the level of eight feet from the floor.

The next difficulty is the ceiling. Mr. Morris does not like papered ceilings; he finds them suggestive of living in a band box. He fully appreciates, however, the obstacles to be surmounted before the hideous plaster decorations with which the ordinary builder loves to ornament his ceilings can be toned down and forced to take a secondary place. If these ornaments are painted or decorated in any way, it only serves to make them undesirably prominent; it is therefore best to ignore them entirely, and merely tint our ceiling to harmonise with our wall-papers and woodwork.

The selection of colours for room decoration should be made with care. Yellow, except of a golden tone, should not be used unless it is much mingled or broken with other colours: the bright daffodil and primrose hues are not effective in distemper painting or in dull material, but lovely in silk, "whose gleam takes colour from and adds light to the local tint." Red is a difficult colour to treat, and should be deep and full; a crimson broken by greyish-brown and tending towards russet is a good colour. Pink should incline to orange, when it is valuable; green should be greyish, or in clear pure shades, not "bilious-looking yellow-greens;" a colour for which Mr. Morris declines to be responsible, though its creation has often been attributed to him. Blue is a colour of which bright shades may be used, or pure pale blue, like the tint of a starling's egg; but it becomes cold if too much inclined to red, and rank if green predominates. Pale yellowish-brown and pale

copper tints are valuable, and have the advantage of harmonising well with most hangings, carpets, and furniture.

The treatment of our woodwork comes next. Of course nothing is more beautiful than oak, especially old oak, but its price precludes it from being within the reach of most of us, and stained wood is almost always a failure. We must, therefore, paint our wood; and this should, as a rule, be of the same colour as the walls, but

a shade or two darker in tint; dark woodwork is dreary and should not be used unless the decoration of our room is in a very bright key. Having, to a certain extent, disposed of our walls, we come to the floors. These we are not to cover all over with carpet, that accumulates dust and dirt; moreover, as Dr. Richardson says, it is a very unhealthy custom. Rugs, warm and rich in colour, should be laid on the floor, not nailed down, so that they may easily be removed and beaten. Were our floors less hidden by carpets the builder would be compelled to have them of a much better quality, and we could buy works of art with the price we expend on yards of carpet. Parquet floors are beautiful, but they should be of one kind of wood only. Variety must be produced by pattern, not by the combination of various colours of wood. Floors of mosaic or tile and marble mosaic contrast effectively with the

rich colour of Eastern carpet work, and they are especially suitable for halls, since they are so easily kept clean.

The fireplace is usually an unsightly affair of polished steel and brass or a tasteless mass of cast iron. We must do away with the grate, if possible, and resort to a simple tiled recess or hole in the wall, with some sort of iron basket to hold a coal fire, or dogs of brass or iron for a fire of wood: these latter permit of the exercise of artistic taste. It is well to have as little of a fender as possible, and to do away entirely with the ashpan.

Lastly, a word may be said about the furnishing of our house, and this is a matter of much importance. We may lay it down as a safe rule not to over-furnish, to have nothing that is not good and useful, to eschew collections of worthless bric-à-brac and china, together with cheap fans



Fig. 3.

struck into all sorts of possible and impossible positions, and falls of drapery hanging where they can be of no use and only serve to catch dust. Every room in our houses should look as though it were constantly occupied. Pretty etchings and pleasant pictures should adorn the walls; large subject pictures are, as a rule, unsuitable to private dwellings. Let hand-some cabinets stand in prominent places, bearing good specimens of pottery, china, metal work, &c. A few bowls or vases of flowers should enliven the room, and books must have their places in handsome bookshelves. Chairs should be solid yet elegant; tables are meant for use and must stand firmly on their legs. Tasteful decoration should be applied more or less to all furniture, but we must be on the look-out to check the weakness that comes from over-élégance, and, above all, let us beware of the "degraded follies of the Louis XV. period." Have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. Rest content with little, if necessary, but have that little of the very best you can afford.

The English are essentially a practical people, and our houses should express the lives we lead. It is absurd

for an English home to imitate the palaces of the Borgias or the style of Louis XV.: what may suit one country and one people is ridiculous in another and under different rules of life. So let us be consistent, and make our homes, so to speak, the reflection of ourselves. Let us take Nature as our model in our decorative art, "for this is the root of the matter; anything made by man's hands must be either beautiful or ugly—beautiful if it is in accord with Nature and helps her; ugly if it is discordant with Nature and thwarts her." If we do this, although at times the prospects of art may look gloomy, let us remember that art grew through "one long tragedy of hope and fear, joy and trouble." "This," says Mr. Morris, "was the growth of art: like all growth, it was good and fruitful for a while; like

all fruitful growth, it grew into decay; like all decay of what was once fruitful, it will grow into something new."

LILIAS J. GRAHAM.



FIG. 1.

Christmas.

LOW sighs the wind, the slanting sun beams pale;
Calm lies the sea, for Halcyon days are come.
Hushed wintry gale, and tempests' fury dumb,
While broods, wave-rocked, the bird her nestlings frail.
The myth extinct, lo! from its ashes springs
Eternal Truth. December's mantle cold,
Christ, the Child King, envelops in its fold.
Peace and goodwill to man Immanuel brings.
And thus the winter solstice, herald grin,
Proclaims of love, infinity, and might.
The day-star rises though earth's sun wanes dim,
And floods the world with Faith's supernal light.
Christ lulls the storm, and bids us rest in Him
Through endless days, that know nor cloud nor night.

C. LOUISA.



others, victims of the heavy-laden baggage. Yet those parts went as fast as the purpose of the purpose in which

The driver of their poor presented a sad sight to be endured, of course would something to in good humor, interesting journey comfort and even the horse to all sorts of other why the from side to patiently, as we all, more driver, and to proceed, tensified our say, think we budge an inch taking out, a passenger to read aloud to enough, but to be an hour. At last a sorry sight, and the snowflorins, for affect they piled times as thou neared St. M cheerless aspect might be day itself, and even the familiar sp from view. horses, which trotted off to old the snow w

A Memorable Journey.

BY MRS. HANCROFT.



ANY who heard of the serious inundations which visited North Italy and Switzerland last year, will never be able to realise the miseries that were experienced by those whose lot it was to travel through the flooded country. We were, amongst many others, victims to the deluge, which lasted six or seven days and which threatened to swallow us up, bag and baggage. We left Pontresina early in September, in the heaviest snow-storm I ever witnessed even in those parts—and it knows how to snow up there. We went as far as Samaden in an ordinary carriage, for the purpose of proceeding on our journey in the *diligence* in which we had secured the *coupé*.

The driver, conductor, passengers, and horses (with their poor heads bowed in humble resignation), presented a sad picture. The delay before starting seemed to be endless—in bright, cheerful weather, this of course would pass unnoticed, because there is always something to talk about and to look at, and one is in good humour in anticipation of a pleasant and interesting journey; but the dreary prospect of utter discomfort and danger made us despondent and anxious; even the horses, that are accustomed and well seasoned to all sorts of weather, at last seemed to ask one another why they were not “moved on.” They looked from side to side, shook themselves, and stamped impatiently, as if to say, “Let us start and get it over.” We all, more or less, gave an imploring look at the driver, and questioned him as to when he was going to proceed, for every five minutes of extra snow intensified our prospect of danger. But you may look, say, think what you please, nothing will make them budge an inch from their regular routine of placing, taking out, and replacing the luggage, and not allowing a passenger to enter the vehicle until his or her name is read aloud by an official. Of course this is all right enough, but there are occasions when every minute seems to be an hour.

At last we were off. The poor valley presented a sorry sight, wrapt as it were in one vast winding-sheet, and the snow was still coming down in flakes as big as florins, for although they touched the earth like angels' feet they piled themselves so thickly that it seemed at times as though we travelled over blankets. As we neared St. Moritz we were still more depressed by the cheerless aspect of the scene. The sky looked as if it might be days, or even weeks, before it would empty itself, and everything was so enveloped in clouds that the familiar spot and its lovely surroundings were hidden from view. After another tedious delay to change horses, which gave a loud snort of gratification as they trotted off to their warm stable, stopping only to shake off the snow which soaked them—a kind of “good rid-

dance” shake (I am sure they thought it)—whilst those that had to take their places shivered audibly as they emerged into the open, and looked about as if to say, “Well, this is a nice state of things!”—we started again on our weary way. The road was heavy and difficult, for it had been snowing incessantly the day and night before; all the breathing world except our carriage-load seemed to be shut out of sight, and save the monotonous clang of the bells which encircled the horses' necks, and an encouraging “whoop” from the driver, not a sound was to be heard until we reached the road where the water-falls abound, which in ordinary weather are beautiful to look upon.

As they dashed furiously across the road into the already swollen lakes (uncomfortably near us), not only were they deafening in the noise they made, but as they swept down the mountain-sides in frenzied speed, loosening the earth-bound stones and pitching them across the road under our very noses, we could not refrain from expressing alarm at the dangers before us.

As the water swept across the road and ran into the emerald-green lake, it presented a strange appearance, looking for all the world like a muddy road with water on either side of it. Had it been evening light, some unwary traveller might easily have mistaken these muddy streaks for the beaten track. It was strange to contemplate this big lake of Sils in its present swollen condition, and to remember it as it is frozen in winter, with ice some four feet deep, over which the *diligence* with its heavy load goes as a short cut *en route* for Italy. The rain had by this time joined issue with the snow, and fell with such mighty violence that our journey down the zig-zag was not looked forward to with a comfortable sensation. This grand descent, which, even in the finest weather, makes one shudder as well as admire, encompassed as it was now by black clouds purging forth thick ropes of rain, the like of which I had never seen before and never wish to see again, suggested the yawning gulf which is alluded to in the “Charge of the Light Brigade.” And down this snake-like path we must go before we could again reach level ground. The patient and obedient horses put their necks to their collars and began their task; the eyes of the driver and conductor fixed themselves upon the steep and winding road with a look that was eloquent in its silence. I shut my eyes and whispered a prayer, and did not look again until with thankfulness I found we had reached the straight road in safety. The rain now came down with even greater vigour than it had done before, and we trudged along on our dismal way, resigned at last to our fate, whatever it might be.

Presently night came upon us and we pursued our miserable journey in darkness, which was relieved only by the streaks of light that peeped from the coach-lamps, casting a ray across the road at our feet, intensifying the gloom that lay before us; the rushing waters on either

side making a *figural* sound, so near as that a speedy and watery grave seemed imminent. I was beginning to prepare for the worst and sat, as it were, waiting for it, when suddenly the *diligence* gave a terrible lurch which almost jerked all the breath out of us. I clung to my husband, and he to me, exclaiming, "What in Heaven's name is this?" It was an awful moment, and the darkness made it worse. However, nothing but a severe shoking was the result, and after a good deal of mysterious murmuring amongst the passengers, we went on, thankful for an escape from a catastrophe which had seemed certain.

At the next stopping-place we were informed that the wheels of the *diligence* had got into a broken bit of the bridge as we crossed, and that we were as near going over as possible. The rain was still rattling on the roof of our *coupe* like a shower of stones. At last the welcome lights from the windows of the *Hôtel Concord* told us we were at Chiavenna and at the end of our drenching, miserable, and jumpy journey. No sooner had we alighted than we were informed that we could not continue our way to Colico next day, nor could the landlord give us any idea as to when we *could* go on. The railroad had been in many parts washed away, whilst in others it was under water. The carriage-road was impassable as bridges had been destroyed by the strength of the mountain torrents.

Here was a nice state of things! In this close, cramped place, shut in by mountains, with an hotel good enough to stop in for one night on the way, but for an enforced stay, which seemed inevitable, miserable to contemplate! We looked at one another in blank despair, and allowed ourselves to be led to our rooms like lambs to the slaughter. When we went down to dinner we were told that the supplement which followed our *diligence* had fallen through the bridge, which had commenced to give way as we passed over it—the very spot which had threatened to swallow us up. Our weight had evidently proved to be the last straw, and the extra gap that we had made gave way and carried four people, carriage and all, down into the rushing water beneath. They fell, I believe, into a shallow part, and were happily rescued. The horses were extricated, but the carriage had to be left to its fate until daylight, and the poor passengers, in a drenched and terrified condition, walked in the pitch-darkness and pouring rain about two miles before they reached the hotel. Of course no more people could arrive that night, for those that followed were prevented by the broken bridge from proceeding further, and were compelled to accept the varied and eccentric accommodation of the little village hard by. In the morning they were conducted over rickety planks, and came on to swell the number of visitors to our already too crowded hotel. When we all met the next morning we wore upon our faces but one sad, hopeless, and anxious expression. The rain had never ceased, and was still coming down with relentless persistency.

The other victims, who by the help of daylight managed to scramble along, arrived to find faces as sad as their own; and when informed that no advance

could be made owing to the inundated condition of the country, they gave vent to their despair in groans, sighs, and grumbings in I don't know how many different languages. All the roads out of Chiavenna were stopped, and the accounts we heard of the experiences of those venturesome persons who had attempted to cross the Spilgen were very alarming. Our prospect of getting away was as dark as the sky. Every available spot in the hotel was occupied. Beds were made up on the billiard-table, in the *salle-delecture*, drawing-room, bureau, bedroom lobbies, &c. &c. There was not a corner except our dreary, cheerless bedrooms to sit down in; discomfort and anxiety reigned supreme, and the landlord, although he appeared to sympathise with us, and blandly expressed a hope that we should be able to proceed on our journey soon, was doubtless praying inwardly for a continuance of bad weather. We assembled in the courtyard and walked up and down like so many hopeless prisoners, with our eyes raised incessantly to the sky, wondering when, if ever, it would stop pouring. The only travellers who resigned themselves calmly to the cheerless prospect were a bride and bridegroom, who seemed reconciled to any emergency so that they were together. They gazed now and then at the sky, noticed at times the anxiety on every face, and ended by looking at one another with a smile of intense satisfaction that they were "together." They were never seen apart, much to the annoyance of an ancient maiden lady, who moaned in the most pessimistic manner, and expressed her entire disapproval of their contentment, when everybody else was enduring such misery.

I could not understand why this old lady was always so closely muffled up in a thick black veil, tightly drawn over her face under her hat. I discovered afterwards that she was in the habit of wearing a wig, which had been materially damaged by the wet, and to make matters worse, the maid had hurriedly dried it by the kitchen fire, which operation had hopelessly shrivelled and shrunk it. At *table d'hôte*, to her great annoyance, all eyes were fixed upon this wig. I sat opposite to her, and had every opportunity of studying it well, and can only describe it as having the appearance of a mass of dried hay. She caught my eye once or twice, and being conscious of "sailing under false colours," she glared at me with a withering look. I would have given anything to be sent further away from her, but this thing was like a magnet to me, and try as I would, I could not resist catching sight of the dried-up old bird's nest. She was evidently in an agony of mind, for she could see that all near her were staring more or less at this "greenery-gallery" abomination.

An old deaf gentleman who sat next to me, shouting into the ear of his friend, remarked, "No mistake about that being a wig opposite!" He was unconscious of having been heard, and so, when she flounced away from the table, he simply concluded that her dinner was over. We were all glad when we got out of the *salle-à-manger*, for the crowded state of the small room, the damp heat, and the incessant din of voices, all talking in different languages on the same subject—*when and how* we were to be

released from the rain. The rain was retired, we but sleep, and rain m

The m story: rail countenan to tears, v arms, one old—I ev windows. able creato shine into be making better spirit lack of cou gentlemen railway st chief officia sibility of towards Co

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On race state of thi Pontresina ships, and Bernina, the were all imp where, and f We were all bound to be despair, a tion; others women posit closely veiled muttering to never again periwigs in began to loo whispered w gently. Wh They were se scowls and g she passed we

released from our bondage—were almost unbearable. The rain was still surging on its wild career, and we retired, wondering what to-morrow would bring forth; but sleep was impossible, for the thunder, lightning, and rain rivalled one another all night long.

The morning came, but brought with it the same sad story: rain, rain, rain. Utter despair was in every countenance, and some of us were absolutely reduced to tears, when, on looking up, we saw, in its nurse's arms, one of the sweetest babies—about three months old—I ever beheld, looking from one of the upper windows. It crowed and laughed at us as we miserable creatures gazed up at it, and that put some sunshine into our hearts; the little happy face seemed to be making fun of us for not meeting our trouble in a better spirit. We felt rather ashamed, I fancy, at our lack of courage; and immediately afterwards some of the gentlemen determined to form a deputation to go to the railway station for the purpose of interviewing the chief official, to ascertain whether there was any possibility of our being taken at least a part of the way towards Colico.

Away they started, headed by a kindly doctor who spoke Italian, and who had a patient anxiously awaiting him at Menaggio; some of us ladies followed in the rear. On our arrival we were informed that the station-master, who had gone the night before on one of the engines to reconnoitre, had not been heard of since—they feared some accident had befallen him, and a detachment of mounted military had gone in search of him. The railroad had been in parts washed away by the floods, and it was impossible to help us in any way. With heavy hearts we left the station and walked in a melancholy procession slowly home again. As we passed along the streets, our ears were tortured and our sympathies awakened by the horrible shrieks of pigs and terrified poultry, which told us too plainly that they were doomed to premature death owing to the unusually crowded and besieged state of the Hôtel Conradi.

On reaching the hotel we were told of the fearful state of things in all parts of the country. Between Pontresina and St. Moritz there had been serious landslips, and the way had been entirely blocked. The Bernina, the Julier, Albula, Maloja, and Splügen roads were all impassable; devastation was to be seen everywhere, and the rain was still coming down unmercifully. We were all on the verge of distraction; some who were bound to be elsewhere by a certain day gesticulating in despair, and almost driven to madness by their detention; others calmly resigning themselves, whilst several women positively cried. The old lady of wig celebrity, closely veiled as usual, walked up and down excitedly, muttering to herself; doubtless vowing that she would never again travel without a good stock of frizzled periwigs in reserve. The bride and bridegroom even began to look a little anxious; but when the latter whispered words of comfort in her ear, the bride smiled gently. What did it matter? were they not "together"? They were so lost in admiration of one another that the scowls and grunts from the wigged old lady every time she passed were lost upon them. They heeded her not,

but wandered about as though it were a garden of beauty instead of a miserably dark and cheerless court-yard, and the rain coming down in torrents. This constant look of content upon their faces worked so upon the nerves of the old lady that at last she stopped and harangued them. "When everyone else was more or less miserable, for them to appear so completely happy was indelicate, to say the least." After she had finished her infuriated attack, they proceeded to walk up and down again with the same placid smile as before. They were Spaniards, and did not understand a word she had been saying. Possibly they thought she was a harmless lunatic.

Just at that depressing moment, when all seemed black and hopeless, the bright vision—the baby—again appeared at the window, and again the sunny smiles cheered us. I am sometimes weakly superstitious, and rely on certain omens, and I could not shake off the feeling that this sweet child, coming as it did at that weary moment, like an angel with its innocent face wreathed in smiles, meant to convey that we must not despair, that something better was in store for us if we would only be patient. I accepted the situation, and the others seemed to be influenced by the hope that beamed in the baby-face.

Even the possessor of the damaged wig stopped to gaze up at the child; but on close examination I felt that it was with a look of envy on the infant, who was not obliged to don the yellow-green adornment for *table-d'hôte*. I turned round to some of my fellow-sufferers and advised that we should try to make the best of it, and hope for an improvement in our condition the next day. A grunt from the old lady assured me that she was quite prepared to pass her future life in Chiavenna, wig and all! We then went to the *extra-poste* bureau as a kind of forlorn hope. The man, who seemed to feel very much for us, said that his brother would go on ahead, and if the rain should cease during the night, and we had courage enough to venture, he would let us have enough carriages to carry fifty people as far as they could take us; that we should encounter difficulties in the shape of bridgeless torrents, &c.; and when we got to where the road lost itself in the flooded fields, we must embark in a sort of barge and be taken to Domaso. We hailed this information with thankfulness, and returned to our hotel rejoicing. More alarming reports came in from the Engadine. The water had rushed with such violence from the mountains that it destroyed the gardens of the Saratz Hotel, and threatened to carry away the left wing of the building. All the gentlemen, headed by a civil engineer who fortunately was there, turned out, and worked with the natives to cut away the bridge on the road that crosses the glacier stream, in order to give the waters full play, and so save the hotel, the ladies running to and fro to supply them with wine to sustain them. The covered way between the Roseg Hotel and its *dépendance* had to be partly cut away to prevent a catastrophe; and altogether terrible damage was done everywhere.

At dinner that night I tried to cheer those who sat near me by saying I was sure we should find an

improvement in affairs the next day. "So you said yesterday," exclaimed the wigged lady, with a sharp snarl. "I can't help it," I replied; "I am not responsible. Don't blame me; I am trying to cheer you up." "I won't be cheered up; I hate everything." She said this in an excited and agitated way, and with such a sudden shake of her head that the shrunken wig became disturbed, and its descent into the soup seemed imminent.

We spent another anxious night. Behind my room there was a running stream, so that I could not be certain whether it was raining or not; and when in my restless anxiety I thrust my head out of window to ascertain the fact, which I did about every half-hour, I could not, in the midst of my own misery, help laughing when I saw from the various windows heads and hands thrust out to solve the same question; for had we not been told that if it ceased raining in the night we should be helped to make a move to somewhere? At seven o'clock we were all astir, and a rush was made to the *posts* to know our fate. We were informed that carriages would be ready at nine, if we had courage to brave the difficulties on the road.

Courage! we would brave anything to get away from our imprisonment. All was noise and bustle, and although we heard of the serious condition of the road, relief and hope beamed in every face. After a hurried breakfast and a scamper to get our luggage together, we were ready to begin our new experiences. Another day and night shut up in this place, with nothing to do but wander up and down, gazing anxiously at the leaden sky, would have spelt madness. The road outside the hotel was a curious sight: all the luggage lying about, the empty carriages waiting for their loads, the inhabitants standing in groups and staring with wonder at our tenacity, and the clouds scowling with a threatening look which betokened another speedy downfall. When the moment arrived for us to enter the carriages, the eagerness to obtain seats was almost painful. They agreed to take fifty people, and they had no accommodation for more; and when every place was filled we started on our way. Suddenly we heard a cry of someone despairingly asking for seats; we looked out, and there we saw our fairy baby, who had in the midst of our darkness put the first bit of sunshine into our hearts, in its mother's arms. Every voice exclaimed, "Oh! the baby!" Room must be made somehow, so we managed it by dividing the family for the time, and distributing them amongst us. The baby heroine was fondly welcomed, and with a crowing laugh she joined our party.

Away we started again, when another cry was heard from the road. This time it came from the Lady Frizzle-wig, who stood gesticulating with her umbrella and insisting on being accommodated with seats for herself and maid; but the carriages were not elastic, nor were we inclined to squeeze ourselves into further uncomfortableness to oblige the badly behaved and cantankerous old lady. We preferred the baby! She was informed that she must follow the next day with the other travellers; and as we went over the long stony street we could see her in the distance flourishing her

umbrella in a furious passion, and at length, giving up her chance of going that day, she turned upon her maid, and to all appearances harangued her for not waking her earlier, when she could have secured seats. The bride and bridegroom also had applied too late, but the smile of contented resignation again sat upon their faces; for were they not still "together"?

On we went, hoping though fearing. We soon came to our first difficulty, a raging torrent dashing across the road, which in its fury had torn up the bridge and carried it away. We were now told that we must get out of our carriages and walk, single file, along a plank which had been improvised over the roaring waters, their spray flying high over our heads. The carriages were to be got over a place which had been made during the night by a company of military, assisted by some navvies, who were all still lard of work, half stripped, and almost wholly exhausted, hurling big boulders into a hollow, in order to form a sort of way for the carriages and horses. We struggled across, some of us frightened at the chance of stumbling, others light headed and in momentary fear of becoming dizzy; but in the midst of our terror and suffering we did not forget our baby. She was tenderly carried across and shielded from the wet, still with a sweet and hopeful smile upon the wee face looking up with delight at the white spray as though it had been arranged for her special amusement. When we had all safely landed upon the other side, well drenched but thankful, we waited and watched with horrible anxiety the result of trying to induce the horses to venture with their load over the place contrived for them. At first they shied and positively refused to pass through the roaring waters. Mountain shrieks and cracks from whips were brought to bear, but the poor terrified brutes cried out like human beings in distress. It was a painful scene to witness, and one which none of us will easily forget.

Our coachman threw down his reins and declined to attempt the risk of killing himself and his horses; upon which a big, stalwart, brave-looking navvy jumped up on the box, and with the aid of men at the horses' heads, and others at the back to help the wheels along, and encouraging sounds in the shape of loud and continued yells, which excited the horses to a frenzy, he made the poor brutes rush forward through the angry foam, which was coming down with tremendous force from the mountain, and flying over the horses' heads as they struggled through. It seemed quite inevitable that they must be terribly injured, if not killed. However, they got over, bruised and trembling, but safe. They were received with cheers of sympathy which came from all our hearts. This wretched performance had to be repeated in each case before we could continue our journey. We all got back into our carriages, and our next anxiety was as to whether our wheels had been materially damaged and would give way under us. Happily this did not occur; but the surrounding country was a truly sad sight; nothing but the flooded meadows on either side of us, with the tops of the smaller trees floating like weeds on the surface.

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The country looked like one vast lake. Presently, when we came to where the floods were deeper, we had to go slowly along the carriage-road (which is raised above the meadows, carefully tracing the way, and standing on the seats in order to keep out of the water, the baby-girl crouching and laughing all the while; so that, in spite of our miserable condition, we had still a gleam of light in that little face.

Suddenly the road entirely disappeared; there was no going on any further; but here we found a big barge waiting for us, as the postmaster promised it should; and so we were extricated from our hip-baths and assisted into the boat. The rough-looking boatmen could not resist laughing at our forlorn condition; but when the baby was handed down to one of them, his look changed to one of fatherly reverence, and with loving gentleness he carried his precious charge into the boat, and it was with reluctance he gave up possession of our baby-traveller—she seemed, for the moment, to put new interest into his life, and he loved her there and then. When we were all embarked, we made a move onward, and what a ship-load it was! Fifty of us, besides the men who managed the boat, and the baby. We went along at a snail's pace, and so heavy was the barge that at times I trembled lest we should all go down. As we crept along, some sitting on the seat which ran round the side of the boat, and others standing, we sadly contemplated the scene around us. An endless lake, whichever way we looked! The rain came down again in torrents; but as we were on the water it little mattered; in fact, we were better off than we were on the road, with its fresh glimpses of danger every two or three minutes to alarm us. And although we were packed like cattle, we were thankful to be "thus far in the bowels of the land," although not "without impediment." A moment came when the fairy baby informed us that she was mortal, and required nourishment. The young mother tried all she could to amuse her by pointing to the "pretty water;" but "baby" required something more substantial, and, in spite of her mother's modesty, insisted upon ignoring the presence of so many people.

After a tedious crawling journey, tired and worn out, we reached a place on the Lake of Como called Domaso, where the inhabitants were walking about up to their waists in water, and their furniture was floating in all directions. Some of our passengers landed by means of planks in order to obtain food; but although we were all famished, the greater number of us elected to remain in the boat; for the aroma of the flooded village was not

inviting, and we decided to "rather bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Presently we heard the signal from the steamer which was to take us aboard. She was waiting in the middle of the lake, for all the piers being entirely submerged, it was impossible to come near them.

We soon discovered that beautiful Cadenabbia was impossible; so we decided upon braving the afternoon sun and going to Bellagio. Never did I rest my head more thankfully upon my pillow than I did that night.

The day after our arrival we rowed over to Cadenabbia, but the visit made us sad. No pretty gardens with the visitors lounging lazily in luxurious chairs, watching the boats arrive. All the grounds were several feet under water. No landing-stage, no steps; we were rowed over the wall which divides on ordinary occasions the lake from the road, up to the door of the hotel, where the water in the charming hall was so deep that we had to walk over planks to get on to the marble staircase. On the first floor we found a small bedroom turned into a bureau *pro tem.*, and a sitting-room transformed into a *salle-à-manger*. There were but few visitors, for the greater number of them had fled in terror.

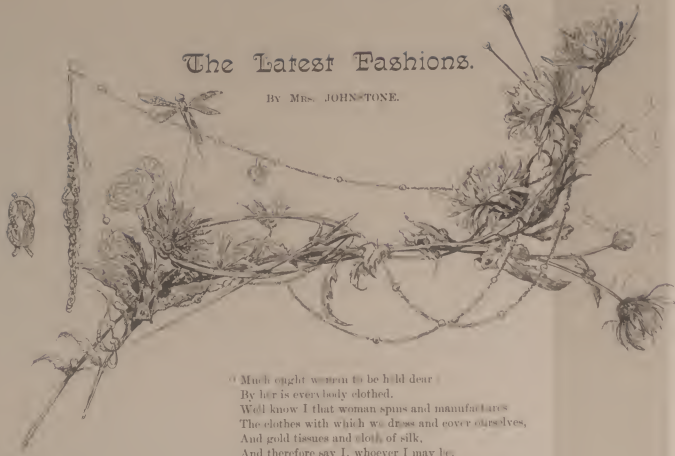
Fair weather set in, and it was interesting to watch day by day the water, which had been the cause of so much misery, gradually receding, but leaving behind it marks of its destructive visit, one of them being on the mountain behind the hotel, where the rains had so rotted the earth that a house had fallen, burying its inmates—a young baby alone escaping with its life.

In a few days the tops of the piers and landing-stages peeped out, as though asking permission after their prolonged immersion to show themselves. In a week's time the lake had resumed its normal condition, and like the ants that, after their nest has been destroyed, begin immediately to re-make it, the natives were busy repairing the various devastations as they appeared, one after another, through the retiring floods. No such disaster had visited the country for over thirty years, and doubtless all hearts echoed ours when we hoped it would be quite another thirty before it happened again. It was interesting to travel over the same ground this year; and when I made a short halt at the Hôtel Conradi, Chiavenna, where so many anxious hours were passed, I saw visions of our fairy baby, whose photograph I cherish, of the grumbling old lady whose wig had caused her so much anxiety and ill-temper, and of the devoted honeymoon couple who have had time since then to quarrel and separate over and over again.



The Latest Fashions.

By Miss. JOHNSTONE.



"Much ought women to be held dear
By her is every body clothed.
Well know I that woman spins and manufactures
The clothes with which we dress and cover ourselves,
And gold tissues and cloth of silk.
And therefore say I, whoever I may be;
To all those who shall hear this story,
That they say no ill of women's black, *— Old French Poet.*

AND we thank the gallant old French poet for his championship of womankind. But what a different world he lived in! The old times "when Adam delved and Eve span" are so remote, we have almost forgotten them. Women no longer are content only with their "ain firesides" and simple pleasures and interests. They have thrown themselves into the vortex of existence, whether for good or ill. They have become bread-winners, public speakers, and bold partisans, taking their part in professions, and bearing the brunt of the battle. And yet with it all, they do not ignore the potency of good looks, and thousands of active fingers are even now busy preparing for the sex's adornment.

Women in early stages of civilisation adopted fur for raiment, and among the greatest nations of the world, this comfortable attire takes its part in state functions and the ordinary routine of life. Yet how few wearers of fur realise at what cost they enjoy the luxury of such durable warm clothing! Active, enterprising men, inured to hardship, peril, and toil, cheerfully devote themselves to the pursuit of the fur-bearing animals. Most of the skins now used come from North America, and the fluctuation of value makes the trade a speculative one. Seal-skin is once more thoroughly in fashion, and, when really good, there is nothing that wears better, or is more becoming. The fur seals come from the North and South Pacific, and the skins undergo a great deal before they are fit for women's wear. They are packed for market in casks of brine till they become soft, the hair is then pulled out and the fur left, the finer and closer the more valuable. The English dye is the best, for all seal-skin is dyed, but only the superior skins will take the

dark tone now worn. To judge of a skin, it should be looked at the wrong way of the fur in order to ascertain the depth of the pelt.

At the beginning of this number, as a frontispiece, appear some of the favourite shapes of fur cloaks designed by Messrs. Poland, 190, Oxford Street. The short seal coat, with its elongated fronts, is a vast improvement on the ordinary jacket. There is a waistcoat of seal coming below the waist, bordered with revers of otter, Persian lamb, or sable, all of which form a happy contrast to the soft seal pelt. The sleeves are put in high on the shoulders, which seems a universal fashion this year, and there is a high stand-up collar, the contrasting fur appearing on the cuffs and on the back of the coat. Most of this year's fur garments fit the figure closely at the back, the basque being slit up, so that should the tournure be resuscitated, there will be room for any fulness in the skirt before the durable fur will be worn out.

The cape in the illustration has all the appearance and warmth of a mantle without the weight. It descends almost to the waist, back and front in points, and has the high Elizabethan collar, suited only to long throats. The pendent sleeves are edged with fur tags and balls, which, threaded on brown silk cord, form a fringe. This kind of sleeve considerably diminishes the apparent size of a stout figure, and, provided it is not put in too high and full on the shoulders, is well suited to women past forty, who have lost the fairy-like figure of youth. A correspondent at the other end of the world has requested that this section of the readers of THE WOMAN'S WORLD should be considered, and accordingly I have a few practical suggestions to make for their benefit.

A good and ease, years, if principles means be diminish th For example hips must care must be taken with ments. I sl last to advo diminution to the det health. Bu dress is often that fold is fold where is wanted. C garments nec culty, and the should be a plain deep b lowed out t figure. Such provided wit sewn to the be made to more than o skirt. The n fully built st necessity. Un ness is breadt length, therefo ject of a stou should be to ac to her breadt are better suit than cheeks; should be car gonally, and t vague the out better. As a n course, then, da who in a light a soft dark cas the light glister Rough fabrics distinct front br the eye is there must, however, rowed at the w superfluous inch sensible waist.

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A good figure, involving as it does grace, dignity, and ease, is not in any way incompatible with advancing years, if careful attention be paid to certain obvious principles in dressing. If symmetrical, it need by no means be slender, and though it may be impossible to diminish the actual proportions, they may be balanced. For example, if the bust be too large for the hips, the hips must be increased by judicious padding. Great care must be primarily taken with undergarments. I should be the last to advocate a silly diminution of raiment to the detriment of health. But women's dress is often so planned that fold is laid over fold where no warmth is wanted. Combination garments meet the difficulty, and the petticoats should be attached to plain deep bands, hollowed out to fit the figure. Such a band provided with buttons sewn to the edge can be made to serve for more than one underskirt. The most carefully built stays are a necessity. Undue stoutness is breadth without length, therefore the object of a stout woman should be to add length to her breadth. Stripes are better suited to her than checks; draperies should be carried diagonally, and the more vague the outline the better. As a matter of course, then, dark tones should be preferred; a woman who in a light blue satin gown would look ungainly, in a soft dark cashmere might appear to have a fine figure, the light glistening satin developing the outlines unduly. Rough fabrics are desirable. The present fashion of distinct front breadths diminishes the apparent size, for the eye is thereby attracted to an inner outline. This must, however, be carefully treated and properly narrowed at the waist. By this means a girth of many superfluous inches may assume the appearance of a presentable waist.

One of the troubles incident to stout figures is, as I have said, the inadequate size of the hips. Tabbed jackets diminish this, also basques which are only deep at the front and back, for they break the line. Waistcoats are eminently becoming. All skirt drapery should start from the edge of the bodice. The more seams there are the smaller the figure looks, and the higher the

sleeves are placed the narrower is the back, but if too full they impart the appearance of much breadth in front; the breast-plates must always be kept low.

The driving-coat in the frontispiece would only be suited to slender figures. It is a counterpart of one made for a fashionable countess. The bishop sleeves are quite full and gathered into the fur cuff, which matches the crossing revers in the front. It is lined throughout

with fur and trimmed with Cremer lamb. It can be made in thick cloth, or in large patterned woollen brocade. There are plenty of other fashionable warm cloaks fur-bordered and fur-lined, but for a good useful wrap the Russian circular has few rivals on muddy days. The skirt, if necessary, can be easily held up beneath, as it can with a circular waterproof, and cannot with the pretty Princess shape now in vogue, as we often find to our cost if any of us walk to an afternoon party without due heed to an over-long dress.

However busy, active, and energetic we women may be in this nineteenth century, ornaments are still just as precious to the majority of Englishwomen as to the African savage or the American squaw; but the adornments differ. At the head of this article I have illus-

trated a number of pretty novelties made by Messrs. Percy Edwards and Co., 71, Piccadilly. A bracelet which perpetuates the memory of the year to which we have just bidden adieu, can be made with any date, any name, or any monogram. The letters are carried out in diamonds, rubies, or other stones, or in red or blue enamel, united by chains. The bracelet fastens on the snaffle principle, and cannot come undone. The snake junction has been adapted to belts, so we are turning everything to account. A new tiara of diamonds is a most telling one; the rising sun in diamonds is set on a red enamel band, which displays the gems well and makes them all the more sparkling. Diamonds are so fashionable now that much care is bestowed by the designer in inventing forms in which they can be mounted, and the new moon crescent is one of the successes of the moment. The little brooches which everybody wears assume many new shapes. That "time



COSTUMES FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

flies" is demonstrated by an *opai* brooch with diamond wings; a diamond key, and a heart and key in diamonds, glitter on the front of many low bodices, together with diamond yachts, dogs, horns, stag-heads, and a circle of single stones set on wires, each one distinct, so that they glitter with every movement. The pins are equally varied in their designs. Minia-

dressed by Messrs. Edmonds and Orr, of Wigmore Street, as some of the children were arrayed at Lady Aline Vane Tempest's wedding. The youthful page wears a suit of reseda velvet, the tight breeches being fastened with Maltese silver buttons, which adorned the shapely jacket, with its point-lace collar and ruffles. The sleeves are slashed at the shoulders with cream



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

tures are well mounted as ornaments, and there is a disposition to revive the fashion of one and even of two centuries back. Diamond-backed and enamelled watches, attached to red and blue enamelled bars, are intended to be fastened to the dress; and I notice that women possessed of jewelled lockets, which are no longer fashionable, now attach them to a bow of ribbon, and wear them fastened on the left of the bodice. A pretty new comb is of carved tortoiseshell set off with diamonds, which are movable, and can be put to many other uses.

January is certainly the children's month, and the more picturesque and artistic the little garments in which, with all the grace of childhood, they trip lightly to the Christmas parties, the more they will be admired. The boy and girl in the illustration on page 129 are

surah, matching the soft silk sash, fringed at the ends and tied at the side. The shoes are Suede kid; the stockings, green silk. The little girl is arrayed in white Irish poplin, one of the best-looking and most durable fabrics for a child's wear. The bodice is full, the sleeves are also slashed, and the sash is fringed; the point-lace collar also assimilates with the boy's attire; the skirt is cut round the hem in piped tabs; and the little hat is as pretty as a white felt tricorne can be, which is saying a great deal. White velvet forms a full bind, and three ostrich-tips peep over the top.

The above group of children are arrayed by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. While one little sister plays, an older one is endeavouring to hush the disturbing noise of the others. A babe of about two, whose garment is more lace than anything else, holds a doll which

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he caresses. The eldest girl wears cream Oriental silk, trimmed with lace; the embroidery on some of the other frocks is worth examining; for the rest, the sketch shows the mode of making and the styles generally, better than any verbal description.

The ball-gowns sketched at Messrs. Russell and Allen's, in Old Bond Street (see below), show what mothers and sisters will be wearing when they, in their turn, take a part in the festive season's gay doings. A pink tulle draped over green is intended for a young married woman, and these so-called shadow dresses are one of the fashions which are likely to be adopted by the best-dressed women, judging from the number being ordered for county balls, always a good criterion. The pink tone is strengthened by long pink moiré trained sash-pieces covering the back, and panels at the side, lined with green. Garlands of pink roses are fringed across the front; the bodice is moiré. The young girl's ball-gown is charmingly simple; it is all white tulle and

elsewhere. It will be seen by the illustration (page 132) how the modes of many past eras have been adapted to modern requirements. The tea-gown is made in soft apricot satin, cut somewhat low at the throat, in a rounded form, the soft drapery falling to the feet and being caught up gracefully at the side. The close-fitting sleeve has a full high over-sleeve. The same sort of epaulette appears on the brown silk, with its Medici collar, and the morning gown worn by the seated figure is a combination of blue and grey. The bodice is a graceful one, the revers making the apparent size of the waist very small. It is outlined round by a pointed band, and some handsome embroidery is introduced on the vest and round the arm. Many of these gowns are reproduced in velveteen of a new make, which very nearly approaches to velvet, and may be had in almost any colour, some of the most delicate shades being well suited to evening wear. The tea-gown and the one worn by the figure on the right have the bodices laced



BALL-GOWNS.

garlands of white roses, similar roses edging the bodice. The other dress is pink tulle trimmed with rows of narrow ribbon, and fringes of pink roses; the berthe is entirely of pink roses. These few words serve to describe the materials, but the grace of the gowns designed by Mr. Joyce are best realised by the sketch.

Messrs. Liberty and Co. have established a reputation for artistic gowns such as are rarely to be found

at the back; the former is made long in the skirt. Medium lengths would seem to be going out. Dresses now either lie well on the ground or just touch; the *rase-terre* length is out of date. The Zouave jackets introduced by this firm on many of their dresses are exceedingly becoming. They are also making an admirable opera-cape for young people, of light-coloured wool, and simply pleated, so that it falls softly.

From Messrs. Redwayne, in New Bond Street, I have culled two more elaborate opera-cloaks, both of which are particularly effective, and illustrations of which are given on the opposite page. The first is made of a white and light-coloured brocade, or such as coral and white, gold and white—trimmed throughout with uncurled ostrich-feathers. The high up-standing collar which the Duchess of Fife made fashionable by

beginning to recognise the importance of cultivating the beauty of their hands. We owe a great deal in many ways to our American cousins, and special thanks are due to them for the introduction into Great Britain of the American manicure. I often look with horror at a well-shaped hand utterly ruined by the way the nails are cut and tended, and it is curious what a transformation may be effected by just one visit to Miss Hedderwick's



TEA-GOWNS.

wearing on her travelling dress on her wedding-day, is lined throughout with feathers, which prove a soft frame and background to a young and pretty face. It is made very high on the shoulders, and a few ribbon streamers give an additional finish to the sleeves. The other mantelette consists of three capes, opening not only in front but down the centre of the back, to show some horizontal rows of passementerie, which contrast with the perpendicular lines on the capes. The soft fur at the throat renders it both warm and becoming.

I am rejoiced to think that at last Englishwomen are

pretty rooms at 54, Piccadilly. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays a number of very unpromising hands undergo her treatment, and never unsuccessfully. She is one of many gentlewomen who have made a career for themselves, and who bring to bear the kindly breeding of their class on a profession with marked benefit. The hands are soaked for a while as a preliminary in scented water, then they are ready for the nails to be cut, and the cuticles trimmed. It is the method in which the cutting is done on which so much depends. Filbert nails will be quite common if her treatment be but followed. When

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the shape has been made right, the nails are polished till they shine like silver. No doubt greater perfection is attained when the fingers are entrusted to the care of a manicure, but it is equally true that each individual might do a great deal for the benefit of her own hands, by learning first how to cut the nails and trim them, and then how to polish them. Boxes of necessary materials may be bought.

used, the chain is attached to the waist as before, and the sheath will be just the right length to slip into the pocket. It is said to be had anywhere, but I saw it at Shoolbred's, and was happy to find that other people had discovered its convenience as well as myself.

The treasures prepared for the French Exhibition are beginning to be scattered abroad, and among other adjuncts to dress are very long gloves, jewelled at the



OPERA CLOAKS.

Another lady has come to the help of her sister women, and has invented a practical pedestrian umbrella-holder. Most of us are troubled in the course of the winter how to hold card-case, umbrella, muff, and other impedimenta comfortably. This simple little invention leaves the hands free. It consists of a sheath a few inches deep, attached to a steel or nickel chain with spring hooks. The umbrella is dropped into the sheath, the top of which reaches the button and elastic usually carried round the cover, the safety chain is then passed round the handle and hooked into the main chain, which has a châtelaïne-hook to fasten to the waist. If placed sufficiently far back it will not swing, and when its wearer is seated it rests at her side. When the umbrella is

back. Three rows of diamonds are so arranged that they can be sewn and transferred to other gloves, but when on they prove most becoming to the hand, and nowhere could gems be more *en évidence*. Embroidered gloves have rarely made much way in modern days, though centuries ago most of the best gloves showed evidence of the embroiderer's art. Fine work is displayed on some of these long ones, as well as jewels. The arms of several royal houses grace the top of some, while mimosa flowers and leaves in natural colours cover the outside of black kid gloves, and silver lilies of the valley those of white kid. There is a possibility that some of the leaders of fashion in England are about to adopt the idea of both the jewelled and the embroidered gloves.

Paris Fashions.

NEW Year's Day, now so close at hand, is the great day of the year. All the world is out, paying visits, leaving cards, making presents, receiving gifts, on the first day of the year.

the magistrates, deputations from the army, the municipal councillors, the ambassadors, and foreign plenipotentiaries. It is a deluge of the entire Government and of illustrious strangers before the head of the State. Mme. Carnot



THEATRE-DRESS.

At the Élysée the President of the Republic begins his receptions at nine o'clock in the morning. His first guests are the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber. Before an hour has elapsed, M. Carnot, with an escort of cavalry, is on his way to the Palais du Luxembourg and the Palais Bourbon, returning the congratulatory call of these important functionaries. He hastens back to receive the diplomatic corps, the deputies,

meanwhile receives in her elegant salon, with that admirable grace of manner for which she is distinguished. In several hundred homes New Year's receptions are going on. The lady of the house is besieged with offerings of flowers, bon-bons, and pretty nicknacks.

Out of doors it is a merry scene. The famous toy shops and sweetmeat-shops, the latter led off by Boissier and Siraudin, drive a splendid trade. For the lesser

folk there is from the night especially, the

Society of the salons night with a reception in earnest.

are an essential part of the going parade is characteristic of the craze for the theatre, and is suitable to the Odéon, be the right of the Comédie, and that you attired to Comique as to the Opéra.

It is also that the dress a successful be brighter than one worn at a play that less favour public. An judge of the which his we by the attire auditrresses.

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folk there is the great toy-fair held on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Place de la République. At night especially, when the square wooden booths are illuminated, the animated scene is full of quaint charm.

Society may be considered now in town for the winter. The salons are opened. The theatres are filled every night with a crowd of charming women. Balls, parties, receptions have begun in earnest. The French are an essentially theatre-going people, and it is characteristic of their craze for the *convenable* that women dress differently for the various theatres, and that what is suitable to be worn at the Odéon would not be the right thing for the Comédie Française, and that you cannot go attired to the Opéra Comique as you would to the Opéra.

It is also understood that the dress worn at a successful play is to be brighter and daintier than one worn to assist at a play that has found less favour with the public. An author may judge of the esteem in which his work is held by the attire of his fair auditrresses.

At the Gymnase, the Châtelet, the Bouffes, and the Odéon, dress should be very simple—it may incline to austerity even in its plainness. Soft woollen, or lustreless silk gowns, sober in colour; a small velvet toque, brightened by a single flower, for head-dress; light Suède or grey kid gloves—this is considered the most distinguished attire

for these theatres. The fan of painted gauze, scintillating with gold or steel tinsel, alone gives a touch of brilliancy to the costume.

At the Variétés and the Vaudeville, dress may be more elegant. The gowns of wool or silk must bear that indescribable stamp of being made by a good dress-maker; they are usually of a tender shade of colour. For head-dress we have a twist of old lace or a light turban, adorned on one side with a cluster of flowers or a simple knot fastened by a radiant butterfly or

dragon-fly in diamonds or many-coloured gems. A large pelisse in plush or dark brocaded silk, trimmed with a collar and cuffs of fur, completes the costume. As an example of a dress suitable for such theatres, we may mention one, lately made by one of our great houses, in *peau-de-cygne*, of the new shade of grey-brown, known as damp earth; the round skirt was

embroidered at the hem with a band of fine gold beads, narrowing as it crept up the side. The bodice consisted of a Roumanian vest, quite covered with beads and embroidery, opening over a waistcoat of pale blue *crêpe de Chine*. A light turban of sky-blue velvet, wreathed with roses; a tortoiseshell fan, delicately painted with garlands of flowers, made up a costume that was charming in colour and picturesque in style.

At the Comédie Française on Tuesdays and Thursdays, evenings reserved for the seat-holders, the appearance of the house is always brilliant. Every social notability may be seen on those evenings in the classic house. The half-flow dress and large picturesque hats, or dainty cap-like bonnets, sprinkled with diamonds, are worn in the boxes. High dress is *de rigueur* in the stalls; but there is a suggestion of more opulence than usual in the style and colours of the ladies' costumes, and in their ornaments. On other evenings, afternoon visiting-dress is worn in boxes and stalls alike.

At the Opéra Comique, low dress, or half-flow dress, in velvet and silk, brightened with diamonds and many-tinted gems, is worn in the boxes. In the stalls the delicate and vivid colours of the gowns (worn high up to the throat) make the floor of the house look like a parterre of flowers. Worth has designed a wide and flowing mantle, Venetian in style, to be made of plush, which will be the fashionable theatre-cloak of the winter.

At the Opéra, dress reaches its highest note of



DINNER-GOWN.

splendour. Embroidered satin, brocades of gem-like sheen, shot velvets, a profusion of jewels and diamonds in the hair, round the throat and arms, make up a scene of rare brilliancy.

Our first illustration is a charming example of a dinner or theatre dress. The skirt is in soft *peau-de-cygne*, moonlight-blue. The low velvet bolice, in the more decisive shade known as Monaco blue, is adorned with a fichu collar of cream muslin crossed over the bust and kept in its place by the lace that fastens the bodice.

Our next illustration is a dinner-dress made by one of our first houses. Its charm lies very much in the delicate harmony of its colouring. The redingote is lead grey *peau-de-cygne*; the under-dress of the same supple silk is pale misty grey. A band of embroidery wrought in silver and gold beads outlines the redingote, forms the bow which fastens this upper-dress at the bust, and in a broader band trims the hem of the under-skirt.

A taste has set in for bright and delicate colours. In greens we have albinthe, the soft old-fashioned shade with a new name; eucalyptus-green, fresh and tender; moss and pale réseda; light-responsive eau de Nil and mysterious water-greens. The gamut of pink runs through every shade of rose, from the tint known as "old pink," which is but another name for the "crushed strawberry" of a year or two ago, through the sweetness of the moss-rose pink, culminating in the crimson richness found in certain shades of chrysanthemums, then fading away into the yellow tone of dead rose-leaves. Greys are also fashionable. The neutral tint helps wonderfully to give effect to the brighter colours. Smoke-grey, oxidised silver-grey, grey with a dash of mauve, are all favourite tones. Brown is also rising into favour.

Simplicity, more than ever, distinguishes the form of

walking, visiting, and out-of-door gowns. For evening dress, *les grandes lignes* prevail. The lines of the costume follow those of the figure. There is a stateliness and a Paul Veronese grace in these evening dresses. For dinner-dress the high Medici collar; the bodice cut square; the sleeves full; the under-dress showing all down the front from the bust to

the feet; the over-dress rising high at the back to the base of the Medici collar, and gathered below the waist in fulness sufficient to provide an ample train. The over-dress of velvet or brocade, the under-dress of silk-muslin lying in drifts, or falling in ripples, is a combination that lends itself to the happiest effects. Splendid as the material may be, the essential charm of a gown lies in the art with which its drapery has been handled. No material falls into more graceful lines than does the diaphanous silk-muslin now so much in favour. Its ripples and delicate daintiness of effect contrast artistically with the sweep of the velvet or brocade of which the upper flowing robe is usually composed. Ball-dresses, or gala evening dresses, are worn low. A ball-dress, at once magnificent and graceful, has lately been made by the Maison Morin-Blossier for one of our leaders of fashion. The upper-dress, made with a long train, was of amethyst-coloured satin, outlined with fur; the under-dress was of cream brocade, covered with a pattern of deli-

cate blue convolvuli. Round the line of the bodice was placed a drapery of amethyst velvet, fastened by a spray of convolvuli in diamonds. A simpler but no less charming ball-dress issuing from the same house, was of sulphur-coloured taffetas brocaded with clusters of roses; round the bodice, and about the hem of the skirt, undulated festoons of soft pink mousseline-*le soie*; a Marie Antoinette fichu of the pink muslin twined round the bodice. The dress had a suggestion of the Louis XVI. style.



VISITING-DRESS, WITH BENOITON HAT.

It is suggested that they keep that might be of crop Louis XIV. of straw-co dress was striped with the bodice, fastened by twig-green placed high the bust.

The last fashion is close-fitting; the skirts are flat; the figure outside skirts sleeves are ample, and made of silk, a shade than the rest dress. In a very becoming time was made fair woman, of the color Parma violet hem of the skirt trimmed with of flowered a deeper shade into the sleeves were velvet; a Russian of gold open gave a pretty ing touch dainty costume.

Our illustration (page 136) is a fine example of the effect of wear. The dress is of The cloth and the brocade is a mastic-grey into the belt, band of velvet and front of terie outlines in the waist-ered velvet, and of brocade.

The two halves from the Maison what is to be worn

It is notable that the style of various periods is suggested in the charming gowns of to-day, while yet they keep their note of present fashion. A radiant dress that might have been worn in the days of Louis XIV. was of crêpon, embroidered with fine pearls of gold, the Louis XIV. vest of splendid brocade opening over a jabot of straw-coloured mousseline-de-soie. A young girl's dress was in the Empire style, of pink silk shot and striped with green; the plain skirt was narrow as a sheath; the bodice, cut heart-shape behind and in front, was fastened by a wide twig-green scarf-sash, placed high under the bust.

The last word of fashion is that of close-fitting gowns; the skirts are made flat; the bodices fit the figure like an outside skin; the sleeves alone are ample, and are often made of velvet or silk, a shade deeper than the rest of the dress. In this style a very becoming costume was made for a fair woman, of cloth of the colour of Parma violets; the hem of the skirt was trimmed with a band of flowered velvet of a deeper shade, woven into the stuff. The sleeves were of velvet; a Russian belt of gold open work gave a pretty finishing touch to the dainty costume.

Our illustration (page 136) is a graceful example of a visiting-dress designed by Worth. The effect of wearing velvet sleeves may here be judged. The dress is a mixture of cloth, velvet, and brocade. The cloth and velvet are a delicate tree-trunk brown, the brocade is a design in two shades of russet-leaves on a mastic-grey ground. The cloth polonaise, gathered into the belt, is open over the brocade skirt. A wide band of velvet placed perpendicularly trims the back and front of the brocade skirt. A deep passementerie outlines the yoke of brocade, and is repeated in the waist-band. The wide sleeves are of gathered velvet, and are finished off with a deep wrist-band of brocade.

The two hats made to be worn with this costume come from the Maison Virot, and may be taken as models of what is to be worn during the winter. One (see above),

nick-named the *Marmotte écossaise*, has a large brim covered with velvet of the shade known as old green. The soft crown of plaid velvet is trimmed in front with a large butterfly bow, also of plaid velvet. The second headgear, the graceful *Chapeau Benoiton* (page 136), is of black velvet; the mob-cap crown of old pink brocade is drawn with a black velvet ribbon, which, fastened in front, supports a cluster of black feathers.

Bonnets will be worn very small this winter, and with but little trimming. A rosette of narrow velvet, or

a small aigrette, a tiny bird nestling in a pouf of lace, a jewelled brooch, or a coronet of jet, will replace the nodding erection of plumes, blossoms, knots of ribbon, adorning the tall head-gears so much in favour a season or two ago. Hats have usually wide brims; but some smaller and less picturesque shapes are beginning to put in an appearance. The grace of drooping plumes is being replaced by simpler trimmings. Wide sash-ribbon, twisted round the crown, and tied in front; plaid draperies, choux in delicate materials, are all the vogue.

The pelisse is the favourite mantle for winter wear. It is made in fancy woollen fabrics, in cloth, silk, plush, or velvet. The cloth pelisses are

often adorned with three capes, showing at the edge a suggestion of the satin with which the mantle is lined, or the capes may be of two colours. Astrachan, which continues to be the favourite fur, is also much used to trim coloured cloth pelisses. The high collar, the gauntlet cuffs and plastron of black fur, look well with the various shades that are now fashionable. The velvet pelisses are often gorgeous garments gathered at the waist with girldes of metal and silk cord; trimmed with collars, stoles, plastrons of shimmering passementerie. The long sleeves are lined with satin of brilliant hue. These sleeves are not unfrequently made of rich brocade, the velvet flowers and foliage spreading on a silken ground of a delicate shade. The softness of feathers, the costly beauty of fur, are liberally used to adorn these mantles.

MARQUE DE VELOURS.



THE "MARMOTTE ÉCOSAISE" HAT.

Foreign and English Housekeeping.

It is not strange that one of the great questions discussed just now—in these days of diminished incomes, and of increased expenses in the way of rent, taxes, and education—should be how to make the ends of income and expenditure meet. Nearly every periodical purporting to be a "woman's paper" has generally in each issue something *à propos* of the subject; and numberless are the suggestions and inquiries, more or less good, that one sees. Generally someone writes at intervals a glorified account of how they do these things better in France, or indeed in any part of the Continent; and how they understand far better how to make sixpence do the work of a shilling than we do. We are told that rent is less, luxuries are fewer, the living is simpler, and people are freer from the fear of their neighbours' comments; and there is a greater absence of false pretences in the whole conduct of life. There are several reasons given for this superiority in making the best of slender incomes. The foreign housewife does her own marketing, or has a maid who can do it for her; the amount purchased may even be a farthing's-worth, where the Englishwoman would not dare to suggest less than a penny for any article. Then, again, we are told of the rule of "cash payments;" and we hear once again the assertion that the Continental daughter is brought up to help in every way possible in the housework, and is taught that home, and home duties, are the most important things in life.

And so the rivulet of talk runs on, and spreads itself over page after page, and those who talk never seem to grasp the idea for an instant that life in England and life on the Continent is, and must be, entirely different, in the very nature of things. The Englishwoman of to-day is far more a partaker in the life of the humanity about her than the women of the various nations on the Continent of Europe. We may belittle her as we please, but her interests are larger, and her life-work greater, in every way, than those of the women with whom we would compare her.

Whether she live in London or in the country, she has, you may be sure, the parish and the poor to make calls on her thought and time; the soup kitchen, sewing classes, mothers' meetings, district visiting, schools, choir, organ, treats, and festivities in the parish; collections to make for various objects, knitting and needlework to do for the poor, and her various societies and committee meetings, religious and otherwise, to look after. Then there are people who need help to get into hospitals, homes, and refuges. Yet these are but a few of the calls which humanity makes on the Englishwoman, more or less, according to her circumstances. Her family, if children, entails the anxious supervision of the nursery and schoolroom; if grown up, it is probably scattered about the world: a son in India, another in Canada, a daughter in Australia, besides a bird or two left in the home nest. Thus her correspondence is very large; for

they always look to the *mater* to do the letter-writing to the absent ones over the sea.

Lastly, we have what exists nowhere so much as in England—the daily notes, and letters of friendship, in addition to business letters, which sometimes tax the time very severely. Nor must we forget the account-keeping of the house and the private purse, the supervision of the linen, and arranging for its supply, and the hours spent in visiting and receiving visits. In the morning, as well as the afternoon, the ordinary English lady has to be visible. No *prignoirs* are permissible for her. Very frequently she has the garden to attend to, a carriage and horses, entertainments of all kinds, her own dress, and her daughters', and much responsibility and personal attendance when there is any sickness in the house.

Moreover the house has to be kept tidy and pretty; the table gracefully arranged, flowers and decorations provided, according to the style in vogue; servants drilled and looked after; guests to be entertained and news papers and books to be ordered, exchanged, and read.

Now if we add to all this list the difficulties of the present day with reference to servants, who, be it remembered, require much more training and much more refinement for the work of an English household than they would for a foreign one (and anyone who takes a foreign servant will be quick to find this out), we shall see that an English matron's life is a busy one; and the wonder is, not that her duties are badly done, but that anyone should manage to do so much, and do it so well.

The only life on the Continent that at all compares with an Englishwoman's is that of the Swiss lady, who lives in a way much resembling our own, is equally interested in charities, and busy in good works, reads everything of the best in at least two languages besides her own, and is, at the same time, an excellent housekeeper and house-mistress, an exquisite needlewoman, and frequently a fair artist. The young ladies in Switzerland give great assistance in the schools of the different charities, visit among their poorer neighbours, and assist in their own homes. The life in Switzerland is more restricted, however, in many respects. There are no outdoor entertainments, no tennis amongst the native ladies, and owing to the religious ideas of the stricter Calvinistic faith, balls and parties are rare, and dress is more restricted and generally quieter in colour than amongst ourselves. As a rule, the Swiss have charming country houses, to which they move in summer; and thus, on the borders of their lovely lakes, and beneath their snowy mountains, life, in the hot months, becomes an idyll of beauty.

If we may judge from recent disclosures made in London by a well-known Italian authoress, the life of an Italian lady, of any age, is more like that of a cloistered nun, or of the inmate of a Turkish harem, than that of a woman or a young girl of the nineteenth century A.D.

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Special stress is laid on the poverty of the education given, on the lack of culture and of interest in their surroundings.

The German ladies, like the Italian, form almost a class apart as regards the development of culture, education, and charitable and philanthropic tastes. They are excellent housekeepers, and there seems much jealousy on the part of German mankind lest woman should take a step further and be introduced into a freer or more intellectual existence, or taste any of the refreshments of the higher culture.

The Frenchwoman, I think, enjoys a greater degree of consideration, and also of authority, than even her English sister. She enters into business with her husband, and has, equally with him, a right of veto over her children's marriages as long as they live; and even the usual term by which she addresses her husband has a notable significance, for there is a trace of *camaraderie* in it: she says, "*Mou ami*;" and he also uses the same phrase and calls her "My friend." This is surely a wise conjugal position, when one remembers that their interests are in every way identical.

When we consider the housekeeping routine of the various nations, we shall find but little of what constitutes it in England; nor do I think that there is any such thing on the Continent, certainly not amongst our nearest neighbours across the Channel. Ours may perhaps be termed "decorative." Beginning with breakfast, the conditions of life are different, and we find no trace in any nation of our pleasant, well-ordered, prettily arranged English breakfast-table. As a general rule, there is no white table-cloth, and there used to be no butter or sugar some thirty years ago, or even less. The French *déjeuner à la fourchette* is a dinner almost, with the exception that soup is not served at it; and the dinner is perhaps a little more than ours.

The economy of cold meat cookery seems to be but little practised abroad. The meat is cut in slices and served on a dish, cold, and the general form of re-servicing is with a "mayonnaise" sauce; in other cases the beef is generally tough and old, which arises from the fact that cattle are used as beasts of burden, and are only killed when unfit to work. Veal is the best meat seen, and is killed later than in England; consequently it is larger and finer and less immature. Mutton is not first-class at any time. It is too old, from not a good breed of sheep, and I do not think—so far as I can find out—there is any idea of fattening it for eating. The colour of both beef and mutton is far darker than with us. As to price, it is much the same as here, while chickens are more expensive than in England. Groceries also are more expensive, and unless English, not so good. Tea varies from five or six francs per pound in France and Switzerland, to fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen francs in Venice. As regards dress, I have found it more expensive everywhere than in England. In Berne quite plain ulsters are marked at from seventy-five to ninety francs, and I am confident we can find the same thing here at thirty shillings.

In Paris, dress is far more expensive than in England, and not so good, and though at the first glance the made-

up dresses look cheap at fifty francs, you will find that in work and material they are poorer. In Germany, dress is better, and it appears that you get more for your money than elsewhere on the Continent; but I do not think it cheap as compared with London, and the making lacks style everywhere except at Vienna, where things are dear, but good, and the style at the very best shops is equal to that in London. In fact, I was told by a young gentleman from America that there was a tailor in Vienna who "would wipe the eye" of any English tailor. I repeat this opinion with respect, though I don't quite understand the expression.

Therefore, as regards a comparison of the living expenses of the Continent in general with those of England, from long experience I am inclined to think there is little or no difference; taking one thing with another, I believe they will be found nearly equal. As to rent, that is much the same everywhere. Indeed, I am not sure whether in English country places one would not be far better off, have better houses, and a better style of accommodation, than anywhere on the Continent, where the flat system does not seem to make up for the lack of garden and freedom, even though the house may be small. Then our house arrangements are infinitely preferable in all respects to those even in Paris.

I should trace any advantage that there might be on the side of the Continent to the fact that there we have it in our power to live more simple lives, and we are more free from fear of that everlasting shadow of Mrs. Grundy which darkens our lives at home. We can also wear out our dresses, bonnets, and mantles to an extent we could not do in England; for except in the capital cities (where we see people as much or more dressed than in England), dress is plainer, and less is thought about being exactly in the fashion. But when we came to replace our garments, we should then find the difference, not only in style and appearance, but in the quality which made them wear so well.

Even while trying to point out the fundamental differences between the Continental housekeeping and the British, I am free to confess there might be some changes for the better in the latter. The whole system of cutting up meat on the Continent is different from ours; the methods of cooking are also different to a very great extent; and, if I may judge from my own rather wide knowledge of foreigners who have been dwellers in England for a time, they would not desire our usages to be altered. Their liking and outspoken admiration for the good meat in England is always observable, and they seem to prefer a well-cooked joint as seen here to anything they get at home. Our English puddings, too, meet with a large measure of admiration. Alas! our methods of cooking and serving vegetables are pronounced "dreadful," and even our soups are not much admired. These latter, however, really compare well with theirs, while our ordinary attempts at French "made dishes" are, perhaps, best left unmentioned.

Now, as a rule, if we deal with a respectable butcher, we may quite depend on him to serve us well; and we may without difficulty make an agreement with him as

to the price of the meat, and he will probably send me his price list, giving colonial and English meat in different columns, with quotations for salted meat as well. He generally issues this price list each month, so you may compare his prices with those of others if you wish to do so.

After an experience of nearly thirty years' house-keeping in various parts of the world, I think I may venture to express the opinion that the English butcher will compare favourably for honest dealing with those of any other country. If he knows that his customer wants good meat and wellcut joints, and is able to recognise both when he or she sees them, he may be depended upon, as a rule, to send them in; and he will certainly take a scolding with more civility, and give longer credit than any other description of tradesman that I know of in the world. Nor do I see much benefit in going to see the joints cut, unless, perhaps, you are near a market, for if you specify the amount of meat you require, you will have it sent you with no difficulty whatever. Few housekeepers are experienced enough to be able to choose the meat, and to my mind there would be more safety in trusting to a respectable tradesman than in running about after the meat yourself.

Vegetables and fruit, however, should be purchased either by the mistress or by an experienced servant. In fact, as a rule, the mistress does very generally buy the latter herself; for it is expensive, and requires some care and consideration in its selection, if we are to make a pretty effect, as well as provide what will be liked. With regard to vegetables, it is not difficult to do away with the greengrocer's bill, for potatoes can be purchased by the bushel, as well as carrots and turnips during the winter, spring, and autumn, and cabbages, onions, and beetroot also in quantities direct from the grower in the country, if you prefer it, and have a place in which to put them. When the summer comes, the purchases can be made twice or three times a week.

Nor should it be useful to have either a poulterer's or a fishmonger's bill, for with a little forethought both these items can be purchased by the mistress herself, if she understand what she wants. In many houses, I find that the master chooses to be the caterer himself in both these departments.

In all branches of housekeeping, method and order are of the utmost value in saving trouble; and the more there is of forethought, the more saving there will be in the weekly bills. It will generally be found easy to train one's servants into doing the household shopping. I am not speaking without experience—both cook and housemaid have always been willing and able to manage it. Saturday morning is a good day for the cook to purchase game, poultry, and some fruits and vegetables, in the winter. They will keep well, and very little more will be needed during the week. Some poulterers will keep the poultry and game and send it in on the days it is needed. A cook who goes out shopping in this way,

and can do it well, is worth more to her mistress than an ordinary woman who cannot, or will not, undertake the duty.

As to the charge against our girls of ignorance and indolence in the duties of the house, their ignorance is due, in many cases, to their mother's fear of the servants, especially the cook, and also to a lack of thought, and perhaps a little jealousy; for poor human nature clings to its little authority, and will be "mistress in her own house." Where this is not the case, it is well to let the young people keep house under the mother's supervision, week or month about; and in case of any difficulty with the cook, a small rise in the wages or a promised present will generally settle the matter. It would be well if the mother of the house made a practice of having one of her girls with her when she is on her peregrinations through the house, and present during her conversations with the cook.

But, even here, in finding fault with our girls, we must remember that we English require far more of our young people than is expected of them on the Continent. They must be well-read, accomplished, and able to entertain the guests of the family in some way. They must also be able to join in certain outdoor amusements, such as lawn-tennis, cricket, billiards, whist, polo, or archery, and a dozen other things which a French or German girl need never think of. They must be able to discuss the last new book or picture gallery, and probably to speak French or German for the family party when on their foreign tours.

A foreigner, speaking of the English the other day, said, "I find that the knowledge of music is far more widespread than with us on the Continent, and everyone is willing to use what knowledge they possess, be it much or little, in a way we should not dream of doing, for the entertainment of their friends; with a result that the simple social home life is far more lively." And an American writer also, in speaking of English girls and women, said recently, "I have never, I think, met an Englishwoman who could not do something, or had not either a hobby or an accomplishment; and I am daily struck with their purposeful lives, even when they are travelling"—a grand tribute of well-merited praise.

I have quoted these testimonies to the cultured minds and natures of our Englishwomen, and I think I only do them justice in saying they compare favourably with women of any nation, if one may take the opinion of foreigners themselves. Yet we have much to learn in the way of simplifying our lives, and in many ways making them easier. Our household fashions, our meals, and our furniture might all be made at once less cumbersome and less expensive. Probably, as incomes decrease, and the purchasing power of money grows smaller, as it perhaps will year by year, we shall be driven *volens* to simpler ways, to less pretence in our manner of living, and less inferential falsehood. We shall be content to appear what we really are, we shall be too high-principled for weak-minded dissimulation.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

Even drawing as we are told, with

Women as Pianoforte Players.

THERE is no branch of art which has been so much cultivated by women as pianoforte-playing. with eyes, have not been so generally pursued as this far more difficult and far less appreciable art, which it



MADAME SCHUMANN.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

Even drawing and painting, which are accomplishments, is the custom to mis-name "music." As a matter of fact, some of the finest pianists, both male and female, we are told, within the reach of every human being

personage, the daughter of the first great pianoforte-maker, and wife of his successor. She played to Mozart when only eight years old, and he was much struck with her great, though ill-regulated, talent. On her father's death she carried on his business with immense energy and skill, assisted by her brother. In 1793 she married Johann Andreas Streicher, who was an excellent pianist and teacher. Nanette's chief place in musical history is as the kind friend and almost nurse of Beethoven, whose last years she did much to brighten. She is spoken of as "an energetic and capable woman of business, a pianist of remarkable excellence, a person of great general cultivation, and a model wife and mother."⁶

Concerning Magdalene Kurzbück there is little to say, save that Haydn dedicated his Sonata Op. 92 to her.

Maria Szymanowska was a native of Moscow, and a pupil of John Field. She made many artistic tours in Russia and Germany with never-waning success. She died at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Lucy Anderson, the teacher of our Queen, was remarkable for being almost entirely self-taught—a rare thing in the profession. She was the daughter of Mr. John Philpot, a music-seller of Bath, and her instruction was confined to a few occasional lessons from a relative, and her own observation of the pianists whom she heard at concerts. She married (1820) Mr. G. F. Anderson, a violinist, who afterwards became master of the Queen's private band. Mrs. Anderson was the first female pianist who played at the Philharmonic Concerts; she taught Queen Victoria and all her children, and died in 1878, aged 88.

Mme. Farrenc (*née* Louise Dumont) was not only a distinguished pianist and teacher, but the first really meritorious female composer. She was a sister of the sculptor Auguste Dumont, and the well-known musician Ernest Reyer is her nephew. She studied under Reicha, and exhibited remarkable precocity in composition. At seventeen she married Aristide Farrenc, an eminent writer on musical subjects; and instead of then abandoning her profession, as is usually the case, her genius only took fresh flights. She was a valued teacher in the Paris Conservatoire from 1842 to 1872, and also composed many most ambitious works, including symphonies, overtures, and much chamber-music. She is, however, chiefly remembered by her compilation "*Le Trésor des Pianistes*," a collection of all the best classical masterpieces.

Mme. Oury (*née* Anna Caroline de Belleville), whose name is more familiar, to both the present and the last generation, as a writer of drawing-room music than as a player, was the daughter of a French nobleman, who was director of the Opera at Munich. Anna de Belleville was a pupil of Czerny, and had the felicity of being introduced to Beethoven and hearing him improvise. She played twice in Vienna when only ten years of age, performing a Hummel concerto with orchestra. She appeared in London in 1831, and very shortly afterwards married a violinist, M. Oury, with whom she then made

⁶ Grove's Dictionary.

a long concert tour, lasting nearly three years. In 1839 they settled in England, and, after a few years of teaching in London and Brighton, Mme. Oury devoted herself to writing what we must reluctantly describe as unmitigated rubbish. In 1866 she ceased work, and died at Munich in 1880.

Mme. Dulcken (*née* Louise David) was a really great pianist. She was a younger sister of Ferdinand David, the violinist, and, like Mme. Oury and many others, she appeared in public at the early age of ten. In 1828 she married, came to London, and settled there as a leading performer and teacher. She died, it is said, of over-work.

Adolphine, or Delphine, von Schauroth was another youthful prodigy, a pupil of Kalkbrenner. Mendelssohn dedicated his G minor Concerto to her, and, it is said, flirted desperately with her.

Clara Josephine Schumann (*née* Wieck) is the most notable figure in our entire catalogue. Her father was a very eminent teacher of the piano, and she was his worthy pupil. Her *début* was at the age of nine, and she gave her first concert when only eleven. From that time for *fifty-five* years she pursued her ever-successful career as a public player, and has only lately retired, without any formal leave-taking, through ill-health. She married her illustrious husband in 1840, and everyone who knows anything at all of musical history is aware how much the great composer owed to her noble devotion. It was entirely owing to her admirable exertions that



MADAME SOPHIE MENTER.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

Schumann's music, so strange to hearers and performers, overcame our amazing English dislike of everything new. For the last ten years she has been principal professor at the Hoch Conservatoire at Frankfort. Mme. Schumann

has published some twenty or more musical compositions, unpretending in scope, but all showing the hand and heart of a true musician.

Wilhelmine Clauss is another of the same stamp as Mme. Schumann—a true musician at heart, not a mere piano conjurer. She was borne and educated at Prague, and has played all over Europe, in London in 1852 and 1871. In 1857 she married Frederick Szarvady, an author, and now lives in retirement in Paris.

Arabella Goddard was a name to conjure with—at least, in England—for many years. Though English, she was born at St. Servans, St. Malo, and at the age of six was a pupil of Kalkbrenner. Her later teachers were Mrs. Anderson, Thalberg, and Mr. J. W. Davison, whom she married in 1860. In 1873 she made what was perhaps the most extensive tour undertaken by any pianist up to that time, visiting America, Australia, and India. She reappeared in London in 1876; but so many new gods have arisen during the last fifteen years that old favourites are easily forgotten, especially when the taste of the critic changes.

Mme. Caroline Montigny-Rénaury, perhaps the best living French pianist, is hardly so well known in England as she deserves to be. She was educated at the Paris Conservatoire, where she had a brilliant career. In 1866 she married Leon Montigny, a journalist, but he died six years later. Mme. Rénaury is a marked figure in the best Parisian society, and is recognised as a true musician, as well as an admirable and intellectual performer.

Erika Léo—perhaps not a very familiar name to Londoners—is a Norwegian, born at Kongsvingen, near Christiania. Her principal teacher was Halldan Kjerulf, but she also studied under Kullak in Berlin. She toured all over Europe for some years with the greatest success, but has now settled down as a teacher in her native town.

Concerning Anna Melbig and Agnes Zimmermann there is little to say; both are well known to English concert-goers, and the latter also through her compositions, and editions of classical works, which prove her a thorough musician.

Mme. Sophie Menter is the wife of Herr Popper, an eminent violoncellist; her playing is remarkable for prodigious execution and certainty, though it is sometimes deficient in true musical feeling and taste. To hear her play a fantasia by Liszt is marvellous; to hear her attempt anything of Mozart's is disappointing.

Annette Essipoff is a very refined and beautiful executant, one of the few female pianists whom one can endure to hear attempt Chopin. In 1880 she married her former teacher, Theodor Leschetitzky, professor at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, since which time she seems to have retired.

Mary Krebs is the gifted daughter of gifted parents. She was born at Dresden, and educated by her father, a fine musician, appeared in public at eleven years old, and has played in public ever since. She is so well known in England during the last twenty-five years that any words concerning her great abilities are superfluous.

Our article would not be complete did we omit here to point out that two of the last three names mentioned in our list—namely, Mlle. C. Chaminade and Mme. Backer-Grøndahl—are borne by ladies who are not only distinguished executants, but also composers of decidedly remarkable powers. The works of the former lady (a Parisian of whom report speaks highly, though no biographical details are to hand) are characterised by a freshness and piquancy truly French, and from the consummate skill with which they are written for the piano, proclaim their author's eminence as a pianist. They consist chiefly of light but artistic short pieces, a set of six concert études, two trios for piano and strings, and a concert-stuck for piano and orchestra. Mme. Backer-Grøndahl (the Swedish pianist, who will be remembered by her wonderful performance of Grieg's concerto at the Philharmonic last season) has written numerous drawing-room pieces of a style quite out of the common. A slight Northern flavour is perceptible in most of them, but it is not strong enough to call a mannerism. To find real originality in lady-composers is indeed a welcome discovery, and one which promises better than anything else for the future of women as pianists.

F. CORDER.

Chopin.

WHAT need have we to speak? Thou hast said all!

High hopes that are foredoomed to a defeat,
Struggles heroic, impotent, that meet
Fatality of failure; clarion-call

Blown down a glorious Past that now doth fall
Upon a Present's bondage; visions sweet
As those the lost soul in its torments greet,

Lighting the futile anguish of the thrall;

The madness of a merriment that tells

How with the jarring laugh the hot heart swells;

Blood that cries loud to Heaven for vain redress,

Wrongs that the ages pass by pitiless—

Thou hast sung all, sobbed all! In wild strains hurled

The woe of the downtrodden of the world!

MARY GEOGHEGAN.



who have to
the road lying
valleys, all h
but the mule
in long zigzag
upon a wide c
hills spread a

Here, on t
one narrow st
down the bar
situation, lies
many thousan
busy city worl
and carried up
in the silent la

One early
came out from
parapet which
beneath. Ab
flower; a littl
standing on th
stretched away
them; the pale
the huge wood
hewn stones in
in the shining

Colomba ga
her eyes, then s
there, for the b

"You are e
"you are out be

"I am a h
turning to the
was standing b
sleep. Think,
Judas-tree is in

the greatest am
ah! then, I ca
mother of a prie

"So Leonarc
well! time flies
curly-headed frie
be a full-grown
him at Saint An
of him."

"Is it so?"

A Lost Hope.

AN ITALIAN SKETCH.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



High up among the Tuscan hills lie the stone quarries of Maiano. They are hewn out of the steep, precipitous sides of the mountains; the paths which lead down to the valleys are almost perpendicular descents, and a terrible strain to the hard-worked men and animals who have to convey the stone-laden carts down into the road lying almost immediately below them. The valleys, all hewn into stone quarries, are uninhabitable, but the mule-tracks follow the sides of the mountain in long zigzags, and lead over its shoulder and down upon a wide opening, a deeper broader valley, where the hills spread away, interlacing each other right and left.

Here, on the mountain-side, lies a village consisting of one narrow street and a few straggling cottages; and all down the bare side of the mountain, in a wild, strange situation, lies a great cemetery, the last resting-place of many thousand dead, who have been borne out of the busy city world ten miles away in the wide Val d'Orino, and carried up into the hills to sleep under the blue sky in the silent lap of Nature.

One early spring morning in May, Colomba Bardi came out from her cottage door, and stood by the stone parapet which bordered the road from the rough precipice beneath. Above her stood a tall Judas-tree in full flower; a little way up the road was the little church, standing on the edge of the precipice, while the valleys stretched away at its feet. The morning mist hung in them; the pale-blue sky was softened with silver radiance; the huge wooden cross, standing on a pedestal of rough-hewn stones in the very midst of the graves, was bathed in the shining of the tender light.

Colomba gazed far and wide with her hand shading her eyes, then she brushed away a dimness that gathered there, for the beauty sank into her soul.

"You are early, Colomba," said a voice at her side; "you are out betimes, to-day."

"I am a busy woman, Padre," answered Colomba, turning to the Franciscan who had come up the road, and was standing by her, "and my heart is too light for sleep. Think, Padre, think! It is May now, and the Judas-tree is in flower; by the time the summer is over the greatest ambition of my life will be fulfilled. Then, ah! then, I can sing my *Ave Dimittis*. I shall be mother of a priest."

"So Leonardo will be ordained in the summer? Well, well! time flies. I could not have believed my little curly-headed friend among the Seminarists could already be a full-grown man. I hear they think very highly of him at Sant' Antonio. The prior prophesies great things of him."

"Is it so? Is it so, indeed?" cried Colomba, the

colour flushing into her thin brown cheeks, and the light shining in her eyes. "The prior thinks well of my boy!"

"Tell me," said the Franciscan gravely, "tell me, Colomba, how did you prevail on your good husband to allow you to make a priest of your son? Am I not right in thinking that he is no friend to the priests?"

Colomba shook her head mournfully. "Alas! you are indeed right, Padre: the evil breath of the world passed over my Beppo long ago when he served in the army, and he has never forgotten it—never. I myself was brought up in the convent of the Santa Caterina."

She seated herself in the attitude of one who tells an oft-repeated story, of which he is never wearied, and went on.

"I waited on the good Sisters. I was almost a religious myself, sir; and when I was sixteen our mother superior died, and I and the other girls were sent home. Beppo had just come back from the wars; he was beautiful, he was strong as a horse, and he married me and brought me here when the Judas-tree was in flower, as it is to-day." And she glanced up at the vivid pink blossoms clustering overhead. "But soon, too soon," she went on, "I found that we did not think alike, and he scoffed at holy things."

Colomba raised her apron and wiped her eyes; she was speaking now of an anguish which had almost broken her heart when it first came upon her, many years ago.

"I felt that I had sinned in marrying an unbeliever, and I did not know how to atone. Then came on me the longing of my life, that one day, if God would give me a son, I might dedicate him to Him—that my son should be a priest. Think of it, Padre! think of it. A priest! That I, humble, sinful woman, should be so great in this, that I might kneel to hear him say his first mass, that I might sit in a quiet corner of the church when the evening shadows are falling and the people flock in from the quarries, and hear my own son preach the words that teach and comfort and exhort, Padre! The longing grew into a passion which has grown and grown within me—but I lose the story. Carlino was born beautiful, straight, and strong as e'er a child in Maiano, and I plucked up my courage and told Beppo my wish, and he laughed me to scorn. Then I pined and pined, and when I pined the baby pined also, and at last one day Beppo saw that he might lose us both, so with his rough, loving ways he comforted me, promising that if God sent us another son he should be mine to dedicate to His service as I chose; and then I gathered courage and consented that Carlino should follow his father's trade, and grow up to aid him in the stone quarries here. Two years passed and my Caterina was born, and I nearly died with sorrow that still my wish was unfulfilled; and Caterina grew up, as you here see, sickly

and collapsed. Beppo did not give for him as he did for Carolina. But when my second lay you said to me I felt that my prayer was answered of late, Padre. Beppo believes you; he talks of the joys of Paradise and of the blessed spirits as falling only next for women and children; he says the priests were only for themselves and their own interests; but he would not break his promise to me, and so, you see, I have provided! I shall be the mother of a priest; he will plead for me. Am not I and my Beppo man? When our hour comes, with his own dear hand! Leonardo will follow us through the Gates of Death; and when the angel asks me with the question, 'Who art thou?' I can plead 'We are nothing, nothing; we have no merit in ourselves, but see, here—I am the mother of a priest!' So it will be well with Beppo and with me!"

"Leonardo will be a joy to you," said the Franciscan, "I return to Sant' Antonio; can I take any message from you?"

"If it were not too much trouble, I would send one of my large chocolate cakes to the prior, with my humble salutations; he likes them well. And see, Padre, I have not forgotten your needs; I have gifts for you to-day. Caterina! Caterina!" she cried, going towards the house. "Bring out the sack for the good Padre Giuseppe."

A slightly deformed, gentle-looking girl came out of the house, carrying a small sack in her arms. She had large brown eyes which lit up the pale little face with a wonderful shining look. She said nothing, but knelt large in transferring the contents of the sack—potatoes, meat, herbs, &c.—into the Franciscan's wallet. Then mother and daughter stood watching him as he went slowly down the road, the sun piercing through the mist and shining on his rough brown habit and snow-white beard and hair.

Carolina's hands were clasped—she had fallen into a kind of ecstasy which sometimes came over her—when gentle Caterina raised her up; breakfast for father and brother must not be delayed, and the two women hurried within.

Beppo was a fortunate fellow; he had four of the brown mules to carry the great stone weights down to the town. Important building was going on, and messengers came up constantly from the contractors down in the busy city world to hasten the work of the quarrymen. It was cruel to hasten them; the work was very hard, the men and mules alike suffered severely, both over-taxed day after day; but still the important passages came. One Sunday Beppo dressed himself in his best and went down to the town to speculate about the haste. He was told that should any limitation be shown the job would be transferred to other hands, and Beppo knew that nothing more could be done.

One of the mules was young, actively full grown—that could not be helped; at the end of the week it had died, and now there were only three to do the work that four could scarcely accomplish.

People said that Carolina was not unlike a man as her father, but they were wrong. He might have been half an inch shorter, but he was quite as broad and very

powerful. He was a silent, somewhat fierce-looking fellow, but very kind to Caterina, to whom he was devoted; and he would help to pull the eyes as hard as his own mules, but that did not save them, and he only thought of the impossibility of getting the work out of them, not of such trifles as their sufferings.

One day, about five o'clock, long, rattling explosions came thundering up the valley, rolling and rolling from hill to hill. Carolina heard them, they were familiar, unheeded sounds. Caterina heard them, and stopped in her spinning and shivered. She knew not why. They were only blasting in the quarries; everyone knew what it meant.

But in the quarry which was heaven most propitiously out of the face of the rock, the men had gathered together, and were working in quite a new and very strange manner. They were running a force-ran with Death.

One of these fatal blasts had dislodged a great boulder of stone unexpectedly, and it fell, and under the terrible mass lay young, lively, handsome Carolina, breathing still, for the huge weight that crushed his shapely limbs had spared his life while it left from him all that made it life to live.

Carolina bore it very well. She had no time for wailing and lamenting. There was a fearful reality to face; one of the bread winners was a helpless cripple on her hands and would never move hand or foot again on this side of the grave.

Carolina never uttered one word of complaint. He lay perfectly silent, with his great dark eyes staring round the room with a wild look like that of a newly edged animal. Beppo cursed his fate, and swore that no one on earth was so unfortunate as he; three children given to him to be one more useless than another. Yet something kept him silent about Leonardo in the presence of his wife. Perhaps it was a dim intuition of the depth of the great longing that had uprooted all else in her heart.

The pink Juchablossoms were gone, the grass was gay with scarlet and purple anemones, and the damigella tulips, with their delicate white and crimson stripes; the nightingales resumed their persistent singing through the hot moonlit nights, and the rose burst forth in all their glory.

One fine morning Leonardo came over the hills in his long Seminaria cassock to pay them a visit. He had heard a report of his brother's accident, but he was not prepared for what he saw—the perfectly helpless prostration of those fine stalwart limbs, the hopeless roving of those brown yearning eyes.

Leonardo knelt down by Carolina's couch, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Leonardo was very tall, also, and powerfully made; they were a fine race, these Tuscan stonecutters; but he had delicate hands and feet, nursed to toil; he had cultivated manners and speech, and a thousand refinements grown out of his college life that separated him from the hard-working world to which his family belonged. He was bright and very gay, and when his first trouble was over he cultivated them all with pleasant chat. He enjoyed his holiday with the zest of a school-boy, and he spoke with Carlinio and waited on him

with such to despairing eyes.

Leonardo was a sun; he knew fierce whips; least pray for

Colomba herself, "Alas. The time mass. Soon.

There is which asserts hearing his rough bass voice. Give a man a ground; but perforce he must road, driving Colomba stol corner stood Tuscan girl hoards in it weaving, the Deep down a those painted the Sisters of In this box precious gold,

Colomba a separate coin,

It was very rina rose and The rapid two on, the white alarm; she sp herself the pri

Carlinio, w church clock c

At last th uncertain foot door. Colom in dismay. I had it happen himself. Was

Colomba n and opened th

Beppo was great scudlet h

"You are cry. "What

"It is not splinter flew in this was worse took it out; I waited for me, them; I came wine, wife."

Colomba go she asked trem

"That is a the only difficu

with such tenderness that the hard glare softened in the despairing eyes.

Leonardo went away in the red glow of the setting sun; he knelt down to kiss his brother, and to catch his fierce whisper, "If you can do nothing else for us, at least pray for me, Leo."

Colomba stood watching him go, and murmuring to herself, "All will be well, our priest will intercede for us. The time passes; soon shall I kneel to hear his first mass. Soon, very soon now."

There is an old proverb that carries truth with it, which asserts that misfortunes never come alone. Beppo, hearing his wife saying so one day, exclaimed in his rough bass voice, "*Per Bacco*, it is a good thing too. Give a man a good bullet, and he sinks helpless to the ground; but deal him another from the opposite side, and perforce he must find his feet." Beppo went off down the road, driving his mules; Caterina went to her work; Colomba stole upstairs to her room, where in a dark corner stood her marriage-chest, the chest which every Tuscan girl brings to her husband's home. There were hoards in it put aside for Caterina, linen of their own weaving, the *pecco* of pearls which would be her dowry. Deep down among the treasures was a little box, one of those painted trifles of paper and filigree, with which the Sisters of Santa Caterina amused their leisure hours. In this box was gold, a little heap of hard-earned, precious gold, Leonardo's last college and ordination fee.

Colomba counted it over and over again, kissed each separate coin, and fell into one of her absorbed reveries.

It was very late, and Beppo did not come in. Caterina rose and went to the door over and over again. The rapid twilight gathered over the hills, night came on, the white moon rose. Colomba did not easily take alarm; she spun her wheel, counting in low tones to herself the price of the linen she wove.

Carlino, worn out with pain, fell asleep; and the church clock clanged out eleven, then twelve o'clock.

At last there came a sound of footsteps—strange, uncertain footsteps—and a fumbling movement at the door. Colomba and her daughter glanced at each other in dismay. Not often in their lives, but now and then, had it happened that when Beppo came home he was not himself. Was it so to-night?

Colomba motioned her daughter into the background and opened the door herself.

Beppo was there, but he looked strange; he had a great scarlet handkerchief bound over his left eye.

"You are hurt, Beppo!" cried his wife, with a little cry. "What is it? What is it?"

"It is not much," he answered gruffly. "A stone splinter flew into my eye; it happens often in our work; this was worse than usual," and he shuddered. "Sandro took it out; I was faint and sick. They would have waited for me, but I am not a child; I would not let them; I came home when I could. Give me a glass of wine, wife."

Colomba gave it to him. "Do you suffer, *cara mio*?" she asked tremblingly.

"That is a foolish question," he answered. "Bah! the only difficulty was that I could not see to get home,

and I had to feel my way by the rocks. Sandro said I should keep quiet to-morrow; the only thing to fear would be inflammation. Quiet! Sandro has not a family all dependent on his one arm, idle and useless every one."

Colomba shrank and shivered. "Let me bathe your wounded eye, Beppo *mio*," she said.

"No, no; it will not bear touching to-night. Only let me get to bed," and he staggered and felt his way along the walls upstairs, followed by his wife.

Caterina and Carlino were left alone. Caterina came and knelt down beside him, shivering, and took his hand in hers. He allowed her to do so now, even to smooth his black hair with her little thin hand.

"What do you think of it, Carlo?" she whispered. "Is another great misfortune coming?"

"How do I know?" he answered. "I know only one thing, that what you call religion is small help to those who want help on earth, not only to be shown the way to heaven."

"You do not know," cried Caterina, her eyes filling with tears.

He uttered impatient words. "I know these canting priests better than you do," he said fiercely. "Leo is as good as one now. Ask him to work for us, and he will give you his prayers."

Carlino turned his restless head away and took refuge in a sullen silence. Caterina kissed him and stole away to her closet upstairs. She left the door open so that she could hear him if he wanted her; but one drawback of that open door was that she could hear the groans and sobs of pain that he suppressed so vehemently during the light of day.

"I think it will not prove much worse than many other such accidents," said Beppo, when he came down the next morning.

"Do not work to-day, father," Carlino said. "The sun is hot. Sandro said, rest."

"He who rests must fast," said Beppo. "The pain is less; but for this strange dimness in the injured eye, it would be nothing."

They entreated him in vain.

That evening Beppo came slowly up the road, both hands pressed to his brow; the sharp, shooting pain of inflammation was burning in his eyes. Just before he reached home, he uncovered them and looked on the beauty lying round and below, then he covered them again with a groan. He had looked his last on the fair beauty of God's earth.

They did not give up hope quite at first, perhaps the raging, pitiless inflammation might yet be subdued. Beppo went down in a neighbour's cart to the great city, and there the doctor spoke of possible hope for one eye at least, if he would go to the hospital; but that he would not do. In his distress, in his strange bewilderment, when the material world ceased to exist for him, and nothing was left on which to feed his strained imagination but the memory of what things used to be, he clung to Colomba more than he had ever done before.

At last the day came on which the doctor saw him

almost insupportable degree; they broke through even his Spartan powers of endurance, and wrung cries and groans from his lips.

It fell to Caterina to give fodder and water to the mules, to cut wool for the house, to bring in water. Every bone in her delicate frame ached when the day was over, and she sat down by her brother's couch and dropped asleep for utter weariness. She did not hear the low tones of her mother's voice as she spoke to her husband, but Carlino heard every word.

"See, Beppo *mio*, these are great trials, but they come from a Father's hand."

"Ah!" cried Beppo fiercely, "does a Father take all and give nothing! You would have me believe that He is good."

"It is the truth, Beppo; but I am so ignorant. I cannot talk to you and tell you why it is that their sufferings are the very crown of His children. When our son comes here a priest, then, then you will understand."

"Ah, but there is the stumbling-block," cried Beppo. "I say nothing against prayer, but while he is praying, his parents starve, and the weak little sister dies of exhaustion from over-work."

Colomba could only sigh deeply.

Next morning Carlino's pain had passed away, and a new look had come over his face. Caterina was frightened, but she could not alarm her mother.

"Why, foolish child," Colomba cried, "can you not thank God that the pain is over, and be content!"

But Caterina left all her work undone, even the brown mules in their stable grunted their displeasure, unheeded and unfed, for Caterina saw that a great change was coming.

"Little sister," said Carlino softly, "this rest from pain is like a foretaste of that Paradise of which you and my mother speak. I wish I could believe, I want to believe; but how can I when the God of whom you speak is so cruel to us! You, little sister, must starve and suffer, and my father break his heart: so long as there are priests in the temple it does not matter!"

Caterina was not wise; she could only say again—

"Darling, darling, some day you will know it all!"

The evening came; Carlino had been dozing all day. Colomba would not take alarm, but the blind father, with a strange look of yearning in his face of fruitless searching for the light, sat close to his son, now and then groping till he found his hand and could touch it.

It was getting quite dark, but they would not move to disturb the sick man, and presently the latch was raised, the door opened, and someone came in.

Colomba did not know him at first: a tall slender man, dressed in the stone-cutter's ordinary clothes.

"Will the signor take a seat?" she began, then stopped faltering, for she saw his face—Leonardo's face—with the sunny brightness on it, that all knew so well.

She gave one cry, she knew what it meant; and as Leonardo went forward to kneel by his dying brother, she threw her apron over her head and wept the bitter tears of one mourning over a shattered idol.

"Leo! Leo! Thou!"

"Ay, Carlino, it is the will of God. I have come to work for you."

"To work for us!" cried Beppo. "*Santi Apostoli!* what does the Signor Prior say?"

"The prior sent me with his blessing," said Leonardo, his lips quivering; none in this world, no mortal soul, would ever know what the sacrifice had cost him. That secret remained locked between himself and his God for ever.

Carlino looked up; his voice was growing very hoarse and faint. "So God does care?" he murmured. Then his eyes looked upwards—up, up. "I believe! I believe!" he cried. "Help me! help me!"

The night drew on. The great stars came out, glowing like golden lamps one after another in the purple sky.

Hurried messengers went backwards and forwards in the village. Presently through the night came the strangely solemn sound of a little bell. Out of the church came surpliced acolytes carrying torches, then the curé bearing the viaticum to a passing soul.

The neighbours came out of their houses and devoutly joined the little procession. Inside and outside Beppo's house they knelt, and the moon burst out in full radiance and flooded the valleys with its silver glory.

A few more hours passed, and with the first grey streak of dawn Carlino entered upon his rest.

Colomba was never the same woman again. The zest, the hope of her life were gone.

Caterina sometimes bewailed it to her brother, but he would only smile and say, "What does it matter, little sister? Happiness is not necessary to us here. They are the most favoured of God whose idols are shattered."

The years passed on, and his hands were roughened with toil, and his broad back was bent. He had brought all his energies to bear on his work, and was skilful as his father had been—that father whose soul was saved and life made holy by the sacrifice of his son.

"God's ways are not as our ways," he would say to his mother. "He wants us, not our work."

"Yes, yes; but you all go beyond me," the poor mother cried. "When I go to Paradise now, I can never plead, 'See, I am nobody; a very foolish, sinful woman, but I am the mother of a priest.'"



Appliqué, Ancient and Modern.

WE have no word in our language that adequately expresses the French term *appliqué*, which, in its literal sense, implies simply the folding or laying of one thing upon another. In mediæval times the work was

either. Appliqué is spoken of by Chaucer and other early writers as "cut-work," but this name has been disused of late owing to its frequent confusion with drawn-work, and other embroideries upon linen, which are



PERSIAN PRAYER CARPET.

known as *apert embroidery*, a name that has a far wider signification than the now generally used French term. Work that is "sewn together" would include what we now know as patchwork, while from early descriptions that remain to us, we gather that much of it was of the nature of what is at present called "inlaid" appliqué, and which itself bears a strong resemblance to patchwork. Indeed, the two forms of the work so blend and merge into one another that it is often difficult to determine what constitutes the distinguishing feature of

often thus designated. So ancient is appliqué that it is not easy to trace it back to its original source. It was probably introduced from the East, where it seems to have been in common use centuries before it was known in Europe. In Italy it dates back only to the time when inlaid woods came into fashion, while in England we find no mention of it before the time of King John.

The earliest piece of such stitchery of which we have any example is the canopy of the funeral tent of Queen Islem Kobs, the mother-in-law of Shishak, who took

Jerusalem at the time of the state of peace as far as the thousand years much a matter of climate, and kid, instead of the treasure tombs. That preserved the identified and more marvel

gigantic piece of gazelles' skins, been fitted and are now stowed among which are scarabs, goats, piece of patchwork at Cairo.*

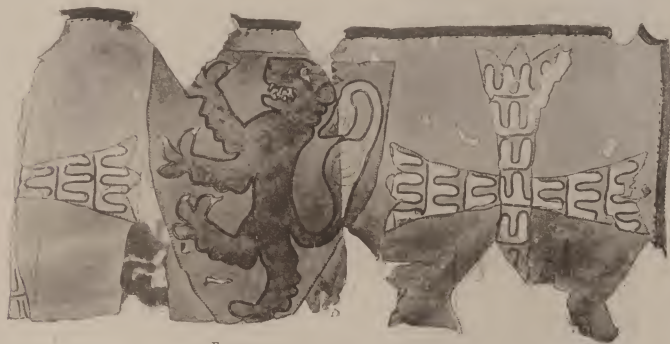
In India, which are arranged designs, have been times. Several in the India notions, more is due to the work the many tiny dovetailed together and although we find none bright stand out against into which the to the notice

* For further details see "Funeral Tent of Queen Islem Kobs."

Jerusalem and carried off the treasures of the Temple in the time of King Rehoboam. It was discovered at Dair-el-Barhari, in Egypt, and is said to be in a wonderful state of preservation, considering that it dates back almost as far as the Trojan war, and that it was made nearly a thousand years before the birth of Christ. This is not so much a matter for surprise when we remember the dry climate, and the fact that this piece of work is made of kid, instead of being of so delicate a nature as are some of the treasures disinterred of late years from Egyptian tombs. That wreaths of delicate flowers should be so preserved that each individual blossom can easily be identified and named by the botanist of to-day, is far more marvellous. The canopy has been described as a

doubtless there are some few still left—who often create an impression the reverse of what is intended by their misguided and bewildering attempts to produce "relief" effects, a great mistake always in a piece of work of this kind. Very gorgeous effects are often given to elephant trappings and saddle-cloths in India by the use of scarlet cloth, on which are appliquéd patterns cut out of white, yellow, and green woollen materials, glorified still more by the abundant use of spangles and gold thread.

A specially characteristic specimen of true appliqué is the prayer-carpet (page 150) of old Persian work, of which rich red velvet forms the background or foundation. Like so many of the designs which emanate from that country, the main portion of the pattern is placed on the



FRAGMENT OF EARLY ENGLISH SHIELD-COVERING.

gigantic piece of kid mosaic; thousands of tiny scraps of gazelles' skins, dyed yellow, blue, pink, and green, have been fitted and sewn together, much as our kid gloves are now stitched, in innumerable shapes and forms, among which are to be found representations of gazelles, scarabs, goats, and many hieroglyphics. This curious piece of patchwork is preserved in the Boulak Museum at Cairo.*

In India, carpets made of scraps of coloured cloth, which are arranged sometimes in exceedingly intricate designs, have been of common occurrence from very early times. Several specimens of modern date are to be seen in the India Museum, but they are, to our modern notions, more strange than beautiful, though much credit is due to the worker for the patience and skill with which the many tiny scraps of cloth have been cut out and dovetailed together. The tints are very much subdued, and although many shades of many colours are used, we find none bright enough to make a violent contrast, or to stand out aggressively beyond the others. The designs into which the cloth scraps are sewn are recommended to the notice of modern workers of patchwork—and

lower end of the material. It is said that the upper and less ornamented end of the carpet is placed, when in use, so that it lies in the direction of Mecca. In some of the rugs intended to be used at prayer-time we find a small round design embroidered at this end, upon which we are told it is the habit of the devotee to place his forehead when prostrated in prayer. It is thought that this roundel represents a clod of the sacred earth brought from the Prophet's tomb, and has gradually taken the place of the actual soil itself. The design in the carpet here figured consists of highly conventional flowers, surrounded by a canopy worked in gold thread. All round the edges is a repeat ribbon pattern, combined with star-shaped floral designs, while at the sides are displayed curiously rendered tassels, a very common design in Persian embroidery. The work is appliqué of the type known as "onlaid," that of the Indian carpets above described being in contradistinction "inlaid." The material used is loosely woven cloth of many colours; several shades of red, green, yellow, purple, and blue being distinguishable. Some of the pieces are very tiny, not so large as a three-penny-piece, and all are couched down with a slender line of silk, the stitches which hold it being small and very closely placed. A

* For further details of this piece of work, see Mr. Villiers Stuart's "Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen."

large proportion of gold thread is used, and specially pleasing is a row of stitches in black silk, which every where outlines it. The silver threads are bordered with blue in the same way. This is a characteristic feature of Oriental embroideries of this kind; metallic threads are rarely seen without a fine outline, which is partly used with the view of catching the cloth on which they are first worked down to the foundation, partly



ITALIAN PLASTER-HANGING (SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

in order to soften the brilliancy of the gold and silver. Here and there are small dots of gold thread, which have all the effect of spangles, but which, when closely examined, prove to be knots of gold foil. This, under the name of "flattened gold thread," has been lately re-introduced for the purposes of embroidery. On the Persian work it is laid as a tiny straight strip about a quarter of an inch in length, then bent back so that a second strip is laid beside the first one, then back again to form a third and so on, until the small spangle is

completed. This, and other Oriental specimens of appliqué, although the general effect is striking, have a truly barbaric appearance beside the more refined and delicate pieces of Italian, Spanish, or French workmanship.

One of the oldest pieces of appliqué we have left to us is that reproduced on page 151. To judge from the small portion remaining, it may once have served as a lining or cover for a shield, and although it is not in very good preservation, it is easy to recognise the design and the general plan of the work. The arms are those of William de Fortibus, third Earl of Albemarle, with which are quartered those of his wife, Isabella de Redvers, Countess of Devon. The shield upon which the lion rampant is quartered is fresher in colour than the remaining portions, and plainly shows what a clear shade of yellow, or *or*, it must have been originally. The lion itself is *sable*, as are also the crosses, which are embattled *or*. For the convenience of the embroideress, a fine red cord outlines these devices, and the whole escutcheon, when fresh and new, must have been strikingly effective from its very simplicity. Probably the cover wrought by Elaine the lovable for her knight's good shield was of a similar description of work, and a picture of that, as given in the "Idylls of the King," rises before us as we study this time-worn fragment:—

" Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilage, fashion'd for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazon'd on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest."

The "azure lions, crown'd with gold, ramp in the field," might well have been worked in the same style as those in the piece before us; and we cannot help wishing we knew more of the history of our sable lion, or wondering what "fair lady" wrought it in those far-off days of the thirteenth century when the tints shone fresh and bright, and what bright visions of her lord's valour and noble deeds were worked in with the stitches. It is to be hoped that it did not prove such "empty labour" as did that of the maid in the poem.

Appliqué, or cut-work, has always been a favourite style of ornamentation for wall-hangings, and any such large surfaces, which require to be bold and striking in effect, without any variation of light and shade. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, more especially, hangings of this description were much in vogue in Italy, where they not unfrequently took the form of long narrow strips. These, arranged at intervals along the walls of a room, resembled very ornate columns or pilasters, while the intervening spaces were usually hung with tapestry, or plain self-coloured hangings, chosen as an effective background for statuary, choice pieces of furniture, and works of art of various kinds. Connecting these strips above and below, and corresponding to a dado and frieze, were not unfrequently stretched other and narrower

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Appliqué
employed for
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borders of a similar style of workmanship. One of the upright pillar hangings is reproduced on page 152, and though less simple in execution than the shield-cover on page 151, is less elaborate, as far as the actual work goes, than the Persian prayer-rug. The background here is of green velvet, the pattern being applied to it in gold-coloured silk, and consisting of a bold scroll design, the flond portions of which are of white satin, enriched in certain places with embroidery. The outlines are followed everywhere with a fine, yellow silk cord.

Simple though it be, as contrasted with other specimens of appliqué, the portion of a bed-hanging below shows what a good effect may be gained in this work

or official badges. It stands to reason that as velvet and plush have so high a pile, gold threads stitched directly on to such a foundation would be almost lost, hence the idea soon arose of working the design first upon canvas or linen, and transferring it afterwards to the velvet. The vest of Edward the Black Prince, which hangs above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral, has evidently been thus worked. The foundation material is of that peculiar brownish-yellow tint to which crimson changes in the course of centuries. On this are placed the warrior's armorial bearings, worked thickly in gold thread. Such embroideries were frequently much raised, and highly padded above the background, a custom which,



VENETIAN BROCADE.

by the use merely of two materials, and more especially if one of the two be velvet. In the valance that we have chosen for illustration, the part which forms the background of the design is of brocade material, and the velvet which here forms the pattern, acts in a second and similar valance, as background. The brocade is probably Venetian, and is of cream and brown silken threads almost equally blended. The velvet, of a soft greyish tone of blue, is held down with cord of a mixture of blue and silver. The two pieces form a good illustration of the method in which "inlaid" or "transposed" appliqué is worked nowadays. The same design is drawn upon two different fabrics. The materials are backed with tissue paper, or thin muslin, which is pasted on to them, in order that, when the fabric is cut, the edges may not fray. The design is then carefully cut out and reversed, the velvet being fitted into the space left by the cutting away of the design from the brocade, the brocade pattern being in like manner fitted into the velvet background. This is a far more economical way of working with rich materials than is placing one fabric over another, the upper one having the pattern traced upon it, and outlining the lines of the pattern with cord, afterwards cutting away the upper material beyond them. Various stitches, such as feather, long, basket, chain, rope, and blanket stitch, and many different couplings are also often used in such styles of the work as require enriching within the outlines.

Appliqué has from time immemorial been largely employed for gold embroideries, such as are used for church work, and for emblazoning book-covers, purses,

though often ingenious enough, is not to be recommended from an artistic point of view.

A great many rude kinds of lace are made with the help of appliqué. A favourite plan is to lay cambric upon net, to work the design, which is traced upon the uppermost of the two materials, taking the stitches through both at once, and finally to cut away the portions beyond the outlines, thus leaving the pattern worked upon the cambric, the net forming the background. The inferior kinds of Brussels lace, too, are now made by applying pillow or hand-made sprigs to a background of machine-woven net.

One of the most important of all the uses of appliqué must not be omitted—that of renovating antique embroidery by transferring it to a new background when the old original foundation is entirely worn away. There are two ways of doing this after the design has been carefully drawn upon the new material, which is stretched in a frame. The one plan is to outline the old work very accurately with the finest cord, matching the tints of the embroidery exactly. Tissue paper is pasted at the back, and, when this is perfectly dry, the old embroidery is cut away from its original foundation, only about one-sixteenth of an inch being left beyond the outlines. The various portions are then laid upon the new material, held in place by pins stuck-in in an upright position as though they were nails, and neatly sewn down to the new fabric, along the narrow rim of the old that was left beyond the outline of cord. A second row of cord like the first is then sewn down to hide this row of stitches. The second way obviates

The use of cord altogether, which is an advantage, as it is often rather detrimental to the general effect of the work by clanging the set of the outlines. Here the embroidery is merely backed, cut out, and tacked down to the new material without any further preparation. The old silks are matched as perfectly as possible, and the stitches, as it were, continued beyond the original work into the new fabric. It stands to reason, however, that this method of appliqué is useless, unless the silks match with a degree of perfection rarely to be attained unless they are dyed specially for the purpose. If skilfully managed, this renovation will scarcely be detected

at the edges of the embroidery, unless it be that the design is a trifle larger than before. The stitches that are required for this form of appliqué must, of course correspond with those of the original.

Appliqué may certainly be recommended to the notice of such workers as require broad, bold effects without the expenditure of much time, trouble, or eyesight, but it cannot be too strongly impressed upon amateurs that it must be strictly limited to such designs as are entirely conventional or geometrical in character; indeed, some of the most satisfactory of all are those which give a result very similar to mosaic.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Alexandra House.

ALEXANDRA HOUSE must be an inconvenient problem to those who are fond of asking, "What is the practical good of Royalty?" For it is the outcome of the kindly wisdom of the Princess of Wales, who entered

fees within the means of the poorest student, were thus bonus available only in reality for residents in London, or the fortunate few who had relatives who could take them in. After the preliminary examinations for the



A STUDENT'S SITTING-ROOM.

into the anxieties and difficulties of those parents who were deterred from sending their daughters to participate in the immense educational advantages offered at South Kensington, by the fact that there was no accommodation for them out of their class-rooms but a cheap dreary lodging in some obscure back street. The thorough art teaching, and the musical training, fully equal to that of any of the great foreign conservatoires, offered at

valuable scholarships offered by the Royal College of Music, the need of a comfortable home for girl-students became even more forcibly felt, until, with truest philanthropy, Mr. (now Sir) Francis Cook came forward to realise what the Princess of Wales had so long felt to be absolutely essential in the South Kensington scheme.

Sir Francis Cook, at the disposal of the purpose and it being adjoining the Albert the Albert Downe drew erection and but even £80 the 14th of to receive t bestow her

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Sir Francis Cook placed a sum of £30,000 at the disposal of the Exhibition Commissioners in 1883, for the purpose of building such a home as was wanted; and it being decided to erect it on a vacant plot of ground adjoining the College and facing the west entrance of the Albert Hall, Mr. Purlton Clarke and the late Mr. Downe drew up the architectural designs. The cost of erection and of furniture fully doubled the original gift; but even £60,000 did not frighten Sir Francis, and on the 14th of March, 1887, Her Royal Highness came to receive the splendid gift as a present to herself, to bestow her own name upon it, and to declare it open.

chairs, a tea-table, and two most practical secretaires, copied from excellent old designs, are the nominal "fittings" of every room. But no two are alike, for each girl adds her own pretty ornaments and little home gifts. In one, the distinguishing feature may be a set of rare old prints, the gift let us think of some kind curiosity-collecting uncle. Another perhaps has tall palms, in Bonares brass pots, and the room of a third may be noticeable for its dainty embroideries. Each room thus receives a graceful stamp of originality, and very cheery they look on a cold winter's afternoon, when the pretty girl-hostesses are entertaining one or



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Such is its history. Had it been at Oxford or Cambridge, it would have been no unworthy addition to the noble piles of academic homes which grace those towns. Here in London it is but little known, because, perhaps, it is dwarfed by the huge institutions round it; but it constitutes a pleasant little world in itself, peopled by just a hundred of bright and clever English girls, preparing themselves by study and culture to carry in due time the joys of art and sweet sound to those who will not fail to highly value them.

The general idea of the house is a series of long corridors, off which branch little blocks of three rooms—namely, two small bedrooms opening on either side of a somewhat larger sitting-room. There is also a very pretty drawing-room, a dining-room, concert-hall, gymnasium, and two large studios. Thus it will be seen that every girl enjoys a bedroom to herself, and shares a sitting-room with one of her fellow-students. The furniture placed in all the rooms is far and away beyond the school average, for every sitting-room has a carpet woven on some far-off Eastern loom, and this gives an artistic touch at the outset. The walls are distempered in some delicate tint, and striped curtains add colour where it is needed. The quaintly shaped bow windows are provided with a cushioned "settle," and pretty

two friends at afternoon tea.

This is the only meal served in the sitting-rooms, and it is managed in charming "bachelor" fashion by the girls themselves, for whom boiling water is provided on each landing, and who must afterwards "wash-up" for themselves, it being against the rules and regulations to add this work to the servants' duties. To an outsider it seems that a difficulty in this system of two girls to each sitting-room might arise from "incompatibility of temper" on the part of the fellow-occupants. As a matter of fact, friction on this point seldom occurs. The lady Principal has great tact and discretion, seeing very soon what are the natures and temperaments of the girls, and rarely making a mistake in her selections of "room-mates." Moreover, a wise feeling exists among the girls that it is not a personal slight to suggest a change at times, and this is often made. Another difficulty, not quite so easily dealt with, is that in many cases the accommodation must be far above that which the inmates were accustomed to before they entered the Home, or what they enjoy when they go out of college to begin the hard career of a music-teacher.

To see the pretty drawing-room at its best, one should go when the girls have organised a dance or

concert among themselves. The first is often of the fancy dress order, and the intimacy of the girls, who are mutually guests and hostesses, is often surprising. The lady Principal holds that the sweet womanly graces of dress and the needle must not be ignored in even the most advanced stages of education, and so these dances, while furnishing a charming break from the monotony of study, are not without their place in the mental training. The long, low wainscoted room, with its valuable pictures, its grand piano, and artistic furniture looks rather like

will be judged from the fact that eighteen pounds of bacon are cut up every morning for breakfast. This department is under the care of an accomplished lady-cook, who has several helpers between herself and the actual kitchen maids. One very pleasing feature of the domestic service of Alexandra House is that it is entirely performed by necessitous orphan girls, who are taken in and thoroughly trained in whichever of its departments they display the greatest ability, for the lady Principal shows quite as much solicitude for her girls downstairs



THE DINING-ROOM.

an august hall than a part of a student's residential home. Then we descend to the dining-room, or rather rooms, for it is really a series of three smaller rooms, connected by exquisitely carved folding doors. At the top of the room sits the lady Principal and a few others of various grades of importance, while the tables are each arranged for twelve girls. At the head of each of these is placed one who is chosen from among the rest for her personal influence or popularity, and she is responsible for the punctuality and behaviour of those whose allotted seats are with her. The decorations of the dining rooms are a series of Doulton plaques, representing music, and the evolution of the potter's art.

Not less interesting than these parts of the building are the practising rooms and the well-lighted studios upstairs. The kitchen, at the top of the house, is a feature of which the architects and Sir Francis Cook are justly proud. To cook for a hundred healthy girls and the necessary household staff of such an establishment involves no small amount of domestic administration, and some idea of the extent of the food required

as for those upstairs, and they take their turns at gymnastic exercise, and have their quiet hours, combined with a *real* training in service which cannot possibly be found in even the most beautifully organised of "Homes." The pretty uniform worn by these trim little hand-maidens, who vary in age from fourteen to eighteen, was designed by the Princess of Wales, whose perfect taste in dress decided that it should consist of a dark blue serge frock, white muslin cap, and a dainty white apron and bib. All the laundry work, too, is done in the house, and this department is furnished with all the improvements that modern science has suggested to lighten labour and save time.

"People wonder sometimes," remarks the lady Principal, as we go through this beautifully planned house, "how discipline is maintained with such a number of girls, many of them old enough to have some sort of independence, some able to fulfil professional engagements already, and all gifted more or less strongly with the keen temperament of the artist. There was only one way, and that was by Honour. As an example, when a

girl comes in such and such when her theatre or if she has been no investigation is that the And it is to course, if I that I was removed at been necessary order of the cannot help sphere that But a p College of are member Sir George the student welfare of c is not one great claim Princess of

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girl comes here, her mother usually tells me that she has such-and-such friends in London to whom she may go, when her studies permit, or who may take her out to a theatre or concert. When the girl comes and tells me she has been invited to them, I believe her, and I make no investigations, and she knows that. The consequence is that they are ashamed to betray trust thus shown. And it is the same in all things through the house. Of course, if I found out—as I should do if it happened—that I was being deceived, the girl would be very quietly removed at the end of the term." Such rules as it has been necessary to lay down for the comfort and due order of the house, are observed willingly, and one cannot help being struck by the pleasant, cheery atmosphere that seems to pervade the whole place.

But a place takes its tone from its head, and the College of Music, of which just half the girl-residents are members, has an altogether exceptional director in Sir George Grove. His genial personal sympathy with the students, and the warm interest he takes in the welfare of each, has endeared him to them all, and there is not one who has not her little stone to add to the great cairn built up of his kindly deeds and words. The Princess of Wales, too, is much loved within the walls of

the house called after her name. She frequently drives to the College in the most informal manner, and devotes real attention to its affairs, as well as to the adjoining residence. Here, she talks to the girls, will sit down in their rooms, and then hear them play, and it is regarded as more even than a royal condescension when she expresses satisfaction; for Her Royal Highness is not a mean critic, and her remarks are valued as those of a true musician. In sickness or in health all that can possibly be devised for the comfort of the inmates is done. But though it is so large an institution its arrangements do not swamp the individual, as is sometimes the case, and each girl is allowed the privilege of feeling that she is "Miss So-and-so," and not mere "Number 89." When one thinks how large a proportion of those within its walls will themselves in due course be the teachers of others, upon whose future their influence will be so deep, it will be seen how important it is that the life and training should be for the best development of character, as well as for high technical proficiency in the art they have adopted. Throughout Alexandra House there runs a lofty, earnest purpose, and a reverential regard for Art and Beauty, which make it a truly valuable and important feature of the educational movement of the day.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

Amateur Dressmaking.—II.

FOR making our short bodice we still need three more measures—namely, Bust, Front Length, and Chest. First let us take the *Bust*.—Around the largest part of the figure, about 2 inches below the arms. Carry the tape rather high at the back, to let it cover the blade-bones, and bring it round the most prominent part of the figure in front, letting the measure be easy and comfortable, but not slack.

Front Length and Darts.—Put the end of the tape at the top of the back seam (just where you started, taking the back length measure), and, holding it there, bring the tape over the shoulder and down to the middle (not the bottom) of the strap round the waist at the front. Amateurs always take this measure rather long, so guard against the usual error. It will generally be from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches longer than the back length, seldom more, unless on a very full-busted, erect figure. Before moving the tape, notice which figure on it is level with the most prominent part of the bust, where the tops of the darts (or breast-pleats) come. The measure given in our average is $18\frac{1}{2}$ by $13\frac{1}{2}$, meaning $18\frac{1}{2}$ from the centre of the collar behind to the waist in front, with the dart-tops to be placed at $13\frac{1}{2}$.

Chest.—From the centre of the front to the sleeve-seam at the narrowest part. Continue the drafting from our first section, and refer to Diagram 1, in the last Number of this Magazine.

On the long line across from O measure half the bust-measure and make a dot (V). Now square down from this dot, and you will have the long line down from V parallel with the one from O, the two lines always being

as far apart as half the bust-measure of the lady to be fitted. In the average set of measures we are using for our example, the bust is 34; therefore the lines are 17 inches apart. From this, on, I will take it for granted that you know how to square—that you put the corner to the V-dot with the short-arm running even with the line back to O, and drew a line down the long-arm without much trouble or hesitation. Our next concern is the neck-curve of the front. Down from V you take a quarter of the total neck-measure (a quarter of 13 is $3\frac{1}{4}$), and mark F. Across the line from V, back towards O, take $2\frac{1}{2}$, mark S (see footnote on next page), and from F to S draw a rather square curve in blue pencil, dotting it in till you have made it satisfactory, and then drawing a firm line over the dots.

Now comes the application of the "Front Length" measure. In taking the measure you included on the lady that portion of her dress which is in the pattern represented by the red curve across from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in our first section. It is $1\frac{1}{2}$, but in larger figures it is more than this, and in smaller ones less; still whatever quantity has been put across the top of the back must now be considered in using the "front length." Put the closed square on the drafting (as it is shaded in on the diagram), with $1\frac{1}{2}$ th of the end over the top line at S, holding it steady; then push the lower part of the square forward till the figure representing the front length measure ($18\frac{1}{2}$ here) touches the front line, where put a dot and mark W. Before moving the square put another dot at the figure which indicates where the top of the darts will come (in this case $13\frac{1}{2}$).

From W go outside the line 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches mark L—and then put an X half way between 1 and the straight line.

Now move the corner of the square to F, and holding it steadily there, slant the bottom forward till it just shows the 1 outside the line at the waist. From F through the 1 draw a slanting line the length of the square, using red pencil.*

Now refer to Diagram 2.

Through the dot for the darts, draw a line sloping upwards towards the back. Not much slant is required only enough to make the back dart $\frac{1}{4}$ inch higher than the front ones when both are drafted. Mark this "dart line."

Now put a \neg shaped mark outside the red sloping line an inch above the dart line. Also put a blue mark on the red sloping line ten inches below the waist (10). From F to \neg make a line in blue—then from \neg to X—then from X to 10, also in blue. These three blue lines (dotted in on the diagram) give the curved front fitting-line to the dress which even the slightest of women need, for comfort and good appearance. Next turn your attention to the long blacklead line (on Diagram 1) coming across from S at the back. At the front, 2 inches above this S line measure in the chest-measure, taking it from the blue front bowled line, and put a mark like L, the bottom part of it being level with the 2 inches above the S line. I have put a mark like this < on the diagram to indicate which of the front lines you are to measure from. Now put the square level with the S line, and by it square up through the L to the top. Call the line so made the chest-line.

Next take half of the armhole measure, and from it deduct half an inch. Half of 16 is 8, which deducting half an inch leaves us 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Measure this 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ up from the S line, quite close to the chest-line, and draw a little guide-line across the top (A). This little guide line A should always be at least an inch under the top line, it may be more, but should never be less apart from it, and if it should come nearer, break the rule and make it an inch down. Now measure the length of the back shoulder from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the angle of the \neg . Whatever it may be (5 or 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ or 5 $\frac{1}{2}$), put the corner of the square to the neck S, and slant the square till the figure indicating the shoulder-length rests on the little A line, when make a dot and draw the line in blue. We have now completed this part of the drafting, with the exception of the armhole, which please do in blacklead first. Turn the paper round before you, so that the back is to your left hand and the front to your right, the paper hanging over the table before you so that the armhole is quite under your hand. Begin from the end of the front shoulder (on the A line) and come down in a slight curve to the L. This is easiest done if you keep your hand in the chest-space while drafting. From the lowest part of the L, curve round and sweep to the S line, about half-way across the space between the back and the

chest line. Now go up to the point of the back shoulder, and from it come straight down to the dot at the top of the curve. From this dot sweep round in a curve to join the front portion of the armhole. You may redden the part from the back shoulder to the curve, but leave the other part in blacklead, till we have got a little further into the pattern.

Coming now to our next section, it must be noted that where the chest-line goes up from the S line it makes an angle. From this angle run a little line out to the armhole curve, and on the end of it (on the armhole curve) make a little star. This star indicates where the inner seam of the sleeve is to go into the dress, so please do not omit it, as it is most important. From this star measure 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ square a line straight down the pattern.

Now refer to the line across from S at the back. Measure how much of this S line there is between the red back curve and the line just drawn from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. The number of inches will depend on the shape of the curve you have drawn, but it will not be less than 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inches. Whatever it is, divide it in two, and put a dot on the S line, half-way between the curve and the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and from it square another line down (H). Now go to the bottom of the pattern, and connect the 10 at the back with the 10 at the front by a blacklead line. We have now to put in the waistline, which is done as follows.—Put the corner of the square to the back W, the long-arm level with the line down from O and the short-arm across. Square the line across as far as the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ line, and from thence slope down to the X in front. The pattern is now roughly divided off into the four pieces which constitute a dress-bodice, but these divisions need nicely shaping. The first one we will deal with as the easiest one—i.e., the square side-piece. Take your red pencil, and colour that portion of the armhole curve (not the S line) which is between H and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Redden the H line down to the waist-line, and redden the portion of waist-line between them to half an inch from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, where stop to mark K. From the armhole to K draw a red line. Now go to the bottom of the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ line, and put a star on it where it crosses the line from 10 to 10. One inch from this star, towards the front, put a dot (1), and draw a red line to it from K.

Then go down the H line, and put two stars on it. From these two stars mark 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches towards the back, to which dot make a red line from the waist of the H line, which you have previously reddened so far down. These two last lines should be ruled with the square, and then slightly rounded out for a few inches below the waist; but this rounding must be very slight indeed, especially if it is a short jacket-bodice. The rounding is indicated on the diagram, but should only be a softening and thickening of the lines with the pencil for short dress-bodices; it may be increased quite $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, however, for long jackets or redingotes. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches below the waist put a slight red curve across from red line to red line, to shorten it for the curved hip-line usually worn; or make it 3 inches if you prefer the bodice rather longer on the hips.

* The $\frac{2}{3}$ used across the front added to the $\frac{1}{3}$ the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total neck-measure used across the back, makes one-third of the total neck-measure divided between the two. This proportion is always observed whatever the neck measure may be, one-eighth across the back and as much across the front as will bring the one-eighth up to one third of the total neck-measure.

It would so far, to the square, try on another with which the lining is delibly marked board kept coloured out waist-line, added a new below the ol in, as it i lower the o deep collar vail. Noti also an alter curve at t when the g together, is fo tination of curve. The alteration i by going ju an inch do shoulder fr and from th a curve whic one at the t Put both th tions into dots; you w useful, if you nicely set on

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Subtract already used the answer, darts, or bre inch in each between the four inches, Don't let less have here the same as Next arises a prettiest, clos always be pu or hooked in there. Decid the dress fir will suppose measure 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ the front, w waist, and m

It would be good practice, now that you have come so far, to try and trace out the two completed pieces, the square side-piece and the back. It would be best to try on another sheet of paper first, and as the wheel, with which you transfer the outline of the pattern to the lining in a series of tiny perforations, would indelibly mark a table-top, it is wisest to have a piece of board kept exclusively for the purpose. Trace out the coloured outlines only, but do not forget to put in the waist-line. Notice, in the second diagram, that I have added a new dotted neck-curve to the back half an inch below the old one. I would like you to put this curve in, as it indicates how to lower the neck-line for the deep collars which still prevail. Notice that there is also an alteration in the neck-curve at the front, which, when the garment is put together, is found to be a continuation of the back lowered curve. The front alteration is made by going just half an inch down the shoulder from S, and from the dot putting in a curve which joins the old one at the turn of the curve. Put both these neck alterations into your pattern in dots; you will find them very useful, if you like nice collars nicely set on.

Now we need the waist-measure, which should be taken very closely if the dress is to fit well, as with a slack waist the bodice always rises up under the arms, and has a generally ill-made and slovenly appearance.

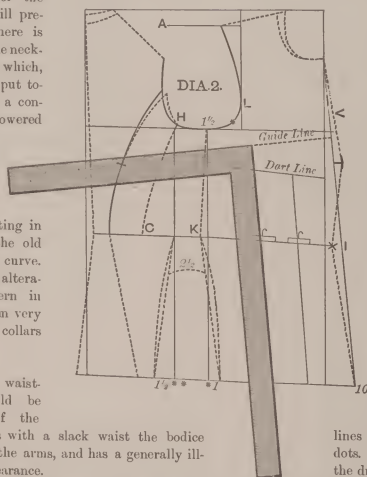
Subtract the waist-measure from the bust-measure, already used. 23 from 34 leaves 11, and according to the answer, make your allowance for the waist of the darts, or breast-pleats. There are two darts: allow one inch in each dart for every eight inches of difference between the bust and waist measures, half an inch for four inches, and a quarter of an inch for two inches. Don't let less than that trouble you; for instance, as we have here a difference of 11 inches, I shall consider it the same as 12, and make each dart $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches large. Next arises a point you must remember. The darts look prettiest close to the front, and in a plain dress should *always* be put near it; but with a vest which is buttoned or hooked in at one side they are very much in the way there. Decide, therefore, which way you intend to make the dress first, and put in the darts accordingly. We will suppose you intend to have it plain; in this case, measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the waist-line in from the X at the front, where the blue bowed line comes in to the waist, and make a dot on the waist-line. This $1\frac{1}{2}$ space

is always $1\frac{1}{2}$, unless you have a vest, or there is some good reason for altering it; and it has nothing whatever to do with the size of the darts. From the dot mark back the size of a dart ($1\frac{1}{2}$ here), and put another dot, but connect the two by a line across them. Half-way between these two darts put a longer dot, as shown on the diagram. Now from the second dot measure back an inch, and put a dot, then another the dart-distance back from that, connecting the two with a line, and putting the long dot half-way, precisely as you did the first dart. All these dots and marks should be made in blue pencil, as they indicate the quantities to be taken

out in the darts; and the long dot is a guide to the centre-line. We now need a guide-line for the darts which shall incline them prettily forward at the same slope as the bowed front. You will remember that this front is shaped out and in on the sloping line from F to I at the waist; the line was drawn in red pencil, and then the blue bowed line formed on it. Open your square, and put the corner of it to this red line (just below the long S line), and lay the long-arm to the red line all down the front. This will make the short-arm tilt downwards towards the back of the drafting, which is what I want it to do; draw a red pencil line across the short-arm, and the guide-line is there ready for use.

Its use is to guide the centre-lines of the darts through the long dots. To do this keep the square on the drafting with the short-arm lying to the guide-line, but push it gently back till the long-arm shows the long centre dot of the dart just beyond it. Then, from the dart-line only, not from the guide-line, draw a line down the long-arm of the square, and through the central dot to the bottom line. Keeping the short-arm square with the guide-line, gently push it back to show the central dot of the back dart, and repeat the line from the dart-line down, drawing both in blue. On the diagram the square is shadowed in, lying to the guide-line ready for the second central dart-line to be put in.

The completion of the darts is a very simple matter, but as I do not wish to confuse you with too many lines crossing and recrossing each other, I will leave that for our next diagram, and proceed to pass on to a very important part of the pattern, *i.e.*, the reduction of the waist to correct size. Do this over slowly and carefully two or three times as follows:—First measure how long the waist-line is from X at front to the straight pencil-line down from $1\frac{1}{2}$. This size varies a little; it may be



Some Recent Designs in Lamps.

THE progress made during the last fifty years in our arrangements for domestic lighting is very remarkable, and, unlike many of our gains, it seems to be unaccompanied by loss. It is, indeed, perfectly impossible to realise the change that has taken place unless we

were, however, brought in; whereupon, without any hesitation, the King thus addressed the Lords and Commons: "My Lords and Gentlemen,—I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought in, I will read it again from the commencement, in a way which, I trust, will command your attention." Then, though evidently fatigued, he read through the speech from the beginning in a particularly impressive manner.

Imagine the scene, and compare the dim light given on an important occasion to an assembly of the most illustrious people of the land, with that now provided



TABLE LAMP.

refer to the records of the usages that prevailed at the commencement of the present century, from which, amongst many other surprising things, we learn that torches were carried by the attendants on the sedan-chairs of the wealthy, one of the latest to use these lights being the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, who died in 1735, who always went to Court in a sedan-chair, and whose carriage was known at night by the flambeaux of the footmen. Our surprise is the greater when we recall to mind that the torch was one of the earliest modes of giving light, and that it is mentioned in the myths of the ancients, for it was with a torch that Demeter went to search for her daughter; and it held its own so long that it lighted the royal halls of mediæval England, and was still in use in the chapel of Hampton Court on the occasion of the baptism of Edward VI.

So recently as the year 1836, the arrangements made for the comfort of the Sovereign in this regard were not so good as those which middle-class people enjoy on every-day occasions at the present time. The tale runs that February 4th, 1836, was a particularly dull, dark day, and that William IV. struggled in vain to read his speech to the assembled Lords and Commons. At last, he came to a word which he could not decipher, and, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood near him, he said quite audibly, "Eh, what is it?" The answer was given—the King again toiled on. Wax candles



PATENT EXTENSION FLOOR LAMP.

in a drawing-room or a dining-room in the homes of middle-class people, where provision is made not only for an equal diffusion of light throughout the room, but also for its concentration at the piano or on the table.

No one who has noticed the designs for lamps in the British Museum, or who has seen the elegant forms of the bronze and terra-cotta lamps which were found entombed in Pompeii, can fail to contrast the slow progress

of former ages with the rapid advance of the present century. In 1836 only a dim, imperfect light was offered to the Sovereign of England on the occasion of one of the most important functions connected with his position. In the present year of grace Her Majesty's subjects expect to be supplied with the best possible light in the every-day concerns of their daily lives, and if their expectations are not fulfilled to the utmost, they consider they are sorely tried and are entitled to relieve their feelings by much and bitter complaining. Their light must not flare as did the torch of the ancients; it must be adapted to the space to be lighted, not, as did the early lamp, send its light forward and from the sides whilst the back remains in shadow. Then it must be brilliant, steady, and uniform; and the arrangements must be simple and economical.

Those who love artistic beauty, and can make it an object in the arrangements of their homes, look to find their tastes satisfied in the fittings for light, whether in hall or corridor, in dining or drawing-room—wherever, in fact, light is required. And all these needs and desires manufacturers have endeavoured to supply. To comfort and convenience have been added beauty and adornment. That shrinking from the full glare of light which, at the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century, contrived shady recesses.

dimly lighted corners, or gloomy corridors, is satisfied in the present day with harmoniously tinted or subdued light, veiled and shaded by artistic arrangements of delicate material.

Specially fitted for our modern requirements is a floor lamp for oil to which the name has been given of the "Patent Extension Floor Lamp" (page 161). Its great advantages are that it can be placed in any part of the room, and thus serve equally well for a reading-lamp or for use at the piano, its height being regulated as required. The silk-and-lace shade with which it is furnished gives a softened tint to its light, and adds to the adornment of the room. These lamps vary about as much in material as in design, the favourite forms being made of polished brass, wrought-iron, or copper, while china

were fittingly decorated is also introduced. The two former are certainly in the ascendency at present where the whole of the lamp is made of one material, while

when used in combination, polished brass and copper, wrought-iron and copper, bronzed brass and decorated china generally go together. Suspension lamps are now also manufactured from the same materials, in designs adapted to the special purpose they are meant to serve, and when fitted with tinted glasses form handsome adjuncts to a hall or room; whilst "Hinks's Patent Burner" is a special recommendation with respect to the lamp itself.

A still greater variety in material and ornamentation is to be found in the "Table" and "Pillar" lamps, for besides the "polished copper" or "hammered iron" which now finds favour, the heavier lamp of china, of varied kind and ornamentation, is greatly admired, and many new designs witness to its general use. China lends itself so readily to decoration that its use enables manufacturers to exhibit almost innumerable varieties of design. Those portions of the lamps which are in this material are illuminated with flowers, fruit, or foliage, some bear classical scenes, and others the severer ornamentation which is made up of geometric patterns. On page 161 is an illustration of one of these china table lamps, which, like the floor lamp on the same page and the suspension lamp herewith, appears in the catalogue of Messrs.



SUSPENSION LAMP.

Benetfink, of Chocpside.

Polished brass, it should be added, seems to be the favourite material for the "Pillar" lamp, but cut-glass and crystal are also used; whilst the reservoir may be of cut-crystal, Worcester ware, or Limoges china.

Contrivances for supplying two kinds of light are now finding favour, some suspension oil lamps being provided with sources for candles; then there are brackets for both gas and candles, while fittings for the electric light are also supplied with gas-burners. Some brackets brought out by Messrs. Allpress and Belshaw, Victoria Street, are specially noticeable for the graceful combinations of their electric gas-fittings. At the present date, indeed, it would seem as though all the improve-

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In C. J.
"Domestic
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ments made in oil lamps, and even in gas apparatus, would be eclipsed by those connected with the electric light.

The electric light dates from the year 1802, and



ELECTRIC LIGHT PENDANT.

its clear bright light, "resembling that of the moon," was first exhibited in London on the top of Burlington House in 1867. Not till 1879, however, was it introduced on any large scale, it then being used on the Thames Embankment, in the British Museum, and in the Victoria Railway Station. Since that date electrical exhibitions have shown the world more of its beauty and efficiency, of its ready adaptation to decorative purposes, and of its fitness for use in public and private buildings. Though more expensive than gas, it is more wholesome, and its influence has no ill effect upon books and works of art, as gas undoubtedly has; while, if properly laid on and manipulated, it is safer than any other kind of light. The assurance of these facts has naturally given a great impetus to designers and manufacturers.

In C. J. Wharton's translation of Hospitalier's "Domestic Electricity," illustrations are given of different designs for the application of electricity to our

various wants. They consist of a small stand designed by M. Aboilard, for stationary or movable lighting; a holder fitted to a movable standard with a shade; Trouvé's chandeliers with ornamental supports, these being designed for candles as well as for electric light; and the great Swan Lustre, which was used at the Electrical Exhibition at Paris in 1881.

It is interesting to recall these to mind at the present time, for our manufacturers are now prepared with designs and fittings for the adaptation of electric light to our domestic requirements and our artistic tastes. No corner of the room need be dimly or imperfectly lighted. Pendants from the ceilings supply a uniform light, whilst electroliers have a more decorative effect, and furnish a greater amount of light where this is specially needed. There are pendants of one or two



PORTABLE ELECTRIC FLOOR LAMP.

lights, electroliers of few or many lights; we have portable pillars which illustrate the adaptability of the electric light to the most varied wants; and there are bracket fittings which attract special notice on account of their artistic beauty and elegance. The designs which we give in this connection are brought out by G. Binswanger and Co., Queen Victoria Street.

"ANNE HATHAWAY,"

New Books.

SOLOMON tells us that one of the things which were too wonderful for him was the "way of a man with a maid." No doubt the Wise Man had an intimate knowledge of affairs of the heart, and was able to justify his opinion by facts within his own experience. But, if we may put any trust in the modern novelist, things have strangely altered since the son of David ruled and wrote in Jerusalem. Miss Agnes Stevens has industriously collected a large number of love-scenes from popular works of fiction and published them under the title of "How Men Propose" (Fisher Unwin). An attentive study of this interesting work puts it beyond doubt that nowadays the way of a man with a maid is pitifully conventional and unenterprising. How it happens in real life we know not; in fiction, however, it seems that proposals are always made and rejected or accepted in the same terms. He gently murmurs a few eloquent words about his own unworthiness. She, if she looks with favour upon the suit, and yet wishes to appear coy, gazes fondly at him and whispers, "I don't know whether I love you, but I love you to love me." Then they live happy ever after. All this is very pleasant, but, indefinitely repeated, it grows a little tiresome. We once heard of a distinguished scholar (he was a senior wrangler) who conceived the merry idea of making a proposal by telegram. Until we read Miss Stevens's compilation we thought the mathematician's artifice a clumsy one. We are now quite prepared to change our view. Had he not committed the lamentable error of paying for a reply (which of course came curdly and sharply "No!") no praise would have been too extravagant for him. For he displayed more ingenuity than a hundred novelists have been able to contrive between them. The making and declining of proposals is not an everyday pursuit, and therefore the novelist's experience is generally at fault. But surely he (or she) might devise something a little more ingenious than the hackneyed scenes in the garden that are to be found on every page of Miss Stevens's book. However, there is no need to despair, for no one as yet has proposed by phonograph or telephone; nor has the fatal question ever been asked in a balloon, which would at least provide a better opportunity for freshness of treatment than the wearisome conservatory. Miss Stevens has inflicted upon us rather too many specimens of American love-making, but on the whole she has done her work with taste and judgment. And she has at least won our gratitude by giving prominence to Mr. Collins's pompous declaration in "Pride and Prejudice," by far the most humorous proposal in the whole range of fiction.

THERE is no more difficult task than to paint landscape in words. So few attempts have ever been successful, that it would have been surprising if Mr. P. H. Emerson's "English Idyls" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) had escaped failure. We do not remember one

description of natural scenery in Mr. Emerson's little volume that is not spoiled by extravagance of detail. The author seems determined to depict every blade of grass, every fluttering leaf with the painful conscientiousness of the most hardened Pre-Raphaelite. He is never content to get his effect by large touches as were Theocritus and Virgil. Everything is sacrificed to fantastic verbiage, and the result is that his landscape is never enveloped in atmosphere. So pretentious and self-conscious is Mr. Emerson's style in descriptive passages, that the minutest error may not be condoned. It is impossible, for instance, to overlook the following lapse in grammar: "Whilst striving with the dew-worm her eyes, bright and humid, were in turn like skies in April." We cannot believe that the fair Ellen put the bait on her hook with her eyes, and if the sentence does not mean this, it means nothing. Mr. Emerson does not shrink from adding a spurious dignity to his style by such poor inversions as "she silent sat," nor have his epithets always the merit of freshness. Who is there who is not wearied with "mazy ripples" and "opalescent pools"? Are not these phrases part of the stock-in-trade of every country journalist? But if he never succeeds in translating landscape into words, Mr. Emerson possesses another gift, which, perhaps, he does not sufficiently prize. He can observe and describe with a sure touch and considerable humour interesting types of humanity. The fishermen of the Norfolk Broads are evidently well known to him, and the sketches of "Bob-Jack," the waterman, who conjured with cards, farthings, and white mice, and of "Darkel, the Poucher," who gave the inspector the slip, are admirable. Indeed, Mr. Emerson's power lies in portraiture, not in landscape, and we wish he would leave the "quaint water-side" and the "weird voices of the night" alone, and give us some more pictures of the Norfolk wherryman.

"IN THOUGHTLAND AND IN DREAMLAND," by Elsa d'Esteiro Keeling (T. Fisher Unwin), is a collection of rapid impressions received in Germany and France, as well as at home. Miss Keeling has a pretty fancy and a right appreciation of the difference between a sketch and a picture. There are few of her thoughts and dreams which do not contain the germ of a story, but we like them best as suggestions, and can easily believe that elaboration would spoil them. Of course they are of varying merit—we prefer the "Two Russian Sketches"—and the majority would have been better for a little polishing.

THE High School has of late years developed into so important an institution, the High School girl is so rapidly becoming crystallised into a type, that the little work by M. E. G. Hewett, head-mistress of the Girls' High School, Napier, New Zealand, entitled "High School Lectures," is likely to attract considerable attention.

If the Public being nothing the High School girls take to matrics with a rarely to be the manufacture of education, as varied taste upon. Miss no narrow view by no means portance of a physical. A because she himent. "A sight," she cknown many must have no accompanied person is too far less impo we hope that some influence all the subject with knowledge tion in recom in education.

In reprint she had cont Fawcett has s "Some Emis by Messrs. M easy style, has displayed of nearly ever last hundred worth. Phila with sympat object is to se before her re criticism, and criminating. her sketches the best contr made during with this rem among wome activity in spl It is to be ho in preparatio enough to me that space has who, though Austen and th distinguished

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If the Public School boy is exposed to the danger of being nothing but an athlete, it must be admitted that the High School girl runs the risk of growing into a prig. Girls take to such serious pursuits as classics and mathematics with an intensity and single-mindedness which are rarely to be observed in the English schoolboy. And as the manufacture of scholars is happily not the sole end of education, the advantage of cultivating as many and as varied tastes as possible cannot too urgently be insisted upon. Miss Hewett, in her interesting lectures, takes no narrow view of the question. Mere intellectuality is by no means her ideal. She is fully alive to the importance of exercise and of recreation, both mental and physical. Above all we are in Miss Hewett's debt because she has said a good word for dress as an adornment. "A well-dressed woman is always a pleasing sight," she cheerfully observes. All those who have known many students at Newham or Somerville Hall must have noticed that keenness of intellect is too often accompanied by slovenliness of attire. The serious young person is too apt to think that beauty and grace are far less important than scholarship and research; and we hope that Miss Hewett's sensible lectures may have some influence in checking the spread of this error. On all the subjects of which she treats, Miss Hewett speaks with knowledge and intelligence, and we have no hesitation in recommending her book to all who are interested in education.

IN reprinting a series of biographical sketches which she had contributed to *The Mother's Companion*, Mrs. Fawcett has acted wisely. The volume, which is entitled "Some Eminent Women of Our Time," and is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., is written in a simple, easy style. In her selection of subjects Mrs. Fawcett has displayed no narrowness. She has something to say of nearly every eminent woman, who has lived during the last hundred years, from Queen Victoria to Maria Edgeworth. Philanthropists, novelists, poets, are all treated with sympathy and picturesqueness. Mrs. Fawcett's object is to set a vivid portrait of each of her heroines before her readers, but she has by no means excluded criticism, and whatever she has given is just and discriminating. In her preface Mrs. Fawcett writes that her sketches "were suggested by the fact that nearly all the best contributions of women to literature have been made during the last hundred years, and simultaneously with this remarkable development of literary activity among women, there has been an equally remarkable activity in spheres of work held to be peculiarly feminine." It is to be hoped that Mrs. Fawcett has a second series in preparation. There are still many women eminent enough to merit discussion. It is perhaps a little strange that space has not already been found for George Eliot, who, though she cannot be placed side by side with Jane Austen and the sisters Brontë, is surely one of the most distinguished of Englishwomen.

"A GUIDE TO DISTRICT NURSES," by Mrs. Dacre Craven (Macmillan and Co.), is an admirable little work,

deserving high praise. It appears that Mrs. Craven was asked by the trustees of the Queen's Jubilee Fund to write a small manual for the use of the nurses of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute. The choice of this lady was a singularly fortunate one, as her nursing experiences previous to her marriage, and since, have been very wide, both in England and abroad. District nursing requires a far higher degree of readiness and adaptability than does that of a well-planned hospital ward, and Mrs. Craven's hints on turning the generally impracticable belongings of a poor home to useful account upon emergency will prove very serviceable. The chapter upon sick cookery would be found helpful by anyone who had the care of an invalid, as would the simple rules of disinfection after fever.

"BEAUTY, AND HOW TO KEEP IT," by "a Professional Beauty" (Brentano), is a small book that does not call for much notice, as it contains little that is new. Though the authoress wisely remarks that "it is impossible to be beautiful without being thoroughly clean," she belies her dictum by advising the use of all sorts of messy preparations for the complexion, even to the gruesome device of sleeping with a piece of raw veal upon the cheeks! One meets with much that is contradictory, while the authoress has small sense of proportion, for she tells us that a good figure is really a more precious gift than a pretty face, but dismisses the whole subject in less than thirty lines. Most people would think the process of beauty-keeping not worth the trouble if all these recommendations were essential, while it may be doubted if a person rivaling the "Skeleton Dude" in Mr. Barnum's show for leanness would care to increase her weight at the cost of using "olive oil at each meal poured over the meat and vegetables."

"THE MOTHER'S FRIEND," by Mrs. G. S. Reaney (Holder and Stoughton), is a capital little magazine for working families, and contains Scripture lessons for the children, an interesting story called "For Richer, for Poorer," by the editress herself, a "Father's Corner," a children's page, and many useful features. The year's volume, in its brightly taking cover, would be a useful addition to a parish library, and ladies who conduct mothers' meetings might find many bits suitable for reading aloud on such occasions.

"A HANDBOOK OF NURSING FOR THE HOME AND FOR THE HOSPITAL," by Catherine Jane Wood (Cassell and Co.), has reached already its eighth edition, which is proof enough of its practical value. Miss Wood writes with great clearness, divides her work into well-planned sections, such as the general qualifications of a nurse, ward training, the night nurse's duties, on nursing children, and adds useful lists of simple remedies, poisons and their antidotes, as well as a glossary of medical terms. Though addressed to nurses in particular, it is a book that might fitly find a place in every home, on account of its practical advice on very varied aspects of illness.

Notes and Comments.

THE meeting this year of the Rational Dress Association was not a particularly eventful one, for it placed no new theories before us. Lady Harberton read a bright and cheery paper, and assuredly if anyone could make converts to the cause, it would be her ladyship, with her fine figure and charming bearing. Her chief hope, she says, lies in the younger women, some of whom are beginning to find out that their clothes are uncomfortable. Lady Harberton will have no truce with shortened skirts, no compromise short of "dual clothing for the legs." Nor does she want men's trousers, which are liable, she considers, to various objections. Her suggestion is an adaptation of either the Eastern, Zouave, or Japanese forms of dress.

MISS SHARMAN CRAWFORD urged ladies to set a better example in the way of "Rational" dressing to their poorer sisters who work in factories or the fields. More in sorrow than in anger, perhaps, she deplored that the influence of men was certainly not in favour of the form of clothing she herself was wearing, and Lady Harberton had previously said that while designing female dress seemed to be a fascination for some men, their ideas had simply increased its irrational tendency. Then Miss Sharmam Crawford besought her audience to be firm and bold, and mind not the jeers of the other sex, whom they would, no doubt, soon convert, and, indeed, she did not at all see why women should dress to please men. Arguing from the analogy of the birds, she thought it was men who should dress to please women. Mrs. Stopes, a practised debater, contributed a pleasant speech, dealing with some of the points handled in her paper in our last Number.

BUT the chief interest of the meeting did not come till the questions and discussions after the speeches. A somewhat unfortunate choice—from the point of view of the platform—was made in asking Mrs. Bent, a most intrepid lady-traveller, who has visited some of the remotest lands, what she wore *en voyage*, for it turned out that she was conservative enough to adhere to moderately short skirts. Then a lady exhibited her under-garments, made after the "divided" pattern, over which she wore a slightly draped skirt. Perhaps the difficulty of the situation was summarised about as well as it could be when she asked "what the street Arab might be expected to say on the subject, and how his trenchant witticisms could best be met."

VERY gorgeous and very beautiful is the model of the Eiffel Tower done in diamonds, now on view at the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond Street. It is perfectly true to a $\frac{1}{4}$ scale of the original, and every detail has been exactly copied. No less than 40,000 diamonds have been used in its construction, and the actual time occupied in making it was 13,500 hours. The precious stones are all clear-set, in silver mounting, the metal work and flags of the various stages of the tower are carried out in enamel, the electric lights are suggested by 3,000 pearls, and the flashing tricolour surmounting it is of sapphires, rubies, and brilliants. It was

designed by M. Posno, of the famous Brussels firm of Martin Posno et Cie., and he claims for it the distinction of being the largest piece of jewellery ever made. Of course, this assertion may be qualified to the extent of saying that in King Solomon's throne sacred history records a larger specimen of the jeweller's art, and there are several huge monumental examples of barbaric jewellery. Certainly, however, nothing like it has been wrought in modern times, nor with such delicate refinement of manipulation. It is valued at £120,000, and was brought over to England under the care of two detectives and two powerful men armed with revolvers. The customs authorities at Charing Cross wanted to examine it in public, but M. Posno flatly refused to allow this, and the precious treasure was placed in the Queen's safe room at the Docks for the night.

THE Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, which has just issued its annual report, considers that the recent discussions on the Scotch Municipal Franchise Act, and the votes upon the question of excluding married women from the County Council Suffrage, tend to show the unreality of the allegation that married women must be enfranchised. The case of spinsters and widows therefore, can be considered and determined on its merits. During the past Session 190 petitions, representing 5,315 signatures, in favour of the Bill were presented. The story of the "split in the camp," which gives us now two Societies working to the same end on somewhat different lines, is briefly told, and Miss Becker, the Secretary, appeals to supporters to help her to raise the £900 which is the condition upon which Sir E. Watkin has promised a subscription of £100. The supporters of the cause, it may be mentioned, claim a majority of sixty in the present House of Commons, and beg almost pathetically that its friends will bestir themselves to pass a Bill which shall enable women to vote in the next General Election.

IT has been recorded as an argument against the extension of municipal franchise to women and their admission to public offices, that, almost unanimously, the women-teachers of the Board Schools of New York have signed a protest against the reappointment of two lady-commissioners—Miss Agnew and Miss Grace Dodge. The general argument used by the "School Marmas" is that they find male commissioners more just, more fair, less exacting, and less influenced by small whims and prejudices. Certainly at first sight this seems to bear out the hackneyed assertion that women will never support one another, but unfortunately we find that opposing petitions to Miss Agnew's and Miss Dodge's candidature have also been signed by all the schoolmasters. Therefore we may infer that the two ladies were singularly unfitted for the duties they were ready to take upon themselves, and that the conduct of the school-mistresses, instead of being a reason against female progress, tells in its favour, as it shows they are not bound down by any false standard of loyalty to a woman in order to support their "cause," but only demand the best service from their inspectors, irrespective of sex or any other consideration.

Nor only from the designers, but from the Exhibition of Lace, he parted with gosses, professing some time rich in hints applied to the hunting it is valuable still, regretted that specimens. 8 been carefully are more frayed, damaged, and no very difficult in all cases stitches bear glass, a test broidery could

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Not only by those who love to study such collections from the standpoint of mere beauty, but by artists, designers, weavers, dyers, and costumiers as well, the Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Embroidery, Brocade, and Lace, held by Messrs. Howell and James, is anticipated with growing interest each year. All embroideresses, professional or amateur, find that after spending some time in admiring these treasures, they are rich in hints and "notions" which can be profitably applied to their own work. In these days of curio-hunting it is surprising that so much that is really valuable still remains to the collector, but it is to be regretted that nothing is known of the history of the specimens. Some of the embroideries have evidently been carefully preserved from wear and tear; others are more frayed, but even in the pieces that are much damaged, enough is left to render their restoration no very difficult task. The actual needlework has been in all cases very conscientiously executed, and the stitches bear close examination with a magnifying glass, a test to which very few pieces of modern embroidery could be subjected with credit to the worker.

One of the gems of the collection is a Portuguese bed-cover of unusually large size. The foundation material is linen, embroidered all over with a curious design of birds and flowers in clear, yellow floss. Besides laid work of several kinds, twenty different stitches can be counted in a space of not nearly as many inches, and several of these are similar in effect to those used in needle-made laces. The way in which one stitch is varied to give a different effect, according to the nature of the design, is no less wonderful. Another fine piece of work is of French origin and has a delicately embroidered border mixed with the finest silk cord; at a distance the needlework has all the appearance of a very transparent piece of lace laid upon the rich, dark blue silk of the foundation. This specimen is further characterised by the painted medallions which are inserted at intervals amongst the embroidery.

Specially noticeable, too, are some priestly vestments of Spanish origin, though rather Italian than Spanish in their design and style of execution. They deserve careful study on account of the beauty of the colouring and workmanship, while the gold is still bright and untarnished. The Bokham hangings, like many other rarities, are more curious than beautiful, at least according to our notions of artistic colouring, but the quantity and quality of the work bestowed on them are worthy of the highest praise. A unique example of antique Ragusa work is executed with silk that is still as glossy as though it had left the mills but last week, and a charming little Persian prayer-rug forms a particularly dainty example of Oriental quilting.

ADMIRERS of the drawn linen work just now so fashionable should not overlook some fine pieces of punto tirato, reticella, and cut-work, all of which are closely allied to it, while a length of Greek lace is specially remarkable for the beauty of the stitches used as fillings for the spaces made by the removal of certain threads of the original fabric. The Mytilene shirts, too, are ornamented with perpendicular bands of drawn work, the threads of which are literally as fine as a hair. A short length of old knotted lace is also interesting, from its being the forerunner of modern muerancé. It is difficult to select pieces for special

notice among such a number of fine specimens of work of many periods and many countries, but enough has been said to prove that this year's exhibition is fully as interesting as any that have hitherto been held.

THAT popular social institution the Salon opened its winter season with an unusually brilliant gathering at the end of November. Though it has only been in existence about four years, it numbers some hundreds of members, and has at every committee meeting to decline applicants whose qualifications for admission are not sufficiently defined. One must be a *bond fide* "worker" in literature, science, or art, to be admitted as a member to the pleasant *soirées* that it holds eight or nine times a year at some fashionable gallery—generally that of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. The mere fact of occasionally sending a poem to a paper *en amateur*, of possessing a telescope, of sketching for amusement, or of acting at rare intervals for a charity, is not enough, and credentials are in all cases carefully scrutinised.

A NUMBER of our leading novelists, journalists, actors and actresses, and artists are members, and they seldom fail to come to its "evenings." On a typical night one meets there Mrs. Arthur Stannard ("John Strange Winter"), Helen Mathers, May Crommelin, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Mrs. L. B. Walford, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Lady Duffus and Miss Isa Duffus Hardy, "Rita," Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster), Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, Mr. Fergus Hume, Miss Alice Cornwell, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Miss Amy Roselle, Colonel A. P. Sinnett, and dozens more of equally well-known people. So marked has been the success of the Salon, indeed, that it has already inspired, not rivals, but at any rate imitations.

THE lot of the shop-girl is very often a sad and pitiable one, with its severe strain of long standing and excessive hours of work, and all efforts to help these young women deserve encouragement. A weekly paper of weight has pointed out how much room there is for friendly and wise advice in giving them higher tastes in literature. It is deplorable to record—though it is a fact verified by observation—that their chief literary wares are the silliest, most trivial of newspapers, scurrilous so-called "Society" journals, and the hateful penny novelette. It is difficult, however, to imagine any far-reaching scheme of general practicability for mending matters. Such girls are too tired to frequent the public libraries, and guilds and societies, after all, touch only the fringe of the question. The improvement must begin in the education, and there must be some terrible inefficiency in the power of our present system to teach anything like literary discrimination, or we should not see the miserable trash which disgraces the very name of the press poured forth week by week, and lads and girls wasting their pence upon food which at best is mentally enervating.

It has caused much surprise in Brussels that the English press is so scantily represented at the Anti-Slavery Congress now taking place there. Our only accredited newspaper representative doing service at it is a lady, and it is no small tribute to the provincial press that she is not sending home her very able and interesting accounts to a London journal, but to the *Manchester Guardian*.

THE members of the Froebel Society assembled in good numbers the other day at Madame Bergmann Osterberg's College at Hampstead, to witness a demonstration by Mrs. Curwen of her plans for teaching the pianoforte to younger children. Mrs. Curwen has applied educational methods to the subject, and she showed how much may be done with groups of children, away from the piano, in laying the foundations of the work. Her key-board diagram was explained. The French tunes were shown to be a language of rhythm which enables the child to think clearly of the duration of sounds. Two children, taught by Mrs. Curwen, wrote down the notation of phrases played to them, amid the manifest interest of the audience, a musician who was present giving the tests. Mrs. Curwen said that two of the radical errors in teaching music were teaching the treble and bass staff separately, and teaching time arithmetically. She herself treated the great staff of eleven lines as a whole, and founded (one upon rhythm).

THE London Needlework Guild may well be proud of its rapid growth. Last year, its 10,000 members contributed a noble total of 23,785 garments for charitable distribution. This year the exhibition held at the City and Guilds Institute comprised no less than 30,194 separate articles, while the average standard of technical skill in the work was far higher than it had been on any previous occasion. The Guild was devised and planned by Miss Lady Wolverton, some seven years ago, and to Dorsetshire belongs the credit of setting the example. Now Guilds exist in twenty-four counties and all the large provincial towns, while Birmingham is able to maintain a very powerful rivalry with London in the number of garments annually made.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MAUD OF TECK is President of the London Guild, and takes the warmest and most practical interest in it. The idea of the Guild is "a group managed by a President. Every President finds five vice-presidents, each of whom in her turn finds ten associates, and every one undertakes to make two garments annually. The work is collected twice a year by the Presidents and forwarded by them to the district or local centre, whence it is distributed to hospitals, homes, Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies, and poor parishes. Lady Wolverton's address is Coombe Wood, Kingston Hill, Surrey, and she will thankfully send all particulars and enrol new groups or members; information may also be had from the Hon. Mrs. Halford, 50, Princes Gate, the hon. secretary. The Guild has far more applications for help than it can possibly meet, and is doing valuable service. Invalids, and all who want an object to work for, are quite as thankful as the poor who are assisted, for an organisation which gives so useful an aim to their labours.

THE Women's Liberal Federation, which now numbers over 30,000 members, took part in the important congress of the National Liberal Federation held at Manchester during the early part of this month. Mrs. C. E. Schwann presiding. None would dispute the value of its aims, quite aside from all party teaching, as a means of promoting the political education of the sex. Many people, while admitting cordially the principles of female enfranchisement, are of opinion that women are not yet sufficiently versed in politics to exercise the office intelligently. The Primrose League and this

Federation may therefore be quite impartially thanked for the wider interests that they are bringing into the middle-class woman's life. Some very sensible remarks were made at the Congress, especially upon the lamentable tendency we see to drag party motives into social reforms, and Miss M. E. Abraham read a particularly interesting paper on "Non-political Work," strongly advocating combination in order to grapple successfully with the difficult problems of the day by helping others to help themselves. She advised the formation of unions of women, so that they might not compete with men at starvation wages. With true pathos she remarked that almsgiving was often hurtful, and to help the poor truly, we must give them our personal service with warm hearts.

MRS. GLADSTONE, who was the recipient of a peasant-woven cloak made at Carna, in Ireland, spoke gracefully, as she always does; but Miss Newton was bold, very bold. In her paper on "The Unutilised Strength of Women," she turned all the virals of her wrath upon those orthodox ones who are satisfied with the account of the origin of evil given in Genesis: told us frankly that the primeval curse was probably a legend of man's invention, and proceeded to state that even if woman brought sin into the world, she also brought knowledge. United, said this lady women were invincible, and she urged the members of the Federation to utilise their strength, "for men would never understand the needs of women." Miss F. Bagnall deplored that, in spite of social efforts for their amelioration, women were distinctly on a lower labour-plane than men, and in many cases performed the same duties as men at about half the wages. Here, perhaps, and in calling women "the Chinamen of the industrial world," Miss Bagnall swamped herself in a deep economic sea, and forgot that by competing with men in certain trades, they have merely increased the numbers who have to share in a fixed amount of wages. One hesitates to criticise the opening of more branches of labour to women, but to take one instance only, the employment of women as clerks has resulted in competition so intense, that the wages of men as well as women have sunk to an absolute starvation rate. Miss Bagnall's panacea was of course the vote: we should suggest, rather, powerful combination and a higher general sense of mutual support among women, so as not to undersell one another.

AFTER five-and-twenty years of faithful service in the arduous work of army nursing, Mrs. Deeble retires from the post of superintendent of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley. She was the widow of an officer who laid down his life in the Abyssinian war, and devoted her whole energies after his death to reforming the system of tending the sick and invalided soldiers. Indeed, she may be regarded as the foundress of the corps of "Grey Sisters," whose services are of such value in our military hospitals. She herself went out to the seat of war in the Zulu campaign, and tells many touching stories of the cheerful kindness shown by the men, no matter how tired and worn out they might have been, in pitching a tent for her, and the Sisters before they gave a thought to themselves. Under her were trained the Sisters whose noble exertions relieved so much suffering at Suakin, and her loss will be regretted in all departments of the magnificent hospital at Netley. Mrs. Deeble has long enjoyed the personal friendship of the Queen and Royal Family, and possesses many charming evidences of royal appreciation of her good work.



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Lady Hallé at Home.

SOME twenty years ago London society was startled by the apparition of a young lady who played the violin in public. Mrs. Grundy looked askance, and doubtless many a good matron wondered what "the girls were coming to"—little contemplating tricycles and tennis.

"on the earnest advice of Vieuxtemps and Joachim, I was surprised to find that it was thought almost improper, certainly unladylike, for a woman to play on the violin. In Germany the thing was quite common and excited no comment. I could not understand—it seemed so absurd



LADY HALLÉ.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Bonano, 115, Oxford Street, W.)

Much has happened since then in the sphere of women's activity. The lady-violinist that braved the sturdy insular prejudice against "female fiddlers" is now a star of the first magnitude in London's musical firmament, and a favourite figure in its best society, who in the gloaming of a winter day at her house in Linden Gardens, Bayswater, begins a conversation by laughingly alluding to this instance of *autres temps, autres mœurs*.

"When I first came to London," Lady Hallé says,

—why people thought so differently here. Whenever in society I hear a young lady tuning a violin I think of my first concert and the reproachful curiosity with which the people at first regarded my playing. For a long time at every fresh town I played I could not help noticing the strange, curious looks of many in the audience. But of course everything is different now, and I dare say more ladies now play the violin in England than in Germany. For the matter of that," added Lady Hallé mischievously,

"I believe my fiddlers are all better thought of. At one time it was derogatory to carry a violin. Vieuxtemps, Kreisler, and others used to say that they could never carry their instruments."

"Will you tell me about your London debut, Lady Halle?"

"As I have said, I should not have come but for the persuasion of Vieuxtemps, who was one of my best friends. It was in April when I came, and on presenting my letter of introduction to Chappell's, I found that the season was nearly over, and that for the few remaining concerts all arrangements had been made. The Phil-

Even as Lady Halle speaks the shadows fall so that I can scarcely perceive the playful humour which flits across her face as she recalls her days of small things. In the midst of our talk, however, a maid enters to light a large lamp of glittering gold and pink-coloured glass. The lamp casts a warm glow for a few yards around, lighting up the features with which almost every musician in almost every town must be familiar, and revealing a homely dress of dark-checked silk. In the rest of the large music-room there is but a "dim religious light" which well fits the pictures by the mantelpiece of Christ and the Virgin Mary, that at once attract the eye—small



LADY HALLE'S MUSIC-ROOM.

harmonic Society were giving some later concerts, however, and offered me an engagement. But the earliest date they could give me was in July, and as a fee of only five guineas was to be paid I could not wait so long for a single appearance. I returned to Paris, much to the disappointment of Vieuxtemps, who, referring to English prejudices, said I had but to get a hearing, and all would be well. With great generosity he then arranged an exchange of dates, he giving me one early in May, upon which he was to have appeared at the Philharmonic Concerts, and taking the later one offered to me instead. The Society asked me to play Mendelssohn's concerto, but my piece I was naturally anxious to choose from Vieuxtemps in recognition of his kindness. Although people stared at first, surprised at seeing a lady violinist, my reception was so kind that the Society asked me to play at another concert in the series, for which they managed to find a vacancy."

though they be—as betokening Lady Halle's allegiance to the old faith. In the dusky expanse of strawberry-coloured upholstery and rich drapery two other objects also stand out clearly, the grand piano in polished ebony and gold frame, with a score from which Sir Charles and Lady Halle had just been rehearsing for a concert that evening still resting upon the easel, and a large portrait in oils of—as I imagined until her ladyship told me it was of her eldest son, attired in Cavalier costume for a fancy dress ball—a knight of old.

"And since that time you have been pretty continuously in England?" I remark, resuming the conversation.

"The coming visit to Australia will be my first expedition over the seas. Many offers have come from the United States, but I have always declined them because one would have to give up the winter season in London, and I have such a dread of the long railway

journeys and now years the towns. For I have played of the kind Australia beneficial doctor tells very thing "And I people."

"Of course audiences are more applaud was a few years a second can do so unless

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fully you play classical pieces conventional true lovers friends; but Homes, I feel is more assured

As many the most distinguished musicians. For—her ladyship has been associated some of the manufacture. Cathedral of London ago.

"It was I relates, "to sing As you know, sing the Mass

remember that hearing the violin to an good fortune. myself! At first lend me the instrument When he discovered brother he gave we removed to whatever train—who, by the died in Vienna would satisfy I was only six years of her fame, say from De Beriot, interval for trruption whatever

journeys. Lately I have become very fond of London, and now always leave it with reluctance. But of recent years there have been many more concerts in provincial towns. For instance, during the last three months I find I have played at about sixty concerts in different parts of the kingdom. Sir Charles thinks that a visit to Australia covering the spring and summer will be very beneficial to both of us. I am far from strong, and my doctor tells me a sea-voyage in the spring would be the very thing for me."

"And in Australia you will find another English people."

"Of course. That is what pleases me, for no audiences are more appreciative. There is now much more applause, I think, in English concerts than there was a few years ago. Audiences now often give artists a second call, when they would never have thought of doing so unless some popular piece had been given."

"From which circumstance, do you conclude that there is more love of good music in society than formerly?"

"I was speaking of the people generally. I should not think that the musical taste of society was better cultivated. People say 'Very charming,' 'How delightfully you play,' and pass such-like remarks when a classical piece has been given, but it is mostly mere conventional politeness. Of course there are in society true lovers of music; I have many such among my friends; but speaking generally of the visitors at 'At Homes,' I fear that the admiration for the great masters is more assumed than real."

As many readers are probably aware, Lady Hallé is the most distinguished member of a large family of musicians. For a century and a half the name of Neruda—her ladyship's maiden name was Wilhelmine Neruda—has been associated in Moravia with the violin much as some of the families of Cremona were famed for its manufacture. Lady Hallé's father was organist at the Cathedral of Brünn, where she was born forty-eight years ago.

"It was the delight of us children," Lady Hallé relates, "to sit in the organ-loft listening to the music. As you know, in Catholic cathedrals it is the practice to sing the Masses to an orchestral accompaniment. I remember that, baby as I was, I took a special delight in hearing the violins, and when my father gave a little violin to an elder brother, I was quite envious of his good fortune. How I longed to have a little violin myself! At first my father would not let my brother lend me the instrument, fearing I should use it as a toy. When he discovered that I could play it better than my brother he gave me another instrument. Shortly after we removed to Vienna, and then Jansa—who gave me whatever training I ever had—heard me play. Jansa—who, by the way, lived many years in England, but died in Vienna—was organising a concert, and nothing would satisfy him but that I should play, although I was only six years old. Jenny Lind, then at the height of her fame, sang at the concert. I played a concerto from De Beriot, and from that day to this, without any interval for training or indeed with scarcely any interruption whatever, I have been playing continuously in

public. From Vienna we travelled northward, visiting all the principal towns in Germany and Russia. In Paris I stayed two years, playing at the Padeloup and other concerts."

"It was at that time, I suppose, that you made the acquaintance of Sir Charles Hallé?"

"Yes, it must be fully twenty years since our musical partnership began. The first time he played with me, I found that I had never been so accompanied before."

"And who have been your favourites, Lady Hallé, among the composers?"

"I don't know that I have any. Among the moderns I am very fond of Dvořák, Schumann, Rubinstein, and Brahms. But in my time I have had to play almost every thing. You cannot always pick your pieces. In some towns it is necessary that the programme should be popular."

On my taking up a beautiful photograph from an *escritoire*, signed "Alexandra," Lady Hallé tells me that her friendship with the Princess of Wales began before she married her first husband, Norman, the Swedish musician, and before Her Royal Highness's betrothal to the Heir Apparent. Lady Hallé then shows me another signed photograph of the Princess, taken in Dublin four years ago, in the cap and gown of a doctor of music.

"Both the Queen and the Princess have always been very kind. The Princess often visits me here. Last year, for instance, when we gave a dinner in honour of Mme. Schumann, who was visiting London, I asked her whether she would come. 'Of course,' Her Royal Highness replied. 'Am I not a doctor of music?'"

Lady Hallé's youngest sister, Miss Olga Neruda, instructs the Princess of Wales's daughters on the piano-forte, for which purpose she regularly visits Marlborough House. Much to their mother's disappointment, neither of the Princesses has shown any predilection for the instrument with which Lady Hallé enchants royal ears. Of the other members of the Neruda family it may be said that Amalie, the eldest daughter, was a pianist, proficient but not distinguished; while Franz, the brother, of whose toy violin Wilhelmine was envious, obtained celebrity as a 'cellist. With this generation, however, the principle of heredity, as Galton has popularised it, seems to end. Lady Hallé's son, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, paints a little but plays not at all.

"That little violin!" Lady Hallé cries, again alluding to her childish joys. "Do you know, I am hoping to get it back again. On my father's death it was given to an old friend of the family. This friend recently died, and I have written to his relatives begging the gift of the little violin. Somehow it seems more precious to me than my 'Strad.'"

"Has your Stradivarius a history?"

"A very brief one, although the 'Strad' is considered one of the most perfect in existence. It belonged to Ernst, to whom it was presented by an English admirer, famous for his collection of violins. I was very anxious to have a 'Strad,' when I heard that this

instrument was for sale by a well-known dealer in Edinburgh. Not knowing its tone, I obtained permission to try the violin once or twice at concerts. One evening I played at Lord Dudley's—the old Earl, you know, not the present Lord Dudley—and among others the Duke of Edinburgh was there. His Royal Highness was very pleased with the instrument, and said that if I did not buy the instrument he would. I laughingly remarked that that would be very unfair as he had such a fine 'Strad.' already. The Duke then suggested to Lord Dudley that they should buy the violin for me, which they did.

During our conversation Lady Hallé had been alternately fondling and scolding a couple of Skye-terriers, which she called "Winzi" and "Dolly." Winzi, I was told, always accompanied its mistress to her concerts, in London or the country. "And, curiously enough," Lady Hallé remarks, "whenever I am tuning my violin at home Winzi howls and whines, while at a

concert, in the artist's room, when she hears, perhaps, half a dozen fiddles being tuned, Winzi remains perfectly quiet. She seems to fully understand that it is a concert."

In her fondness for dogs and love of homelife Lady Hallé has at least two English tests, and before I leave she proves the possession of another by her devotion to five o'clock tea. I also learn that, although in her sphere a pioneer of "the woman movement," she is not one of its whole-hearted supporters, and with an amusing vigour she disclaims any desire for a vote. United to one whose chords vibrate with the touch of genius to her own, an honoured member of such a brilliant company as Joachim, Rubinstein, Mne. Schumann, and Sarasate, mistress of a home in which the culture and rank of London delight to gather—in short, a queen of music, Lady Hallé is yet but a splendid instance of the emancipated genius of her sex, as full of reproach to the past as of hope for the future. FREDERICK DOLMAN.

A Japanese Dinner in London.

IT was only in September of this year that I had the extreme pleasure and privilege of being invited by my charming friend, Mne. Sonoda, the wife of the Japanese Consul-General, to a genuine Japanese dinner. It had long been a wish of mine to partake of such a meal, as I knew they frequently gave dinner parties to the colony of Japanese located in London. Of course it must have been a great treat to them, although they had come to be "civilised" according to our ideas of civilisation, to participate again in a bit of the far-off home life, and they never failed to respond to their Consul's appeal. With what energy and zeal they must have handled their little chopsticks, called "hashi" in their harmonious and musical language; and how often the elegant little dishes must have been replenished, for, though they fully appreciate our European food, still, to meet again with the viands they had known all their lives, and prepared, moreover, in the very best way, must have been an almost indescribable joy to these gentle and intelligent exiles.

How often had I made Mne. Sonoda describe minutely those Japanese meals, and how often had I wished she would take it into her little head to invite me to one! Consequently I was glad indeed when she said to me, in her pretty bashful way, "You must come, some day, and dine with me." Still, she did not fix any day, and the time for their return to Japan was drawing painfully near, and I tremblingly saw my opportunity of an interesting study in danger of being lost, when the happy thought struck me of inviting her to come and share my French luncheon with me.

She came, and enjoyed and praised everything very much, and on leaving said blushing, "Now, Madame, you must come to the Japanese dinner I have promised

you so long." So there and then we fixed the day, I strongly impressing on her that I wished it to be a thoroughly Japanese dinner, without any English adjunct or alteration whatever; and it was thoroughly Japanese. I am going to try and relate exactly what occurred, and if it fails to be interesting the fault will rest with the narrator, not at all with the event.

There was no white tablecloth on the table, an omission which naturally would offend a European eye; but my *rôle* is not to make invidious comparisons, but simply to write down a true description of the proceedings. Each guest had placed before him a pretty tray, half a yard square, with high edges, containing the whole dinner served at once, and, as it proved, perfectly well-cooked by a Japanese *chef*, who was excellent as far as the Japanese *cuisine* was concerned, but who never, I was told, could manage to cook English dishes properly. The dishes, whether bowls or plates, were all arranged in proper symmetry, the little chopsticks being placed at your right in the tray. On the left was a very elegant bowl of black lacquer with gold ornaments and furnished with a lid. This contained the soup, which for the occasion was lobster soup. It is always served in lacquered bowls. Mne. Sonoda told me that at home, in the best-appointed houses, the whole of the dinner is served in lacquered bowls, with the exception of the flat plates and saucers, which are of porcelain. The soup had the appearance of the clearest English soup, and was made entirely of a most extraordinary dried fish called "katsubushi."

As I took a great interest in everything I saw and tasted, one of the servants was despatched to the kitchen to bring a piece of this wonderful fish for my inspection and, indeed, you needed to be assured that it *was* fish, for it looks (I have it before me now) exactly like a

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piece of hard wood with brown and black lines produced by cracks, and along one side a black rough process resembling a buckhorn knife-handle. This, apparently, is the skin. The only thing pointing to its identity is a rather fishy smell when you bring it close to your nose. I have become the happy possessor of this interesting specimen in natural history, and like to puzzle my friends with it; but, I need hardly say, no one has ever guessed it was a "bit of fish." It is so hard that the cook is obliged to use a carpenter's plane to scrape off pieces fine enough for cooking purposes. About the half of a breakfast-cupful of these shavings will suffice to make a quart of liquor, but, of course, there are other ingredients, and, above all, the celebrated Japanese sauce, made of a particular sort of bean, and used with almost everything they eat. It gives colour and flavour, and, whether due to the fish or the sauce, the result in this case was excellent. Madame has often told me in her pretty musical voice, "This sauce once tasted by a European, he can never do without it." I read and saw illustrations of factories of this sauce in Japan, but have not been able to find out from what bean it is made. From the evasive answers I obtained from my very clever informant, I should be disposed to think they make a secret of it, just as they make a secret of their lacquer processes, and of the immense tortoiseshell trays they produce, which, I am told, are not the carapace itself of the tortoise, but the result of some secret manipulation of the shell. I was also anxious to know the name of the wonderful dried fish already described, and from what I could gather should imagine it to be the tunny-fish. Whatever it is, the soup looked very nice, and smelt very tempting, and in it were floating large pieces of lobster and sprigs of water-cress.

My friends were provided with their chopsticks, which they handled, of course, dexterously; but I, who had been so ambitious as to try to use them, though I had been provided with European implements, made a complete fiasco. They are both taken in the right hand, and held so firmly that the expert can take up anything, large or small, light or heavy. Madame, to show me their efficiency, lifted an immense English table-spoon and held it firmly, though she has the most diminutive pretty little hand I have ever seen in a woman. The more I tried the more widely apart did the lower extremities gape, whilst they perseveringly met at the upper ends. It was provoking and tantalising! "But how do your children manage?" said I, putting on a laugh to cover my defeat. "Oh," said my charming hostess, in her quiet and almost childlike way, "children never have chopsticks; it is only when they are grown up that they are taught how to use them." This rather pacified me; I did not, however, ask how they managed in the meantime, but drew my own conclusions. My readers will naturally ask how the Japanese absorb the liquid part of the soup. They drink it by occasional draughts.

I had heard all sorts of strange stories about Japanese food, still I did not feel at all afraid on this occasion. Next to the soup-bowl, which always stands on your left, and behind it, is a pretty china bowl with a

cover to it, and this contains the rice, Japanese rice, really very beautiful and splendidly cooked; and this takes the place of bread, of which there is none whatever. No bread! Imagine a French person eating a whole dinner without an atom of bread! But I was in for it, and would run the gauntlet *coûte que coûte*. In front of me lay, on a moderate-sized plate, a very large thick slice of salmon.

I took the plunge. Armed with my English spoon and fork, I succeeded with difficulty in tearing off a small piece of lobster, which, with some rice, was delicious. Then I ventured to taste the soup, accompanying it with a little water-cress. Everything was remarkably nice. Now I came to the salmon, done in a way I had certainly never met with before. Again I had recourse to my chopsticks, and again ignominiously failed; and, resuming my fork, took a mouthful of salmon. Oh! shades of the epicures and gourmets of former days, rise and lament that you never assisted at such a feast, deplore the fatal destiny which has deprived you of the greatest treat ever set before mortals! What would not Brillat-Savarin have given for such a slice of salmon! And Carême, poor Carême, what would you not have given to have invented such a dish? But be comforted, in your days no Japanese had ever trodden European shores; and neither "saké" nor "soya," the two indispensable ingredients of this dish, had yet been imported. A second mouthful confirmed me in my former opinion that I had never tasted salmon so delicious. The flavours were such that they brought out all the goodness of the fish, which was broiled, not boiled. But it was broiled in such a clever way that it did not look broiled. I heard afterwards how it was done, and will impart presently.

On observing my friends' proceedings, I noticed that they did not steadily finish eating one dish before beginning another, but worked their chopsticks industriously, sometimes at one dish and sometimes at another, occasionally taking a draught of soup, and seeming really to be playing with their food rather than making a serious meal. In the corner of my tray opposite to the salmon was an exquisite light green porcelain bowl of octagonal shape, every rib of which was crowned at the top with a sort of small button or knob. This bowl, I was told, contained stewed chicken, and I found it excellent, making a particular raid on the tiny mushrooms. Like the salmon, this dish had a delicious though peculiar flavour.

Just at this period of our meal a visitor was announced, and as it was an early dinner and the lady was an intimate and mutual friend, she was shown into the dining-room, and I made bold to tell her what a treat I was having. Strange to say, though she had lived a great deal with Japanese people of high rank, she had never had the curiosity to taste their food, and was indeed so prejudiced, that it required all my powers of persuasion, seconding Madame's quiet invitation, to induce her to share our meal. In a few minutes a tray, precisely identical to ours, with its contents, was placed before her, and after some manifest hesitation she ventured to try the soup.

"Delicious!" she said. That I produced my specimen of dried fish and told her this had made her soup. She laughed at this as being a good joke of mine. The salmon was the next dish to try. At this she demurred, evidently thinking she was going to be poisoned; but after the first mouthful an expression of perfect satisfaction beamed upon her face, replacing the look of agony it had previously worn. She did ample honour to the splendid dish.

A minute or two before this lady's arrival a white earthenware bottle had been brought, and some wine poured out of it, in which, however, I only dipped my lips for a taste. It much resembled the fashionable dry sherry drunk nowadays—a particular horror. Now came to my great surprise a very elegant tray containing a teapot and diminutive tea-cups. It was the Japanese green tea, drunk at meals without either sugar or milk. It had a delicious aroma, and was of quite a straw-colour. It must be made with water which is only on the point of boiling: if actually boiling, the tea would be spoilt and considered perfectly undrinkable. Madame informed me, when I told her how injurious we considered green tea to be, that Japanese tea—called "cho"—was not so, because it was dried in the sun, whilst Chinese green tea was dried artificially. Then Mr. Sonoda told me of an extraordinary sort of tea used only for the "chano yu"—a very ceremonious tea-party, given exclusively to very distinguished guests, and when everything eaten and drunk must be prepared by the host himself. He told me at the same time that the translation of "chano yu" by "tea-party" seemed to make it a common, ordinary thing, whilst it really meant the grandest and choicest meeting to which you could invite anybody, and which was never composed of more than seven or eight guests, and a good thing too, as the host has to do all the waiting as well as the cooking.

Just as I was listening attentively to this interesting piece of information, given in the purest and most refined English, the dining-room door opened and the three youngest children came in, full of life and health. The two eldest—Yoné, a dear little girl of four, and Takehiko, a boy of two and a half years old—rushed to their pretty little mother, looking herself but a very timid young girl, and received each of them two or three tid-bits at the end of the chopsticks with evident relish. The third, Tadao, a fine boy of six months old, but looking at least nine or ten months old, was carried in his English nurse's arms. All three were very pretty, and I was told always very good, as are also the two eldest of the family—Fumiyé, seven years old, and Miné, five years old—both born in England, but left in Japan two years ago with the English clergyman of Tokio, to be brought up with his own family.

This diversion was very pleasant and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Meantime I had felt more excited than there seemed to be any occasion for, and by degrees I experienced the sensation, agreeable, but rather alarming if it is prolonged, of having had an extra glass of champagne. "Does green tea taken so pure as this ever go to your head?" I ventured to ask. "Never," was the unanimous answer. "Then what can it be?" I feel

exactly as if I had drunk two or three glasses of champagne." The company looked at one another in amazement, and I was beginning to wonder what could be the matter with me when the English parlour-maid, who had been in the family for eight years, whispered to me, "It is the saké, ma'am." "But I only dipped my lips in it." "Oh! ma'am," she replied, "it is so strong!"—and strong indeed it must be to produce such an effect by so slight a taste; and *quellis tibus solidis* must the Japanese gentlemen possess who always begin their dinner by drinking a whole glassful of it! No wonder the ladies never touch it!

There were two more things on my tray which I have not mentioned: one was some very appetising looking game, of which I took a bit at the end of my fork to enable me to form an opinion on it. It was excellent, and was cooked with some sort of vegetable. The other was the famous Japanese pickle, contained in a pretty little deep dish in the centre of the tray. It has a very disagreeable odour but an excellent taste. There was no call for it at this meal, so I am unable to give my own judgment upon it. I must not forget the presence of a very large lacquered bowl with a large cover on it. All the covers look like plates or saucers turned upside down. I wondered for a long time what it could be, when at last Mrs. Sonoda, having emptied her "chawan," or rice-bowl, got up, and, taking off the lid of this gigantic bowl, refilled hers with some of its contents, and so does everyone who wants more rice.

As for the divers meats, if you wish for more than has been placed before you, your dish or bowl is taken to the kitchen and a fresh supply produced; but one must indeed have a gargantuan appetite to consume everything served on that apparently small tray. This tray, with all its appendages, as well as a pretty hand-painted mat, and an exquisite diminutive fan for the *umami*, and two new pairs of chopsticks, has become my property. On the chief dish lies the wonderful piece of katabushi.

Choice fruit was handed round, for the Japanese have no sweet dishes, and so ended my experience of a genuine Japanese dinner, and as Mrs. Sonoda, on receiving my well-deserved praises of her hospitality and entertainment, expressed her sorrow at not having invited me before, I said, "Why did you not?" "I should have been ashamed," she said, blushing all over, which made her look prettier than ever.

My kind friends are now in Japan, Mr. Sonoda having been summoned by his Government on affairs of state. To them I owe the knowledge of a type of humanity singularly interesting to us at the present time, and in their persons combining all that is amiable, intelligent, refined, and promising for the future well-being of the race.

Now I will conclude with the recipe of the wonderful dish of salmon *à la Japonaise*:—Take one thick slice of salmon, lay it in a deep dish with soya and half the quantity of saké (that strong wine which is really refined rice-spirit) and broil it on or in front of a very clear fire, turning it over constantly and basting it incessantly with the mixture, adding more soya so that it does not get at all dry. When done serve it in that same gravy.

EMILIE LEBOUR FAWSETT.



THIS reality by that cember, was of the work. the sound of lives again in in us a still d of his song. hardening age on the wealth sides, and the subject of his and yet fail to most of the pat and our plate models. We h and to reprodu modern days.

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The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem;
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea;
Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth!"—

THIS realisation of beauty appeared in the new volume by that true poet whose lamented death, in December, was announced simultaneously with the advent of the work. "O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!" But the singer lives again in his stirring lays, and his memory awakes in us a still deeper meaning, hidden away in the burden of his song. Ours is such a selfish, self-advertising, hardening age that we have barely time to cast a thought on the wealth of loveliness which surrounds us on all sides, and the artificer may throw his whole soul into the subject of his work, designed by some master-mind, and yet fail to teach its lesson. We are indebted for most of the patterns used in our gem-setting to the past, and our plate is by no means all made after modern models. We have learnt to cull the best from all times, and to reproduce with the trained skill peculiar to modern days.

These thoughts passed through my mind when I visited the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company in Regent Street, some of whose productions may be seen as the heading to this chapter. They comprise many adjuncts now deemed almost necessary to a fashionable woman's life; among them a solid silver travelling-clock, a heart-shaped table-mirror richly pierced and chased, and a blotter with the pierced silver work laid over leather. The patterns are borrowed from perhaps the most ornate age the world has yet known. The display of gems is bewildering; they gleam and glitter like Golconda's mine. A merrythought in diamonds attracts the eye one moment, a crescent of sapphires at another, each stone perfect. Dear as we moderns love

jewels, we have not as yet attained to the luxury of the Romans, who adorned even their furniture with precious stones. We have taken somewhat from the dignity of gems by the comicality of many of the designs in which some of our best brilliants are set. A diamond chicken in an enamelled egg on a diamond branch has nothing very æsthetic about it, nor a couple of diamond kittens playing at ball, nor a finely carved moonstone head of a clown peeping above a frill of diamonds.

The three dainty damsels descending the stairs, in the frontispiece to this number, are equipped for conquest, their gowns are in the latest fashion. The more matronly figure in the foreground wears a rich black brocade, on which are scattered some most natural-looking rosebuds. It is trimmed with handsome fringe, and with pleats and revers which the illustration conveys better than any verbal description could. It is just what a young matron would find most generally useful; sufficiently elaborate for almost any occasion, and yet not over-gorgeous, the worst fault a dress can have. Messrs. Dickins and Jones, in Regent Street, have been particularly successful with all the three toilettes. There are in every century a few names which stand forth pre-eminent as the developers of art and the pioneers of beauty. In the seventeenth century it was Vandyke's. He has left behind him portraits of many beautiful faces, "fair women and brave men," but further he has perpetuated the style of dress of his era, which was peculiarly courtly and well suited to the faces and figures they adorned. He has given his name to the deep-pointed lace used in the Stuart days for collars and cuffs, and that has been revived in our time, and is perhaps the most fashionable class of lace of the season. It

has been successfully applied to the pink poplinette gown worn by the centre figure descending the stairs: the colouring is light and pure, and the material—the merits of which are not sufficiently recognised—lends itself to the display of lace far better than silk, though maybe not quite so well as satin. For young girls it is much to be recommended: it retains its freshness long, and is always seen in graceful folds and with a particularly lovely range

Coloured tulle and chiffon are often draped over white silk or satin, and the rag muslin, being of a certain consistency, is useful in rearranging a white gown that has lost its pristine freshness. The vieux rose tone brought out this winter, which has a dash of red in it, shows to advantage over white satin, with mother-of-pearl embroidery either in the front or at one side, and a row of broad white moiré or satin bows on the



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

stairs has one of the shadow dresses, the effect in this instance produced by pink tulle being draped over yellow, or pink mousseline chiffon over yellow silk, or *vice-versâ*. It is quite simply made, as such dresses are now, and all the better therefore. There is a box-pleating at the edge of the skirt, and the upper skirt is gathered and so sewn above the pleating that it falls in a bouillonné. A sash of the mousseline chiffon hangs at the side; this is made double with a rosette at each end, and is loosely knotted to half its depth. This way of wearing sashes is newer than placing them at the back, except when they are very wide, and then they are simply gathered in at the back of the waist and allowed to fall to the hem. The bodice of this shadow dress is a crossing one, with a wide sash waist-belt, and it suits a slender girl well.

of colouring. The young girl at the top of the

other side. Moiré is by no means out of date, especially for low bodices; nor are sashes with tulle skirts. These are often kilt-pleated, and showered all over with lilies of the valley or some simple bloom. The more severe the skirt, the more fashionable. Just now, at some of the smartest balls, they are worn quite plain in the front and sides, and just slightly fulled at the back; on such gowns the embroidery shows to the greatest advantage, and is almost a necessity. Laurel and olive leaves, such as were worn when the first Napoleon held sway in France, are worked in gold or silver, and sometimes form a heading to a row of roses, so close-set, without their leaves, that they look almost like a ruche. Occasionally they are replaced by fur and bands of feathers. When gauze or tulle is worn with satin, it is only in single thicknesses, so that the sheen of the foundation is not hidden. Indeed, such additions are generally lost in the embroidery with which they are adorned, and this appears to be their only *raison d'être*. Gauze is

often shown over, as the lower Occasional hips, beneath flowers or before this general gr

Not lo book, in w better crit time will c our feet to aming t about to h for a long ability, and in the wor beauty amo and any no sure to pos Kelsey, at shoes illust the Greek. the instep, in a floral front; and well as in se of shoe need such as Foll gives it trim can be ma leather or r exceptionally cut. Those saddle know qualities are. grandmother riding-gear w present day. have two ni danger — an course; and as possible ments. Whe is equally c another poi tailors recogn their custome names, as fa the garments The jackets of those worn called "mess j honour them The hunting-j fair sex are possible like that the bust Scarlet coats many hunting

often showered with single embroidered blooms all over, and a certain substance is given now and then to the lower part by bands or zigzags of moiré ribbon. Occasionally these thin fabrics are caught up on the hips, beneath either a beaded ornament, or a bunch of flowers or of ribbons; but the figure should be studied before this is tried, or the result would be fatal to the general grace of outline where the hips are large.

Not long since I was reading a curious old-fashioned book, in which the theory was started that the feet are far better criteria of character than the hands. Perhaps the time will come when, at afternoon parties, we shall submit our feet to the skilful scrutiny of those who now, by examining the hand, foretell what has happened and is about to happen to us. At all events, boots and shoes have for a long time been considered an evidence of respectability, and they have played a far more important part in the world's history than gloves. The cultivation of beauty amounted almost to a religion among the Greeks, and any notions derived from them in modern days are sure to possess a certain element of the beautiful. Mr. Kelsey, at 482, Oxford Street, has, among the boots and shoes illustrated here, one which goes by the name of the Greek. It is sandalled and laced not only across the instep, but round the ankle. It is also embroidered in a floral design along the top of the shoe, back and front; and is made in grey, bronze, and black kids, as well as in satin of various tones. It is exactly the kind of shoe needed for many characters at a fancy dress ball, such as Folly or a gipsy; the heel gives it trimness. The riding-boot can be made either in patent leather or in tan Suède, and is exceptionally comfortable and well cut. Those who are much in the saddle know how important these qualities are. I wonder what our grandmothers would say to the riding-gear worn by women in the present day. It would seem to have two aims: immunity from danger—an excellent one, of course; and as near an approach as possible to masculine habiliments. Whether this latter aim is equally commendable is quite another point. The fashionable tailors recognise this *penchant* in their customers, and give manly names, as far as possible, to all the garments they make for ladies. The jackets originally copied from those worn at Eton, are now called "mess jackets" when women honour them by wearing them. The hunting-jackets worn by the fair sex are made as nearly as possible like a man's coat, save that the bust has to be considered. Scarlet coats are to be seen in many hunting-fields, worn by the

women who hunt; and in lieu of only dark blue cloth, green, grey, and black are utilised for ladies' habits. The skirts are cut to the figure as carefully as the bodice, and many a life, lost in the days of long habits, is spared now; but when a woman is unmounted she should be seen by as few eyes as possible.

But *à propos de bottes*, I have wandered away from Mr. Kelsey's useful shoes. Four more remain to be described. The strap shoe has three bands buttoning in the centre of the instep, and is to be recommended to those who love dancing, for it never comes off. The outdoor shoe is made in Eiffel brown and black patent leather, and is laced and brogued, the toe much ornamented. The plain untrimmed shoe is perhaps the most fashionable of all. When the Duchess of Fife was married, I saw dozens of pairs made in brocade and kid for her, of this design, with just a small diamond buckle, not much larger than sixpence, in front; the toes very pointed. The comfortable slipper with its bows commends itself to those who love ease.

Many women of fashion abroad are said to have gowns intended only for walking, and in which they rarely if ever sit down, and judging from the exceeding height of the fashionable heels, many shoes must be made to sit in, and not either to stand or walk in. History repeats itself: the satirists of a past century made themselves merry over the agonised and tottering steps of the fair dames in Queen Anne's time, who wore fashionably high but most uncomfortable heels, and there is plenty of



SOME NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

provision for *scissors* on the same *noon* now. I have, however, the *pleasant* task of telling you what the latest fashions are, not what they should or should not be.

The merry *players* of *Blindman's-buff*; in the illustration on page 172, are *pretty* dressed. The little girl,



at *last* three years, wears a soft white silk frock, with a wide hem to the skirt, worked in open hemstitch, a new treatment which appears on the cuffs and at the ends of the little *waist*. The sleeves and bodice are trimmed with a rich make of lace outlined with fine cord, and the cut of the sleeve is entirely new. The elder sister wears *reseda* silk trimmed with an interwoven bordering of silk and wool, applied on the front of the skirt, the sleeves, and on the revers braces. The newest feature in this frock (for a four-year-old child) is some puffings carried in a rounded form round the top of the fullness of the bodice, and extending almost to the neck. It is apparently composed of floss silk, or of silk with the web removed, so that it is soft and unwoven. This is introduced again on the top of the sleeves. The boy who is blindfolded wears a red velvet suit, with a pink shot silk sash, pink watered silk breeches, the sleeves made with a puff on the shoulder, handsome paste buttons introduced down the front. The stockings are pink silk. The younger boy, who, intent in watching his white dog, runs the chance of being caught, wears a most dapper little suit. A mouse velvet coat, cut at the back with skirts as they were worn when Louis XV. was King; the sleeves and front are trimmed with rich embroidered lace; there is a white waistcoat and breeches to match the coat. These four costumes were made by Messrs. Peter Robinson.

We have now arrived, as far as size is concerned, at the maximum in hats and the minimum in bonnets, which the illustration of Mme. Valerie's wares selected for the purpose in New Burlington Street, amply testifies. All three hats are well suited to bridesmaids, especially the first two. They are liberally trimmed with feathers, and are made in either felt or velvet. The one on the next

page is familiarly called the Mad hat, it turns upwards so fantastically, yet most becomingly. Blackbirds and black velvet ribbon are used for trimming. The bonnet with the jet coronet is open to the crown, and in the hand looks a mere airy nothing, though it is surrounded by two twisted rouleaux of black or coloured velvet. The other little head-gear is trimmed with gold brocade, a bird poised immediately over the forehead, with an admixture of black velvet. While these bonnets barely cover the head, the hats are often as broad as the shoulders. Dame Fashion has curious freaks.

Rumour has a thousand tongues, but in my experience seldom speaks the truth as far as attire is concerned. Those who professed to be authorities in dress declared at the beginning of the winter season that black outdoor garments were to be worn, and now go where you will in London you see hardly anything but bright colours, far more red than anything else, trimmed with black. Fur is a universal trimming, or when the cloak is not adorned with it, there is a distinct cape or boa. We may make ourselves pretty certain that we shall need such warm clothing for at all events two months longer, and this is not a bad time to buy fur. It is apt to become more reasonable in price towards spring. Soft furs make the best boas and tippets, and for evening uncurled and curled ostrich boas are fashionable and comfortable, by no means an ordinary combination. The white Thibet goat has found special favour, and on Sundays in the park after church, when all sorts and conditions of men and women do congregate, they are certainly worn by the best-dressed people, and very becoming they are to fair fresh young faces. But so is almost anything else; youth is such a golden time, never properly valued till it is gone



past recall by us poor blind mortals. If a cloak is trimmed with fur, it must be remembered that only a boa of the same fur is admissible. It is a crime against the canons of good taste to mix furs, unless it be beaver or sealskin and astrachan, a favourite combination this season, never thought of before. We have had a mild

winter in even so altogether yet this done, and because t are made are spoilt mantle.

The gr carriage over (page fashions in and riches signed by 2 Street. The turned tow man or s velvet, wit in white, ostrich-fea collar, and plush; the The feath round the some rich tags, which deal to the figure wear lined with form its l

Medici collar two shades; white Mongolian lines the inside as a pelisse, wears a white of plain white

winter in most parts, at all events before Christmas, but even so, it seems rash to forgo the wearing of mantles altogether and be content with a fur tippet or boa, and yet this has been frequently done, and principally, it seems, because the sleeves of dresses are made so high that they are spoilt by contact with the mantle.

The group waiting for their carriage after the theatre is over (page 182) show the latest fashions in the most elaborate and richest class of cloaks, designed by Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street. The figure with its back turned towards us wears a dolman or scarf-mantle in grey velvet, with conventional design in white. It is trimmed with ostrich-feathers, which form the collar, and it is lined with white plush; the hood is new in idea. The feather bands are carried round the sleeves, and there is some rich chenille fringe with tags, which contributes a great deal to the magnificence of the garment. The centre figure wears the lightest tone of heliotrope plush, lined with that delicate peach now called mauve, which form its happiest contrast. It has an upstanding

appliqué. The cut of the sleeve, which is quite new, can be best seen in the picture. There are wide and long revers in front, which form one with the Medici

collar in rich embroidery. Feathers border the sleeves, which are high, half brocade and half velvet. The two pleats ending at the elbow give additional importance. As far as opera-cloaks go, these are almost unrivalled in richness.

Sleeves of different material from the rest of the cloak are a decidedly new feature, and give variety; the pagoda sleeve is coming well to the fore. We cannot now complain that sleeves are too tight, they become larger every month, and it is impossible to tell what vagary may arise in the fashions of sleeves. We are likely to adopt the Tudor mode of long hanging sleeves of distinct material, brocade on velvet, and so on; and this will, without doubt, be applied to tea-gowns as well as to mantles.

I have seen rather a clever form of fur tippet for wearing with both evening and morning cloaks, which was capable of being transmogrified in various ways. In one form it assumed the appearance of a sailor collar, in



Medici collar, and very handsome embroidery in the two shades; it is heightened in effect by trimmings of white Mongolian fur, which also borders the sleeves and lines the inside of the collar. At the back this is cut as a pelisse, the front being loose. The third figure wears a white brocaded velvet cloak, the sleeves formed of plain white velvet, worked all over with a rich lace

another of a Medici; and the fronts, which tapered to the waist, could be made to meet or to show the waistcoat of the dress. Many of the open jackets, turning from the throat with revers, are very necessarily supplemented by a fur vest; and you can almost tell whether a woman has mastered the art of dress, by the way in which she folds a large silk handkerchief inside

some of the jackets, which do not open very wide. Of course, she fastens it with a fancy pin of some kind, diamonds if possible, and few women, by the way, seem to find this impossible. Everyone has them, and if

Black evening gowns are always useful, and the most popular are made of Brussels net, mousseline-de-soie, and Russian net. The skirts are full and round, and bordered with a fringe of either gold or silver em-



NEW CLOAKS.

some of the stones are imitation, they are so good as to defy detection, though as to the ethics of wearing things seriously intended to deceive, the less said the better.

The fur Medici collars attached to tippets, jackets, and cloaks need to be studied by each wearer in relation to her own particular face. This is a fact which is insufficiently borne in mind. It is hardly overshooting the mark to say that at present not one in a thousand succeeds in getting them the right height.

broidery, and a broad band to correspond finishes off the low bodice at the waist. Some black tulle skirts are studded with silver pendent drops in front, and have embroidered silver panels at the side; the plain back being accordion-pleated.

Black velvet low bodices are edged round the top with thickly curled ostrich feathers; a cluster of three tips ornamenting the left shoulder, and four clusters the right side of the skirt, which may be tulle, net, or mousseline chiffon.



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Paris Fashions.

THE *Jour de l'An* is past and gone, but the dainty trifles, the sparkling gems, that were showered on fair ladies through France, add a graceful touch to the fashions of the month.

A pretty bracelet called the "ouakem" circles round many a white arm; it reminds one of the Exhibition. A delicately executed figure, in enamel, of a Javanese woman hangs from a golden twist of bamboo. The "ouakem" brings the luck to the wearer; the inscription is, "You will have all you wish for; you will never be ill."

M. Lenthéric, the famous hairdresser, designed a number of ornaments for the hair in amber-coloured tortoise-shell, and of gold studded with jewels, which found great favour with our Parisian ladies. The sparkle of gems will be much seen in the hair this winter, twinkling alone or amid a few flowers or leaves. These original and somewhat bizarre claws, pins, and combs, heraldic ornaments, of M. Lenthéric's are the "newest thing" in fashion for the hair.

Silver trimmings are coming into high favour. At the beginning of the century the sheen of silver brightened the gowns of many a fair dame. Mme. d'Abrantes, dancing the cotillon before General Bonaparte shortly after her marriage, wore an India muslin dress shining with silver. It was the fashion in those days, the purity of silver being preferred to the richer gleam of gold. Silver trimmings were among this season's favourite New Year gifts; and a number of ball and dinner dresses are now enriched with panels, or bordered with delicate embroideries, of silver. On the evening of the soiree for the signing of the marriage contract between Mlle. d'Uzès and the young Duc de

Luyne, the Duchesse d'Uzès wore a magnificent dress of ivory Bengaline with ample train of white damask silk, the sides of the skirt enriched with silver em-

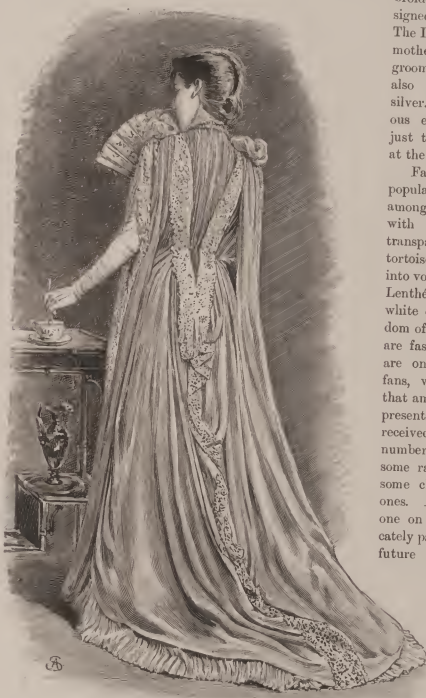
broideries expressly designed for the occasion. The Duchesse de Luyne, mother of the bridegroom, wore white satin, also embroidered with silver. Some diaphanous evening gowns are just touched with gold at the hem.

Fans proved another popular New Year's gift; among these were some with handles of the transparent amber-toned tortoise-shell brought into vogue by the Maison Lenthéric. Feather fans, white or black, but seldom of coloured plumes, are fashionable. As we are on the subject of fans, we may mention that among her wedding presents Mlle. d'Uzès received forty fans—a number of feather fans, some rare old fans, and some charming modern ones. Among these was one on which was delicately painted the bride's future home—the

Château of Dampierre, standing amidst the groves of its stately park.

Magnificent gems formed part of the *corbeille* of this

lucky bride. Her mother's present was a diamond and pearl necklace of regal splendour. To a flashing string of diamonds were attached seven pearls, large as nuts, surrounded by diamonds, from which hung pearl drops radiantly white. A necklace of rubies surrounded by diamonds was, in its setting, another peerless example of the jeweller's art. The Comtesse de Paris presented to the daughter of her friend a bracelet designed by the Comte de Paris. It was formed of lilies in diamonds, with



TEA-GOWN.

a ruby or sapphire at the heart of each flower. In the centre was a medallion, on which "I," the initial of the Countess, shone in diamonds.

Felix made the dresses of Mlle. d'Ux's trousseau. The collection of gowns and mantles formed a *résumé* of what will be worn by the most elegant women during the winter. The dress of the bride on the evening of

Among the visiting-dresses was an elegant sapphire blue plush gown, narrow, and clinging to the figure like a sheath, edged by a wide band of black fur, above which was placed a fine passementerie of woven sapphire and silver braid; the short cloak was tight to the waist. Another pretty gown was of almond-coloured Bengaline enriched at the hem with a fine embroidery of shaded silk; the bodice, crossed over the bust, was finished off at the waist by a wide Directoire sash of velvet incrustated with gold and mother-of-pearl.

A picturesque evening dress made with a long train was of moonlight blue brocade worked with silver; the front was draped with *crêpe de Chine* of the same shade; the draperies kept in place by ropes of silver. A tea-gown of Oriental *crêpe* of a soft faded-blue tone fell in classic folds over an under-dress of cream silk gauze enriched with foamy billows of Mechlin lace.

The ball-dresses were poems in cloudy draperies of every tint. One dress especially, of pink net, covered with rose-leaves sparkling with dew, was in its delicate grace and radiance of effect an ideal garment for a young bride. A *sortie de bal* of pink brocade lined with Mongolian goat fur accompanied this gown. Covered with rose-leaves in her youth and joy, would there not be something jarring if the young Duchess carried in her hand the historic *cornet de bal* which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and which came to her among her wedding presents? This tiny book—bound in blue enamel bordered with a rim of gold work—bears the miniature of the ill-fated Queen surrounded by diamonds, and the word *souvenir* written in diamonds at the back.

It is interesting to note how passing events influence Paris fashions. The bronzy reddish-brown of the Eiffel Tower has been repeated in dresses, bonnets, and trimmings. Buffalo Bill came with his Redskins, and now we have "la robe Buffalo," an eccentric and picturesque garment—a medley of brilliant colour, bright fringes, and applications of leather. The passage of the Shah through Paris is commemorated in the aigrette that twinkles in the front of bonnets. The Spanish bull-fights are celebrated in Toréador jackets and hats. The fashions are a mixture of the

ancient and the far past: the Empire, the Louis XIII. style, a suggestion of the days of Louis XVI., a hint of the Middle Ages, are all jumbled together, and yet in the hands of our artist-dressmakers the effect is perfectly harmonious.

Magnificence is the characteristic of evening dress. Fur or feather trimmings are largely used to enrich the lustre of satin, velvet, and brocades. A magnificent reception dress was of sapphire velvet trimmed with *sable*; the skirt opened at the right side over a breadth



BALL-DRESS.

the signature of the contract was a fresh and poetic gown of white silk edged at the hem with a chaplet of pale roses seen through a cloud of white net, covering the dress.

The travelling-dress was of wide blue and green check brightened by a stripe of gold; gold braid outlined the waist. The sleeves, of myrtle-green velvet, were very wide, and were gathered into a high wrist-band. The large hat, the material of which was silk felt, was trimmed with plaid ribbon and gold braid.



of pale blue satin embroidered in silver. The sleeves, of blue embroidered satin, were very picturesque. Fastened at the elbow, they swept down to the hem of the dress, and were edged with fur. The sable trim being crossed the bodice diagonally, starting from the left shoulder, and edged either side of the skirt, where it opened over the satin.

The illustration on page 184 represents a ball dress made by the Maison Lippman. It is of armure silk of delicate sandlight blue edged with a band of rich embroidery worked in silk and silver. The thin waistcoat, crossed over the bust, and the fronts of the slightly draped skirt, are composed of silk gauze of the same tender shade of blue. The wide black sash is fastened at the side. On the shoulders are placed long sprays of ice, which are repeated in the hair. Through the dim foliage sparkle a crescent of diamonds. The satin shoes and silk stockings, delicately worked with silver thread, are of sandlight blue; the long gloves are of cream-white Satin. The fan, of old point lace, mounted with under-tinted tortoiseshell, is enriched with the lady's initials in diamonds.

There is a tendency to make ball-dresses and their trimmings of a single colour. A charming dress for a young girl designed by one of our best dressmakers was of supple pink mousseline-de-soie of the tint of the willow rose. A master hand had arranged its delicate folds and ripples into a harmony of undulating lines caught here and there by knots of ribbon of the same shade of pink. A single rose worn in the hair, a rose or two on each shoulder, pink satin shoes and pink stockings embroidered in pink, completed a costume fresh and dainty as a nosegay of roses. Some white dresses are trimmed with white fur or white feathers, which give a charming finish to these otherwise perfectly shape gowns. A dazzling dress intended for a dark and handsome woman was of rich lemon-coloured silk, trimmed with insertions of white guipure lace down the front of the skirt. The long train, which swept behind, was mounted in subtly arranged folds; it was edged with a broad band of white feathers tipped with gold; the feathers crept up the bodice in a diagonal line; above them draperies of guipure veiled the silk. A high Medici collar trimmed with lace lay well back; the elbow-sleeves, not high on the shoulders, were finished off with guipure.

From these magnificent gowns to others made in simple cloth the transition seems great, yet perhaps the prettiest and most original dresses of the season will be of cloth. It will be used, not for morning wear only, but for gala, dinner and theatre dresses. The sheen of fine cloth, the admirable folds into which it falls naturally, its clinging quality, the beauty of the dyes that it can take, the charm of its surface for embroidery, adapt it to the uses our artist dressmakers contemplate. Fur and feather trimmings are peculiarly well suited to the ornamentation of cloth. The embroideries, in cut velvet framed in with shaded silks, reminding one of draperies in Paul Veronese's pictures; the more conventional Empire embroideries, are also well adapted to the trimming of cloth. A picturesque gown of rose cloth, the tint softened by that delicate bloom which earns for

this shade of pink the name of "vieux rose," was made with the front broadly embroidered with a pattern of ruby velvet leaves and flowers framed in with shaded silk. The back breadths were plain, and displayed as the wearer moved an under-skirt of ruby velvet. The sleeveless bodice, cut V-shape at back and front, was embroidered along the edges with a graceful chaplet of the velvet and silk leaves and flowers. The sleeves and underbodice, high to the throat, were of ruby velvet. A magnificent gown of orange cloth was trimmed with sable fur. Another, cream white, was edged with a border of white feathers. The ingenuity of the dress-maker consists in hiding the bodice's seams, darts, buttons, and hooks-and-eyes, obtaining thereby a certain breadth of effect. These gowns are admirably picturesque. The "old masters" in the Louvre have inspired our artist-dressmakers as they designed these costumes, draping the figure with noble lines and tasteful colouring which is not to be found in the shimmer of silk or gleam of satin.

For smart walking-dresses cloth gowns are made, with skirts round, short, and somewhat scanty, the hem edged with a band of astrakhan, blue fox, or beaver. The close-fitting bodices open over a vest, and are trimmed with fur. The jackets worn with cloth dresses are small and close-fitting, and usually match the gown.

Tea-gowns are still the favourite dress of many elegant women. The loose unconventional robe is not influenced by the last decree of Fashion, and the wearer's personality seems to have scope for freer expression in this picturesque garment. We give in our illustration (page 183) a graceful example of a tea-gown designed by Worth. It is of *crêpe de Chine* of the tender shade of green known as *eau de Nil*, over supple silk of the same tone. The dress is mounted in gathers. The epaulettes surmounting the angel sleeves are formed of Venetian point lace, a strip of which, starting from either shoulder, meets below the waist in front and at the back, and is then continued to the hem of the train. The wide open sleeves are edged with lace.

Mantles are either very short or very long. Some ample mantles cover the gown; many are made with outer sleeves, gathered high on the shoulders, and sweeping nearly down to the ground, displaying close-fitting under-sleeves. A plush or velvet mantle may be lined throughout with fur, the outer sleeves being also thus lined.

The redingote mantle, clinging close to the figure, is very fashionable. Our illustration (page 185) shows such a mantle lately made by the Maison Lippman. It is composed of pistache green plush; the wide and graceful sleeves are edged with a passementerie of darker green braid and gold. The Medici collar and epaulettes are composed of the braid. From the collar starts on either side the dark fur edging the cloak. The little bonnet, a model of the Maison Virot, is of pistache-green velvet wreathed with jet and brightened with an egrette of delicate pink marabout feathers.

A charming redingote costume was composed of emerald-green velvet and cloth; the skirt, of velvet, was edged with dark fur. The cloth redingote, mounted

at the back below the velvet collar, finished off with trimmed velvet cap.

Opera-high Medici embroideries usually of gold, rose, or are among Bonnets.

Bonnets decorated with precious stones, centre, G. hats. Some of gold pe touch of gold introduced a rule, broad ribbon, repeated have seen velvet, the gathered vel.

The stage display of passed himself Mme. Nord three months



important. S their places in by their ability sensibly raised are held. In to have been scope of this WOMAN'S WORLD appointments, the course of the duties to f

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at the back in large gathers some three or four inches below the waist, was made without other fulness; the velvet collar was lined with fur; the sleeves were finished off with deep cuffs of fur. A small green hat trimmed with green feathers completed the costume. Some of these redingote mantles are made with three velvet capes, separable at will from the cloak.

Opera-cloaks are glittering and fanciful. Made with high Medici collars, radiant with gold, silver, or steel embroideries, trimmed with fur or feathers, they are usually of plush or velvet of the brightest tints. Tawny gold, rose, delicate green, and white, these pretty mantles are among the most graceful creations of the season.

Bonnets are small and turban-shaped; many are decorated with large glass-coloured beads, brilliant as precious stones; an aigrette of feathers is placed in the centre. Gold is beginning to gleam on bonnets and hats. Some pretty bonnets are made almost entirely of gold passementerie worked into arabesques. A touch of gold foliage, or gold thistles, is occasionally introduced among loops of ribbon. The hats have, as a rule, broad brims, flat, or raised on one side; they are trimmed with a long plume and a rosette or bow of ribbon, repeating the colour of the dress or mantle. I have seen pretty hats composed of mixed seal plush and velvet, the crown covered with plush, the brim with gathered velvet.

The stage continues to be the favourite scene for the display of our dressmaker's art. M. Worth has surpassed himself in designing the magnificent costumes Mue. Nordica has taken with her to America. For three months busy hands were braiding, embroidering,

carrying out in their various details the sketches of the "Master." In Italy and Trieste the embroiderers were stitching, in Lyons and Genoa the looms were at work. All these marvellous costumes were dazzling with filigree work, with pearls and silver drops, with cascades of golden fringe, jewelled, spangled, embossed. The most beautiful, perhaps, was the coronation dress of Elsie in *Lohengrin*. This radiant robe of white satin, enriched with silver filigree work, with bands of pearl and gold embroidery, covered in front with a cloud of golden gauze, studded with jewels, fastened with a girdle of pearls, was accompanied by a train five yards long, of cloth of gold, covered with medallions of white satin, delicately wrought with a pattern of oak leaves in pale brown chenille. It is said that this dress took eight weeks to manufacture, and that its weight is over one hundred pounds. Poor Mue. Nordica, as she wears it, must be sustained by the reflection, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle."

One word about perfumes. French ladies take great pains in choosing their scents. They believe that a mystic charm attends the fragrant expression of their personality. As well, they think, be a scentless flower as a pretty woman without perfume. There is some difficulty in finding the proper manner of impregnating garments with a suggestion of sweet odour. The illustrious chemist and perfumer, M. Legrand, has invented a mode of solidifying into pastilles and pencils the essence of the scents manufactured by the Perfumery Oriza. A lady's gloves, laces, fan, dress, will instantaneously emit the fragrance of violets, jessamine, roses, or any blossom, on rubbing them against the solidified essences of her favourite flower.

MASQUE DE VELOURS.

Women in the Civil Service.



AMONG the many movements which have tended to enlarge the sphere of woman's usefulness, and have been crowned with such a splendid measure of success, the admission of women into the ranks of the clerical staff of our large towns has not been the least important. Silently and unobtrusively they have taken their places in the huge army of the clerical world, and by their ability, their tact, and their reliability, have sensibly raised the standard of esteem in which women are held. In the Civil Service the experiment is claimed to have been a signal success; and it is the aim and scope of this paper to place before the readers of THE WOMAN'S WORLD a brief account of these Government appointments, to point out how they may be obtained, the course of study necessary, the salaries given, and the duties to be performed.

The examinations in the main are held under the system of open competitions, so that the invitation to compete is open to all who can satisfy the initial requirements as to age, health, and character; and the more

widely this is known the better for all classes of the community: for the State, which gets the benefit of the increased competition; for the candidate, who must perforce put her very best work into her efforts towards success; and for the community at large, which gains in many indefinable ways and by innumerable subtle ramifications from the increased force of character which the training necessary to qualify for the competition cannot fail to ensure.

The institution of female clerkships doubtless has its primary justification in the eyes of the commercial world in the fact that it is cheaper; that just as good work can be obtained at a smaller expenditure by the substitution of women for men in certain positions. I do not say that this is the only justification, or that in every case female employment in clerical work has arisen from the desire to reduce expenses. In the case of a well-known assurance office, for example—one of the first commercial concerns to employ women—the idea originated, I believe, in a humane desire to alleviate the hardships entailed upon families of professional men, which from one cause or other have suffered curtailment

of income. But in the main, female clerical labour under suitable conditions has been found to be both cheap and good; and this is its real *raison d'être*. So it is emphatically in the Civil Service, where economy in the administration of the various departments is attracting an increasing amount of attention both inside and outside of the Service every day. Thus the world of to-day sees the singular phenomenon of a large and ever-growing class of lady clerks, able to earn a decent livelihood in positions of comfort, quietude, and dignity. And who will now deny that this institution has brought comfort and competency to hundreds of homes, and revived, so to speak, the lives of hundreds of girls who otherwise might possibly have stagnated at home, or perchance have been forced to waste their days in unavailing regrets that fate had made them women instead of men?

We are rapidly leaving behind us the days when the average middle-class matron used to proudly boast of her daughter's "accomplishments," and deprecate the idea of her learning to be genuinely useful either inside or outside of the home. If her daughter could comport herself gracefully at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, surely, argued *Materfamilias*, that ought to be enough for any young man desirous of posing in the alluring character of suitor. But the suitor found that it was not enough, that it more generally than not was accompanied by extravagant ideas as to household management; and so, rather than test in *propria persona* the truth of that proverb which avers that love flies out of the window when poverty enters at the door, he remained single, and she, by consequence, remained single also. However, this old bad state of things is now giving way to a more healthy view of female duties and capabilities, and in the clerical world as well as in every department of science, literature, and art the young lady of to-day is rapidly making up for lost time, and taking up a more equal position with the other sex.

The candidate for the Civil Service must not imagine for one moment that there is any royal road to success. The competition is severe, and tends to become more so. Good health and character are, as before intimated, indispensable, and no less so is the quality of working steadily and perseveringly. But though the way is rough and steep, yet the reward will be found worthy of the toil. The appointments now open to women are:—

(1) Female Clerks, (2) Female Sorters, and (3) Female Telegraph Learnerships in the General Post Office, (4) Counterswoman in Post Offices, (5) Sorting Clerks and Telegraph Learnerships in Provincial Towns, and (6) Type Writers. The *Female Clerks*, of which there are at present about 650, are attached to the offices of the Receiver and Accountant-General at St. Martin's-le-Grand and to the Savings Bank Department in Queen Victoria Street; and the ladies of the present staff have won golden opinions as regards their bearing and the general high tone which prevails amongst them, in addition to the excellent character they have for work. Their duties, which are of a light and agreeable kind, are performed under

favourable conditions, the greatest consideration being shown by the department for the comfort and convenience of the female staff. The hours are by no means exhausting, being at present from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m., with an interval of half an hour in the middle of the day for luncheon. The ladies are kept quite apart from the male staff, and to enable them to take their luncheon on the premises a special dining room is provided. An attractive feature of this service is that a month's holiday is given in the year, whilst in case of illness the full salary is paid for the first six months, and half the salary for the second six months, and there is also the right to a pension under the usual conditions attaching to male service. There is, however, a regulation that ladies must resign their appointments on marriage: one result of which is that promotion is thereby rendered much quicker than it otherwise would be. The salary attached to these appointments commences at £65, rising by £3 to £80 per annum, with a prospect of further promotion up to £400 per annum. Now, £65 a year for a young lady between eighteen and twenty years, the limits of age for candidates, is a very fair salary, and quite puts into the shade the remuneration to be derived from the more exhausting toil of a governess or lady companion, or from most of the avocations open to women.

But we must not forget that there is the examination to be gone through, and a competitive examination to boot. It is not, however, an intrinsically difficult ordeal if resolutely faced, but it is necessary in order to be successful that the candidate should attain a high degree of proficiency in all the subjects set. There are really two examinations, but the first, or "preliminary," is a mere pass examination, and is of so simple a nature that it may be dismissed in a few words. In this examination the candidate is expected to show that she is quite *au fait* with (1) Arithmetic, including Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, (2) Handwriting, and (3) Spelling; and supposing this to have been successfully accomplished she is then allowed to enter the competition, which, in addition to Handwriting and Spelling, embraces the following subjects:—(1) Advanced Arithmetic, including sums in Interest, Stocks, Square Root, and Cube Root, (2) English Composition (to test grammatical accuracy), (3) Geography, and (4) English History. More marks are given respectively for Handwriting, Orthography, and Arithmetic than for the other subjects: the maximum in the former in each case being 200, whilst in Composition the maximum is only 100, and in History and Geography 150 each. To be successful it is often necessary to gain in the aggregate at least 70 per cent. of the maximum marks attainable. Examinations are held from time to time by the Civil Service Commissioners, due notice thereof being given by advertisement in the principal London and provincial newspapers. In the London papers the advertisement is generally placed in the column immediately preceding the leading articles, and is headed "Civil Service Commission."

The *Female Sorterships* are open to girls between fifteen and eighteen years of age. Most of the appointments are at the head offices of the Savings Bank

Department to any sorting clerks, who are conformed to the conditions, with less than a month to earn their salary is performed generally a salary is 1 20s. per week. The attention is obtained at 21s. per week. The for the more examination which are a written mark Arithmetic (5) Geography moreover, the appointment towards a gained as a more difficult much sought after licence (about necessary for a clerks age (twenty which they they are able the age of like the female marriage.

The third *Learnerships* limits of age, eighteen, the from Dictation sums in first of the United necessary, obligations, to obtain marks awarded.

After passing on a period of three months General Post tuition in telegraphy displayed sufficient proficiency, 10s. per week raised to 27s. further promotion she obtains an London, or in every, vacancie

Department, but successful candidates may be assigned to any post office in London. The duties consist of sorting and arranging official documents; and must not be confounded with those of the ordinary letter sorters, with which they have nothing whatever to do. The attendance required is eight hours per diem; much less than mostly falls to the lot of young girls who have to earn their livelihood, whilst the work is light, and is performed under far more agreeable conditions than is generally the case in business establishments. The salary is 12s. per week, rising by 1s. every year to 20s. per week. In practice, however, it not infrequently happens that after two or three years, promotion is obtained to the position of a first-class sorter at 21s. per week, rising by 1s. 6d. per year, to 30s. per week. There is a prospect also of further promotion for the most meritorious up to 50s. per week. The examination is fairly simple as regards the subjects, which are as follows:—(1) Making a fair copy of badly written manuscript, (2) Handwriting, (3) Spelling, (4) Arithmetic (first four rules, simple and compound), and (5) Geography of the United Kingdom. There is, moreover, a special advantage in gaining one of these appointments, since it may be used as a stepping-stone towards a lady-clerkship; and the official experience gained as a sorter will tell in the preparation for the more difficult examination. "Sorterships," however, are much sought after, so that a high standard of excellence (about 80 per cent. of maximum marks) is also necessary here. Sorters too are entitled, in competing for a clerkship, to an extension of the superior limit of age (twenty) by the number of years, up to five, during which they have served in the former capacity. Thus they are able to go up for a clerkship until they reach the age of twenty-five. They are required, however, like the female clerks, to resign their appointments on marriage.

The third class of appointments is styled *Telegraph Learnerships* in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. The limits of age, as in the case of the sorters, are fifteen and eighteen, the subjects of examination being (1) Writing from Dictation, (2) Handwriting, (3) Arithmetic (easy sums in first four rules), and (4) Elementary Geography of the United Kingdom. In order to be successful, it is necessary, owing to the keen competition for these positions, to obtain from 80 to 85 per cent. of the maximum marks awarded.

After passing the examination, the candidate enters on a period of instruction, which generally lasts about three months, in the Telegraph School attached to the General Post Office. Here she receives a free course of tuition in telegraphy. After three months, or, as frequently happens, in less than three months, if she has displayed sufficient aptitude, she gets a certificate of proficiency, entitling her to a commencing salary of 10s. per week, which ultimately, by regular stages, is raised to 27s. per week. There is also a prospect of further promotion up to £250 per annum. In due course she obtains an appointment, which may be in any part of London, or in Edinburgh, or Dublin. As a rule, however, vacancies in the latter are filled from amongst the

Scotch and Irish candidates sitting for examination in Edinburgh or Dublin, or in some other Scotch or Irish town. Having obtained a telegraph clerkship, she may use her position as a stepping-stone to both a sortership and a clerkship, with the extension of the superior limit of age mentioned above in connection with the sorterships; and there is also the further advantage that the large and important class of counterwomen in the numerous post offices is now recruited from the general staff of telegraphists. It should be mentioned, however, that telegraph learners are liable to be called upon to do Sunday work, though it is very seldom that this liability is enforced. There is also a regulation that should the services of a telegraphist be discontinued at any time, except on the score of inability to perform her duties, or misconduct, she is entitled to compensation at the rate of one month's pay for every year of service. The female staff now numbers nearly 800 persons.

It remains to deal with two more classes only—viz., the *Sorting Clerkships and Telegraph Learnerships in Provincial Towns*, and the *Type Writers*. Appointments to the former are made by the Postmaster-General, acting through the postmasters of the several offices. The subjects of examination are the same as for the London appointments, but the limits of age are fourteen and twenty-five, instead of fourteen and eighteen. The latter class—that of the type writers—is at present quite in its infancy. But after the evidence recently given by Sir Algernon West, the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the working of Government establishments, and the recent Treasury Minute of August 10, in which my Lords "agree that the employment of female clerks might be extended," and in which "they hope that before long type writing, being much better executed by women than by men, will generally supersede hand-copying throughout the Service," it cannot fail to have a great and early extension. A body of these workers has sprung up in Somerset House, and, as Sir Algernon West says, gives absolute satisfaction. The salary is from 17s. to 23s. per week, with a prospect of promotion to 30s. per week. There is, however, no superannuation attached to these posts.

This practically completes our review of the positions in the Civil Service which may be filled by women. But a word of advice as regards the training for the various examinations may not be out of place. Generally speaking, the best means of preparation will be found in joining one of the classes specially devoted to coaching candidates for these appointments. In London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and some of the principal provincial towns, such classes are now in existence, with excellent records of past successes; and the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, are always ready to give information as to the regulations under which the examinations are held.

It may be advisable, too, to say a word about "cranning." Many and weighty objections have been urged against this reprehensible practice. Lady

Bringer, in her delightful paper on the decadence of the art of conversation among women, which appeared in a back number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, attributes the subsequent "barrenness" of girls to the pernicious effects of the forcing process which has been employed. This may be quite true of a training ending with the successful passing of the test, but where the test continues in daily application, and with innumerable variations after the examinations, flunkeyism can have no place. Moreover, the questions asked by the Civil Service Commis-

sioners are of too searching a nature for a merely superficial or hastily acquired knowledge to suffice. Parents, therefore, need have no fear on this account.

Sometimes, indeed, it happens that, despite all her efforts, the candidate suffers the disappointment of being unsuccessful time after time; but even in this case the training is not thrown away, for it fits her for employment outside of the Service, and, as a rule, gives her a great advantage over rivals who have not enjoyed such training.

H. J. MAYMOON.

Née Elizabeth Simpson.



ALMOST invariably she has been painted in one attitude and from one point of view. Hence it is that she is chiefly known to our generation with one highly decorous but most unpicturesque expression.

Had our heroine's marriage name, by which she is known to fame, headed those lines, some young readers might have remarked, "An inky old play-writer and story-teller of our great-grandfather's time, not in the least interesting to me." Not interesting! A woman who showed as much gift as Demosthenes himself in overcoming a defect of utterance that unfitted her for the stage; who rose by means of her own will and endeavour from the companion and equal of bumpkins to be the equal and companion of the wit and intellect of her day, who accumulated a fortune, whose career was as picturesque as could ever have entered into her most brilliant dreams—she an inky old story-teller!

Her maiden name was Simpson. She was born on a farm near Bury St Edmunds, England, in 1753. She was most prosaically born and bred, but the result was a beautiful and extremely romantic girlhood. It is with this picturesque and Bohemian aspect that our sketch will deal. Her literary and play-writing career may be studied in a score of places under the head of Inchbald.

The young girl stammered so desperately as scarcely to make herself understood. She shrank from society on that account, the society of the young shopmen and farmers who, much as they admired her rose tints and sunny hair, doubtless grinned at her hapless *non-ensuing*. She took refuge in day-dreaming, in novel-reading, in correspondence with absent friends; thus evidently as moonstruck and silly as all other empty-minded girls. One of her biographers remarks as a singularity of her character that her indisposition for society went hand-in-hand with a yearning for that crowded London which she had never seen, but in which she was destined to pass a long life. Not singular at all. The most gorgeous dreamers are frequently silent and unapproachable, walking through the aisles of imagination with a sort of *non-ensuing* spirit, and with the same contempt for the every-day world that children would have for looking

through a cold window away from a Christmas pantomime.

Miss Elizabeth Simpson inherited no dramatic talent. Not the fire of genius was it that set her whole being aflame with desire to be out in the world, and a part of it. When an elder brother became stage-struck, and took to strolling, she, pierced by the same dart, took to elocutionary practice to cure her stammering, and fit herself for the stage. In her eighteenth year she for the first time gratified the wish of her heart by a visit to London, where a newly married sister had gone. She had already made one or two unsuccessful attempts to be received into provincial theatrical companies. Already, too, she had made more than one beginning of those almost endless "fancies" which made her life one continued love-story, until an age when few women think of love—save as a memory. These "fancies" were usually theatrical ones, and the magic of her romantic temperament set its halo upon the pencilled brows of *jeunes premières*. Later in life she extended her range, and considered as fish almost everything that came to her net.

On going to London, she made up her mind never to return to the rustic society she had left. In the great city she met Mr. Inchbald, a widower twice as old as herself, with sons already upon the stage. He was a provincial manager, who preferred to call himself a miniaturist. He fell head over heels in love, although not to the extent of seeing any dramatic possibilities in her. His love was as passionate as though he were eighteen, and she thirty-six, the respective ages when a boy's aurora-clouds are the most radiant of all his life.

Miss Simpson did not respond with any sort of romantic illusion to his passion. At eighteen she was already a schemer. Her nets were at that very moment spread for another provincial manager named Griffith. Griffith was less vulnerable to her charms, and for a time she held one manager off while trying to lure the other. Unable to bring matters soon enough to a climax, she was forced to return home, where she could meet the coveted Griffith. Griffith proving indifferent, she some weeks later, writing a hard, selfish letter of farewell to her mother, deliberately fled from home to the great metropolis. She secured a room in an obscure inn, and,

under the support of a friend, tried to secure theatres.

During the expression of the surpassing future Mrs. as brilliant stage of life there, even wanted from and credit, indiscreet, and are to stranger who libertine mis suggest copy been one *Macbeth*—and cloister.

No hard *risqué* adventure, unable even consented to to the threat husband play.

Thus be stage, and picturesque experience. M he was a second portrait-painter himself out squeezed him, tress, plus Bohemian, p carrying the living by one.

Mrs. Inchbald, 1772, in Lear. It was ever were. passion could be, when I R-r-r-omeo. I walk in pant trimly heel I this time they they earned a jolly little sup and more than bald his love, one shady re not to be w raiment. But virtue, and ago did not co the women by then when the faded purple an

under the eye of a severely proper landlady, managed to support life during ten days upon stale rolls, while she tried to secure some sort of an engagement at different theatres.

During leisure-time she practised attitude and expression before a looking-glass. She fully appreciated the surpassing loveliness that made men stare. In the future Mrs. Inchbald, the play-writer had all the stuff for as brilliant an adventuress as ever danced across the stage of life. But there was more. There was intellect there, even if not principle to discern that what she wanted from life was not a mere Circe's part, but honour, and credit, and fame. Vain she was, and perilously indiscreet, as girls were a hundred and more years ago, and are to-day. She corresponded with a complete libertine manager in a manner quite too hoydenish not to suggest coquetry. She was no saint—had Shakespeare been one he would never have written *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*—had William the Conqueror taken to missals and cloisters, where should we be now?

No harm apparently came to our heroine in these *risqué* adventures. Unable to secure an engagement, unable even to ask for one yet without stammering, she consented to marry Mr. Inchbald. Their bridal tour was to the theatre, where the bride a few hours saw her husband play Mr. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*.

Thus began the beauty's real connection with the stage, and began also that strolling Bohemian career so picturesque to read of, so foggy and chilly in personal experience. Mr. Inchbald was not a brilliant actor. Really he was a second-rate stroller, with a third-rate gift for portrait-painting. With the latter he was able to prise himself out of many of the holes into which the former squeezed him. As his wife had all the stuff of an adventuress, plus sense and decency, so he was a thorough Bohemian, plus much the same. The two went about carrying their arts in a portmanteau, and when not living by one or the other, scarce living at all.

Mrs. Inchbald's first appearance was on September 14th, 1772, in Bath, she playing Cordelia to her husband's Lear. It was not a brilliant *début*; none of her *débuts* ever were. Her utterance was still defective, and little passion could enter into Juliet's part, which was her ambition, when her speech was in this wise: "O R-r-r-omeo, R-r-r-omeo! Wherefore art thou R-r-r-omeo!" To walk in pantomimes and show her beautiful face and trimly laced figure was all she seemed fitted to do. From this time they strolled altogether, spending everything they earned in jauntings and junketings. They gave jolly little suppers where the wit was better than the beer, and more than one Laertes and Mercutio envied Inchbald his lovely, even though vixenish, wife. More than one shady reputation was present, for that was a world not to be walked through without touching dragged raiment. But merriment gets along very well without virtue, and those convives of a century and ten years ago did not complain that the men were not all Josephs, the women by no means Unas. The pair took "chariots" then when they went a-pleasuring; their raiment was faded purple and coarse linen, or no linen at all. They

took no care for the many breakfastless and dinnerless to-morrows when weary miles must be covered on foot to find the hardest beds. During years of strolling, disputes became frequent. The beauty insisted upon leading parts, and she filled them—somehow, but only so.

Travelling was all done by public stage, or private chaise, and strolling was a hardship that no "roader" of to-day has conception of. Barn-storming was no joke, for the barns were real, and so were the storms. Sometimes the strollers were all night in a common farm-cart, drenched to the skin. Often they tramped for days, giving entertainments at night to pay for their lodging. No wonder that the beauty fell ill, which gave her a chance to record in her journal the unwearied patience and affection with which her husband nursed her. She grew more serious-minded, for on the 19th of February she "meditates upon the sufferings of Our Lord." On the 20th she quarrels with her husband concerning a division of salary!

How they ever dared go to Paris only a Bohemian knows. They did go, they stayed about a third as long as they intended to, and they came home without their trunks. It was six months before they saw those trunks again! They landed penniless at Brighton, hired a mean room, and went to a neighbour's for dinner, breakfast, and supper—a neighbour's turnip-field. The beauty had to do then without the thick cream with which she preserved her fine complexion. They visited the theatre, for they had "orders." The lady managed to get books too, "Valerius Maximus" (in French), "Horace" (in English), and "Pope," between barn-stormings. She continued to be emotionally religious at one moment, and emotionally pagan the next. And her spiritual condition and worldly ambitions pretty equally balanced each other. About this time she wrote her first novel, "A Simple Story." Mr. Inchbald was then scene-painting.

In 1799, when the beauty was twenty-six, she became a widow. It is said that she sorrowed. She speaks of herself as "a wretched widow." Years afterwards, in counting over the character of her years, she spoke of 1799 as "not unhappy." Such an arrant coquette as she, with lovers always flying about her like "Loves around Venus," was not likely to mourn very long, or very deeply. Her manner of life now changed. She had saved money. She had no protector, and was exposed because of her extreme loveliness to temptation and trial on every side. She coquetted still, but not unwisely. She worked her way to London, where she was finally engaged at Covent Garden at a salary of about eight-and-twenty shillings a week. She had one farce already written, and in the hands of a manager. She always had a world of trouble with these farces and managers.

The next few years were a curious mixture of literary business and lovers, quarrels with managers, and flirtations with admirers; but marriage was not offered her so often as might have been expected from her adoring train. She was an actress in an age when actresses were wooed more than wed. She was accused of making as many women in love with her as men, for in her stage costume of a page

she was more than a picture, she was a vision. She refused to disguise her beautiful hair with powder, and was almost the only actress who appeared without. She gave them a description of herself about this time, which is very curious:

Discovered by Mr.

Act.—Between thirty and forty, which is the age of a lady's birth, more or less, formed of thirty.

Height.—About the middle size, rather tall.

Complexion.—Flawless, and shining in the second act, but a little less still and good (she was known to have herself prodigiously).

Eyes.—My eyes are fair, though a little troubled and with a trace of red, which is the color of the syphilis, but made more by the treatment upon which and some (weakened).

Hair.—None, as I have been told that it is like a marble in a locked bag.

Nostrils.—Of a marble column, and rather too straight, as well as thin.

Face.—Beautiful to stand and beautiful in every feature.

Countenance.—Full of spirit and sentiment, and without indolence, volubility.

Voice.—Always sweet, and very seldom with so much as a whisper.

About the time she was with me she was playing with one of her countless lovers. Kowale, the actor, was the hero of this one; but her fancy was not reciprocated. She was disappointed, but in face of the mighty triumph of Mrs. Siddons. She was so low-spirited as to retire to humble quarters, and from the stage altogether. She lived on mean fare, and coarsened her hands with drudgery that she might write plays for others to act in. "That woman Inebald," and one of her adorners, "has solemnly dedicated herself to virtue and a garret."

The years that follow are but the history of her comedies and farces, in many of which she acted herself, and in some of which she was remarked to stutter. She maintained a voluminous correspondence, made money, respectable acquaintances and pleasant friends, and became celebrated as one of the most agreeable play-writers of her day. She was still besieged by lovers, and refused two in one day (one being Dr. Walest, the celebrated Peter Pindar), because she angled for a third, who loved but would not marry. She was thirty-five, but as fulsome as ever, for she writes: "Mrs. Whitfield and I walked out after dark. I rapped at all the doors in New Street, and ran away."

Sometimes this girlfiness was more objectionable. At forty she fell in love for perhaps the 200,000th time. This time it was with a married man, her physician. No sensual sprang from it, yet we have her naive confession that she walked for hours up and down the street where he lived, to watch the lights in his window. Even later, at forty-four she fell in love with an actor. She wooed him, and she won him—tea, where he confessed that he was madly in love with another woman, whereupon she shut her door in his face.

At forty-six, a young man of twenty-five falls in love with her, and labors the usual nonsense about her eyes. At fifty, fine carriages stand at her door. She was a familiar of green rooms though no longer on the stage, and was considered as beautiful as ever, and with manners far more elegant. With all her passion for men and

admiration, she was never extravagant in dress, but parsimonious rather. She rarely speaks of it in letter, diary, or correspondence. Nobody else ever mentioned her dress, and it is evident her beauty unadorned by fine raiment was adorned the most. Probably, like many others, she was prettiest with sweet simplicity in dress, for she loved her beauty well enough to give it every setting off, even after she grew somewhat penurious. Once, indeed, she speaks of dining at a better table than her own, and seeing her hand clean for the first time for weeks, after the rough drudgery she did for herself. A letter is preserved in which she begs a bit of "something blue," a bag, a ribbon, in which a "faded person," like herself, could masquerade at a fancy ball as a "blue-stocking."

Elizabeth ne Simpson clung to her beauty as long as a reasonable person could, and when at last it was gone, refused to look any more into a mirror. Its first decay was exquisitely painful to her. In a review of her different years she wrote of those in which she came to fall middle life as follows:—

Forty-fifth year.—Happy but for suspicious, amounting almost to certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.

Forty-sixth.—Extremely happy but for the still nearer approach of age.

Forty-seventh.—Still happy but for my still increased appearance of declining years.

Forty-eighth.—Very happy but for my years.

Forty-ninth.—Very happy but for my looks.

The same changeless change of "happy," "unhappy," goes on for years more, but never after the forty-ninth year another mention of "looks." She had consented with herself that her dawning beauty was dead, even though the world had not yet detected it.

Henceforth she disarmed her amorous batteries, turned her garrison into cloisters and became devotee. Still, she was woman to the last, and late in life wrote that she resolved to be a Christian, "because it is only in heaven that I can hope to be young and beautiful again."

Even later than this she made a characteristic reply to someone who praised her appearance: "Do not imagine you can make me, with all your praise, satisfied with my personal attractions, although you know me well enough to know that such gifts would be more to me than any other in the world." This from a woman who was giving all that was left of her to the religion that bade her despise the things of sense, shows how great an idol her beauty was, how sad the emptiness its loss left in her heart, and how she mourned it.

Not much was left after this but prayers, the reading of books of mystic meditations, and good deeds. She retired rich from literary life and society, and lived in almost cloisteral seclusion in that great London she had once so jined for. She outlived almost all her old "loves" as well as her theatrical contemporaries. She died at seventy, and the world had forgotten her till her death was announced.

Some grieved, for she was good to the poor. Others laughed, for it was told that she died of tight lacing.

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

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Some Practical Women.

MANY years of commercial depression, and a long period of agricultural stagnation, with their consequent economic influences, have not been without their effects upon the national character. The individual whose moral fibre is of any value emerges purified and bettered from the fire of adversity. From the acute crisis of recent difficulty, it is not too much to expect great permanent benefit in our social conditions. Nothing affords better ground for such hopes than the altered light in which society views the efforts of women to make for themselves an independent and honourable career, or to strike out new paths for their industries. Some twenty years ago, or even less, a gentlewoman ventures enough to embark upon trade lost caste, status, position, or whatever one may choose to call it. Any attempt to earn money save in the over-crowded and under-paid profession of teaching had to be done by stealth, as though it were something shameful. The old story of the distressed lady who went out to sell hearth-stones, and

alternated the whispered praises of her wares with such expressions as "I hope they did not hear me!" was perfectly typical of the state of the case. The lady who takes up business now boldly puts her name, without any effort at disguise, over her shop door and on her bill-heads, and then sits at the equivalent in modern shop-fittings for a counter, waiting for her especial friends as her earliest customers.

This healthier state of opinion has two causes. First, in the acceptance—thanks to education—of the great principle that no honest labour can possibly be derogatory to man or woman; secondly, in the courageous plunge forward made by those who may fairly be called the pioneers of a grand advance in woman's progress. In the limited space that is at my command, I do not pro-

pose to include the names of those clever and popular society ladies who have made or taken millinery and Court dressmaking businesses. To women of taste this vocation practically offers little difficulty. Indeed, to use the vernacular of the advertisements, it is "light and genteel." It is rather to those plucky women who have started as house-decorators, furniture designers, and

decorative artists generally, that one would give the title of "practical." They are an increasing band, and it is impossible to speak of nearly all. But they have stepped in, and, contrary to all laws of political economy, have created a demand for, by supplying, pretty things, have opened up a market for women's wares, and have helped many a poor struggling sister to earn an honourable livelihood.

In any list of such women the name of Miss Agnes Garrett stands *facile princeps*. Few have done more to advance the true and lasting interests of their sex than the four brilliantly gifted sisters of this name. It was Mrs. Garrett-Anderson who virtually threw down

the barriers which closed the profession of medicine to women. In Mrs. Henry Fawcett, certain sections of John Stuart Mill's philosophy found one of their ablest exponents; yet perhaps her greatest and most fascinating quality is less that clear, logical perception which entitles her to a place among thinkers, than the intense humanity of her sympathies and her sweet womanly readiness to help the cause of "those who are in need, sorrow, sickness, or any other adversity." The same thoroughness of purpose and earnestness for the best which has characterised Mrs. Garrett-Anderson and Mrs. Fawcett, distinguishes Miss Garrett in her vocation of house-decorator. It is difficult to us now to realise the courage which Miss Garrett, and her cousin, Miss Rhoda Garrett, showed eighteen years ago,



CHIMNEY-Piece DESIGNED BY MISS AGNES GARRETT.
(By permission of Mrs. Widdley, Portman Square, W.)

who, in 1871 they entered an architect's office and went through the complete course of three years' training in all the mysteries of drawing to scale, of designing as applied to houses, and even into the uninteresting minutiae of the construction of a drain, or the laying of a gas-pipe. It was hard, drudging work, but Miss Garrett has found that it has been amply repaid. One of the secrets of her success has been the excellence of all her workmanship and materials. In her offices at No. 2, Gower Street, she has a trained band of workmen and women upon whose labours she can implicitly rely. She reserves a monopoly of her designs, though these are of course often appropriated by unscrupulous traders, but she strongly objects, for instance, to selling a wall-paper alone, which, pretty as it may be by itself, is really only one note in the harmonic whole of a room or even a house. Curtains, draperies and furniture should all be in accordance, for, as Miss Garrett remarks, even a "Morris" paper may be vulgarised if the surroundings are not sympathetic. Therefore, she will only undertake complete rooms, and refuses absolutely to sell a pair of curtains to one corner, or to design a chimney-piece for another. These latter, by the way, are one of her great specialities, and the illustration shows one of her best designs. Her panel-papers are another speciality, each design filling a whole panel, without repetition.

Miss Garrett holds that unless women go thoroughly through a course of technical training they merely touch the fringe of the question of women's labour, and do nothing towards real advance. This can only be made when the real difficulties that handicap women so heavily in the start of life have been met and overcome by education as specialised as that of the doctor or lawyer.

It was no slight compliment to Miss Charlotte Robinson that Her Majesty the Queen invented a new Court post on purpose to fit her, and appointed her "Royal Home Art Decorator." Miss Robinson herself is the chosen friend and companion of Miss Emily Faithfull, and spends a considerable portion of her time at Manchester. This bond of friendship is proof positive of the "practicalness" of Miss Robinson, for few women have seen with sounder wisdom the need for complete education and hard stern work, if women are to fight their own battles, than Miss Faithfull. Miss Robinson's pretty store is in Brooke Street, Grosvenor Square, and here she shows all sorts of things that make existence and our boudoirs pleasant. There are the ingenious *billet-*

dom writing-tables—useful to fill either a corner or an impracticable window—with their flaps and their queer



A CORNER OF MISS CHROMWELL'S ART DEPOT.

unexpected resources for concealing the paraphernalia of the modern lady's "aids to composition." Then there are the cleverly contrived music-stands, named after Mme. Marie Roze, which enable even the most careless musician to keep her "sheet music" in good order. Perhaps the only fault to be found with Miss Robinson artistically is her too great fondness for floral painting on furniture. It was largely due to her that the truly terrible painted mirrors, so false to all canons of art, enjoyed their happily brief run of fashionable favour, ere they came down to their present "best parlour" rank of purchasers. And there must always be a sense of inappropriateness about the decoration of tables and chairs, and music-racks, and writing-desks, with wreaths of roses or growing poppies. When the craze has passed, people will admit that there was something of the meretricious and spurious in the idea. But—and this I do not say in reference to Miss Robinson in particular, any more than to ninety-nine hundredths of our decorators—painting just now is a curse and not a blessing. In its frantic efforts to appear somewhere, it has hung drawing-rooms round with those

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abominations of dandied, dust-catching, useless monstrosities, painted tambourines and banjos! Even the wooden



RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

spoon, banished now from the very kitchen by any self-respecting cook, has some terrible pattern daubed on its bowl, some trite motto emblazoned on its handle, and is suspended from the walls of suburban genteel villa residences. To return, however, to Miss Robinson: she at least may plead in excuse that her staff of co-workers includes some of the cleverest flower-painters in London, as may be seen from some of the lovely friezes that she has had done. Miss Robinson has taken the complete responsibility of furnishing and decorating several large houses lately, and has been very successful in carrying an harmonious *leit-motif*—to borrow an appropriate musical term—all through. She is a lady of Yorkshire origin, of frank, cheery, cordial manner, who is throwing the same energy into her business that in former years she gave to amateur theatricals in the interests of various charities in the North, where her histrionic talents were and are still held in great esteem.

The tiny, unassuming office at 12, Buckingham Palace Road, by no means represents either Miss Caroline Crommelin's business or her stock. She is an Irishwoman, and her commercial career dates from not quite two years ago, when she took these modest premises and set up a *dépot* for the sale of distressed Irish ladies' work, menus, and the little odds-and-ends that poor gentlewomen always imagine will find a ready market. But this was merely a beginning. Miss Crommelin saw a wider market as a house-decorator, so she wrote "Art at Home" on her door-plate, took into partnership her sister, Mrs. Goring Thomas, a woman with great ability for the financial interests, and developed the *keen flair* of the born collector of bric-à-brac as she boldly set forth to hunt for old oak, rare Chippendale, beautiful Sheraton, and Louis Seize furniture. Miss Crommelin attends auction sales in all parts of the country, and is now as well known in "the trade" as the keenest of bargain-hunting Jews from Wardour Street. Perhaps her great speciality is old oak, and she has developed quite a new industry in this direction. Carved oak is now becoming very rare. But well-made oak tables, sideboards, settles, and chests without ornamentation are apparently common. She, therefore, never fails to purchase these, and as she can command the services of several capable wood-carvers, she has them adorned after good and authentic models. The result is sufficiently



DECORATIVE FURNITURE FROM MRS. OLIVER'S.

satisfactory to baffle any but a real expert. Heavy articles such as these she stores in a large warehouse

that she has found herself obliged to take, and how she also shows a few fine original pieces. It has long baffled the possessors of old-fashioned carved wooden cradles to know how to turn them to account, but an ingenious worker saw in them vast possibilities for *jardinières*. Miss Cromwell has an exceptionally good specimen which she has put to this use. But she does not confine herself to decorative work alone, and will put up blinds or attend to the whitewashing of a ceiling with the most professional ability.

Mrs. Oliver's venture into the intricacies of commerce was not unaccompanied with philanthropic motives. Like Countess Cowper, who sells flowers and gives up the whole profits of her shop to East End charities, Mrs. Oliver wanted to do something for clever girl artists and tasteful embroideresses, and so opened an *atelier* at Brighton for the production of pretty things. Here it proved a success beyond all her expectations, and some eighteen months ago Mrs. Oliver, who is most ably assisted by her friend

Mrs. Gress, started a London branch at 104, New Bond Street. Perhaps, like Miss Robinson, Mrs. Oliver has a tendency to overdo painting upon the well designed little tables and nicknacks of the boudoir, but it is pretty executed, and, as long as fashion demands it, is a means of employing women's fingers. She has some good screens of almost Watteau-like quaintness, and understands the art of setting the clever modern reproductions of antique brocades in harmonious framework. Her enameled furniture is also much beyond the average of this class of production, for she takes care that as much pains shall be given to the process of enamelling as though it were an actual painting of flowers or birds, and is, moreover, particular both as to the wood and the enamel used. Her stand was a great centre of attraction at the Glasgow

Exhibition, where she first showed the Glass Tripods of natural or coloured bamboo cane, holding a large "crack" in art pottery for either plants or ferns.

"Emerson and Co." is the trade name of a lady who has opened a shop for the sale of cheap articles of wool. She holds with Mr. Walter Crane that it is useless to deny the philistinism of the middle classes, as long as the prices of good and beautiful things are beyond their means. Consequently she has a staff of competent designers, and merely aims at producing at a cost within the means of the narrowest purse—the fancy tables and

chairs, the corner cupboards, the fireside nooks, and the other quaint prettinesses demanded for tasteful rooms. She turns them out in white wood for the manipulation of amateur decorators, according to their taste, or to harmonise with surroundings. The folding or other doors between sitting rooms are often a source of difficulty in small houses. Hand-sawne *portières* are costly, and the opening if left untouched looks bare and uncared for.

"Emerson and Co." have introduced an ingenious fretwork arch which can easily be fitted to any doorway, and enamelled to harmonise with the rest of the decorations. It detracts neither from light nor from needed space, but just gives the desired touch of originality and finish. The same idea has been adopted for the improvement of the long quaint windows so common in some parts of London, as will be seen in the illustration (page 197). The business commenced modestly in Berners Street, but proved so successful that it was removed a few months ago to more commodious premises at 223, Regent Street.

Another interesting emporium is that of the Broderie Russe Company, at 289, Regent Street. "Russian embroidery" in reality is nothing but cross-stitch in the



MORINGSTON, SC. DESIGNED BY MISS C. ROBINSON.

most intricate of these, how they the clever secret of the company. Under the new process the designs are printed upon the linen—red, blue, yellow, or white—with lines and dots indicating the colour to be used in working, thus saving the canvas and counting in the faults and large pattern out in the by judicious be imparted blanket count alternately, colours used the greatest it, and to the furniture or hand-made f not much kn colouring, and costumes too to those in fancy balls or company having in Russia, w

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most intricate and complex of designs. So involved are these, that at first sight it seems almost a miracle how they can be accurately worked, until one is let into the clever secret of the company.

Under the new process, the designs are printed upon the linen—red, blue, yellow, or white—with lines and dots indicating the colour to be used in working, thus saving the canvas and counting, the

faults and the failures everyone experiences in working large patterns in cross-stitch. All the work is carried out in the Russian colours, blue, yellow, and red, and by judicious shading it is astonishing what variety can be imparted to the work. An especially handsome sofa blanket composed of red, yellow, blue, and white strips alternately, was most original and harmonious, as the colours used upon each ground had been chosen with the greatest care. Adrianople lace was used to border it, and to those in search of novelty in laces, either for furniture or dress trimmings, may be commended these hand-made fabrics from the land of the Czar. They are not much known at present, but are effective in delicate colouring, and very strong. Some complete Russian costumes too are shown, and will afford some useful hints to those in search of something new and striking for fancy balls or bazaars. The business belongs really to a company having their own staff of collectors and workers in Russia, with depôts in Paris and the Continental

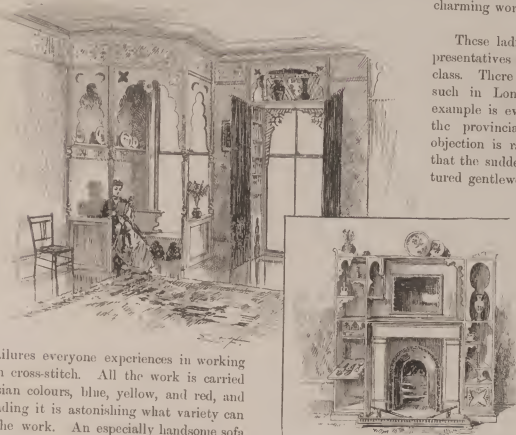
capitals, but it is entirely managed here by Miss L. Palmer, a courteous enthusiast who inspires one very quickly with some of her own admiration for this charming work.

These ladies are only representatives of an increasing class. There are many more such in London, and their example is even spreading to the provincial towns. The objection is raised sometimes that the sudden influx of cultured gentlewomen into com-

merce is by no means an unmixed social blessing, since from their education they would be capable of doing other things, and by entering business they increase competition and render exist-

ence more difficult to those whose early training has not fitted them for any career other than trade. To a certain extent one may concede the truth of this argument. On the other hand, their ability and energy have created new demands for work which employs a large amount of technically skilled labour; and it should also be borne in mind that they have done more than a little towards organising the drifting mass of desultory average female handicraft, and by careful specialising have succeeded in turning it to account for the welfare of those who have to look to it alone for success.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.



SELECTIONS FROM "EMERSON AND CO."

Still the Skylark Sang.

ALL was bleak, all was bare,
How could it venture, how could it
dare!

Still the skylark sang.

Night was coming, night so bleak;

Spring not near for many a week;

Still the skylark sang.

What did it wish for, why did it sing?

How could it lift so brave a wing?

Still the skylark sang.

Winter still there, with March so chill,

Yet aloft of its own free will

Loud its anthem rang.

Brave little heart, brave little heart,

Rain, cold, gloom, and chill apart,

Still the skylark sang.

Pain and trouble, fear and doubt,

Taught by sorrow within, without,

By many a pang;

Heart be brave, heart be true,

Till at last 'tis said that you,

Like the skylark, sang.

M. V. G. HUNT.

A Roland for an Oliver.

BY MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY

CHAPTER I



THAT was your plan for to-day, Eustace?" asked Mrs. Glyn, looking across the breakfast-table at her brother. He returned the look rather curiously. The pretty mistress of Silverton Court did not usually interest herself very much in his slightly erratic movements.

"I thought of having a long day's work. There's a lovely cottage at Moor Dell I want to sketch. And Percy tells me that it's well worth going a couple of miles further to see the inn at Blisdon—seventeenth century, and in almost perfect condition."

"But you must, you absolutely *must* be home, if not to lunch, at least soon after. It's my garden party, and all the 'beauties' of Silverton are dying to know the picturesque, long-haired," with mischievous emphasis, "London artist."

Eustace ran his fingers through his wavy crop rather ruefully. Luxuriant locks, as a distinctive feature, were, in his opinion, characteristic only of the lesser brethren of the brush. He was well known at the "galleries," was the leader of a new and daring "school" of painting, and was quite a "lion" in exclusive artistic coteries.

"But, Belle, I *have* met the Silverton 'beauties'!—the rector's daughters—how can I put it delicately?—light, not to say attenuated. The girls from the Priory—blooming, bouncing dairymaids. The squire's sister—clad in a puce gown, which made me shudder."

"Ah! but there will be some fresh people this afternoon: a charming young married woman from Ottery, a nice girl who is staying with the Dawsons, and—do listen, Eustace—Miss Clara Palmer, the novelist!"

"The author of 'Shriven'! What is she doing in this benighted West-country village?"

"Staying at the Rectory—she and the girls were at school together. She is getting new characters for her next novel, I suppose. Take care she does not put you in it."

Mrs. Glyn said with a sly smile, as she watched her brother down the road, "He will be home in time for my garden party, after all."

And then this reckless match-maker speculated on the chances of having Clara Palmer as a sister-in-law. She was a "star" already risen in the novel-writing world: Eustace a "star" of promising brilliance in the land of picture-painting!

When pretty Belle Stanton married Percy Glyn for love, people—worldly-wise folk who had nothing to do with so luxurious a sentiment—said she had thrown herself away. For Percy had but a few yearly hundreds and a delightful Tudor dwelling-place surrounded by some acres of fruitful Somersetshire land—acres which he farmed.

Now, Belle had been chaperoned by her aunt—and,

exclusive Lady Millington—therefore, quoth society she might, in a matrimonial sense, have done better. But the bride thought differently. She went off with her husband to her quaint Tudor home amidst the West-country hills, and, forgetting society vanities—the pair could only afford a season every three years—adored her babies, grew agricultural in her tastes, and was so happy a young matron that on match-making her shapely head was ever intent. Already she had made a few matches—none, she thought sagely, so suitable as that which might be made between dear Eustace and the brilliant author of "Shriven."

Husbands, however—indeed, men generally—were not match-making in their tendencies, and Percy Glyn, as he walked with his brother-in-law up the rich, hilly lane which led to the Court, felt it his duty to drop a timely note of warning. He knew the paucity of womanly loveliness in that particular part of the fair West country, he knew the susceptibility of the painter's heart, he knew, too—but let him give words to that.

"Do not fall in love with Miss Palmer, old fellow. She is an awful jilt."

Of course Eustace said he wouldn't—of course he secretly determined to start a deep flirtation, if the lady would give him the chance. But he meant, equally, of course, to come out of the affair unscathed.

The ring of ladies seated on the lawn looked up with one accord when their host and the handsome artist appeared. It was a pretty picture—the velvety green carpet, the blue hills in the distance, the bright tints of the flowers and the dainty summer gowns.

Belle was at the tea-table. Her daughters—damsels of five and seven—were carrying round the eggs and plates of Somersetshire dainties. They have toothsome cakes in the hearty West country. It was all very pretty, but—oh, the pity of it!—though gowns and hats were dainty enough, lovely faces were few.

All the beauty of the company, save the matronly prettiness which the hostess owned, was centred in one girl: a tall brunette, with dark eyes that flashed from under the brim of a black lace hat, with a graceful figure which looked its best in clinging yellow drapery; this, of course, was Miss Palmer. Eustace was introduced, and took a vacant garden chair by her side. Soon they were deep in London gossip.

A game of tennis was proposed, and Sylvie Dawson, the best-looking of the Silverton girls, came, racquet in hand, beating up recruits.

"Won't you play, Miss Palmer! or you, Mr. Stanton! We *do* so want another couple."

But the authoress did not excel at tennis, and Eustace pleaded fatigue—it was a long tramp to Moor Dell. So the country girl moved away. She was not interested in the gossip which entertained them—discussions concerning the last philosophical novel,

Mrs. Blank from the together scandal, and By-and-

to "Shriven" "Oh, de of dismay, Return of Grosvenor) fidentially, novel."

Eustace vengeance; lovely victim

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Mrs. Blank's lecture on the latest "cult," the sonnet from the pen of the poet of the "mystic" school, together with little personal scraps, bordering on mild scandal, anent persons in the literary or artistic world.

By-and-by Eustace paid a daintily turned compliment to "Shriven."

"Oh, don't!" she cried, with a comic little gesture of dismay, "or I shall retaliate by raving over 'The Return of Philomela'" (his picture in that year's Grosvenor). "You cannot tell," she went on confidentially, "how I hate the name of that unfortunate novel."

Eustace thought that here was affection with a vengeance; but he looked profound sympathy at the lovely victim of Fame.

"It places me," she continued ingenuously, "outside the sympathies of other girls." She bent her head, with its wide Spanish hat, in the direction of the tennis-court. "They"—the fresh-coloured, dowdy, country damsels—"seem absolutely afraid of me. And what have I done?—Written a book of the simplest—autobiographical, really: a slice from my every-day life—which happened to create a bit of a sensation."

"Your every-day life, Miss Palmer, is perhaps more interesting than the romance of other people's. May the novel-reading public hope for another slice some day?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," rather wearily, "but now let us talk of something else."

And they did. And when they met on other days—they met frequently—novels and pictures, philosophy and the fashionable poem, had small part in the conversation. Those long gossips on sleepy afternoons, in the Court's quiet old garden, were at first friendly—platonic, of course. But platonism leads to love: though people never will believe it till, like Eustace Stanton, they find it does to their bitter cost. The flirtation, the deep flirtation, with which he planned to idle away a summer's day, had become a love affair, a deep love affair. And he asked himself anxiously, Was it one-sided? For, despite seeming simplicity, a mocking light gleamed sometimes in his mistress's flashing eyes, which augured coquetry.

Percy Glyn saw how the land lay. He repeated his thankless task of warning, one September morning, when the two men were tramping round the farm.

"Don't make a fool of yourself with that girl, Eustace," he entreated bluntly. "She's pretty, and clever, and all that"—"All that," was a sweeping summary of books and pictures and so on. Percy was a typical country squire; with a keen eye for the "points" of a hunter, but a coldly unappreciative one for an "old master" or a "rare edition!"—"But," he went on, "she's the biggest flirt in Christendom."

"I do not believe it," said Eustace, with unusual vigour.

"Ah, well! You have read 'Shriven,' of course?"

"Have I read 'Shriven'?" "Who has not?"

"Then you remember Baron Gotha, the antiquated beau who proposes to the heroine, Cynthia Roe? His prototype is poor old Munroe of the Admiralty. He, though he's sixty if a day, went mad over Clara Palmer. And she led him on, merely for professional purposes,

and reproduced his wooing to the letter in 'Shriven.' I know it is true, for Luttrell, who was here for the shooting, knows him well and told me so. That is not all," waving away the artist's feeble protest. "You remember Cynthia's other lover, Thorold Hume? Well, he is Carberry, the sculptor. You know him well. I tell you these things," wound up the squire benevolently, "to put you on your guard."

Then with a commendable desire to change an awkward topic—"I must tell them to get in this barley. We shall have heavy rains before long."

But the fate of the barley did not interest Eustace. He strode abruptly off. As he trudged over the wide, lonely moors—never a living thing to be seen save the wandering oxen—the artist realised how hard he was hit. A pair of dark eyes, set in a rather sallow face, would haunt him evermore, and the pretty small-talk of other women would seem trite after Clara's brilliant, cynical gossip.

He looked all this squarely in the face. But all the same he did not want to figure as a rejected one, in company with supernunanned Munroe of the Admiralty, and "that muff" Carberry.

At this point of his reflections, it began to rain. He was on the high road by this time, face towards Silverton, and a low shed near made a convenient shelter. The shed was double, and presently a couple of girls took possession of the vacant side. Eustace had no suspicion of their identity till a bright, familiar voice was carried through to him.

"How long do the showers last in your part of the world, Kitty?"

"Judging by the mist round the hills," the vicar's daughter informed Miss Palmer, "this one will last some time."

"Then do not speak to me. I shall think out a knotty detail in my new book. The hero and heroine, who are both delightfully original creatures, are in a quandary. So, of course, as their creator, I must go to the rescue."

"If they are 'delightfully original,'" quoth Kitty very demurely, "you did not find them in the West country."

"You are rather monotonous in pattern," said the authoress indulgently. "But, remember, Kitty, the people I met were not all 'natives.' There was—"

"Eustace Stanton," put in the vicar's daughter disparagingly. "That young man's airs are insufferable."

"Are they?" viciously muttered the young man in question, from his side of the shed. "Fortunately *your* opinion does not matter much."

But Clara's did.

"He is rather comic, but wouldn't he make a good character? I declare, Kitty, you have given me an idea. Fancy a chapter beginning like this." And here she heartlessly mimicked the artist's little airs and mannerisms. "He would 'make' the book," she said, at the conclusion of this enraging performance. I really must 'study' him."

"I'll see you do not," the lover determined. And that night he told his sister he must go back to town.

"I'm so sorry," said Belle, with genuine grief in her soft eyes. "Was this to be the end of all her plotting! At a thing too, when things were going so well! when her experienced eye had made her sure that Clara's heart was tainted. Eustace was really monstrous."

Next morning, as the dog cart from Silvertown Court bowed by the Village gate, the Village girls were coming down the path. Percy pulled up. "Belle has a message for Miss Palmer," he explained lapidogically. "We have heaps of time to watch the train."

So Eustace held Miss Palmer's hand once upon. Such a shapely hand! so delicately gloved! But he turned almost roughly away from its beauty.

In reply to Clara's timid hope that they might meet in London later on, he said rudely that "he didn't know if he should have that pleasure. He was going to work hard till the spring exhibit, and should have no time to go out much."

CHAPTER II.

"Miss PALMER left Silvertown soon after you went away. She is now staying at some hydropathic place near London. Studying character, presumably, though one would think that the horrors of the cold water treatment deprived the poor things of all individuality. Of course, you are reading her new novel which is appearing in *Pearce's Monthly*. She treats you rather badly, I must say. Percy chuckles over it in a most horrid way, and keeps saying, 'I told him so,' in true so-called feminine fashion."

This was an extract from Belle's letter, begging her brother to come to them for Christmas.

But he spent his Christmas in a much more engrossing, if less festive, fashion. He read the back numbers of *Pearce's Monthly*, that is to say, he read Miss Palmer's new tale from the beginning. She certainly had treated him badly; she had taken a very pretty revenge for that curt farewell. Poor Eustace groined in spirit as he saw himself in print—a velvet-seated, antic-cutting Bunthorne. He writhed when she turned into ridicule his pet theories and theories, uttered as they had been in all seriousness to an apparently congenial spirit. The art jargon of "tones" and "arrangements" and "harmonies," which our painter slightly affected, became grotesque and exaggerated beneath her clever, gall-tipped pen. And worse, far worse even than ridicule, was the faithful portraiture of tender scenes which had passed between them, which he held sacred; which she ruthlessly turned into "copy." The last number ended with a minute description of a furious flirtation in an apple orchard, in which the hero came perilously near proposing. Eustace remembered well how the fatal words had tumbled on his lips—and she had known it!

"Well," he muttered, as he pitched the pink-clad magazine from him, "we shall see what disclosures she makes next month. Oh, Clara! how could you do it! I was so fond of you—till I found you out."

And then he pondered on the advisability of giving a Roland for an Oliver, and, if so, what form it should take. It took the form of a picture: a picture on the con-

ception of which he rather pined himself, and which would doubtless be a huge annoyance to his tormentor. A tender love scene was being enacted, and, cautiously drawing aside the *portière*, a woman eyesally watched the lovers. A note-book was in her hand, and the room revealed her desk with its MS., headed "A Society Novel."

Eustace christened his revenge "Pauline Pry," and the eavesdropper was Clara Palmer. Clara to the life: a glance revealed that; yet Clara unlively and devoid of womanly charm. And he cunningly mingled with the cynicism on her hard face a look of "sour grapes." Apparently this shaven, ink-fingered scribe had never boasted a lover, and could not draw on past experiences for her tender scenes.

Eustace worked hard at this picture—he wanted to finish it in time for the Academy. Sometimes, when he thought of the summer days in the West country and the tender cadence in Clara's voice, he half relented. But the current number of *Pearce's* always corrected such weakness. She certainly had not spared him.

Belle was in town; her husband had taken a furnished house in South Audley Street, and Mrs. Glyn was plunging with almost childish delight into what to the country mouse was a perfect vortex of gaiety. She was curious about her brother's picture and talked of coming to his studio to see it, but Eustace threw cold water on the scheme.

"Ah! never mind. I shall see it on Show Sunday. I will play hostess for you then, dear."

"I shall not have a Show Sunday. My picture—I am only sending one—shall be a *révelation*."

Then he asked, in as careless a tone as he could muster, whether Belle knew if Miss Palmer would be in London that season. It was of the highest importance that she should see his masterpiece, and he thought viciously how much he would like to witness her discomfiture.

But Belle was not to be "drawn." Perhaps she was cross about the Show Sunday, perhaps she had some deeper motive, perhaps her indifference was genuine and she really did not know or care much about the novelist's movements. At all events, Eustace left South Audley Street not a whit the wiser.

Meanwhile, the day for sending in pictures to Burlington House drew near. "Pauline Pry" was ready for the journey: her creator eyed her with glee. Pretty havoc she would make in a certain fair, mischievous breast!

And the current number of *Pearce's* was not quite so tantalising. Miss Palmer's hero seemed to be turning out rather a fine fellow after all, and her heroine was beginning to take him in earnest. Still "Pauline Pry" went to Burlington House and stayed there, and promised to be a conspicuous visitor. "So much the better," quoth Eustace Stanton.

Vanishing day came, and the day before that, the usual monthly instalment of Clara's novel. Eustace read it when he came home from the "first night" of a comic opera.

Miss Palmer's heroine kept a diary, just as Mr.

Wilkie Collins which the her heart wondering

The her in her diary had not loved and startling hero whom came to love

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Wilkie Collins's young ladies were apt to do: a diary to which the writer always reveals the innermost secrets of her heart, and which she calls her "dear little book," wondering what she would do without it.

The heroine in *Peacock's* did all this, and the entry in *her* diary on the night of the day on which the hero had *not* loved, but had ridden away, had an astounding and startling effect on at least one reader. Yes. The hero whom she first flouted and quizzed, then gradually came to love, went away *without* proposing after all.

"He has gone," she wrote. "We shall never meet again. He does not care one bit for me, and I hoped and thought that he did. For (I would not breathe it to anyone but you, dear diary) I love him—I love him, and shall keep on loving till I die. Now I must lock you up and be very careful to keep the key always in my pocket."

"I'll alter that wretched picture to-morrow," vowed the painter.

To-morrow brought one of Belle's frequent imploring notes. The drawing-room was so hideous. She had bought a heap of draperies and blue jars and fans at Freedom's. Would dear Eustace come and help to arrange them as soon as he possibly could?

He went to South Audley Street before luncheon, and was shown into the tiny morning-room. Belle's draperies and jars were heaped around in picturesque confusion; and half buried in rose-coloured silk, at which she was stitching industriously, sat a lady with a clever, dark face, and great glowing eyes—Miss Palmer.

Eustace had meant to be dignified and coldly forgiving when they met. Meet they should at no distant day, if he had to lock his studio door and travel half round the globe after her. He had determined *that*, on reading the blissful extract from the diary. Perhaps it was the unexpected encounter which threw dignity and frigidity to the winds. I only know that in less than five minutes they understood one another perfectly and that the rose-coloured silk suffered in consequence.

"But, Clara," queried the accepted one plaintively, "how could you serve me so?"

"You have been *most* successful," she returned naively. "The circulation of *Peacock's* has gone up wonderfully, and by-and-by I shall write them another, with you playing a fresh *rôle*."

Then Belle came in, and the two women exchanged significant glances. But Eustace never knew how far the matter had been a pre-arranged one, and he did not greatly care, since the issue was so good. He stayed to luncheon: he dallied long afterwards, until he brought him of "Pauline Pry," who must be attended to before dark. The difficulty was to get away.

Belle and Clara threw every difficulty in his path. They did not know. How should they? But Belle said he must stay and finish the drawing-room. "No," peremptorily; "to-morrow will not do."

And Clara whispered, with a charmingly injured air, that "he really ought not to leave her so soon."

"But I must go. I will be back to dinner. I want to 'touch up' my picture."

"Is that all?" cried Belle. "Quite a small matter. You told me only on Monday, Eustace, that you were perfectly satisfied with it."

"It is sure to be lovely," beamed Clara. "I am longing to see it. Now do, please, say whether you think this bundle of bulrushes looks better in the recess by the window, or near the screen."

He got away at last: not a moment too soon. He threw himself into a hansom, and was whisked along Piccadilly and into the courtyard of Burlington House. He rushed inside, borrowed a brush of a brother-artist, and by a few skilful touches turned "Pauline Pry" into a lady who no longer resembled his future bride.

"I hope," said Clara, as she stood with her lover and a crowd of other people (for the picture was most successful), "that you did not mean that horrid, vinegary-looking woman for me. I can 'propose' and make love beautifully without spying at other people's billing and cooing."

Of course he re-assured her, and reconciled the naughty fib to his conscience as best he could.

A Woman's Soul.

I AM no painter, yet some fair plain,
Or bloom-grown, fragrant country lane,
Will fill my soul with craving pain—
With vain desire for the subtle skill
To give the world the field and hill,
The sunlit sea, the whirling mill

That dashes its wheel in foam.

I am no poet, yet fancies fly
(Perchance the dreams of time gone by)
Through heart and brain. I softly sigh,
And think, "Had I but the pow'r to tell
Of life's lost youth, and love's sweet spell,
Those themes upon my pen should dwell

In words that would never die."

EDITH GRACE LEVY.

A Mother's Plea for the Kindergarten.



ANYONE who has watched a class of children at a real Froebel Kindergarten will, I think, at once acknowledge that our little ones of to-day have immense advantages over those who were born twenty or thirty years ago, before the introduction of the Froebel system in England had revolutionised all our ideas on infant training and development.

In the early years when every day the little mind and body are growing more full of restless energy and activity, and the cry comes so persistently and earnestly from the little lips, "What shall I do?" what answer at one time did we give to this eager longing, the grandest and best a child's heart can know? what answer do many of us give now?

In the nursery, nurse has baby to attend to, or the little socks to darn, and the clothes to mend; and mother downstairs has her household to look after, letters to write, visits to pay, father to care for; and in all the odd minutes of her busy day, the never-ending clothes to make for the little growing bodies, so that even she is obliged to say sometimes in answer to the anxious cry, "I am busy now, dears, run away and play." There may be a large, sunny nursery upstairs, with plenty of brightly-coloured pictures on the walls, and toys in the cupboard and books on the shelves, or even a garden to run in if it be summer-time, to spend hours of the long day. But children soon grow tired of toys if there is no one to suggest fresh combinations and ways of playing, or start new games in their games; and the little brother who cannot talk, and the baby in the cradle, are poor companions for the grown-up baby of three or four, who knows so much more, and can do so much more than they. Then the little sister and brother grow teasing and quarrelsome, for no reason whatever but that they want something to do; or perhaps get hold of the water that nurse keeps in the dressing-room, and quietly splash and mess with that delightful plaything, till nurse in the next room, with baby on her lap, grows suspicious of such unusual quiet, and walks in, to find the little sleeves all wet, and the clean pinafores stained and drenched. Then the little ones, who only wanted something real to do, are scolded as "naughty children," and the door is locked on the fascinating play. Or down in the garden, because there is no one who knows how to dig neatly, and plant seeds, and use the water-can carefully, and no one has time or patience to teach, the blouses get smeared with dirt (for who should know that mould and water together make ugly mud?) and the knees get wet and dirty from kneeling on the damp earth, and the water in the can leaks down into the small shoes.

Instead of this aimless and often harmful doing, and play that soon ceases to be play, the little ones are transported for three or four hours of the day to a

delightful atmosphere, where other children like themselves sit, move, play, and sing, wonderful objects are examined and talked about, bright stories told, and something is doing all the time, with someone by, who is never tired of helping, showing, and answering questions. And beneath all this happy doing, habits of industry and perseverance, and a love of order and obedience are unconsciously inculcated; the senses are trained by the object lessons and games, the physical powers developed by the marching and singing, the artistic faculties and the imagination stirred by the drawing and tales; thus an all-round harmonious culture of the moral, physical, and mental powers goes on, quite unconsciously to the busy little workers. Few realise how much may be done in these early years to stimulate an appreciation of truth and love of learning, a sense of order and justice, consideration for and interest in others, an enjoyment of the beautiful in art and nature, and eyes to see their wonders.

We cannot perhaps remember what happened to ourselves before the age of seven, but most of us have seen, at one time or another, the old-fashioned methods applied to the training and education of the young. The long table on which the dry, uninteresting books lay, one upon another, ready for use; the hard, backless form where the little ones sat still so long, dangling fidgety legs that would do anything but keep still; the dull lessons from the aforesaid books, to which the ears listened, but on which the mind was not encouraged to work by bright talk and frequent questions; the dreary repetition, parrot-like, in a monotonous sing-song, of the so-called poetry; the meaningless drawing of pot-hooks on a slate that was meant for far more delightful things; the perpetual "don't" against fidgeting and whispering, and the still more perpetual "do" of what was so utterly uninteresting and dull. Till at last came the time to close the books, put aside the slates, and rush into the fresh, sweet air, where limbs and tongues could move as nature prompted, and life was again worth living, while the hateful lessons could be forgotten until school-hours came round again next day. Perhaps the lessons themselves were not so bad, only there was always the wearying sitting still and saying nothing, and the dull, monotonous books and figures that had no life in them. If the little ones did move about during school-hours it was but for the daily drill, which, in its monotony of "right, left; right, left; one, two; one, two," was even more uninteresting than sitting still.

But now let us turn to our Kindergarten. We do not even see a book on table or shelves, and the children only know of them as delightful volumes out of which mother reads such fascinating stories at home. Poetry is learnt, but how differently to the old system of repeating by rote word after word with scarcely an idea attaching to them, yet learnt in a quarter of the time, in a way that is not learning at all! The children

perhaps a little for down, eagle game, and fidgeting. and the ch all the bir some fact in the jam. panying an take the fa culty is a memory, so the words every turn. about and delightful fl play and e things have verse, or ev of the *das a*

After t little ones a made just th backed chair teacher do books produ children?" glass case th child guesses away out of the country long enough a "bunny," a one little thr No; it is a sits in a littl Then follows size, and for among the tw the little ones their imagin of Nature's g pencils and the black-bo bushy tale, is something lik takable a squ

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perhaps stand in a row, the teacher in front, and the little feet go readily into position, and the arms hang down, eagerly waiting for what will only be a delightful game, and all are too anxious to begin, to think of fidgeting. The poetry, perhaps, is about a little bird, and the children are encouraged to think and talk about all the birds that they have ever seen, each one telling some fact in turn, for order is one of the powders hidden in the jam. Then each line is repeated with its accompanying and varied action, and the little voices readily take the inflexion of the teacher's, for the dramatic faculty is strong in children. The action too helps the memory, so that it is no longer a feat and a strain that the words are remembered, for they are suggested at every turn. Then again the different birds are talked about and explained, and the lesson is wound up with a delightful fly round and round the room, every muscle in play and every limb in action. A great many more things have been learnt than the four lines of the little verse, or even the pretty tune that grew so readily out of the *dos and res and las*.

After three-quarters of an hour of "games," the little ones are quite ready to sit down to the low table, made just the height required, with nice little straight-backed chairs to sit upon. What will the bright-eyed teacher do next? No dull books are opened, or copy-books produced. "What do you think I have here, children?" and all eyes are turned eagerly to the little glass case that is reached down from a high shelf. Each child guesses in turn, and in order, with hands tucked away out of sight. They are little London children, and the country is far away, and the yearly holiday is not long enough to remember half its wonders. One guesses a "bunny," another a "dormouse," another a "pussy," and one little three-year-old stripling suggests an "elephant." No; it is a squirrel that has once been alive, and now sits in a little glass case, with a real acorn in its paw. Then follows a delightful talk of squirrels, their colour, size, and form, and what they eat and how they live among the trees and woods that are their home; while the little ones follow eagerly, encouraged to ask questions, their imaginations stirred by the brightly told tale out of Nature's great story-book. And lastly, out come the pencils and little drawing-books, the teacher goes to the black-board, and the pretty creature, with its great bushy tale, is drawn so simply that the youngest can do something like it, and even the worst drawn is unmistakably a squirrel.

It will be seen that the requirements of a Kindergarten teacher are far greater than on the old system, where the teacher could depend on books for her instruction. In the first place, she must have the *gift* of teaching, which like all other gifts is heaven-born, and out of which springs naturally the infinite patience, kindness, and sympathy that alone can make her successful.

"You must love them 'ere to you
They will seem worthy of your love."

Then she should be bright and animated, with a soft voice and gentle manners, and full of ideas and resources.

She should possess enough dramatic faculty to invest the simplest subject with an interest that a child's imagination can at once seize, and be able to tell a story well. She must have a general knowledge of plants and animals familiar to a child, the simple laws of health, and the physical facts of Nature occurring in every-day life; the power of singing from memory simple songs, with the knowledge of the sound and value of each note of the scale—the Tonic Sol-fa system being generally used as the simplest and soundest to impart to children; and lastly, a ready skill in drawing, to be able to illustrate her different lessons on the black-board.

Of course, for the older pupils more advanced attainments are needed, and more exact knowledge of the different sciences; but at present we are only dwelling on the advantages of the Kindergarten system for the tiny children, who, before its introduction, were not considered old enough to profit by any organised methods of training and occupation. But it is to these little ones that the Kindergarten is so invaluable, as the link between home and school; providing, as it does, happy and continuous occupation, and allowing at the same time children of the same age to mingle in common games and interests which their own natures crave for, and which few, if any, homes are able to supply.

But some will say, "Why launch our little ones thus early on the big world of school? Is not the mother the best teacher for these first years?"

We have been insisting on the special qualifications necessary for a Kindergarten teacher, and that the gift of teaching belongs only to the few. Gifts are very varied, or how would the world's work go on? And it is certain that all mothers are not endowed by Nature in this one direction. But even supposing that many have the talent, in all probability it has not been developed, trained, or practised; for the time is yet to come when our girls will be trained to be mothers as they are now to play the piano. I, for one, would see the elements and principles of the Kindergarten system taught to every senior schoolgirl, to prepare for her role, by-and-by, in her own nursery, and I wish even it were possible that nurses too could have some such similar training. But allowing that the mother has been specially trained for this early child-culture, her mind is probably burdened with household cares, and the many duties that fall to her lot as mistress of a home, and she is too absorbed, as a rule, to make a good teacher; for few of us have the power of putting aside at will one interest to take up another, and young children instantly detect divided attention, and their own attention and interest flags at once, sensitive little barometers that they are!

But granting the capacity of the mother, and that her other duties will allow of her devoting several of the best hours of the day to the education of one or more of her little ones, there is still another consideration that often mars her efforts to methodically train them, and makes the attempt degenerate into a mere task. In the fact that it renders possible, for children of nearly the same age, the common instruction and interest, the common enjoyment and sympathy, half the value of the system lies. The same occupation done by one, or even two children,

alone with the mother or governess, or done in a class of seven or eight together, is a totally different thing, and gives entirely different results. It is almost impossible to make the one, especially if it is often repeated, anything else than a task, if order, method, neatness, and skill are to be cultivated; while in the class, with other little limbs and minds working in the same way side by side, the oftener it is done the more delightful it becomes. See how children watch each other far more than their teacher, and how keen their delight and interest is in each other's work! And the development of this social feeling is one of the most important of the many advantages offered by the Kindergarten system.

Thus we have a new science, or an old one with a new face, for it is only just now gaining proper recognition and support—the science of child-culture, which is far more important than horticulture, out of which we have gained such beautiful results among

our plants. By it we are able to give a bright and unflinching answer to the incessant cry of our eager little ones, "What shall we do?" By it we interest, amuse, and enchain them, but all the time, train and develop them on the lines that great Nature herself has laid down. There is no forcing, no lessons in the old idea of lessons, no tasks, nor are the little bodies curled and restrained as they were never intended to be; but the little ones are led onward into a whole world of wonder and delight, their eyes are taught to see, their bodies to move, and most important of all, their minds to think. In this child-garden the teacher is but the gardener, whose province is to understand the infinite variety, individuality, and beauty that lie hidden in each budding plant; to till the ground, and prepare the soil; to water and feed the roots, until the plants grow; and the flowers bloom, each with its own colour and fragrance and beauty, helped by God's sunshine and dew and rain.

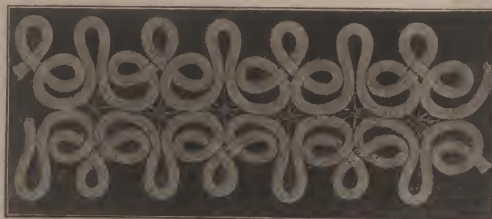
ALICE MULLINS.

Embroidered and Hand-made Trimmings applied to Dress.

At the present time a very small quantity of embroidery is being made for the decoration of our houses as compared with that to be seen in them a few years ago. Curtains and bed-spreads are made of the same material as that with which the rooms are upholstered. Oriental screens are chosen in preference to those made at home, while the cushions that once afforded

done by the amateur, and my object in this paper is to offer a few practical hints for the ornamentation of dresses with such embroidery as is well within the scope of any worker who has any pretensions to be so called.

I will commence with braiding, which, in its present application, is the simplest of all the many styles of ornament now in vogue. Great improvements have been



HAND-MADE BRAIDED TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

so vast a field for amateur work, are now almost exclusively covered with self-coloured Pongee silk.

With dress, on the other hand, the case is far different. At scarcely any other period has needlework of all kinds been so universally used for costumes of every sort, from the magnificent Court train and underskirt, gorgeously worked in silks and sprinkled with jewels, to the simple tailor-made woollen gown. Although much of this work is turned out by machinery, enough still remains to be

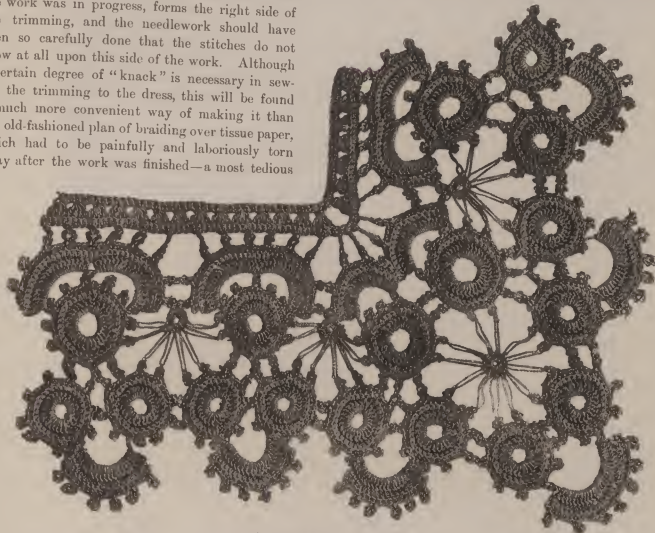
made in the manner in which this is prepared for the amateur worker. Instead of having the pattern traced either on tissue paper or on the material itself, it is now clearly marked out on strips of coloured glazed linen. The braid, which is usually mohair, and tubular, not flat, is then tacked upon the pattern with coloured cotton and stitches that will hold it flatly and evenly. When it is all laid down, the edges of the braid are sewn together wherever they meet or overlap, as strongly yet

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neatly as possible, with sewing silk to match in colour. It will be necessary to add a few gathering threads in places where the braid is carried round a decided curve or circle in order to ensure its setting perfectly flat. In any open spaces there may be, such as in our illustration on page 204, lace wheels are worked as fillings, either with some of the same silk or with some of a contrasting colour. When all this is done, the tacking threads are removed, and the passementerie is laid between the folds of a damp cloth and pressed with a moderately hot flat-iron; it is then ready to be sewn to the dress. The side of the braid which rested against the linen while the work was in progress, forms the right side of the trimming, and the needlework should have been so carefully done that the stitches do not show at all upon this side of the work. Although a certain degree of "knack" is necessary in sewing the trimming to the dress, this will be found a much more convenient way of making it than the old-fashioned plan of braiding over tissue paper, which had to be painfully and laboriously torn away after the work was finished—a most tedious

fully worked in white silk in this style, and made up mainly of these small rosettes. The centres were worked in bullion stitch, kept in place in the next row by a very small ring of fine wire, over which the crochet was worked. The lower edge of the corsage was arranged in a number of long and narrow vandykes. These were intended to hang below the waist round the hips. Such a belt would have a beautiful effect if worn over a well-made gown of that soft grey colour which blends with the pearly whiteness of the silk lace better than anything more decided. Needless to add, the corsage would be far from



CROCHET MANTLE TRIMMING.

task, as all who have executed it can testify. That this style of trimming is likely to last in fashion for some time yet to come is evident, from its very durability. Provided that the work is substantial and good, the braiding will bear a very large amount of ill-usage without showing it in the least.

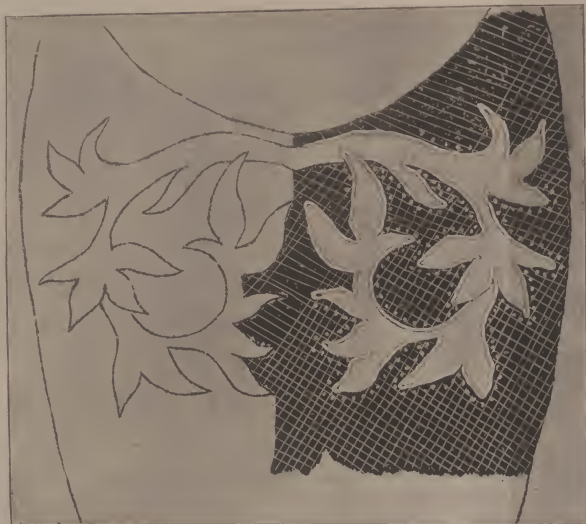
Another style of trimming that practically lasts for ever, is crochet worked in coarse silk. Much of this is used for mantles now, especially on plush, where it has a very rich effect. A border with a corner is shown above, and is a design that is by no means difficult to copy. German ladies are specially skilful in making crochet guipure and garnitures of this sort, and often wear very elaborately worked fichus made up of tiny rosettes with raised centres, which are linked together at the edges with small picots of chain stitch into any desired shape. I recently saw a deep Swiss belt beauti-

becoming unless worn by the owner of a very slight, trim figure.

Embroidery true and proper cannot be dismissed so easily as crochet passementerie. It may be roughly classed under two heads, that worked directly upon the material itself, of which two examples are given on pages 206 and 207, and that worked upon some different material, and afterwards cut out and applied to the dress fabric. The example on page 206 gives a working detail of a portion for the vest of a dress in which the material itself forms the foundation. The original from which this was taken was worked upon faulle of a shade of colour resembling weak cocoa or very milky chocolate. The design was an elaborate arrangement of scrolls, which were traced on the material first, with the aid of tracing cloth. The whole of the background was then covered with laid stitches of crimson

floss silk. These stitches were so arranged that the greater part of the silk was upon the right side of the material, and in working a similar vest, care must be taken that the foundation does not show between the strands of the silk. Over these is then arranged a close network of gold thread, which should be not only as fine and even as possible, but good in quality, or it will soon become tarnished. Wherever the lines of thread cross,

Outside the cord, over the laid work and the gold thread, it next worked a series of small French knots, with silk of the same colour as the cord and the faille foundation of the work. If additional tinsel should be considered advisable, it is easy to substitute small gold beads for these knots. Thus is completed the embroidery, which, if correctly managed, should have the appearance of a number of brownish scrolls appliquéd to a foundation of



WORKING DETAIL OF VEST.

a web stitch of gold-coloured silk should be worked, to serve the purpose of keeping them in place and of regulating the space to be left between them. In the detail on this page these stitches have only been worked in certain parts, as for instance, within the curve between the two leafy scrolls and towards the lower part of the design.

The next thing to be added is some very fine silk cord or coarse twist, which must match the foundation of the work exactly, and which is caught down very carefully along all the outlines of the design. Amateurs always find a difficulty in working satisfactorily with such fine cord as this, but it will be far easier to manage if the left hand slightly untwists the cord in certain places to allow of the needle being passed between the strands. After the stitch has been made, a slight twist given to the cord in the right direction will completely hide the stitch. The ends of the cord are threaded through a large needle and drawn through to the wrong side, where they are caught down with a few strong but invisible stitches.

red silk. The work, owing to its delicate nature, is only fit for a waistcoat and cuffs to a visiting or afternoon gown; it would be an act of heevey to subject such elaborate embroidery to anything like hard wear and tear. An equally good effect might be given by golden brown laid work, the scrolls, cord, and picots being of old-gold silk or satin, and various other pretty combinations of colour will suggest themselves to one accustomed to art needlework.

Another example of embroidery that may be worked straight upon the material itself is shown on page 207, in the ornament for the end of a sash. This should be worked thickly in close satin stitch, and richly intermixed with gold passing. It is, of course, most conveniently worked in a frame, and if the sash be of a very thin make of silk, the end will require to be lined with soft cambric to add some extra substance to it. These embroidered sash-ends have hitherto been little seen, but now that the girdles are so much worn at the sides and even in the

front of dress. A thick knot the work,

Spanish coats and geous and more effective of which embroidery to that of traced in

faile, or soft sequence which completely cover all when it is with a double button-hole stitch apart. These the gold threads in intervals, about a quarter gresses, if it is

front of dresses in preference to the back, there is more scope for elaboration and better results are to be obtained. A thick knotted silk fringe which repeats the colours of the work, should finish off the ends of such sashes.

Spanish embroidery is frequently utilised for waistcoats and zouave jackets where something very gorgeous and rich in appearance is desired. It looks more effective upon black velvet than upon almost any other material, owing to the large amount of tinsel of which it is usually composed. For this particular embroidery a design is chosen very similar in character to that of the piece of work on page 206, and it is traced in the same way on Tussore silk, coloured

another already made, it is done, while in certain other places as their position allows, three, four, or even five of these picots are interlooped. The space between the outlines of the design is closely filled in with herring-bone, coral, feather, and other fancy stitches worked with coloured silks so close together as to almost entirely cover the background. Spangles and beads are freely sprinkled over the work, and when the design is completely filled in, the material beyond and between the pattern is cut away, leaving open spaces through which, when the embroidery is made up, the material of the dress itself is seen. If it is to be made up either upon a dark brown material or a reddish colour, copper tinsel may very



EMBROIDERED ORNAMENT FOR SASH.

faulle, or soft linen. It is not of any very great consequence what this foundation is, for it should be so completely covered with work as scarcely to show at all when it is made up. The outlines are followed with a double line of gold thread caught down with button-hole stitches placed about one-sixteenth of an inch apart. These may be worked either in silk that matches the gold thread, or in something quite different. At half-inch intervals, the outer line of gold is looped into a picot about a quarter of an inch across, and, as the work progresses, if it is found to be possible to loop one picot into

effectively be used instead of gold, and is often preferred as having a more uncommon effect.

The first design on page 208 is an extremely simple one to work, and has the advantage of being even more satisfactory when less expensive materials are used, than when carried out with silk. It is particularly well adapted to the ornamentation of a cream-coloured serge or flannel tennis dress, and the colours may be chosen with a due regard to the emblems used by the club to which the wearer belongs. The conventional leaves were, in the original, worked in Oriental style in shades of crimson,

peacock blue, green, and black, a line of stem-stitch in dull orange being added to mark the division between the colours. Two shades of crimson, the same subdued blue, and white were used for the flowers, a similar line

usual way, were set into four or five large pleats about an inch and a half wide, in each of which was embroidered a pointed design in red silk, the widest end being at the top. Above this, and pointing towards the neck of the



TRIMMING FOR TENNIS DRESS WORKED IN WOOL.

of orange marking, as in the leaves, the beginning and end of the colours. The smaller leaves were green only, outlined and veined with orange; the stems were worked in the same way, with the addition of sundry small dots of orange-colour along the middle of them. The mixture of so many colours sounds rather terrible on paper, but the general result, if properly subdued shades are chosen, is particularly good and rich-looking. This style of embroidery is well adapted for the trimming of a sad-coloured gown made long and straight, with full body, waistband, and large puffed sleeves. Bands of embroidery, too, of this kind greatly relieve a dull brown or green robe, and if the colours were slightly varied, would look far better on terracotta than the black now so commonly seen.

At Messrs. Howell and James' last exhibition of antique embroideries there was a linen chemisette which had evidently once been worn by an Italian peasant-girl under a laced bodice of velvet. The embroidery upon it offered a suggestion that could be carried out by a dressmaker of artistic capabilities, and who is accustomed to compose really tasteful gowns. The sleeves, instead of being put into the armhole with gathers in the

bodice, was worked a similar row of points, while the neck, open and square in cut, was ornamented with a band of work in red silk, the design of which was modified to suit the altered position, and took the form of a narrow border.

The Eiffel Tower has left its mark even upon such very different things as dress trimmings, most of which are now arranged in long and pointed shapes, to

which the Parisians, with their usual quickness in inventing nicknames, have applied the term *langue de chat*. Such a trimming is shown on this page, where it is worked in thick white embroidery silk on a cambric foundation in satin stitch. The needlework is in places raised over a padding of cotton, in others it is left completely flat, while the work is lightened by the addition of large eyelet-holes, used either as the centres of star-shaped flowers, or as mere connections of portions of the pattern. Open ladder stitch is worked to great advantage in the centre scrolls, and the whole trimming, in its simple yet rich design and workmanship, is far more effective than many others more elaborately conceived and carried out. The material beyond and between the outlines is cut away, the back of the work



POINTED LACE, EMBROIDERED IN SATIN STITCH.

between the outlines is cut away, the back of the work

having finished small quantities prevent cut, besides order all work.

Another plain dress design upon with fine The work that of will good, as the bold relief kind is well as it is quite A fine out



determined

My daily maids, and every married nursemaid, or and although not consider year to visit or other of them to say "men places I be would be more Every day for attendant at occasionally with a like r I should create the announce daily by the r set up a register such places is last. Once y lady, probably she can supply you sit down, minutes"—as only waiting fact, to order

having first been painted over lightly with a very small quantity of embroidery paste. This is used to prevent all possibility of the material fraying when cut, besides strengthening the work and keeping in order all cut ends and possible irregularities in the work.

Another effective waistcoat and cuffs for an otherwise plain dress may be made by tracing a bold braiding design upon old-gold-coloured material. This is followed with fine cord or gold braid about half an inch wide. The work is then laid upon dark brown material, or that of which the gown is made. The effect is very good, as the old-gold parts of the work stand out in bold relief from the darker background. Work of this kind is well suited for the front of the skirt of a dress, as it is quickly done and is very handsome-looking. A fine outlining of gold thread is an improvement,

especially if it be looped at short intervals into small round picots.

Even the time-honoured cross-stitch is used now for dresses, and a useful sea-side or yachting gown can be arranged by embroidering a very wide and handsome design in cross-stitch with crewel wool along the hem, the waistband, and bodice trimmings. This work, upon such a material as serge, must of course be executed over canvas, the threads of which are carefully pulled out as the embroidery is finished.

In a magazine article very cursory directions at best can be given for such embroideries as those I have selected, but I imagine that sufficient has been detailed here to satisfy ordinarily skilful workers, and it is certain that I could not candidly recommend those of no experience to attempt what under their hands might become merely a costly failure.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

A Lady in Search of a Servant.

By A JOURNALIST'S WIFE.



WHY don't you air your grievances in the public press and write something about your troubles in searching for a servant?" said my husband somewhat satirically one morning when he had—I must say, for him—patiently listened to my oft-repeated tales of disappointment in gaining a servant. I have determined to do so, and here is my cry!

My daily wish is that we could live without servant-maids, and I think this desire is the general wish of every married lady who has to engage her own cook, nursemaid, or general helps, &c. I keep three servants, and although my family is a small one and my house is not considered a "hard one," I have at least twice a year to visit the registry offices in order to replace one or other of those who wait upon me—it would never do to say "menials." From what I have seen at these places I believe the publication of my experiences would be most interesting; far more so than politics. Every day for the last fortnight I have been a patient attendant at the registry office in my neighbourhood, and occasionally have taken excursions to more distant offices with a like result—failure. My husband suggests that I should erect a notice-board outside our house giving the announcement that "servants are waited upon daily by the mistress of this house," or else that I should set up a registry office on my own account. The fee in such places is of course the first thing, the servant the last. Once your money has been paid, a most polite lady, probably raised from the ranks of those she says she can supply, in the most confident tone says, "Will you sit down, madam? I am sure to suit you in a few minutes"—as though there were multitudes of servants only waiting command to enter your service; made, in fact, to order. I sit meekly down in a small room

amidst many ladies who are upon the same errand as myself, some of whom are working, darning, crewelling, others are reading or chatting, the source of the conversation always being servants and their ways. The first among the misérables in this room to attract my attention is a young married lady who expressed aloud her disgust at the servant she had just come from interviewing. "Cooks!" she said: "why, very few you can get now-a-days can cook a chop, and yet they are recommended as first-class cooks. I often have to go and cook a chop myself for my husband." I rather doubted her veracity, for she was then picking at a bun (everyone who goes in search of a servant should take something with them) with the most wax-like-looking fingers. Her hands were bejewelled with rings, and did not appear to have ever grasped a saucpan or a griddle. One never knows: she may have an epicure of a husband, who thinks more of his dinner than of his wife's pretty face and hands; there are such husbands, they say.

Tired of waiting, having failed to see even one suitable servant in two hours, I go to the registry office keeper and ask if she can give me some addresses of servants who want places, so that I may go and see them either at their rooms or in their situations. The registry woman seems to have a load taken off her mind and instantly complies, looking up her books, and giving me addresses of four or five young women who are on the look-out for places. I determined to seek out the first on my list, who was in service in Holland Park. As servants would not come to me, I, a mistress, had to go to them, for we cannot do without them at present, but when my family grows up—well, I shall certainly try to dispense with them. Holland Park was a long way off, and upon my enquiring at a splendid mansion if so-and-so lived there, I was answered by a French butler that in that house only French servants were kept, and there were

time who bore the name of the girl I was looking after. My mother taught me to early youth never to give up at the first refusal, and so from address to address upon my list, by omnibus, foot, and carriage, I went. I found one girl had decided to stay on with her present mistress. I suppose—*which* I find is often the case with my own servants—in sudden pique, she had put her name on the servants' registry books, but had never had the thought when she changed her mind to take her name off again. Some of the others I called upon had found situations and had likewise failed to inform the registry of their luck. This is one of the shameful things of registry offices—not one of the servants had thought it worth while to take their names off the books upon getting a new place, and goodness knows how many ladies had been in search of them and had been disappointed as I was. I know I felt—will, perhaps I had better not say how; but I could ill spare the time from my family, and was very tired, after some two hours' fruitless travelling. What pairs of adorned stockings those girls have unwittingly upon their consciences!

Of course I went again to the office next morning (for charwomen are expensive) and told the keeper it was disagreeable to send her customers all over London after *runaway* servants, and also to false addresses. To the first accusation she replied she was quite powerless to prevent it, and that the ladies were quite as thoughtless as the servants in not informing her when they were suited. Surely this kind of thing ought to be stopped, not only for the ladies' sake, but also for that of our tormentors."

Being once more told I "should be suited immediately," I go again into the dull waiting room, this time without fee. I notice a rather vulgar woman, who talks loudly. Presently she is the centre of attraction to all in the room, for the attendant upon the registry keeper comes in and addresses her in a forced voice, saying that Mrs. —, the registry keeper, refuses to suit her with a servant, because she is so hard to please, and this lady has her fee returned to her. The poor woman looked very red and confused, but, nevertheless, she took the returned money. I do not know if I do not envy this lady now, for I think of the fares I have paid to and from, and the searches for, servants' addresses, and never a servant forthcoming for all the worry, besides great waste of time.

Some of my readers may not know that there are three rooms in a registry office, one for ladies, another for

servants, and the third for private interviews between ladies and servants when engaging. When a servant arrives, this lady she is most likely to suit is given an interview with her.

Every lady takes her turn, and envious eyes turn upon the lady called to see "a young person." Presently I am the fortunate one called. I will not describe the servant, but she had a great objection to children, and as I possess five pretty well out of the nurse's arms, she will not do for me. It often strikes me with some wonder that so many young women have a great aversion to taking a situation where there are "encumbrances," as they call children. Do they all think that, when they marry, their houses will be childless, and everything in its place, spick and span? No boys and no love! However, it is hard to blame them when one receives answer such as I did once—"Please, ma'am, I am the eldest of nine, and I have had a sickener of them."

Gentlemen very seldom attend registry offices; in my experience I have only seen one. It did me good, for men as a rule turn up their noses superciliously at the tortures of the inferior (♂) sex, and this man at least got a lesson he will remember. I was literally charmed at his torture. He certainly was shown more favour and attention by the registry office keeper than the ladies received—at least, I know that he had more calls into the interviewing room to see "young persons." He eventually, poor creature, got quite dejected at not being able, among the many he saw, to select one person who would be likely to capably fill the vacancy in his establishment. Yet the spectacle was not without its comforting side.

There is one thing I particularly cry out against, and that is the unfair method of charging fees in registry offices. As it stands at present, I go to one office and pay one shilling (booking fee), and an extra two shillings and sixpence if I am suited. I call that fair. But I go to another and yet another office, and find I have to pay three shillings and sixpence, sometimes five shillings, whether I be suited or not. When I complain at these latter offices, the attendant says, "But we will suit you, madam." I do not doubt her honest endeavours to keep her word, therefore pay the money, but she cannot make servants, although one would believe so from her encouraging, confidential tone. I had my name on the books at three offices. I have been suited by one, and the other two offices have got my money for nothing. I think we ladies ought to have some re-arrangement here.



O^{ff} all I is by those ropes though at and misery and "The the sun sh are merry, its ever-v away. A Marx-Avel Unwin's ch to all—and better than seriously, a intellectual cannot ask they are a writing about is both poss

The sec in Northern two daught daughter of open sea, the noticed," say out there by is almost as There is the in their tho never bear t new. In th play, Mr. G which he say bred in the C season in th mainland see and trees. I could never variety of the believe nothin Oracles agai in his lovely

But this a Ellida is unde to whom she her because and indeed s sea itself. H Of dark night sunshiny days whales, and th on the rocks of the gulls, a I think—jen' things it seem

New Books.

OF all Ibsen's social dramas, "The Lady from the Sea" is by far the pleasantest. It is entirely free from those repulsive details that horrify us in "Ghosts," and though at times weird enough, it has none of the gloom and misery that oppress us so heavily in "A Doll's House" and "The Pillars of Society." The season is summer, the sun shines brilliantly, flowers abound, the young folk are merry, and hopeful of the future; and the sea, with its ever-varying moods of calm and storm, is never far away. An admirable English translation by Eleanor Marx-Aveling, forming the first volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's charming Cameo Series, makes the play accessible to all—and, in the opinion of many, Ibsen's plays read better than they act. He invariably makes us think seriously, and thus makes too great a demand on our intellectual faculties while we are in the theatre. We cannot ask the players to stop while we consider what they are saying; whereas, in reading the play, or in writing about it, as we propose doing now, such a course is both possible and useful.

The scene is laid in a small bathing-place on a fjord in Northern Norway. Doctor Wangel, a widower with two daughters, has taken for his second wife, Ellida, the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper. But she pines for the open sea, the nurse and home of her youth. "I haven't you noticed," says Wangel in Act IV., "that the people from out there by the open sea are, in a way, a people apart? It is almost as if they themselves lived the life of the sea. There is the rush of the waves, and ebb and flow too, both in their thoughts and in their feelings, and so they can never bear transplanting." In itself this motive is not new. In the introduction to the English version of the play, Mr. Gosse quotes a letter from Sir Walter Scott in which he says, "A very intelligent young lady, born and bred in the Orkney Islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighbourhood, told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless, that she could never help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone, and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the wind-swept Orkneys again." Swinburne treats of the same subject in his lovely poem, "Les Casquettes."

But this alone would be too simple a motive for Ibsen. Ellida is under a curious spell, cast over her by a sailor to whom she was formerly engaged. He had attracted her because he always spoke to her about the sea, and indeed seemed to her a very embodiment of the sea itself. He spoke, she says, "about storms and calm. Of dark nights at sea. And of the sea in the glittering sunshiny days we spoke also. But we spoke most of the whales, and the dolphins, and the seals who lie out there on the rocks in the mid-day sun. And then we spoke of the gulls, and the eagles, and all the other sea-birds. I think— isn't it wonderful!—when we talked of such things it seemed to me as if both the sea-beasts and sea-

birds were one with him." But when it is discovered that he has murdered the captain of his ship, Ellida breaks her engagement. The man, however, insists on a last interview. It takes place on a headland stretching far out to sea, and there he confesses the murder, and at the same time, says Ellida, "took from his pocket a key-ring, and drew a ring that he always wore from his finger, and he took a small ring I had. These two he put on the key-ring. And then he said we should wed ourselves to the sea . . . and with that he threw the key-ring, and our rings, with all his might, as far as he could into the deep."

All through her married life with Wangel, Ellida has never felt free from this man's influence, "the horror that comes from the strange man . . . a horror so terrible—such as only the sea could hold," and is always imagining she sees him alive in front of her. He had allowed it to be supposed that he had drowned himself. But he had really escaped to America, and one day he appears at Doctor Wangel's house to claim Ellida for his own, to take her away with him in fulfilment of the old sea-marriage he had made with her long ago. She declares, however, that she will have nothing more to do with him, and says Wangel to him, "You surely do not imagine you can take her from me by force, against her own will?" "No," replies the stranger, "if Ellida wishes to be with me she must come freely." He goes on to say that he will come once again—on the morrow, and then Ellida must choose between her husband and him; he will settle the matter with her alone. She is now fully under his curious influence, and imploringly asks her husband to save her from herself, the temptation is so great, "the man is like the sea." In the same strange mood, she tells her husband that her marriage with him has been no marriage, and demands that he shall set her free. "Yes!" she says, "I must be free to choose—to choose for either side. I must be able to let him go away—alone—or to go with him."

Wangel naturally refuses this request, but decides to take her back to her old home at the lighthouse, and live with her there for a while. When he tells the plan to his daughters, the younger girl, Hilde, who has always, but vainly, longed for her stepmother's love, shows much emotion, and Ellida asks an explanation from the elder sister, Bolette, who tells how ever since Ellida came into the house, Hilde has been hungering for one loving word from her. "Oh!" says Ellida, "if there should be something for me to do here!" Something in the young girl's emotion strikes a better chord in Ellida's nature. In Act V., the stranger comes to learn Ellida's final decision. Wangel, who makes a third at the interview, says to the stranger, "My wife has no choice here. I am here both to choose for her and defend her." "You can indeed keep me here!" replies the wife. "You have the means and the power to do it. But my mind—all my

thoughts, all the images and desires of my soul—these you cannot find!" Thus, with supreme courage born of wise judgment, Wanda gives her the freedom she desired. "Now," says he, "you can choose your own path in perfect—perfect freedom." Elida's surprise is great to learn that he is able to do this through his great love for her. Touched by his generosity, owing how responsibility changes everything she tells the stranger: "I shall never go with you after this," and to her husband's very natural inquiry *where came the change*, she replies: "Oh! don't you understand that the change came—was *handed to come when I could choose to freedom!*" And so all ends happily.

This play then, like most of the others written by Ibsen, illustrates his theory of the individual to act independently—a wife from her husband, women from men. The theory would be dangerous if applied to common life. It suits some individuals and particular circumstances. In this play, the catastrophe is averted by the husband's splendid courage; but ordinarily this quality would probably have been lacking, and the husband would have been left lonely. As a matter of fact no individual can act without reference to those who surround him. As a general rule we may rest assured that if we do our duty to our fellows, we shall most certainly be doing our duty to ourselves.

Still, women must always be grateful to Ibsen for the manner in which he puts before the public the claims of their sex for a fuller life. The character of the girl Bolette is for this reason interesting. She feels stifled in her small village home. "One wants," she complains, "to know something about the world. For here we live so completely outside all that's going on—or almost . . . I think we live very much as the carp down there in the pond. They have the fjord so near them, where the shoals of wild fishes pass in and out. But the poor tame house-fishes know nothing, and they can take no part in that." She longs to get away to learn more, "to really know something about everything." Deliverance comes to her in the shape of her old tutor, who offers to make her his wife, and to give her knowledge of the world and its ways; she is to vegetate no longer, but to live. She is the most rational and charming character in the play, and takes a place among Ibsen's delightful creations of girls.

Perhaps the play pleases us the more because it is less realistic than many of Ibsen's productions. Realism is not art, and art is not realism. In a work of art, a drama, or a picture, we are less concerned with life as it is than with life as it is conceived by the artist who is representing it to us. After all, Shakespeare is our only true realist, for his characters are so like real men and women that we constantly find ourselves discussing them and their motives in the same manner as we do the people with whom we are brought in contact as we fare through life.

THERE is no more accomplished writer of books for the young than Mrs. Molesworth. In "The Rectory

Children" (Macmillan and Co.) she is scarcely at her best, yet the story contains many true touches, and proves that the author has no rival in the portrayal of a child. The subject of her most recently published story is one which it is difficult to treat with simplicity. The healthy-minded child cannot be expected to understand the question of "caste." That the master's children should place themselves on friendly terms with the book-seller's little girl in a small country town need suggest neither condescension on the one side nor servility on the other. But Mrs. Molesworth has generally handled her subject with tact, and has introduced many pleasant incidents and several excellent sketches of character. There is nothing to be said in praise of Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations, which are neither well drawn nor agreeable in conception.

MR. ROSCOE MULLINS' "Primer of Sculpture" should be useful to all who take even a remote interest in the art of Phidias and Donatello. To the serious student of sculpture it will no doubt prove of practical service, for, in addition to many general hints, Mr. Mullins supplies much information as to where and how the materials of the sculptor's craft may be obtained, what tools are necessary, and how the studio should be lighted and arranged. Though he has spared no pains to explain the "roughing" and carving of marble, he has dismissed in a few words the interesting subject of bronze-casting, on the ground that it belongs rather to science and mechanism than to art. This, of course, is true, but the question is one of the utmost importance to sculptors, who should at least be familiar with the methods by which their works are reproduced. Mr. Mullins' silence on the point is the more to be regretted because of late years an attempt has been made to introduce the "lost wax" process into England, and we should have been glad to have heard something of its superiority to the old-fashioned sand-mould process. The "Primer of Sculpture" is excellently illustrated, and it contains not a little of sound criticism. It may safely be commended to artists and amateurs alike.

YET another art magazine is upon us. It is called the *Art Decorator*, and is published by the Electrotype Company. The first number contains a preface by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, who explains that the *Art Decorator* is an English edition of the German *Dekorative Vorbilder*. The designs presented to us in the first number do not augur well for the success of the enterprise. The Germans can scarcely claim to be the most artistic nation in the world, and it would be astonishing if they selected their illustrations with discretion. We cannot see that the drawing of a "Bramble" has the slightest claim to be called decorative; and of the allegorical designs entitled "Music" and "Painting," the best that can be said is that they are Teutonic.

It has occurred to me, according to the monism ap-

the impression John Taylor's succession to the white-haired kindly countess to be seen in quaint city, as he called his Palace," built With more organising power Taylor was a land half a century the last, true

The Disintegration of Mormonism.

It has occurred to me that some incidents of my three years' residence in Salt Lake City may be worth recording, to show the different aspect under which Mormonism appears to the foreign resident, as distinct from

and German. There has been no call for a second edition of this translation of the Mormon Bible, nor is there likely to be, for a more commonplace, prosy, illogical composition I have never read. It records the history



SALT LAKE CITY.

(From a Photograph by C. R. Savage, Salt Lake City.)

the impressions of the passing traveller. At that time John Taylor was President of the Mormon Church, in succession to Brigham Young; and the tall figure of the white-haired old man, over seventy years of age, of kindly countenance and plain homely features, was often to be seen walking openly in the bright streets of his quaint city, or entering the gates of his "Gardo House," as he called his presidential residence—once the "Amelia Palace," built by Brigham Young for his favourite wife. With more education and geniality, but with less organising power than his astute predecessor in office, John Taylor was a man of the people, who emigrated from England half a century ago. He was the first, and may well be the last, translator of the Book of Mormon into French

of a mythical people's wanderings, troubles, and battles; one leader of the tribe, called Mormon, originating the name of the sect.

As one of the twelve Apostles of Mormonism, Taylor had already made his mark in its history, and his election was a foregone conclusion with Young's intimates, who knew his great ascendancy over the mind of the unscrupulous "First Man from God." Taylor had four wives at one time, three of whom were living at the time of his election. His chief colleague was George Q. Cannon, the ambitious and arrogant Mormon lawyer, who, though an open polygamist, scandalised the moral world by keeping his seat in Congress. These two men practically controlled the colossal fortune bequeathed by Young, as well

as the affairs, both home and foreign, of the sect which now owns over 300,000 followers, distributed not only over America, but in some of our colonies. The close of the President's ten years of office found him no longer in the security of his capital, defying his country's laws, but in ignominious hiding with Cannon from threatened prosecution, far from Utah. This fact is very significant of the change which has lately come to the fortunes of his followers, owing to steadily strengthening processes of disintegration not far to seek. I have elsewhere attempted to deal with Mormonism as the history of a fanatical sect, so I would now only briefly consider its weakness as a social and political organisation, justifying my conviction that it is a disappointed, decaying one.

"I will cram polygamy down the throats of these Congressmen," vowed the vulgar old "Prophet" and "First President," and this tersely expressed intention he bequeathed to Taylor and Cannon.

Intelligent Mormons knew well towards the close of Young's long reign that their only hope of continued success as a rebellious polity was in political combination. Not one-fifth of them were polygamists, and as a spiritual hierarchy their internal power was, and is, being weakened by dissension and discontent. The recalcitrant party of the Josephites, disavowing their chief tenets, drew an ever-increasing number into their reforming ranks, and they are now strong enough to number over 20,000, to build their own chapels, and elect their own leaders. I have heard a Josephite preacher in Salt Lake City adjure his brethren "not to fall into the errors of immortality of the parent society," and this unrebuked within a mile of that worthy parent's great Tabernacle!

Utah is not yet admitted into the privileges of State Union, nor will a far-seeing American Government hasten a political consummation so devoutly desired by the 120,000 of its 200,000 natives. Irritated by this wary thwarting of their chief political aim, more open disloyalty is now a marked feature in Mormonland. Hence arose that strange violent turbulence of resentful feeling, which culminated in an open insult to the stars and stripes banners in the chief Mormon cities. The malcontents also shot at and severely wounded, in their last *encounter* in Salt Lake City, a United States Marshal. They damaged their own cause by these rash acts of disloyalty, which must be considered as strong arguments against tolerance equally by a Republican and a Democratic Government. Their submission to an ignorant scheming priesthood vested with secular power is of the blindest description; the oath of vengeance taken by every true Mormon against the Government for the execution of certain of the Mountain Meadow murderers, is an old proclamation of defiance; and the seditious language of the sermons delivered at the great Tabernacle on Sunday afternoons keeps up this defiant vengeful spirit. I have heard a popular Apostle exhort a crowded Tabernacle congregation in the Annual Conference week to "remember that they had their own laws to mind and obey, and need not to trouble about *any* Government laws—made for Gentiles, and not for the Lord's own people," with many bold and startling, as also ungrammatical, amplifications of the text.

I sat so as to command a view of the listeners, rather than of the long lean speaker, who waved his arms excitedly in front of the gigantic organ, as he stood on the platform in the midst of a semicircle of seventy elders. The men gave a fixed attention to his most violent tirades, and at all covert incitements to armed resistance to the law their usually good-humoured faces wore a lowering, threatening scowl, and their sympathy was unmistakable.

The poor women's faces, however, preserved the same down-trodden dull look habitual to the Mormon wife. Unable to resist the terrible and degrading tyranny of the priestly laws in their ruined homes, they were not likely to be much interested in stirring appeals to despise and defy a Government which upheld the majesty and dignity of monogamic marriage laws. Poor souls! They had long since repented *their* part in such rebellion for it is, after all, the women and the children who are the real sufferers from the system enforced on their homes. True happiness is an impossibility to them, and their privilege of woman's suffrage in Utah is but a mockery of their fate, used only to give more political power to their husbands. If any doubt this assertion, it may be verified by the stories of the many deserted, heart-broken wives and neglected children whose wrongs and woes must be confided to the mission clergy who relieve them, and be thoroughly investigated before such relief can be given. I have known, and met, many such poor miserable little ones, and their wretched condition on entering the St. Mark's mission schools tells their story and that of their mothers too plainly. A pitiful yet avenging Nature has written it in every line of their marred features, in every crooked limb of their ill-fed, stunted bodies. The amazed tourist through Mormonland sees nothing of this, because he seldom inquires the truth of the right people—the mission visitors, who have access to the most poverty-stricken homes of their unhappy Mormon sisters. Yet a call on the courteous Bishop of the American Episcopal Church at St. Mark's Rectory, Salt Lake City, would better explain Mormonism as it really is for its enslaved women than the sight of its thriving cities and villages can do.

It is certainly the fact that the Mormon's political views are entirely retrograde, and the strong spirit of anti-reform in their midst constitutes a political paradox in the advanced Western America of the nineteenth century.

I think I must have seen at their best whatever remnants of true loyalty and patriotism remained on the occasion of the General Garfield funeral demonstrations in Salt Lake City. The mourning (outwardly evinced by elaborate black and white drapery through all the streets) was genuine enough, and the general grief elevated all citizens of the "New Zion," for a time at least, above sect prejudice or party feeling, drawing numbers into the crowded aisles of the Episcopal Cathedral in the midst of the city, so that its granite walls, surmounted with gilt crosses, had never before shadowed a more thoroughly national demonstration. The music of the superb organ pealed forth its solemn wail over the bent heads of Mormons and

Gentiles, with the Bishop's bells, on the sad new the still air gardens to silence. A English sym wreaths and given the p corations, a of the Min most popul

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Gentiles, who, for once in Mormondom, received together the Bishop's benediction. As Mormon ritual forbids bells, only those of the Episcopal Cathedral tolled out the sad news the night before, and their deep thro' in the still air had then brought out many people into their gardens to listen, as we did in ours, in sympathetic silence. Americans generally were then deeply touched by English sympathy. I remember that our immense white wreaths and General Garfield's monogram were gracefully given the places of honour in the Cathedral's chancel decorations, and were afterwards taken to hang on the walls of the Miners' Hospital, which was one of the mission's most popular charitable ventures. I went in mourn-

not now dreamt of in the philosophy of the European traveller. As I write, there lies before me the twenty-first report of St. Mark's Mission Schools, and it proves that in Salt Lake City they have now an established reputation and a firm hold on the community; many scholars having recently graduated brilliantly from the classical department and then passed on to fresh honours in eastern colleges; these scholars, be it noted, being, many of them, reclaimed Mormons. And this educational movement has received a fresh impetus from the establishment of a well-chosen library of standard literature and works of science near the Mormon schools. The help sent from friends in England to this educa-



EAGLE GATE, AND BEEHIVE HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.

(From a Photograph by C. R. Savage.)

ing dress, supposing that would be the rule with other residents, but was surprised to find, when I took my usual seat with the sopranos in the mixed choir, that the gay colours around me made this an embarrassingly prominent mark of respect.

I may here add that the services of this Cathedral, and of its chapel of ease, St. Paul's, are among the strongest disintegrating processes at work, not only in Salt Lake City, but throughout Utah, where the imposing Episcopal ritual is an influence which is deeply felt. An early Sunday Celebration Service in the heart of Mormondom is a striking evidence, not only of Christian zeal and faith, but of the increasing laxity of the rule of the Mormon Church, which is now powerless even to raise popular opinion (as it long endeavoured to do) against the daring missionaries, who, with their stalwart Bishop at their head, for over twenty-three years have held their own, and gained ground, throughout the territory. If visitors to Salt Lake City would but inspect the mission buildings instead of devoting *all* their time to Mormon curiosities, they would be liberally enlightened about many things

tional mission in Salt Lake City was touchingly appreciated. Its little London Christ Church scholarship, lately established in St. Mark's School, by the timely and liberal help of the Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate (Rev. C. J. Ridgeway), aided by the generous donation of the Countess of Menth, and other kind friends, now educates a clever little English girl, one of a rescued Mormon family of eleven children. Very pretty letters of affectionate thanks for the children's Service Offertories at Christ Church, which contribute to this scholarship fund, have been received from this promising pupil, who is now a member of the Salt Lake City's flourishing branch of the Ministering Children's League, by way of bringing her nearer to her little friends and well-wishers of the Lancaster Gate branch of the League. Were such scholarships as these to be multiplied, their simple but deeply felt agency would do more to help to break up Mormonism in Utah than the military protective force of Fort Douglas can ever do.

Rumours have been afloat that the Mormons may finally be driven by staunch opposition to migrate from

America in New Zealand or to New Mexico. Were the emigration of proselytes from Europe, at the rate of between 2,000 and 3,000 a year, to decrease, there would be little swelling of the ranks of the sect from home-adhesion. The leaders would not then feel impelled by the desire of foreign prestige to keep up the most fanatical of their tenets, and the worst evils of Mormonism would die a sudden death. In the over-crowded state of our home population, it is not surprising that advocates of this emigration rise up, though perhaps such are

easy geniality and keen sense of humour, naturally forms highly favourable ideas of them, scarcely realised by their nearest relatives. They thoroughly enjoy a joke or a holiday, and as Livingstone said that on his travels he was "never afraid of a man with a hearty laugh," this excellent point in them removes much distrust. I met few with any deep-rooted *esprit de corps* in them as to their religion, but they are generally credited with a readiness to fight to a man for their existence as a separate social community and for what they call freedom,



unaware of the dire conditions of poverty, disease, dirt, to which these deluded emigrants are soon reduced, they being mostly of the lowest classes at home, unable and unwilling to make any effort to prevent their state being made far worse, all round, than it was in the Old World.

Admirers of the Mormons say much of the wonderful way in which these people have transformed barren wildernesses into fertile lands, and what they say is true. But they invariably ignore the fact that far more has been done under equally adverse conditions by the first pioneers and settlers of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, without the damaging hindrance of a bigoted sectarian clique, the degrading example of a low standard of respect for womanhood, the enervating influence of rebellion against the country's laws, and of an ignorant neglect of sanitary and hygienic science. But that Mormons are shrewd, hard-working, industrious, none can deny, and the emblem of the bee over their public buildings is an apt one. Their avowedly low standard of morality makes their homes mostly unhappy, but the stranger who knows them only from outside, judging from their free and

that is, the right to place their own laws above State laws.

The children are, in Utah, mostly under-sized, and of unwholesome complexions and unpleasant manners, the exceptions, and I knew some charming ones, being notably in the families of non-polygamous, well-to-do Mormons. The language of the poorest of them at play in the streets reminded me forcibly of that of our little neglected London waifs.

One of the Mormon boasts of freedom in Utah is in the prevalence of the ballot system, but here the ballots are numbered, and the numbers placed against each voter's name, and it has truly been said that "the knowledge this gives a crafty priesthood, who see the published ticket, is grossly misused by them."

Their chief city is built within a dozen miles of one of the world's seven wonders—the great Salt Lake, without visible outlet, whose marvellously beautiful cobalt-coloured waters, guarded by a grand mountain range, contain twenty per cent. of salt in their hundred miles of length. In the bathing season the Mormons

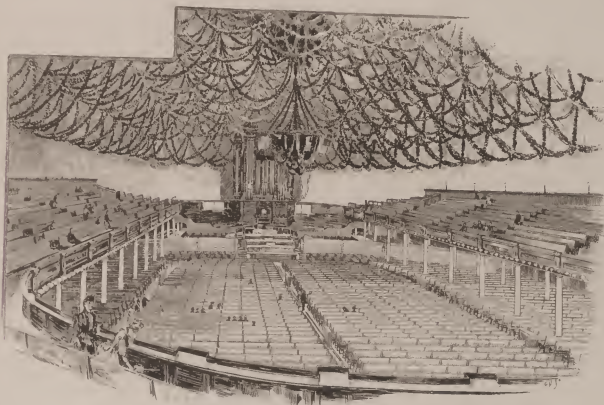
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and visitors enliven these quiet shores, as in good humoured crowds they fill the open cars from the city, alighting and rushing quickly to the long row of ugly, stationary, bathing-boxes, as quickly emerging thence in bright-coloured bathing-suits, complete even to straw hats and shoes. They walk up to their necks into the warm placid water, dipping their heads first into a pail of it placed in each box, for it is dangerous to take headers into such a lake. They dip, dance, float, with keen enjoyment, and here I saw the citizens at their happiest. No divisions of creed, politics, or nation separate them, as in the dusty city. I have seen the mission clergy and Mormon elders, foreign mining officials and native store-keepers, men, women, children, mix freely together, the great lake being *pro tem* a reconciling factor of kindly Nature in Mormonland. When night falls, its shores are deserted, the mountain's brown and grey tints give place

cents payment, for he is a "dead-head." We pass the huge, ugly theatre, from whose stage, the story goes, the *Lady of Lyons* was hissed off because there was "only one Porline in the stupid old Yourope story." Mormons dearly love theatricals and dancing, but they must be of *their* style, not ours. Then alighting, and turning up a hilly street, we are shown an old house with three doors in a row, which is in itself a sermon on Mormonism. The first door is old, unpainted, with neither knocker nor door-mat: here dwelt once the old wife of an elder; the second is in better condition as to paint and repairs, but also lacks bell and knocker: it is the home of the second wife; the third door is painted a smart colour, has a bright brass bell and a neat mat: here dwelt the third wife. A photograph of those three doors would probably, if shown in England, deter many a foolish milliner and deluded servant-girl from



INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

(From a Photograph by C. R. Savage.)

to a splendid purple, and the wonderful beauty of a Utah night is revealed, a perfect picture, in the rhythmical curves of these lovely snow-crowned hills. Then you must indeed "look through, not at," the wide clear expanse of sky over the great lake, and few who have seen can forget its strange beauty.

In the day-time, in the mule tram-cars which pass every hour up and down the city's straight streets with a lively jingle of bells, one gets characteristic glimpses of the Mormons in their every-day working life, as the cars jog slowly down the pretty boulevards. Opposite me would sit a so-called "Bishop" or "Apostle" in rough working clothes, his wide hat, placed squarely on his close-cropped head, shading his keen observant eyes. He gets in with a nod to the conductor in place of ten

listening to the fascinating missionary elders, some twenty of whom are now pervading the British Isles, persuading silly women to go out as their wives, second, third, or fourth, to dwell in the city of the saints. There are many other quaint and interesting things to see in the city of Zion, but time fails to tell of them now. Such signs of coming disintegration as I have seen probably make little difference to the bright, busy outward aspect of life in Salt Lake City, either in the healthy winter months or in the long, hot summer days, when the constant stream of foreign visitors who pass through on the way to California must be counted as one of the influences by which outside criticism is hastening either another complete exodus of the sect or a civil war. One or other of these issues is inevitable.

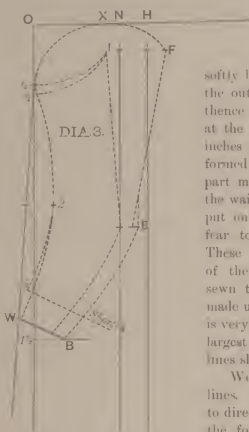
BLANCHE MEDHURST.

Amateur Dressmaking. III.

COMING now to the under-sleeve, and still referring to Diagram 3, proceed to put a line down from the square line 2 inches inside H towards O. Mark N. Go down N 2 inches and then put a dot 1 inch inside it. From I to 1 draw a slight blue curve for the top of the under-sleeve, then go from the 1 to the H line by the elbow measure, which is the same as from F to E. The easiest way is to put a mark on the N line opposite the E and draw a blue line to it from 1. Then from B go 1 inch up the wrist-line and put a dot, after which make a blue curve from the elbow to this dot. Do not put any round on the elbow of the under-sleeve—it is only needed on the upper. Sleeves are now generally shortened 2 inches, seldom more than 3 inches; but whatever amount you decide to take off measure up from W and B respectively, and take it off to the same slant as the wrist-line. My students generally shorten 2 inches and do it by laying the closed square, which is then 2 inches wide, level with the wrist line, and then on the other side of it drawing the shortening line dotted in on the diagram. Now turn your attention to the inside curve. Take your blue pencil and with it go over the curve from 2 to W, which you will understand is to make it clear to you that this portion of the inside curve belongs to the under-sleeve. Then on the shortening line dot half an inch out from the blue curve, and to the dot make a new piece of red curve from 2. The red curve from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ will now belong to the upper sleeve, and the same curve from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2, but thence on the blue line to the shortening, belongs to the under-sleeve.

Now, of all the troubles that beset the home dress-maker, and their name is legion, there are none more difficult to deal with than one which occurs in the sleeve. This trouble is a nasty wrinkling across the top of the inner sleeve, just below $\frac{1}{2}$. It most frequently troubles ladies with slight, thin-busted figures, who carry the shoulder-points forward, and is so annoying that I give here the best plan of dealing with it. From $\frac{1}{2}$ measure down the coloured curve $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch (see $\frac{3}{4}$ on diagram), and from it dot in a new top to the under-sleeve, graduating it into the old one, however, at the top of the back seam as shown. The only alteration needed in the upper sleeve when this is done is to bring the curve down to the $\frac{3}{4}$, as my dots show, instead of leaving it to end at $\frac{1}{2}$. I have never found this alteration fail. People of this thin type of figure carry the shoulders

more forward, and consequently narrow the chest than erect ones, and as a result the arm is more bent when in repose, and wants less length in the inside seam. I should advise beginners to put this alteration line in their draftings as well as the proper sleeve-lines. Should the sleeves wrinkle when tacked in, the alteration will then be there ready for use, and they will also be able to use it in future dresses.



You will notice that each piece is large at the level of the bust, but goes in small to the waist, from which, however, it spreads out large again below. As the hips are larger in most cases than the bust, the pieces have to spring out larger below the waist than they do above, and for this reason some of the lower lines must be made to overlie the others. For instance, the finish of the front spring-line (F, Diagram 4) must overlie the lower lines of the square side-piece, and both the lower lines of the curved side-piece (L and L) must cross, the one over the back of the other, over the square side-piece also. To complete these lower lines refer to Diagram 5. To finish the front, take a blue pencil, and come down the armhole from the end of the shoulder to the $\frac{1}{2}$ line, and on to the waist. Below the waist, measure down the black lead line 7 inches in pencil and put a mark. From the mark measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch out towards the back, and to it draw, in blue, a soft, slightly curved line from the waist. This will give you the F spring-line of the front shown on Diagram 4. To give the curve of a pointed bodice to the front, go 3 inches down the F line from the waist

Returning to the bodice pattern, our next care is to complete the darts. The central lines are already drawn; the outside lines are drawn

softly by the hand from the dart-line to the outside dots on the waist, and from thence are ruled with the square to meet at the central line, on the cross-line, 10 inches below the waist. Each dart is formed in the same manner, but the top part may be ruled from the dart line to the waist, and then a little soft rounding put on afterwards with the hand if you fear to venture forming them at once. These outside lines are the fitting-lines of the darts, the lines which should be sewn together when the dress is being made up; so be careful that the rounding is very slight, as the waist should be the largest part of the darts, and the round lines should not bulge over above it.

We must now complete the lower lines. Before doing this, I would like to direct your attention to the shapes of the four pieces of the dress-bodice as shown by the firm lines of Diagram 4.

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and 6 or 7 inches down the front bowed line from the X at the waist, and draw a slightly incurved line across from one to the other. This is dotted in on Diagram 5. The dress should be cut a little longer in front than you desire it to be when it is completed, as the darts are open in the pattern, but when they are closed the quantity taken up in them alters the run of this curve, and compels you, unless you have large turnings or make this allowance, to finish off the point of the bodice about an inch shorter than the original lines.

To finish the curved side-piece, first draw, in blue, with your square, from the waist of the curve to the X at the bottom

of the square back line. Then with the hand a soft, slightly curved blue line from C at the waist to the two stars at the bottom of the H line. The curve for the pointed bodice on this piece is obtained by going 5 inches down the L line nearest the back, and 3 inches down the one nearest the square, and then drawing a

slightly curved line between them with blue. With these lines the foundation pattern drafting is finished, always remembering that trifling variations will improve the style and comfort of the dress for full-busted, hollow-backed, or thick-waisted figures. As I have previously stated, the one *shape* of pattern, even if the *sizes* differ, cannot be expected to fit every different shape of woman equally well. We will, however, go forward with the making of the ordinary bodice, leaving the variations to be dealt with later on.

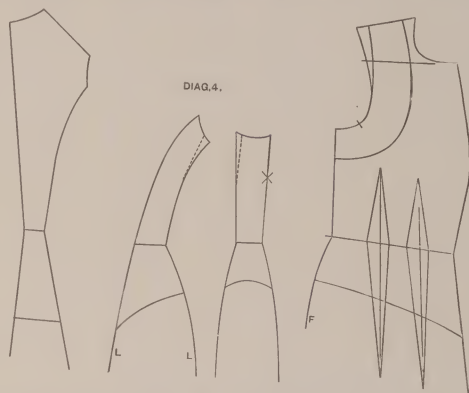
The first thing to do is to divide up the pattern, using the tracing-wheel for this purpose, and as each piece has been carefully marked out in colour, overlapping lines and all, this should present but little difficulty. Trace out the red square side-piece on a sheet of paper placed below it, under the drafting; then move it a little, and trace out the blue curved side-piece. Pencil the wheel-marks over that you may see the outline distinctly, and then cut out each piece with an allowance all round (outside the outline) of an inch for turnings. Do not omit the waist-line in either piece. You may, if you prefer, wheel out the back and front also; but it is not necessary, as if the two side-pieces have been traced it is easy enough to cut up the drafting for the other two pieces. Respecting the management of the wheel, I

would like to offer a few words of caution. Wheel slowly, don't hurry over it, but go steadily along with a "backward and forward" movement of the hand, that the perforations may be clear and distinct below. In wheeling out the waist-line be sure not to put the wheel down above it, and in wheeling out the other lines try to remember that the waist is the smallest part of the pattern, as in tracing the line there is always the inclination to turn the wheel before arriving at the waist, and so make the pieces both slack and short-waisted. I have to watch new beginners very sharply in this respect, as careless workers will increase

the waist-size of a dress 3 or 4 inches by this one thing only. In tracing each piece, it is safest to begin with the waist-line first, then go across the bottom line, then come up the spring-lines (such as the F line or the L lines on Diagram 4), up to the waist; but do not continue to the top of the seam in one run. At the waist stop, and raise the wheel;

then put it down again *inside* the fitting-line, and continue on to the end of the seam. This plan ensures the waist coming out the right size. At all other parts the tracing should be on the fitting-lines themselves, neither inside nor outside, and my only reason for lifting the wheel at the waist is to prevent the turning putting $\frac{1}{4}$ inch on at every seam. When you have separated them, lay the four pieces together, and see if they are the same shape as those on Diagram 4. This shows which lines it is necessary to trace out.

You will observe in Diagram 4 the lines for the wadding, which most figures require to fill the hollows of the front shoulders. To get the wadding-line, measure 1 inch from the lowered neck-curve down the front shoulder, and 2 inches down the side seam (from the armhole), and draw a curve between them; then come about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch up from the other end of the shoulder, and from it curve down into the armhole curve itself, running into it at the chest-level. Divide up the sleeve pattern also according to the coloured lines, wheeling out the upper sleeve and cutting up the drafting for the under sleeve. Cut off both to the shortening-line, but allow turnings below it, and (if you like the sleeve-tops set in very full) raise the curve of the sleeve-head $\frac{1}{2}$ inch or even an inch above the top straight line in your drafting, instead of drafting just to



4. Allow an inch of turning all round your sleeve pattern, and do not omit to mark the elbow. Next arrange the pattern on the lining, and pin each piece down in place previously to cutting out—2 yards of good satin-finished bodice lining is generally required for an ordinary bodice, but some very small figures can manage with 1½ yard; lining is always sold doubled. On this lay the pieces with all the waist-lines except that of the front, straight across the thread of the stuff; that of the front should be allowed to take its natural slope. The front itself should be laid about 2 inches in from the selvedge of the lining, and, in cutting out, the front should not be shaped, but the selvedge left just as it is. With this exception cut out each piece with a fair inch of turnings out side each outline, making, of course, whatever difference is required for the back of the bodice.

Fanciful fronts are legion, and when I come to ones I will give some rules; but for the time go on with the plain bodice. After cutting out all the pieces, wheel out the outlines through the paper pattern to the doubled lining, marking the two at once. Mark all the waist lines, the darts, and wadding-lines, and notice on Diagram 4 a little X on the front side of the square side-piece, which shows which side of it joins on to the front. Always put some mark to indicate this when you are dividing up the pattern, as the square piece has very little difference in shape to determine this by if you get confused, but still, the confusion may cause a difficulty if not an eventual profit. Next cut out the material. This, like the lining, should always be doubled, as it enables you to cut the two pieces at once, and saves you from the chance of cutting two pieces for the one side of the dress. If the material you are cutting is double width, so much the better, as it is already folded face to face; but if it is single width, fold it face to face, and cut it double.

I would not advise an amateur to begin on a stripe or plaid, and a velvet is difficult in several respects. The best thing is a plain self-coloured serge or cloth, where there is no pattern or pile to perplex you and complicate matters. Lay the pieces of lining out on the stuff, and cut them out round the lining. In laying a pattern in lining or material, you must be careful to place the lengthways of each piece with the selvedge. In other words, do not lay the length of any piece across the lining or stuff. On the material it is also much the best not to lay any piece upside down; always try, if possible, to keep the top end of each piece to the one end of the cloth, or you may chance to have one piece of your dress seen differently to the others when it is in wear, which would not please you at all. This rule is not so imperative with

the lining, but is best considered whenever it is possible to do so.

The next step is the pairing of the pieces. Take each piece of the pattern, with the two pieces of the lining, and the two pieces of material which are now attached to it, and separate them. Lay the two pieces of the cloth *face down* on the table, and on each put its own proper piece of lining, *face up*. This is worth taking some care about, as beginners, for lack of experience here,

very often prepare both sets of lining and stuff for one side of the body, with the annoying result that they have to undo and do again a full half of their work.

After pairing the next step is to wool the fronts. For this use good cotton-wool; the best quality is the most satisfactory. White should be used for very light dresses, and black or slate for dark ones. The darker wool is never so good in quality as the white, so with them a little more may be heaped on. Take a length of cotton-wool and open it fully, so that you have wool at one side and the skin at the other, and from it cut a piece the size and shape of the wadding-space on the pattern. Lay the skin side down on the lining, and (from the right side)

secure it down with minute stitches put about an inch and a half apart. These should be what are called catch stitches, that is to say, put the needle through the same place two or three times (of course, through both the lining and the skin of the wool), and then fasten off and break off the cotton. This stitching will prevent the wadding moving as, to the amazement of the beholder, it sometimes does in home-made dresses where this precaution has been neglected. Then take a small pair of scissors, and hold the ends of the blades about half an inch apart, and with them (so held) trim away the edge of the wadding all round the wadding-lines, picking the top away and leaving nothing but the skin round that part which runs by the armhole, and pulling and fluffing it softly down at the other parts, not to leave a hard ridge to show when the dress is in wear.

On the front on Diagram 4 will be seen a little line running across level with the front of the neck. From about that distance up begin also to thin the wool away to the shoulder seam, so that it may not show full and thick on the top of the shoulder. In figures which are very hollow down the centre of the shoulder, two or even three thicknesses of wool may be used with advantage, but each successive layer should be shorter and narrower than the last, and should be "skinned," and then laid on and thinned down into the other with the half-opened scissors pointed.

J. E. DAVIS.

(To be continued.)



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Notes and Comments.

THE revival of interest in the dress reform question is evidenced by the circumstance that the Rational Dress Society holds another meeting at the end of January, "by invitation only," to which doctors of both sexes are to be admitted.

It is an utter impossibility to do anything like justice in a few notes to the many and diverse interests of the Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery. The Holbein portraits alone are a study in themselves, and include the intensely fascinating collection of the great portrait-painter's chalk studies lent by the Queen, as well as all the best examples of his art from the Royal galleries and from the collections of the Earl of Yarborough, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Manchester, and several of the colleges, both of Oxford and Cambridge. Some of his pictures which are simply known by repute or tradition to the general world are here, such, for example, as the one of "Henry VIII. granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company," which bargain-loving old Samuel Pepys tried to purchase for £200 when he learnt that it was worth £1,000; the life-size portrait of Henry, belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge; and the uncompromisingly ugly picture of Anne of Cleves, formerly in the possession of the Sardinian Royal Family, and now belonging to Miss Morrison. There are comparatively few female portraits extant by Holbein, but one of the most important he ever painted is here, the simply fascinating one of Christina, Duchess of Milan, and mother of Charles II. of Lorraine. Henry VIII. tried to make her Jane Seymour's successor in his fickle affections, and she is the witty dame who replied that "she had but one head: if she had two, one should have been at his Majesty's service."

THE Elizabethan portraits are interesting as history, but less so artistically. Lord de l'Isle and Dudley lends Marc Gheeraets' study of Lady Mary Sydney, "Penbroke's Mother," and there are several originals and copies of Zuecher's portraits of the "Virgin Queen" herself. Lady Burdett-Coutts lends the famous "Fenton Portrait" of Shakespeare, and one of Ben Jonson; but the two most touching of the Elizabethan exhibits are the tiny set of baby-clothes worked by the Princess Elizabeth for her sister, and the Essex Ring. Froude has told the story of how poor Mary prepared for the great event, even to having the cradle ready; how the nation made preparation for great rejoicing, and how the bitter disappointment that caused the pathetic little relics to be unneeded and unused was another sorrow in the austere gloomy life into which so little that was sweet or sympathetic entered. The story of misplaced trust, of broken faith, of unavailing queasily remorse crystallised in the sardonyx ring is one of the best known in history; but one cannot help feeling moved in looking upon the little circlet upon which so much sorrow is focussed.

BUT one wanders on, looking at miniatures, at books, at coins, at manuscripts, with a sensation that to know something about one-third of the exhibits would be a liberal education in one great period at least of our history. The plate section is exceptionally

interesting. One of the most striking examples is the celebrated "Grace cup," which formerly belonged to Thomas à Becket (lent by the Duke of Norfolk), and which finds a place here from the fact that it was once in the possession of Katherine of Aragon. There are also a few pieces of lace which possess an attraction for the connoisseur in old needlework apart from their sentimental associations. The lace covering worked by Anne Boleyn, and used at the christening of her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, is more suggestive of the elaborate drawn thread-work of to-day than of anything else; but the cravat ruffles and handkerchief worn by Henry Grey—Lady Jane Grey's father—when he was beheaded at the Tower, 1554, resemble strongly some of the modern laces of the Greek type. The red plush hat and green feather of Henry VIII. is of more antiquarian curiosity than beauty; but the books from Queen Catherine Parr's little devotional library are beautiful specimens of black-letter printing. In short, the immense variety of the exhibits gives one a very definite idea of what were the actual surroundings in daily life of the great and the wealthy in the stirring Tudor times.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD could not fittingly go to press without a few words on a woman's career closed abruptly in the midst of development and performance: we refer to the death of Miss Constance Naden at the early age of thirty-one, after the hopes of her friends had been raised by apparent recovery. Born at Birmingham, she was educated at the Mason College there, and was one of its most distinguished ornaments; a president of its Discussion Society, an editor of its semi-private magazine. In 1887 she was the winner of the Heslop Memorial medal, for an essay on "Induction and Deduction." On the death of her grandparents, she travelled through Egypt, Palestine, and India, where she received much attention from Lord Reay, and was presented by him to the Duchess of Connaught, with whom she dined. She settled, with her friend Mrs. Daniell, about a year ago, in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, as a central position where she might best follow out all her various plans, and her literary, scientific, and philosophical work. She had published two volumes of poetry, "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime," 1881, and "A Modern Apostle, and other Poems," 1887 (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), favourably reviewed in our pages some time since. The earlier volume contains "The Pantheist's Song of Immortality," cited by Mr. Gladstone in the *Speaker* of January 11 as "a singularly powerful production."

AT one time Miss Naden had visions of devoting her life to art, but literature carried the day, first in the form of poetry, which was, however, afterwards resigned for the more thorough pursuit of science and philosophy. Before the Sociological section of the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society, she read a paper on "Special Creation and Evolution," in 1885; and on "The Data of Ethics," in 1887. In 1889, she read before the Norwood Ladies' Literary Society a paper entitled "Is the Ideal of Socialism Practicable?" which, with all her leaning towards Socialism, and desire for its advancement, she had to answer in the negative. She

was a member of the Legal Association and attended the lectures there with interest. She was also a member of the *Amateur Dramatic Society*, where she often tangled in the debates, and her name is down on the list of speakers for this season, in the symposium on "Is there Room for Dress in Nature?" and for a paper on "National and Economic Ethics." It was considered too painful to read this so soon after her death, to which the president, Dr. Shadforth Hodgson, alluded in touching terms; and it is not likely to be printed in the report. Her sympathies were all on the side of women. In the spring she held a large drawing-room meeting in aid of the "New Women's Hospital", and at her last public appearance she lectured in Delford in favour of extending the franchise to duly qualified women. Her friend Dr. Dawson (of the Army and Navy Department) has indicated an actual gold medal in her memory, to be called "The Catherine Norton Prize," and has also suggested to set up a marble bust of her in Mason's College, Birmingham.

ONE of the questions which come up periodically, or which are insisted on by a half-order community fatally, is that of easily saddle and stirrups; but it has been reserved to a writer in the *Field* signing himself or herself "C. H., to urge upon ladies the desirability of riding a *la Française*—*à l'écuyer* upon men's saddles." "C. H." appears to have been induced to record this "new form" reading a book called "A Girl's Ride in Ireland," by Mrs. Twelfth, who says that her experiences have been that she could ride "as a man" twice the distance with less fatigue, and remarks that up to the time of the introduction of the side-saddle by Richard II's courtier, Anne of Bohemia, women always rode astride. For dress, Mrs. Twelfth proposes a divided skirt, with breeches, and boots; but another correspondent, "A Lady," while endorsing the view as to comfort, thinks that unless as becoming a costume as the riding habit be invented, and until fashion permits there is not the slightest likelihood of the change being adopted. However, she admits that the talent of the ladies' tailor might overcome this problem.

The real objection, however, is physiological. Medical opinion declared against the innovation some ten years ago, when it was severely urged, and nothing has happened since then to upset that view. The *Field* itself, which is invariably sensible and moderate, reminds its readers of this fact. The attitude is not natural to a woman, as is proved by the observation of a number of little girls about to pique. They never adopt it, and one would never find a girl sitting on the top of a gate or rail like her brothers. The argument that women used to ride thus and do so now in the East, goes for nothing against the performance of one modern *Amazons* in the hunting field, where the former simply use quiet old quadrupeds as a means of locomotion. The speed and the jumping which a latter-day horse-woman wishes would result in gas and rapture of a serious character. The position is inherently ungraceful for a woman, whose legs are too short for it, a defect which no dress could hide; and there is no doubt that any serious attempt to introduce it would meet with great ridicule as well as sure serious opposition from men.

The Trade Union movement among women has been going forward energetically. The new Union of Rope-

makers has more than 200 members. Very soon after its foundation among the women, the men sent to ask whether they might join. The existing committee—of women—debated the question carefully, and finally decided in their favour. But even so it took some time to bring them in; for at the meetings, when they found themselves in a small minority, they were so shy that they could not be brought to action, pelted as they were by the jeers of their feminine fellow workers. At one meeting the minority consisted of a single representative, who when he perceived his solitary position, beat a hasty retreat. A meeting for men only had to be arranged, and this was very successful. The men have agreed to pay the same contributions and receive the same benefits as the women. The rope-makers are singularly business-like and capable people; and their industry being confined to quite a small number of factories, there is a probability that they may, before long, include in their Union the great majority of the whole body of workers. Already all the workers in several factories have been enrolled.

The strike of the Leeds tailoresses is over, and the women have gained nothing except the clear perception that they must organise quietly and steadily, and that until they have numbers and money can they make an effective stand for reasonable conditions of work. The task of organisation is being taken in hand very earnestly, and the women are fortunate in having able and experienced friends to help them.

In London also the tailoresses are moving. A meeting was held recently in Soho, at which a number of tailoresses joined themselves to the well-known defunct West End branch of the Tailoresses' Trade Union. The East End branch also is waking up. It has had a considerable accession of members, and they and their friends were invited to tea at Toynton Hall, and spent a most enjoyable evening. One elderly woman said to a fellow guest as they walked down the prettily lighted and decorated corridor, "I did not think that there was anything like this in reality."

An effort is being made to organise the City mantle-workers, and a meeting was held in December in the very heart of the district where this work is carried on; but, in spite of the announcement that Mr. Harris was to speak (which, however, he was prevented by indisposition from doing), the attendance was but small.

Do any of our readers know the conditions under which mantles are produced for the ready-made trade? It is customary to advertise for mantle-makers who are to bring samples. The women go to the work-room, taking with them a garment fully made, the pattern being of their own devising. Cloth, fur, silk, buttons, whatever may be needed is bought at their own cost. If the garment is approved, a bargain is struck as to the price per dozen or per gross at which she is to supply copies, the firm supplying cloth, &c. Then she receives material to make a facsimile—a sample which shall be the firm's instead of hers. For this she receives the *photocopy* price on which she has agreed. Her own original sample is not bought, but remains on her hands. The other is exhibited in the show-rooms of the "manufacturer," and, if it is liked by buyers, so that more are ordered, the woman gets her dozen or her gross to make. That is, she

does if there is a pattern in the copy.

The oldest society has been raised to new associations, making a new women's world. Green, G. if these suggestions are a memorandum as a memorandum Union movement, energetic.

SOME have arranged the Women's end of the Union, upon so late as became imminent deferred. after Lent.

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does if the foreman or manager is an honest man; but there have been cases in which the order for her own pattern has been passed on to some other woman, who will copy it at a cheaper rate.

THE Women's Trade Union Provident League, the oldest society for promoting women's Trade Unions, has been roused to increased activity by the competition of a new association, having much the same aims. It is now making great efforts in the very poorest branch of women's work, among the matchbox-makers of Bethnal Green. Great, indeed, will be the triumph for Unionism if these suffering home-workers can be brought into line. The scheme of building a Central Trades Hall for women as a memorial to Mrs. Paterson, the pioneer of the Trade Union movement among women, is once more being energetically pushed.

SOME of the best-known amateur actors in London have arranged to give a dramatic performance in aid of the Women's Trades Association, and a date towards the end of January was fixed; but the influenza seized upon so large a proportion of the company that rehearsals became impossible, and the performance has had to be deferred. It will probably now not take place until after Lent.

THE Exhibition of Women's Arts and Industries organised by Viscountess Hampden at Brighton just before Christmas was a real success, and the idea might well be adopted under similar practical management in every county. In this instance the qualification for competition depended upon residence in the county of Sussex, and resulted in the display of an astonishingly high standard of work, alike in its decorative and utilitarian aspects. There was far less of the amateur attempt and far more of the professional finish about everything that was shown than one might have expected. Painted tea-sets were worked up in careful detail, needle-work panels were well mounted, couvettes were carefully lined, smocking was done upon a real garment, and altogether one felt that the standing reproach hitherto cast at the amateur was no longer deserved. There were some twenty classes, with prizes from five pounds downwards, and needlework naturally occupied the largest section. Mrs. Ernest Hart lent her valuable aid to Lady Hampden in the responsibilities of judging this, and they awarded prizes rather for originality of design or cleverness in adaptation than for technical elaboration.

IN the class for embroideries generally, Miss Hodgson easily obtained the first prize with two screens. One was a fan shape, mounted in dark cane, and worked in a design copied from a Morris hintz; the other was very original, and had a ground of soft white broché satin. On this a trailing Empire design of pale pink and blue flowers surrounded two sunk gold mounts in which were framed two lovely Bartolozzi prints. Mrs. Shaw's panel of poppies took the second award, and Miss Tanner gained the third with a very beautiful screen of dark crimson, on which was what Mrs. Hart aptly termed "a needle painting" of blackberry blossom, and meadow-sweet so light and delicate that one almost expected to see a little cloud of soft pollen fall from it. In this department an extra prize was given to Miss Newberry for a remarkably effective piano-back, of common blue and white honeycomb towelling, carrying a bold design after a Persian brocade in dull reds.

THE ecclesiastical work was not a well-supported section, and the two altar-fronts call for no special note, but the flax thread embroideries proved that this medium is becoming daily more understood, and can fairly hold its own beside silk. Two portières—one an eighteenth-century pattern, by Miss Alice Bullen; and the other in pinks and blues, by Miss Starling—were extremely effective; and two couvettes, "highly commended," in an "all-over" design of large red poppies, were evidently suggested by the now rare Bokhara work, some of which has been lately on view at Messrs. Howell and James's.

THE old dames of Sussex seem to have been past-mistresses of the art of smocking, and when the fashionable revival of this difficult craft began—due largely to Mrs. Oscar Wilde—the artistic modistes had to send their delicate "Liberty" silks down to humble cottages in this county and in Dorsetshire, where a few conservative rustics still adhere to the old smock-frock. This was a very large class, and very interesting as showing the artistic suitability of smocking to all fabrics, from the hard canvas of the ploughman's garment up to the finest *mousseline chiffon* for a tea-gown front. Moreover, it was so uniformly high in merit as to cause the judges great difficulty in awarding prizes. There was a fair amount of wood-carving, Miss K. Jeffery securing two awards for an oak cabinet and a large settle. Metal work was promising, and all the gentlemen visitors were loud in commendation of two cases of fishing-flies, the deft work of feminine fingers. The embroidered book-covers were a good class, and on kid or vellum there could be no more appropriate binding for limited *éditions de luxe*. Bally-linen and knitting, fans and Christmas cards, patch-work and "odd-and-end" rugs—so warm and cheery for cottage hearths!—baskets and pottery were all well represented, and it was quite enjoyable to linger with Lady Hampden over some framed "samplers." Shall we ever see again those quaint squares still to be met with in remote farmhouses, bearing the alphabet, some mottoes, such as "No cross, no crown," an angular tree on either side, a square creature, and signed at the bottom, "Kezia Hodge, her work, 1835"?

THE services which ladies can render for the public advantage have recently been exemplified at Billingsborough, a town in Lincolnshire, where a committee of ladies, of which Mrs. Edward Smith, of the Limes, Horbling, was the leading spirit, has just been formed to raise subscriptions for the purchase of a fire-engine and to organise a fire brigade. Their efforts have been so successful that a brigade carriage fire-engine has already been ordered. Such movements have heretofore been invariably undertaken by men, and usually take months and even years before success has been attained, so that the businesslike expedition of the Ladies' Committee at Billingsborough is worthy of all praise, and should be an incentive to other ladies to take similar action in districts where fire arrangements are inadequate.

THE fire brigade movement amongst ladies was first started at Girton College, which has its own private fire brigade, composed of the students. Later on, this system was adopted at Holloway College, where a brigade was organised and drilled by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons. Then, on the occasion of the public trial of the fire-engine at Marazion in August last, ladies acted as pumpers at the inauguration. The late Miss Packerley, of the Abley, Banwell, near Weston-super-Mare, was a

most liberal contribution towards the purchase of the new building at Bawell, and the interest of Lady Jersey in forwarding arrangements was shown in her description of the building in one of her books. It would be well if proper ladies were provided in public and private ladies' seminaries, so that ladies might become experts in dressmaking &c. &c.

Two shows of interesting antiques put upon stalls held at Charing Cross Hospital, possessed more than the interest of the few days during which it was on view, as the collection will be sent "on tour" through the provinces, and its permanent resting-place will be at the Nurses' Club. This institution, by the way, is moving into large and more comfortable premises than those it has been occupying in Buckingham Street. Upwards of a hundred hospitals were represented, sending in the dresses of the nurses, the staff nurses, and the probationers; and it is hoped that the collection will be one of practical value, as it will serve to show the advantages or defects of the various modifications adopted in the simple gowns. In every case the uniform was supplied with absolute correctness, giving even very details in the direction of folds, buttons, or illustrations. Though a nurse is recognizable anywhere by her dress, the difference between, say, the Juno-like gowns of University College Hospital and the almost regal-like dress of the Army Nursing School, the bright, sparkling dress of St. Vincent's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street, and the simple black cashmere of the Arden Northern General Hospital, is quite surprising. The idea of holding the show is due to Miss Morley, mistress of the Nursing House, and she may be warmly congratulated upon the successful issue to which she has brought it.

LADY C. MURIEL HANCKILL's recent article upon "The Woman of Today," has opened up a hot debate as to whether we are better than our grandmothers, or have deteriorated in the highest attributes of womanhood. The Countess of Jersey and Countess Cowper—both very competent to speak—have taken up the subject. The former, under the title "Ourselves and our Foremothers," justly remarks, "The position of women must be a great deal better in a matter of sentiment and expediency. Most people have an idea of what they think 'becoming' in a woman, but what they think 'becoming' differs enormously." She sees that, physically, the upper and middle classes of society have improved greatly in spite of education and multiplicity of occupation, but she is hardly right in saying that our village-girls have deteriorated in physique. The working girls of London and the huge manufacturing towns have undoubtedly done so, and so on extent that it is becoming very serious. The causes are various, but chief among them are the excessively early marriage of their parents, insufficiency of food, and beginning hard work before maturity. But with country-girls who engaged in factories it is different. On the whole, Lady Jersey is pleasantly optimistic, and thinks that in spite of many faults the women of our day do honestly endeavour to realize the highest ideal.

COUNTESS COWPER, on the other hand, dealing with "The Decline of Reserve among Women," is more hopeful. "Analysis of character," she tells us, "is the favourite passion of the age, that of others as well as that of self. . . . Indeed it may almost be said that in these days there is no longer any inward life; for it is so turned inside out for all who care to see, that not only is there nothing kept private between man and man, but hardly is anything allowed to remain secret between

man and his Creator." But this hardly seems a defect, for, unless it be carried to the marked extent of a few American novelists, or of that fantastic remembrance of passing fancies, Marie Bashkirtseff, we must grow in sympathy by a comprehension of the feelings of others. Countess Cowper is ready to admit that women's practical philanthropy in our own day is due to a loosening of those rigid barriers which kept back our grandmothers' tender impulses, but thinks that there is a strong possibility that in the ultimate results the harm may outweigh the good. Few women have the frankness to say as Countess Cowper does, "As far as public life is concerned, I confess I should infinitely prefer that women's assistance, however useful, should be for ever dispensed with, sooner than that, by their admission to a share of what has hitherto belonged exclusively to men, our women should lose one fraction of the nobility of their sex, or should become one jot less mindful of those womanly virtues which are the glory of a civilised country." Of this we may trust there is no fear. To take a part in public life is an irresistible call of duty to many, and while we see women so nobly fulfilling their domestic duties first and their public ones next, we may feel reassured as to the future.

It is a common enough plea from highly trained cooks that they want some new material to work with. There seems at last a hope that they may partially obtain their demand, in a fish which has recently shown itself in British waters, namely, the anchovy. Lately this has been taken several times by the sprat-fishers, but has been thrown back as valueless. Mr. J. T. Cunningham, naturalist to the Marine Biological Association, is of opinion that anchovies are to be found round the coast in sufficient numbers to be worth attention for the market. To those who only know them in their heavily salted state, their delicate flavour will be a great surprise. They are excellent fried or dilled like whitebait, and on the Mediterranean, where they abound, are frequently made into an elaborate dish with sweetbreads and brains. Mrs. Clarke, the talented superintendent of the National Training School of Cookery, hopes to obtain some genuine British specimens shortly, with which to carry out a series of trials in cookery, and has promised to communicate the result of her experiments to these columns.

The death of poor old Ah Sing gave the newspapers a taking headline when they announced "Inquest on One of Dickens's Characters." He was the keeper of an opium smoking shop near Rat-buff Highway which was described in "Edwin Drood," and he led people to imagine that there was only one such haunt in London. This was quite a mistake: those who are acquainted with the regions leading to the Docks know of a small street almost entirely given over to opium dens, where, saddest sight of all, one may find Englishwomen smoking the hateful but fascinating drug. Ah Sing and his wizened old Chinese wife were driven out of their "business" by railway extension, and occupied of late a wretched little tenement near St. George's in the East. He was very garrulous, and in his "pigeon English," would describe Dickens's visits, or those of "Tackey," which was the nearest approach he could get to the name of the author of "Vanity Fair." The old couple refused to go to the workhouse, and Ah Sing died of doubtless of starvation. He was an inveterate opium-smoker himself, and the pipeful, which would have made most people kindly sleep, had no effect upon him, beyond imparting a more dreamy look to his eyes.



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Lady Sandhurst at Home.

IT used to be an axiom among politicians that the Irish question was the grave of English reputations. By this time the phrase has become almost obsolete. Not to mention more obvious instances of its creative power, the distinction which belongs to Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, as a leader in the women's Liberal movement may be said to have been cradled in the cause of the Sister Isle. The late Baron Sandhurst was for some years

was anxious to get back to the House of Commons and was afraid there would be long speeches." Short as it was, this maiden speech was inspiring, and in two and a half years Lady Sandhurst has become one of the most accomplished and persuasive speakers that Portia's sex has yet produced; addressing audiences here, there, and everywhere from one end of the land to the other—her coming signalled by the holding of great "demon-



LADY SANDHURST.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and it was during her residence there that his widow acquired that interest in its concerns which less than three years ago induced her to appear upon a public platform.

"It was at a meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation," Lady Sandhurst says in giving an account of her maiden speech, "and I was asked to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone for presiding. It was a formidable task, and very nervously I faced it. I spoke only a few sentences, but when I sat down Mr. Gladstone shook me very cordially with both hands. He

strations"—Lady Sandhurst is a living witness to the introduction of women's influence into the affairs of the State. Month by month the calls upon Lady Sandhurst's services as a speaker have gone on increasing with the growth of the movement she has done so much to promote and strengthen. The Women's Liberal Federation numbers now, I believe, about 120 associations and over 30,000 members. When I last called at 18, Portland Place, where Lady Sandhurst is "at home" while in London, she told me that she had just addressed her thirty-sixth meeting in three months.

"I have made a practice of accepting almost every invitation that is sent to me, although now they are getting so numerous that some have to be declined. But I never like to refuse an invitation from one of the Women's Associations. To my mind there is some danger of women's influence in politics suffering from too much frivolity, and of real work being neglected for dances and other amusements. So wherever I go I make a point of impressing upon women the earnestness of politics and the reality of the faith that should inspire them."

Sometimes I am reminded of the saying of Theophrastus, "I cannot play upon any stringed instrument; but I can tell you how of a little village to make a great and glorious city." Lady Sandhurst's devotion to the humblest side of life is evidenced in her house, in the room in which we are sitting, where utilitarian purposes have been kept well in view, and where the decorative trifles and ornamental gew-gaws of present day furnishing are conspicuous by their absence. Yet surely the hard work of which Lady Sandhurst had just spoken would be possible to few women of over sixty, even though as the daughters of country squires their strength and energy had been developed by physical exercise and fresh air, and as the wives of distinguished soldiers their courage and fortitude had been brought forth by the weary waiting for news of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

"But so many meetings—with the railway journeys—must greatly tax your strength, Lady Sandhurst?"

"I have not yet found it so. My health is excellent. What troubled me most last year was that, through going about continually when everyone was in London, I saw so little of many friends. This year, I think, I must allow myself some period of relaxation. As for the railway journeys, I don't mind them much. They give me time to enjoy a book, although as a matter of fact I seldom think about what I am going to say at a meeting until I am in the train."

"You don't bestow much time upon the preparation of a speech then?"

"Very seldom. I always take care to speak only of that which I well know. I never take abstruse subjects which would require a great deal of preparation from books. There would not be time for that. Simple statements of principles are, I believe, what women most want at present. Of course, I make just a few notes—the headlines of the points I wish to make. At first I used to write out everything that I intended to say, and then make a *prima* of it for use at the meeting. But one day at a meeting near Manchester I forgot my spectacles, and took the notes of a wrong speech. Nevertheless I began the speech that I had intended to deliver, and found that I could get on as well without the notes as with them. I well remember the first long speech that I made. It was a week or two after I proposed the vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone. The meeting, which was to inaugurate the Marylebone Women's Liberal Association, was held in Professor Bryce's library, and I felt bound to speak at greater length than on the previous occasion. So I wrote my address down, and resolved to learn it word for word;

but somehow or other my memory refused to help me, and at six o'clock in the evening in a piteous moment I threw away the MS., and went to the meeting in a desperate state of mind. Yet, once begun, I managed to make a speech of about twenty-five minutes' duration."

Those who have seen Lady Sandhurst on the platform, and listened to her flowing sentences, will be amused by these confessions. The tall, stately figure, clothed in a well-fitting plain black dress, and the noble face surmounted by the broad forehead and dark brown hair, seem the incarnation of that ease and self-possession which so many speakers of the sterner sex cannot command. Those who see in Lady Sandhurst the dignity and determination of the Roman matron will be equally surprised that she should ever have suffered from speech fright. Yet for some time she was terribly nervous on hearing her own voice, and after delivering a speech would suffer from headache for days. Her talent for ready speech, however, once displayed to her by accidental circumstances at the meeting near Manchester, Lady Sandhurst quickly developed it. During her recent visit to Ireland—as one of an English deputation—she spoke several times to large audiences in the open air. At an open-air meeting at Thurles, I was told, where 10,000 people were assembled, she thought her voice was failing her after she had been speaking a few minutes. So Lady Sandhurst said that as she was afraid many of them could not hear her, and there were several gentlemen to address them with much more powerful voices, she would sit down. But at once there came shouts from the outskirts of the great crowd, "We can all hear you. Go on—go on, please."

During the Brixton election for the London County Council her ladyship delivered fourteen speeches in as many days. Expressing my regret that she should have been found legally disqualified from sitting on the Council, Lady Sandhurst quickly remarks, with a smile, "Oh, I have put away all regrets long ago. Up to the time my case went before the Courts we won all that we had set ourselves to win. If I had continued a member of the Council I should have applied myself to its work. As it was, I quietly went on with my political work."

Women's suffrage being broached, Lady Sandhurst said that during the last two or three years the pious opinion she had always held in its favour had become with her an article of living faith. In our conversation on the subject the point she most emphasised was the good influence that the exercise of citizens' duties would have upon what, with Sydney Smith, she calls the degradation—moral and mental—of women. "Uneducated men," said the divine whose wisdom equalled his wit, "may escape intellectual degradation, uneducated women cannot." Lady Sandhurst said that since she had begun her work as a missionary of the Liberal cause, she had been continually reminded of the great good the use of the vote would do in arousing the mental activity of women.

"At the present time," she remarked, "their chief concern is the adornment of their persons, and their false ideal in life the making of a good match"—a sentence that expresses in the terse style of a matronly lady, with

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good sense (as well as good nature) beaming from her eyes, the burden of one of the most brilliant passages in the "Story of an African Farm."

"What do you say, Lady Sandhurst, to the protest that was recently put forward against the suffrage by a number of your sex?"

"Well, of course, many ladies of wealth do not realise the bearings of the question at all. They have never had to fight their own battle in life, and do not understand how thousands of others have to do so."

To the subject of women's employment Lady Sandhurst said she had been able to give but little study. She greatly wished to see many women in the medical profession, and thought that in all institutions where there were female patients there should be female doctors. In respect to law, as a profession for women, she was more doubtful; there did not appear to be the same cogent reasons for lady lawyers as for lady doctors. Lady Sandhurst listened with interest, however, to the details I was able to give of the career of Mrs. Bella Lockwood, who is a very successful advocate in the United States, and remarked, "Women who have appeared for themselves in the Courts have shown much ability, and Miss Orme is now duly qualified as a conveyancer."

Again Lady Sandhurst expressed her regret that she had not been able to give very much attention to this subject. Until her husband's death, in 1876, she said, she had been fully occupied by the care of her children and the management of her household. Lady Sandhurst has four sons and one daughter now living. Her eldest son she has imbued with much of her own earnest Liberalism. Married to a sister of Earl Spencer, Lord Sandhurst for a short time during 1886 was an Under-Secretary of State in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and was one of the candidates at the London County Council Election. He may yet realise the dearest wish of the Dowager's heart—to give to her country a Liberal statesman.

It was not politics, however, which first claimed her ladyship's attention. When with the death of her husband and the growth of her children Lady Sandhurst, like Othello, found that her occupation was gone, she cast about with characteristic energy for some useful work to do in the world. About ten years ago, I am told, she was much impressed by a remarkable cure which a member of her family obtained from the massage treatment. The sufferings of children who, as Mrs. Browning wrote, "are weeping, bitterly weeping in the playtime of others," had always filled her with an intense pity. After much thought it occurred to her that the new treatment might

save some of the little ones pronounced by doctors and hospitals to be incurable. A year or so later she succeeded in establishing in the Marylebone Road a Home to which such "incurables" could be brought for a course of massage treatment. To this good work Lady Sandhurst, having secured the co-operation of a friend equally convinced of the efficacy of massage, for many years devoted all her time and thought, and it may be added—although I did not learn this in the Portland Place library—a great deal of her money. As enthusiastic in advocating massage as in advocating Home Rule, Lady Sandhurst told me of the marvellous transformation scenes in child-life which she had witnessed. Brought to her ministering care, stunted in growth and deformed in limb, painfully diseased, and mentally paralysed, many children have left Lady Sandhurst's Home restored to health and vigour, with rosy cheeks and cheerful laughter.

In starting a Children's Home and in becoming a public speaker Lady Sandhurst's guiding motive is well expressed in her own words:—

"There is a great difference between womanish and womanly. It is a womanish thing to hold up the hands and say, 'How dreadful!' and then go away and do nothing; but having heard of these things, to go and devote every energy to relieving the sufferings and remedying the evils—that is womanly, and if we do that we need not mind what people say." Everyone who has conversed with Lady Sandhurst soon discovers that the key-note of her character is moral earnestness qualified by practical good sense. It is this moral earnestness which she is endeavouring to disseminate among her countrywomen, and which, according to her own account, is as yet most prevalent among the Liberal wives and daughters of the artisans of the North.

"I do not think members of the Primrose League are as much in earnest as we are," she remarks. "There may be few Liberals among ladies of position, but they are nearly always earnest and determined in their politics."

Lady Sandhurst comes of a Conservative family—the Fellowes of Shotesham Park, Norfolk—and she pathetically remarks as I am bidding her good-bye, "I don't know what some of my older friends think of me; very dreadful things, I dare say." Yet in her political evangelism she is but exhibiting in another fashion the soldierly spirit of her husband, the friend of Stratford de Redclyffe. Sir William Mansfield, afterwards first Baron Sandhurst, though something more than a mere man of war, found his "dearest action in the tented field;" Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, finds it in that of politics.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



Women as Disunionists.



Like a more charming, if fantastic, modern romance, the hero, seated in a cobweb-lung summer-house, and observing the energy and skill displayed by the little web-spinners in fighting the battle of life, reflects somewhat gloomily upon what the probable result would be for mankind, were the whole spider race, or even one colony of the race, to be seized with the idea of combined action. "If all the spiders in this commonwealth," he says, "were to unite, to attack me, I am assuredly fall a victim to their nippers."

A somewhat similar reflection must occasionally cross the mind of the philosophic misogynist who, noting the evidences of skill, ingenuity, and untiring industry displayed by women, remembers the return of the last census and the universally acknowledged numerical superiority of the weaker sex in these countries. Parodying Mr. Curran's remark when describing an exciting encounter with the hordes of another individually feeble but active and intrepid enemy, he may be imagined to exclaim, "Were these creatures only unanimous, they might drive us off the face of the earth!" This would be, of course, an exaggerated view of the case. Women, though strong in numbers, are strong in little else that can ensure the success of a party. Nor is it likely that the condemnation suggested would recommend itself to many of them. But the philosopher knows that even if it did, there is no need to dread it. With Keats Chillingly he may rejoice and give thanks to an All-wise Providence for having implanted in the heart of every member of the female community "a secret element of disunion, which prevents the individuals from co-operating heartily and effectually for the common welfare." Lord Lytton's young hero, we know, did not hold that the feminine half of humanity had a monopoly of this weakness; he did not limit its possession, indeed, to any class of creatures. But in this he was wrong. Man, from the savage upwards, through all grades of civilisation, has invariably been found capable of joining in some form of union with his fellows, and to this faculty may be largely attributed his sovereign position upon the face of the earth. In women, on the other hand, the capacity for organised action is almost entirely wanting. Nay, the very basis of all organised action—the recognition of a common interest and a common bond—is mostly absent.

This seems strange at first sight, seeing that women are pre-eminent for their power of forgetting self in their devotion to husband and children, or, failing these, to other family ties. One might naturally expect from the individuals composing a class possessed of such keen sympathies as women have, and such capacity for self-abnegation, a strong feeling for their kind, a love for and sympathy with one another only less than that which

kindship stirs. But this is seldom found. The depth and force of a current are generally in the inverse ratio of its breadth. So is it with woman. The very profundity of her attachments, the intensity of her feeling for those she loves, argues a certain narrowness of sympathy. Nor is this to be wholly regretted; for, were women to lavish the love and tenderness they feel for a few upon the many, their organisation would be destroyed by the agitating emotions they must experience.

There is little, therefore, to complain of in the fact of women's sympathies being narrower than men's, though there is, perhaps, in the peculiar character of that narrowness—in the fact, viz., that women have so little kindness for or sympathy with other women. Pity, indeed, they feel for the poor and afflicted amongst their sisters; charity, liberality, they practise in dealing with these. But how many benevolent-minded ladies, who are all tenderness and unselfishness where children or husband or family are concerned, who are never harsh towards dependents, and would shrink with horror from oppressing the poverty-stricken toiler, can bear to hear the implied or spoken slander which takes away the good name of another woman, with a smile or, at most, a half-pleased shake of the head! The pretty woman can usually enjoy a joke at the expense of her plainer sister; the smart woman seldom loses an opportunity of showing up the folly of a stupid one; the married woman sneers at the old maid; the mother at the childless wife, and so on throughout the whole body. The first to cry out at the news of some great scandal or disaster, "*Cherchez la femme*," the foremost to bring home the guilt to the female culprit, and the loudest in demanding her condemnation is, alas! in most cases, herself a *femme*.

Time was, perhaps, when all this was at least intelligible. In the days when woman occupied the place that the fox-terrier or Dachshund now occupies in the affections of her lord and master; when she was compelled to watch every change of his countenance in order to learn his will and her fate, it could be understood, if she would only turn away her eyes for a moment from the beloved face to warn off with a growl some rival candidate for favour.

But woman's position is completely changed since those times. She no longer sits at the feet of her lord, but by his side: she is his friend, as well as the mistress of his home and heart: is honoured and cherished by him, shares in all his sorrows and many of his joys; is, in short, his *self*, not his plaything or chattel. Moreover, her rights are now safeguarded by law; she has little to fear from the encroachments of rivals. Why then should she retain instincts which no longer befit her condition? A dog's characteristics, noble though they are, are scarcely admitted to be those that most adorn a human being. Yet the model wife and mother differs often but little from one of the brute creatures, whose claims upon her tenderness and sympathy she is seldom disposed to

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recognise. Unselfish, unreasoning devotion to one's master and one's young, war to the knife towards all rivals—that is woman as she is constantly met with in daily life, and as she is depicted and applauded by poet, satirist, and romance-writer. The devotion to husband and offspring, even when carried beyond the bounds of reasonableness, is perhaps, not only pardonable, but even to be commended. But why should this virtue be invariably accompanied by a propensity to snarl at one's own species? The best husband and father is not necessarily a bad friend; he does not take delight in showing the weak side of the man he invites to his house, nor does he listen to the calumny of one of them with enjoyment. A man who could be guilty of this sort of treachery towards a friend would not be considered a fitting associate for gentlemen.

Men can combine, too, for almost every purpose. Not only are they ready to sink small differences at the call of political party, or what they consider to be for the interest of their class, but they can work together harmoniously in secret societies, in trade guilds, for purposes of pleasure, for social purposes, for philanthropic purposes, for the prosecution of literary and scientific pursuits; in every department of life, in short, men unite with men to labour jointly for a common end.

But how is it with women? Anyone who has ever served on a ladies' committee knows how little harmony is to be found amongst its members; how, with one or two exceptions, the ladies take a merely personal view of every subject, in which the common welfare is completely lost sight of. The word *personal* here is not used in a wholly bad sense. It does not necessarily imply egoism, or selfishness of aim; merely the inability to grasp the fact that in all co-operative movements, individual feeling, an individual's welfare must be subordinated to the general feeling and the welfare of the whole. Mrs. A considers that the rules of the Benevolent Society, of which she is a member, ought not to be enforced in a certain distressing case known to herself. Mrs. B does not agree with Mrs. A in thinking the rules may be infringed with impunity, and believes the case referred to a far from deserving one. At the same time, Mrs. B thinks an exception might be made in favour of a parishioner of her husband's, for whose moral character and unhappy circumstances she, a clergyman's wife, can vouch. Mrs. C, a lover of peace and comfort, who is too indolent to think seriously upon any subject, suggests that there is no reason why the laws of the society should not be altered so as to admit of aid being given to every case known to any lady and held by her to be deserving of it. The folly of a proposal of this kind is, of course, ably demonstrated by sensible Mrs. D; but Mrs. A and Mrs. B, "to gain their private ends," oppose her, and the result is, generally, the founding of two new societies by these ladies, and the absorption in ridiculous cabals of the talent and energy which, if united, might have been of real benefit to a community.

A striking instance of this disintegrating force in women, this tendency to fly asunder, was afforded by a recent controversy upon the subject of the enfranchisement of women. A number of intrepid ladies, whether

rightly or wrongly it does not concern us here to inquire, consider the position of women in these countries would be improved, the true interests of the State served and the principles of the British Constitution more logically carried out, were the right to vote for members of Parliament extended to rate-paying women.

Now, to consider the wisdom of this proposal, as I have said, does not fall within the scope of this article: we have to do only with the fact that it has been proposed and warmly advocated by a number of ladies who are both able and honourable representatives of their sex. It was never pretended by these persons that women are unanimous in desiring the franchise; neither do even the most enthusiastic of them maintain that all women would be likely to think aright or to vote wisely upon political subjects. But it is not proposed to confer the franchise upon all women; very few indeed of the signatories to the "Protest," mentioned below, would be qualified to vote by virtue of the projected scheme. Besides, who supposes, it is argued, that all the men, or even a majority of the men who have a vote in these countries are actuated by any profound or far-seeing view in discharging the duties their privilege imposes on them? Did the class in whose favour the recent extension of the franchise was made, desire it very strongly or unanimously? Certainly not; but no one ever heard of any of them protesting against its being granted to them. It is only women who oppose a proposal to confer a benefit on their kind. As a fact, a considerable section of the female community does not approve of the scheme to enfranchise any of their sex. For a long time this disapproval was manifested by merely holding aloof from the movement. Of late, however, new tactics have been adopted. A severely worded "Protest," inveighing against the notion of admitting women to the enjoyment of the franchise, was drawn up and published in one of the magazines; it was signed by a number of ladies bearing highly respectable names.

Now, no one denies that these ladies are perfectly justified in forming an opinion for themselves on this subject; theirs may indeed be the right opinion. But are they equally justified, it may fairly be asked, seeing that they are anxious for their concerns to be left entirely in the hands of men, in taking up arms themselves to enforce their views? The dispute, if dispute it can be called, is one between men on the one hand, and some women on the other. Would it not be better for women who are perfectly convinced of man's competency to settle woman's affairs for her, to stand aside and allow him to do so in peace? If men are wholly competent to judge of what is best for women, it seems a great pity for a number of women, perfectly persuaded of this fact, to interfere with their decisions. Ladies can withhold their signatures from petitions to Parliament in favour of extending the franchise to them. They may with propriety argue or remonstrate with their erring sisters. But, surely, it is unnecessary for them to raise a public agitation, to call the attention of the whole world to the fact that they are prepared to wage war against their own sex in order to show the impropriety of women doing just what *they* are doing. If woman's influence is

not seemed in rational affairs, and would not be rightly used, why should this influence be employed in order to demonstrate its hostile tendency? If it is best that women should not rush into the turmoil of public life, why should these ladies rush in? If it be indecorous or unbecoming in women to enter upon a public contest with men, it is equally indecorous, equally unbecoming in another troop of women to swoop down upon the battlefield in order to scratch and bite their sisters in mutual defence.

Man is at the present time much the stronger of the two species of the human race; he has a more powerful body, a weightier brain, a better education; his is the wealth, the position, the recognised sovereignty. He makes the laws. Surely, with all these advantages on his side, he may be credited with the ability to defend himself against a handful of women!

Women, on the other hand, even under the most favourable circumstances, are sadly handicapped in the struggle for existence. They are physically far from strong; their brain, if finer, is less weighty than man's; their education is chiefly superficial; society decrees that no woman shall think, or act as if she could think; custom is opposed to every form of emancipation for her; stupid or petty-minded men—and these are, of course, in the majority—will never admit women's claims to consideration apart from their uses to man; their numbers are far in excess of what can either be provided with husbands, or maintained in comfortable celibacy. But worse than all these disadvantages taken together, is the deadly treachery to her sex, which seems to characterise the dealings of almost every woman with women. Persons facing a common danger, passengers on board a ship that is rapidly going to pieces in a raging sea, the dwellers in a besieged city, are naturally drawn to one another; old quarrels, class distinctions, even recent animosities are forgotten or laid aside, and hand is joined in hand for mutual help and defence.

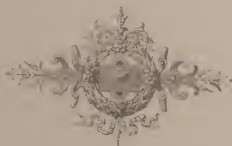
The unalterable laws of human existence, the special laws that govern woman's being, the sad results of modern civilisation, all bear hardly on women. Surely, since all women must suffer more or less from this condition of things, it would be well if all would recognise the common bond, would acknowledge the sisterhood

of sex, and be willing, instead of dwelling upon individual inferiority, or pointing out individual weakness or folly, to shelter and defend the more foolish amongst their numbers, to honour and applaud the wise, and to work with all for the general weal.

Woman's social status, her power for good or evil in the world, and, as a natural result, the future of the whole race depend largely upon the attitude of women towards women. In these countries there is little fault to be found with the treatment of one sex by the other. Men are generally fair towards women; women are almost always lenient towards men. Few English girls show themselves unkind or heartless where men are concerned; few show themselves anything else, alas! when it is with women that they have to do.

It seems, no doubt, a very important thing to certain ladies, that rate-paying women should enjoy the privilege of forwarding the designs of some Radical or Conservative place-hunter; to others, it is a matter of far more moment that the female workers of Great Britain and Ireland should be massed in Trades Unions and Mutual Aid Societies; a third party is for establishing a scheme of benevolent boycotting in defence of the poorer members of the sisterhood; whilst a fourth holds that the New Jerusalem would come down upon earth, if women would only return to the ways of their great-grandmothers and occupy themselves exclusively with the cares of house-keeping and embroidery. Much may be said in favour of all these views, though some of them *must* be and all *may* be wrong. But of one thing there is no doubt, and that is, that until the attitude of women towards women has changed, until women recognise that women stand and fall together, that an insult to one woman as such is an insult to all, no advance can be made in the position of women, social or political. We may be able to do little by great organisations, by Trades Unions and Women's Clubs and Benevolent Societies, but we can all abstain from slandering one another, from pointing out weakness, or laughing at what is a sister's misfortune. We can be "kindly affectionate one to another;" we can, by sympathy, if in no other way, "bear one another's burdens," and so fulfil the law of Him who pre-eminently amongst the teachers of mankind was the Friend of Woman.

ELIZABETH WEIR.



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The Ladies of the Imperial Seraglio.



ON either shore of that wonderful water-way, the Bosphorus, rises a chain of imperial palaces, villas, and kiosks which, for architectural magnificence, gorgeousness of decoration, and picturesqueness of surroundings, are unmatched in Europe. But *Eski Serail*, the old Seraglio, the "Gem of the Bosphorus," built by Mahomet II. on the point of land between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, is no more. It presented to the eye a crowded pile of vast irregular buildings, crowned by shining cupolas and domes, and girt with shaded gardens. Beautiful mosques, with their tall white minarets standing in clear relief against the dazzling blue of the sky, were scattered about in detached groups; here was a splashing fountain, there a gorgeous pavilion; while around stood the tombs and mausoleums of defunct Sultans and Sultanas, in the gloom of groves of cypress-trees. Here were the charitable establishments from whose doors the poor never went away empty-handed; and close by were the dungeons where the once rich and powerful were left to die of starvation, or perished under the fatal bowstring. The memory of the crueries committed in this house of his ancestors awakened in the more humane breast of Abdul Medjid such a superstitious horror of the scene of their perpetration, that he refused to make it his abode. At his death, however, it was assigned as a residence to the multitude of his widows, odalisks, and slaves. But so irksome did they find its gloomy solitude after the habits of comparative liberty they had acquired in the service of that indulgent Padishah, that they are said to have set it on fire, in the hope of thus obtaining a more congenial place of abode.

Dolma-Baghtché, Begler-Bey, and Scheragan are the three palaces most celebrated for beauty of architecture, and magnificence of furniture and appointments. Their gilt decorations, gold and silver brocades, splendid mirrors and chandeliers, furniture of the most exquisite workmanship, antique ornaments and table services of the rarest and most delicate porcelain, dazzle the eye of the visitor. The *yaklis* or villas, though smaller, are not less beautiful than the palaces, and the pleasure-grounds in which they stand are diversified with hill and valley, woodland pasture, and running stream. Orchards and vineyards teem with all the various and luscious fruits of the East; and terraced slopes, whose perpendicular sides are clothed with rich creepers, are gay with a thousand colours.

Nature and art have ornamented these delightful resorts with lakes, fountains, and cascades. "Here in cool grot" are the most charming and romantic nooks for lovenaking; trees and shrubs, as well as birds and butterflies, revel in the glorious sunshine, and the air is filled with the perfume of a thousand blossoms. And here the captive beauties of the *serail*, like a troop of

wild school-girls, occasionally wander, chasing each other through the orchards and among the flower-beds, with screams of laughter, and every mad and mischievous freak that their untutored imagination can suggest.

A seraglio, like every other Mohammedan dwelling, is divided into *Haremlik* and *Selmanlik*. The former is occupied by the Sultan and the women of the imperial harem; and in the latter are the state apartments and offices for the transaction of public business. Between these two divisions is the *Matbeyin*, or private apartments of the Padishah; and at a convenient distance are those occupied by the gentlemen of the household, secretaries, and others. The extravagance and luxury of the imperial palaces was formerly so great that it was computed that no fewer than 7,000 persons were fed daily at the Sultan's expense. This was, however, in the "good old days." The present Sultan is comparatively frugal and economical with regard to the expenditure of his household. Still, the *haremlik* of the seraglio contains no fewer than 1,000 women, divided among the establishments of the Sultan, his mother, the Valide Sultana, and the Princesses.

The Valide Sultana holds the highest rank among the ladies of the imperial family. On the accession of her son, a wing of the palace is set apart for her use, slaves of every kind are appointed to wait upon her, and she receives every mark of attention, not only from the Sultan, but from the ministers and functionaries of the Porte, as it is usually more important for them to gain the good-will of this influential lady than even that of their Imperial Master. The entire internal administration of the imperial household is regulated by the Valide Sultana, with the help of a superintendent called the *Hassanadar Ousta*. This person is generally a favourite slave, appointed by the Valide Sultana to this important post, the duties of which are often of a most difficult, delicate, and responsible nature. She attends to the requirements of each of the Sultanas and Princesses, and acts as their go-between with the Sultan when they have any request to make of him, and also regulates all the receptions and other ceremonials of the imperial harem.

The inmates of the seraglio have all, without exception, entered its gates as slaves. For still, in spite of the nominal abolition of the slave trade, cargoes of this living commodity, consisting chiefly of children of tender age, from Circassia, Georgia, Arabia, Abyssinia, and various African ports, are annually introduced into the country. No matter how low their origin, their future career depends solely on their good looks and good fortune. Those whose appearance is prepossessing are taught elegance of deportment, the graceful formalities of Turkish etiquette, and the art of adding to their natural charms, besides such accomplishments as dancing, singing, and playing on the lute or viol. They are also instructed in the Mohammedan religion, taught the *Namaz*, or daily form of worship, and the observance

of fasts and feasts. Some also learn the rudiments of reading and writing; but the greater number are left to pick up the language as they can. The negroesses and others less favoured by nature are brought up to wait upon the rest, and to fill other menial positions.

Young slaves are also purchased by ladies of position, educated by them—as they understand education—and then either sold to the Valide Sultana for the imperial harem, or offered as presents to the Sultan. I once met several of these children who were being brought up by the widow of Sultan Abdul Aziz head barber, a very important palace functionary. They were all between eight and ten years of age, and the half-saucy obsequiousness of their manner when addressing their protectress was very amusing. According to Turkish etiquette, they stood, with folded arms, in a row at the lower end of the room; but the significant smiles and glances they interchanged showed that not a word of the conversation of the hostess and her guests was lost upon them. This lady had already disposed of as many as fifteen girls in the manner above described.

The wives of Sultans are, generally speaking, select beauties who are offered to him by the nation, or by private individuals at the annual feast of *Kandil Gheljesi*, or are purchased by the Valide Sultana for that purpose. But every slave in the seraglio may evidently aspire to that high rank, as the mother of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz is said to have attracted the attention of his father, Mahmoud II., when engaged in performing some menial duty. Only those amongst them, however, who have borne children to the Sultan can claim the rank of wife. The mother of the eldest child is called the *haseh Kadın Effendi* (first lady), the next *ikindji Kadın Effendi* (second wife), and so on up to the seventh, should there be so many. After this number they merely bear the ordinary title of *Hanım*; but their children rank with the other Princes and Princesses. A third class consists of the odalisks, or favourites, whose position depends solely upon the influence they may acquire over their Imperial Master.

Each *Kadın Effendi* and *Hanım* has a suite of rooms set apart for her use, receives an allowance, has her own doctor and banker, her own carriages and caiques, and is supplied with rich dresses and other luxuries considered necessary to her new position. As she has been looking forward to this fairyland ever since her first introduction into the seraglio, she at once assumes her place in it with ease, dignity, and *savoir faire*, and accepts, as one to the manner born, the homage of her former companions in toil or frolic, who in future will never stand before her but with folded arms, or approach her without kissing the hem of her garment. Her chief care must now be to guard herself and her offspring from the jealousy and malice of her rivals, and it may be from the enmity of the Valide Sultana. She must also have recourse to every art of which she is mistress in order to preserve and enhance the personal charms to which she owes her elevation.

Among a large number of women, brought together under such conditions, and with no aim in life beyond

that of trying to attract the notice of a single individual of the other sex, one is not surprised to learn that all the better feelings are crushed, that the moral tone in the imperial household is of the very lowest, and that vice and corruption exist in every form. The lot of discarded favourites is indeed a most pitiable one. After enjoying a brief sojourn in the sunshine of imperial favour, their disappointment is embittered by the sarcasms and taunts levelled at them by their companions. Nor, according to the evidence of a Sultana—who, being a free woman, has held the almost unique position of a Sultan's legal wife—is the condition of those whose position as wives is assured, free from anxiety. It would be impossible to describe the cabals and intrigues perpetually carried on within the seraglio walls: every crime has there been committed with impunity by the influential and malicious, and the record of it for ever buried beneath the dark waters of the swift-flowing Bosphorus. It was indeed customary, until the beginning of this century, to dispose in this way of the harem of a defunct Sultan.

One class of seraglio inmates are known as *Deli* (mad) *Seraitis*. These women are notorious for their disorderly conduct, and in spite of high walls and watchful eunuchs, they successfully carry out all kinds of wild freaks and questionable enterprises. The misconduct of this set had reached such a pitch in the reign of Abdul Medjid, that notwithstanding his usual indulgence, that Padiashah was induced to make an example of the ring-leaders. Some were exiled, others married to palace dependents who had little reason to be grateful for the supposed favour. I once came into contact with a lady of this class, then the wife of a provincial Governor-General. A visit from her was a terrible infliction, as she always brought with her, according to Turkish custom, half a dozen or more of her slaves, and remained for hours. Unlike the dependents of other ladies, these damsels were not required to remain quietly at the lower end of the room, but wandered about the house, indulging in language and manners impossible to describe. Their conduct was a standing scandal to the wives of the native Turkish beys, many of whom refused to visit the *Pashena*. To such an extent did they carry their want of regard for national conventionalities as to eat in the day-time during the fast of Ramazan, and—still greater sin—to partake also of wine.

But among the thousand women of the seraglio, it would be strange if none were found endowed with amiable qualities. And in spite of an education and surroundings so inimical to the growth of virtue, it would appear that there are many who, possessing better instincts, find the atmosphere of a *serail* intolerable. Having no scope for the exercise of their affections or energies, they fall into listless and dreamy habits, and die of consumption if they are not, as sometimes happens, set free and married. Being ladies in the true sense of the word, their manners, principles, and choice of language—when they have the good fortune to be released from their gilded prison, and mix with the free outer world—offer a pleasing contrast to those of the *Deli Seraitis*.

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During Sultan, the travagan sions, and comedies.

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The amusements in the imperial seraglio depend very much upon the tastes of the reigning Sultan. Abdul Medjid, being fond of theatrical representations and ballet-dancing, built a beautiful little theatre in one of his palaces, and engaged European companies to act in it. The ladies of the harem were allowed to witness these performances from behind lattices. Foreign conjurers, too, found their way here, besides the native *Kara Guez*, or marionettes, and *Hadji Eyvat*, or Punch and Judy. Occasionally the gardens would be lighted up for an *al fresco* entertainment, when the trees were hung with a myriad tiny lamps, looking like fire-flies amidst the foliage, and variegated lanterns and fireworks lent brilliance to the scene. All the youth and beauty of the palace, dressed in gay and fantastic costumes, danced on the smooth lawns, rowed in light and elegant caiques on the ornamental waters, or, seated in groups upon cushions and carpets, accompanied their sweet wild songs with the sounds of viol, flute, and tambourine. The *Kudin Efendis* and *Hanoums* are also occasionally allowed to go shopping in the bazaars and in the European quarter of Pera, accompanied by a retinue of slaves and eunuchs, and this is, perhaps, the most highly appreciated of all their amusements.

During the reigns of Abdul Aziz and of the present Sultan, the seraglio amusements have been of a less extravagant kind, and are chiefly confined to native diversions, and the performance, by Armenians, of Turkish comedies.

An Imperial Princess is allowed to remain during infancy under the care of a wet-nurse, who is generally a Circassian. This functionary is entitled to special privileges. Her own child is received as *Sut Kiz kardash* or "milk sister" of the imperial offspring, and the two children, as they grow up, never lose sight of each other ;

the fact of their having been nursed by the same mother being considered a tie as close as that of blood relationship. The training of these Princesses is not free from the many drawbacks which attend that of other Turkish children. Brought up from the cradle by ignorant and servile women, they early learn to command absolute attention and obedience to their slightest whim. As all these mentals are anxious to lay the foundation of future favouritism, they are, consequently, eager to fulfil every caprice of their little mistresses, and, by the pernicious example of their own rivalries, initiate them at an early age into every kind of falsehood and base intrigue. The maternal and paternal indulgence which they at the same time enjoy renders them wayward, capricious, and difficult to manage by the governesses engaged for their education. For the imperial pupil will learn or receive her lessons at no regular hours, but when she feels inclined to do so ; and as her education has been begun late and will finish early, she will have acquired little beyond some knowledge of reading and writing, and a little music and embroidery.

Upon attaining the age of fifteen or sixteen, the Princesses are richly portioned, receive a splendid trousseau and presents of jewellery, and a palace, and are given in marriage to some Court favourite. In consequence of their high birth and their precedence over their husbands, these ladies are very independent in their ideas, and insist upon being absolute mistresses in their households. Owing to the extravagance of their conduct, and the tyrannical and often cruel use they make of their position, the daughters of recent Sultans have seldom won public esteem, or even enjoyed good reputations. The memory, however, of the few who have formed exceptions to this rule, is still affectionately cherished by their friends and dependents.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

Sonnet.

To . . .

NAY, Sweet, 'tis nothing new ! What though the light
Of your life's love first break upon you now,
What though its radiance shine from your pure brow,
Telling of some great day beyond our night—
What though your gracious kindness melt the snows
Of world-worn weary hearts, and cannot cease
To gladden his who, finding you, finds peace—
Yet 'tis no change. You are not one of those
Love lifts from drear December into May ;
On us, your nearest, you have ever shed
May's healing charm while snows lay thick around ;
'Tis but the essence of a perfect day.
In his true eyes your truth with truth doth wed,
And by his love your sweet life's love is crowned.

DOROTHY HOLLINS.



The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

ENGLAND is the hell of horses, and the paradise of women; and if there were a bridge from the island to the Continent, all the women in Europe would run thither.

This was the opinion of Dr. Gemelli Careri in 1686, and although things have certainly improved as far as horses are concerned, they are not less favourable than they were as regards our sex. Few of our countrywomen are inclined to question the decrees of Fate, when the country of their birth is in question. All other nations would seem to contribute to clothe, feed, and surround Englishwomen with the comforts and luxuries of life. But all these are specially adapted to the insular requirements of our country. Climate and surroundings play their part and assert themselves, as well as the customs which rule our social life. A love of the beautiful is still paramount, and for the daintiness of our surroundings we have to thank the East, the far West, and many, if not all, European countries.

The heading to this chapter shows some pretty trifles from Messrs. Riminel in Regent Street. The Tantalus spirit-stand has been adapted to scent, which is well, seeing that it is a commodity about which people generally are only passably honest. There are triple bottles, which are filled with three kindred perfumes—either wood violets, Nice violets, or white violets; or with white rose, white heliotrope, or white lilac. To be *à la mode* now, there should be no overpowering odour, only a suspicion of a sweet scent, and these six perfumes are for the moment the newest. Even cushions, now a-days, are scented; one made in given satin, exquisitely

painted with yellow roses and edged with cord, was delightfully perfumed. Baskets, in many new and pretty shapes, are filled with bottles of scent, and display a dainty spray of flowers at the top; some hold perfume sachets in the form of sacks as well as the bottles.

The lace-edged fan is painted by Von Gaden with a Russian scene, the sticks are mother-of-pearl. It is quite a work of art. Fans are either very costly, painted by a master-artist, and composed of priceless lace; or they are merely made in the softest gossamer material to match the dress worn at the time, and only serve to finish the toilette and make it complete. How often the real purpose of a fan is almost entirely forgotten! Few of the feather or lace fans really cause any current of air, and they are far more for ornament than use. Those who live in hot climates know that there is hardly any kind that fan so effectually as a palm-leaf. Dwellers in India, east and west, are rarely many minutes without one. We use them for ornament, for duster bags, sachets, and many other purposes; yet as a really serviceable fan they have no rivals. With some of the short-waisted Empire dresses the small Empire fans are used, made in ivory and very minutely painted, but they are little larger than the hand, and much given to coming unstrung. A great many of the veritable articles have survived, and are being used by the descendants of the dames who fluttered round the unfortunate Josephine. She wielded her fan with a special grace.

Our frontispiece shows some pretty evening gowns, made by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody. The dinner-

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gown for a young matron is made of cream silk broché, trimmed with lace, intermingling with maize and cream ostrich-feathers, tied with ribbons to match. Feather bordering is carried along the centre of the train, and a piece to correspond is introduced down the front drapery; the bodice is arranged with lace, ribbon, and ostrich-feathers to match the skirt. The use of feathers is even more a matter of course in smart gowns than it has been for some time, and many new kinds are being brought out, curled and uncurled, as well as shorn. Some of the velvets and light satins are ornamented with closely trimmed and shorn feathers, so that they resemble otter, and though by no means cheap, this garniture is considerably less in price than fur.

The young lady's dinner-dress is made of pink pongee, with a full ruche of fringed baby-ribbons across

The newest feature in the arrangement of evening dresses is that the drapery is pretty well confined to paniers, which are becoming to the figure, diminishing the apparent size of the waist. The skirts are considerably longer, and positive trains are often worn. Most of the bodices have the trimming arranged to simulate a Zouave jacket, the sleeves are more assertive, and at the same time stand up very high. Happily the shoulder-strap is a thing of the past.

Children's fashions, however bizarre, can rarely succeed in obscuring that peculiar grace of childhood which serves to keep the world always young. The five little people arrayed by Mrs. Washington Moon, of 16, New Burlington Street, illustrate pretty well all the several styles needed in most nurseries. The child aged four, on the extreme left of the picture, wears a



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

the front. The bodice has a Medici collar, and is draped in folds arranged very full, terminating with a large and prominent bunch of baby-ribbon on the left side. It is just what a young girl's dinner-gown should be, and is calculated to enhance the fresh charms of youth. The ball-gown, also for a girl in her teens, is made in white tulle, trimmed with lilies of the valley; the white silk bodice, with a drapery of tulle and lilies falling from the shoulder, is simple and graceful.

fancy check serge of a cream tone, but it is just the kind of make suited to galateas or thinner materials, especially cashmere. It has a silk belt, and the trimmings are of a new fancy ribbon, which forms the square pockets and the square collar at the back. The revers give width to the front, and silk is introduced within them. The sleeves are new and comfortably full, and the style is quite removed from the ordinary dresses for a child of this age, which have become so painfully monotonous.

An older sister holds the hand of another little figure of a similar age, wearing a woollen frock with silk trimmings, the puffs worked in feather-stitch; there are triple plaits at the back of the skirt. Eight is the age of the older sister, and fashions have more chance of display in a larger make of garment: she wears a pretty shade of brown, the trimmings brown velvet; the front is silk, with pointed points of velvet

of velvet; the height of the puff on the shoulder gives the picturesque touch to the costume, which is so captivating for a child. The last little dress has a yoke and Swiss belt; the bodice between the two is tucked perpendicularly. It is made in light woollen stuff, the yoke and belt outlined with velvet, the skirt edged with two lifted flounces; these sleeves are pleated outside the arm, in such a way that there are puffs on the shoulder



Fitted dress.

Dress with yoke.

Dress with yoke.

NEW DRESSING

carried down the centre; the collar is velvet, and so is the puff at the top of the sleeve. This frock is accompanied by a triple cape of cloth, made after the style of the Horse Guards' capes, with a high velvet collar. This useful garment has become vulgarised for adults, but for children it is new and becoming.

There are two more to describe, and both are uncommon. The first has the sleeves puffed at the shoulders and elbow; the skirt is made quite plain; a sash ribbon, somewhat narrow, about the waist is tied at the point; the front is made of tiny perpendicular tucks graduated towards the waist, enclosed with two braces

and above the wrist, meeting a shaped piece closely fitted to the arm and trimmed with velvet.

Ribbon velvet and inch-wide braid are much in fashion, and a great many skirts are trimmed all round with rows of the one or the other, perfectly plain in front and gathered closely at the back. Children have narrower skirts in proportion, but the same fashion prevails for them as for adults.

The firm of Hamilton and Co., 326, Regent Street, combine artistic dresses after the school that is purely English with the latest Paris modes and the latest Paris cut and fit. They have a *spécialité* for exquisite

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colouring, of which they make a study, and have shades specially dyed for them, and not to be had elsewhere. Materials also are to be seen here which are unique, and specially lend themselves to graceful drapery. The gowns in the illustration on the previous page show distinctive styles. The tea-gown has a sleeve which rejoices in the name of "Bernhardt;" it is arranged with soft silk, ruffled the entire length, and the long hanging sleeves are of

panied by a Medici collar, the fronts bordered with Oriental embroidery. The evening dress is made in thick rich silk of a maize tone, intermixed with a faint suspicion of pink, which combines with it admirably. The pink falls in full rich folds in the front of the skirt, draped with lisse embroidery, having tiny Pompadour bouquets scattered all over it, together with roses and forget-me-nots. One side of the bodice is draped with



NEW MILLINERY.

cashmere, coming from under the arm, and so gathered that they form full standing puffs on the shoulders. The colouring of this dress is old rose, of a rather prettier tone than we have had yet; the front, of Indian silk, falls in indescribably graceful folds; the rest is cashmere, cut slightly square in the front of the waist, and accom-

panied by the same material, while down the other side falls a cascade of softly pleated maize coloured crêpe; the sleeves are of lisse; the bodice is brought up becomingly high on the shoulder, and the sleeves are of some considerable length, softening the arm. The other is a simple house-dress made in cashmere of the Eiffel tone

draped in soft folds. These are arranged at the back that they seem to form a loosely tied sash; the bodice has a round gathered chemisette of fine red crêpe, outlined with black silk passementerie; the little Zouave comes from beneath it, and is outlined with black passementerie, and the under-bodice appears to take the

Mme. Le Breton, of 3, Beutwick Street, Cavendish Square, is a happy example of a gentlewoman entering upon business with success. She is a clever dressmaker as well as milliner, but I have elected to illustrate examples of her skill in millinery. The stringless bonnet on the left hand may be considered in the light of a



NEW WOOLLEN DRESSES.

form of a rather deep Swiss belt. This is a good example of spring styles in house-gowns.

Fashions in millinery do not appear to have undergone any very great revolution. Even now astrakan is introduced on bonnets. There are two styles of bonnet borrowed from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*: one is shaped rather like the segment of a wheel, the other is made of triangular pieces starting from a centre, the seams outlined with jet studs. Violets are quite the rage and are clustered on the small bonnets, which in the hand seem infinitesimal; wired-lace lappets are used for bows, and osprey is still almost a necessary part of head-gear.

toque if desired. It has a velvet crown, which we are likely to be wearing much this year, and is surrounded by a jet ruche. The silk bonnet opposite has bows in front lined with a contrasting colour—a jet leaf at the side. It needs but little description, and is the sort of bonnet which is so useful for constant wear. The large straw hat is likely to prove eminently becoming to a young face; the crown is surrounded by the Greek key-pattern, and high feathers overshadow it. It turns up at the side, and affords a not undesirable shade in front. The rosette bow of velvet is the distinctive feature of the velvet bonnet for velvet is worn now all the year

round; and of June than would be made with each rule of the mill what they no general vulgar pain



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round; and at the Ascot Meeting last year, in the height of June, there were more velvet dresses and bonnets than would well be believed. Very stylish is the toque, made with three rouleaux of different coloured velvets, each rouleau well twisted, the top left quite open, a bow of the mixed colours at the back. Let the doctors say what they will, we run every risk with our head-gear, and no generation has suffered more from headache and neuralgic pains. In many of her bonnets Mme. Le Breton

dressmaking. Note with what skill the black and grey stripes have been treated. In the bodice and skirt they run horizontally, but in the over-drapery they take a diagonal direction, so diminishing the size of the hips. The bodice, which adheres closely to the figure, is apparently cut in two pieces, back and front, any superabundant fulness being gathered in the front. It comes down low on the hips, and the skirt is attached to it. The collar is high, and the shoulders, cut short and forward, show off



NEW MANTLES.

lays jets over a colour, which has a good effect. We are not likely to appear in sombre colours this year. Paris, whence our inspirations in dress still mostly spring, has decreed that the brightest, gayest tints are to be worn, and we are encouraged to follow her footsteps by the loveliness of the tints which now emerge from the dyer's vat. Never before have we had anything purer in tone, or more perfect for amalgamation, than the greens, pinks, and blues now worn.

When spring breaks upon us, and spring sun shows the ravages winter fogs and dulness have made with our dresses, our thoughts naturally turn to how to replace them. Woollens are more stylish and far more fashionable than silk, and the three woollen dresses made by Mme. Dust, in Brook Street, illustrated on p. 240, are in the latest styles. They all show the perfection of good

the high puffing at the top of the sleeve. There is a very deep cuff-piece, which reaches almost to the elbow, and here again the stripes are diagonal.

The weaving in some of the newest cloths shows quite a new departure. One great novelty is illustrated in the dress worn by the seated figure. The groundwork is tobacco-brown, the design woven in black, forming a true-lover's knot. This is shown off well in the front of the skirt, and looks exactly like ribbon-bows with ends. The bodice is very artistically arranged out of the pattern in the fabric, corresponding with the skirt, and could only be cut in such a fashion by a complete mistress of the art, for while it is seamed to the figure, it appears as if it were woven to the form required, the matching is so skilful. The black brocade is utilised for the wrist and the top of the sleeve. Nothing forms so good a

background to a purplous of colour as black, and black dresses are always in fashion. The young matron peeping over the shoulder of her friend wears a black vicuña, with a green velvet under-skirt, which appears as a panel at the side, and is handsomely trimmed at the hem with black passementerie. The velvet is introduced on the front of the bodice, forming a pointed vest on one side, and a diagonal vest on the other, handsomely trimmed with the same black passementerie.

Mine. Dust often utilises the selvages of woollen materials where they open over side panels of velvet, and she generally sends home a bonnet to be worn with the dress. Her tea-gowns, too, have much originality and great simplicity. They are made, however, indescribably, as far as word painting goes, generally of silk and mouseline chiffon, which are swathed round the figure so that they soften every outline. The skirts are long, and so are the sleeves, the one material merging into the other. The result is the acme of grace. This lady's cloaks, too, are original, and many are still cut closely to the figure, with the skirt attached beneath passementerie trimming, low down on the hips, the sleeves high on the shoulders. It is becoming the fashion to have smart ~~sarings~~ cloaks, which serve at the same time for evening wear. They are in large-patterned broadened wool, lined with shot silk or sometimes silk brocade; they are of the circular order, but fit at the back, and often have a hood.

On page 241 are three stylish mantles made by Miss Ellis, of 29, Queen Anne Street. That worn by the centre figure is made in brown and gold unclasseé as a coat, with hanging sleeves over tight ones. Bands of velvet in a double row are carried down the back; the trimming is some close silk-ruche-like feather bordering. The other coat has velvet revers and slashed sleeves, quite a new spring style, and well suited to our sharp March winds. The other mantle is suited to women of middle life with a tendency to stoutness. It is made in velvet or rich brocade, and has handsome passementerie in the corners, the whole being surrounded by very

handsome fringe, which is carried up the centre of the back in rows. Fringe of the old-fashioned straight sort is now much the fashion, and, like all resuscitated modes, it appears to fill the immediate want of the moment.

A new idea in loose-fronted jackets is to make them single-breasted with revers, but secured by a hook, so that they appear double-breasted, without the extra weight. The military tab-braiding is coming in again; indeed, it never remains long out of fashion, so becoming is it.

The tailor-made gowns have extremely simple skirts. Full at the back, plain in front, with rows of inch-wide braid round, is the prevailing fashion; but the bodices are often elaborately braided, and the tubular braid is rather newer than the narrower and less important kinds. Some have short basques cut entirely in tabs, edged with the tubular braid, twisted into a scroll at each point. Others have wide revers forming an open jacket, like the lapels of a man's coat, fastening in front with one button. A soft make of cloth with a velvet-like surface has been brought out in a new range of colours; a greyish-blue and a tobacco-brown are most fashionable. Buttons are being superseded by hooks for the front of bodices, and a habit bodice might almost be worn for a dress, the cut is so little different. The fashions for middle-aged women have not undergone any material change, but many beautiful dresses have been made for them to wear at recent entertainments. A black brocade, cut *en Princeps*, was arranged to break any superabundant stoutness by a front drapery of jetted net—the design "Empire," closely worked. This was further carried out by a high Medici collar, the bodice made low.

Fancy balls are to be very rife at Easter; and a useful invention of Mr. Lichtenfeld, 39, Great Castle Street, is the cover-all toupee, made of soft curling white hair, with only a foundation in front; so the white fringe is ready, and the hair can be dressed at the back as desired—a wonderful improvement on the ordinary white heavy wigs, and far less troublesome than powdering.



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Paris Fashions.

ALL the world has been at Nice, and many of our ladies of fashion are there still, rejoicing in the sunshine, in the limpid delicacy of blue mornings by the sea. Thither, in January, went the Comtesse Marie Branicka, surnamed the Lady of the Sapphires, because she owns the finest sapphires in the world. There, too, might be seen the Comtesse de Chambrun, a devotee to music, who has erected in the magnificent park surrounding the Villa Ray a Grecian temple dedicated to her favourite art, supported by marble pillars, and in which are to be placed the busts of the great composers. The beautiful Comtesse Raoul de Kersaint has sojourned some weeks in Nice. This lady leads the fashions

wherever she goes. Her costumes anticipate those that will be worn to-morrow. Men, too, obey her decrees. It was the Comtesse de Kersaint who last year notified to her gentlemen guests a wish that all should appear at her parties in coloured coats, knee-breeches, and lace cravats. The Princesse Youriewsky lingered through January and February at Nice. Last year this lady carried off the prize at the "battle of flowers" with her carriage transformed into a bower of violets. It would take too much space to enumerate all the charming women, the men well known in society, who are still lingering in the favoured spot. In bleak January and early February days these privileged persons led an *al fresco* existence; eleven o'clock breakfasts, enjoyed in the sunshine under the blue sky, proved the most popular form of entertainment. One of these repasts was given in the poetic grounds of the Villa Vénitienne by the Vicomtesse Vigier. Overlooking the Bay of Nice, the villa is surrounded by a park-like garden, where great palms and bamboos cast quiet shadows athwart the alleys, the rose gardens, the mossy glades, the shaven lawns.

It is difficult to realise in our chilly climate the happy country life led during the winter at Nice. The environs of the town are unique. On one side an old monastery is perched on a hill, alleys of grey-green olive-trees lead up to the churchyard of the Brothers. On the heights overlooking the town, the gardens of the cottages are tangles of flowers. While our trees are bare, our gardens without flowers, there, plantations of roses, stretches of narcissi, of violets, of mignonette, fill the air with perfume. Fields of flowers stand out against a background of azure sea and sky. Humble houses are made beautiful with climbing plants, with foliage falling in delicate and graceful garlands over lichen-stained walls and roofs. Some of our artist decorators are now at Nice copying the line and the fall of these blossoms and leaves.

Paris suffered much during the influenza epidemic, and many parties that were announced were put off indefinitely. Fêtes, as a rule, were suspended; nevertheless, our great *couturières* continued busily creating delicate and poetic ball-dresses. The note of simplicity is very noticeable in some of the prettiest of these gowns. The chaplets of flowers that form the favourite trimming are marvels of imitation. The colouring, the droop, the sweetness of blossoms and of foliage are reproduced by some of our artificial flower-makers with a grace and realism that lift the industry to the rank of an art. I know women and girls who live



BRIDAL COSTUME.

among flowers, and soon almost to share the life of the plants they copy, so intricate is their knowledge of the blossom. A ball-dress of blue tulle, the hem wreathed with pansies in every shade of blue to deep purple, the low bodice outlined by a chaplet of the flowers, the front of this gown covered with panes lying there in charming confusion, as if a basket of the blossoms had been tossed into the lap of the wearer—was an excellent example of these floral ball-dresses. Another dress, made by the Maison Lipman for a young married woman, was very charming in its soft whiteness and gleam of dewdrops. The dress was of white *crêpe de Chine*, clinging in simple lines about the figure; round the hem circled a light garland of white rose-leaves, shining with dewdrops; the bodice, *à la Pique*, was fantastically garlanded with the shimmering white rose petals. Another characteristic of the dresses of today is a suggestion of mediæval picturesqueness. A beautiful ball-dress, fit for a queen to wear and intended for a queen of fashion, was of sulphur brocade, worked in silver, of Princess shape, it fell in a long train behind; the front opened over an under-dress of English point lace, draped *à laignée Sarril*; a fichu of the same lace was caught up on the left shoulder, and was fastened there by a cluster of flowers nestling amid dim green leaves.

Another very graceful gown was of Indian crepon, of moonlight-blue, quaintly and richly embroidered in metal threads of various shades. A corslet of sapphire velvet covered with metal-work gave a pretty, barbaric touch of Eastern glitter to the gown.

Worth's ball-dresses surpass all others in elegance of outline. It is easy enough to convey the general impression of colour, to give an idea of the grace of mingled fabrics, and of the charm and finish imparted by tasteful trimming; but, when all this has been told, that which really distinguishes a dress—the supreme touch of the artist—has been left undescribed. Worth has sent out of his show-room a number of ball-dresses, thought out in every detail, structurally composed as a picture might be. One of these dresses was of white and gold brocade of rich and elegant pattern. The skirt, opened on either side, displayed an under-skirt of white net spotted with gold; the brocade skirt was garlanded round the hem with white roses without foliage. The low bodice was of mingled brocade and net; a drapery of brocade, starting from the left shoulder was caught in the wide sash of deep gold satin; the right side of the bodice was of spotted net. Over the left shoulder rose large puffs or loops of brocade; on the right shoulder was placed an epaulette of white roses, surmounting the short sleeve of spotted net. The lady's hair, dressed by Lenthéric, the fashionable hairdresser, fell in a few stray ringlets over the forehead, and was worn in a twist low in the neck—a cluster of flowers and foliage was placed slightly on the right side.

The "salons" are open now—the musical salons of Mme. de Chamburin, the Vicomtesse de Tredern, the Princesse Bibesco; the literary salons of the Duchesse d'Uzes, the Comtesse de Greffulhe, the Princesse de Beauvilliers, the Comtesse de Courtenay. At these afternoon receptions the most elegant costumes worn are of velvet, the skirts

long—forming a half-train, and clinging to the figure—trimmed with sable or black fox. The favourite colours for velvet are sapphire, amethyst, willow-green, pearl-grey, or mahogany. Dresses in *peau de cygne* and *drap de soie*, embroidered, are also very fashionable. For young girls, large hats; for married women, dainty little head-gears, suggesting mediæval coiffes. The most remarkable feature of the dress of to-day is the fashion of the sleeves. As the skirts grow narrower and the bodices more clinging to the figure, the sleeves gain in amplitude and length, falling over the wrist as they were wont to do in 1830. Repeating the colour of the trimmings of the dress, the sleeves are usually made of a different material—of velvet, if the dress be of silk; of silk, if the dress be of velvet. The gloves worn long at evening parties, are worn short at afternoon receptions; they are always light in tint—pale grey or cream.

For young girls I have seen some very pretty cloth costumes, ash-grey, tawny, rosewood, and ruddy tints are the favourite shades. These costumes are embroidered or trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade; the wide sleeves are of velvet.

To sum up the distinctive features of the fashions of to-day—we find in them a suggestion of the mediæval quaintness, of the picturesque Valois style, of the Empire narrowness of skirt; the various styles harmonised into an elegance which is distinctly that of the present.

Our illustration on the opposite page shows a Court dress made by the Maison Lipman for Mme. José Coelho Gomes, wife of the Secretary of the Brazilian Legation at Lisbon, and worn by this lady on the coronation day. It was composed of a brocade fit to be worn by a princess in a fairy tale. The cream ground was worked all over with iris blossoms and leaves in silver; a cluster of the purple blossoms fell in a long trail on one side of the skirt. Round the low bodice ran a rich silver embroidery, disposed according to the fashion known as "*Isabeau de Bavière*." On the left shoulder a tuft of iris repeated the delicate modulations of purple, which brought a beautiful gleam of colour on one side of the skirt. The Court train, fastened to the shoulders by diamond clasps, was of lead-grey velvet lined with silver-grey satin. The head-dress was composed of a dainty turban of lead-grey velvet crowned with a tuft of iris in diamonds.

A very handsome afternoon reception-gown, made for a fashionable lady, was of silver-grey brocade; the flowered fabric was a fine specimen of the silk wrought in Lyons looms. Grey velvet, of the shade known as "London fog," composed the under-skirt. The over-dress, opening in front over this, fell in a long train behind. The bodice was composed of a sort of corslet of brocade and deep yoke of velvet. The sleeves, of velvet, were surmounted by epaulettes of black *Chantilly* lace, which was repeated in a neck-scarf fastened in a bow at the throat, the long ends softening the austerity of the velvet yoke. The sleeves, high and full at the shoulder, gradually tapered down to the wrist, where they were finished off in dainty scallops.

There is little now to be said about mantles. The long pelisse, the natty braided jacket edged with astrakhan, still hold their sway. I must describe, however,



a travelling-cloak made by one of our best houses for a great Russian lady; it was very original in colour and in cut. Of grasshopper-green cloth, the long redingote enveloped the wearer from throat to feet; it fastened cross-wise over a plastron of black velvet. Just below the waist a finely wrought silver clasp held the drapery coming over from the right shoulder to the left side. An original little cape, fastened round the neck, was cut off at the shoulders; this cape is known as "the Italian abbot's collar." The wide sleeves were finished off with velvet wristbands. A little toque of brown velvet trimmed with black feathers accompanied the cloak.

Let us now turn for a moment to the stage, and see the pageantry of fashionable attire focussed there. At the Comédie Française, M. Meilhac's new play—*Margot*—gives us a picture of men and women of the modern Parisian types, clad in costumes that are the last word of the skill and art of the Parisian *couturière*. There is no exaggeration; all is elegant and true, every detail scrupulously studied. The play and its setting are the mirror held up to the follies, fashions, and graces of our *fin de siècle*.

The Marquise d'Arsy, a lady of masculine propensities, horsey in manners, devoted to the hunting field, wears an eyeglass and tailor-made costume, with high masculine collar; her riding habit is made with a waistcoat of black felt, her Fronde hat is trimmed with black feathers. Mlle. Reichenberg plays Margot, the bright *ingénue*, the beautiful daughter of a frisky mother. In her first appearance she wears a saffron-coloured *crêpe de Chine* Empire dress, embroidered with leaves of orchids; this embroidery is a marvel of needlework, the tones of the shaded silks, the form and grace of the design, are admirable as art work; the wide pleated mauve satin girdle, the colour repeated in the satin bows over the sleeves, completes the harmony of hue and line. The graceful actress looks her best in the rustic costume worn in the country-house scenes. The gown is of red bengaline, embroidered with black satin roses; a red cottonade

apron, and a straw hat trimmed with poppies and black velvet bows, make up the pretty, brilliant dress.

The light-hearted, anything but strait-laced, ladies played by Mmes. Fayolle, Rayer, and Martel, wear radiant dinner-dresses in the first act. One is of flesh-coloured pink satin, embroidered with delicate brown roses; the cloak is of



MME. GOMES' COURT DRESS.

sky-blue velvet and gold, trimmed with black fox fur. The lady wears for head-dress a hat of cloth of gold, trimmed with black plumes and gold spangles. Another dress is of cream bengaline, exquisitely wrought in needlework with flowers of varied shades: a cloak of striped black and gold, trimmed with black feathers, and a hat of gold tissue wreathed with red roses. The simplest of all the dresses is yet wonderfully pretty in its grace of line and modest colouring. It is worn by Mlle. Bertiny. It is of grey alpaca, made with an Amazon corsage, and a round hat trimmed with grey and yellow satin bows.

The bonnets of the Maison Virot are distinguished by a stamp of elegant originality all their own. Mme. Virot has created the *capote Mojen-dy*—a dainty head-gear somewhat resembling the close-fitting coiffes of our ancestresses. At the marriage ceremony of the daughter of the illustrious portrait-painter, Carolus Duran, with M. George Feydeau, when all artistic and literary Paris assembled in the church of Saint-Pierre-de-Chaillot, these quaintly picturesque little bonnets were much worn, they glistened with gold or jewelled beads. A winsome blonde lady wore one, made of gold tissue, enriched as with the flash of precious stones; it was wreathed with pale blue feathers, rising in an aigrette above her brow. Another was fashioned in antique brocade, the ground of which was of the vivid pink of the moss rose; a delicate border of sable fur ran round the edge. A third was composed of gold tissue, bordered with velvet.

The bridal dress made by Mme. Mojin-Blossier, given in our illustration on p. 243, was of sherry white satin, bordered with wreaths of orange-blossoms, chaplets of the blossoms crept up the sides of the gown, mingling with tufts of white ostrich-feathers placed at intervals round the hem. The train was of satin.

Mme. Carolus Duran wore a Princesse dress of golden-brown velvet, made with a long train. The skirt opened in front, displaying an under-skirt of cream and gold brocade; on the bodice the brocade was repeated on the wide revers. The painter who knows how to render with such admirable *brin* the chara of feminine attire would have found delight in painting this beautiful gown. The mother of the bridegroom wore another splendidly picturesque dress of velvet, of the peculiar shade of brown known as "wood." It was trimmed

with ostrich-feathers of the same tint; it opened in front over a petticoat of damask, turquoise-blue and gold; the sleeves were of blue and gold damask.

A charming young girl's costume was of rosewood armure, touched here and there with a delicate line of moss-green velvet. The bodice, laced behind, lightly draped in front, was finished off with a jabot of pink mousseline-de-soie, the sleeves were of the Empire style, and the wide sash was of phosphorescent moss-green velvet. The dress worn by a lady well known in the literary world was, perhaps, the most admired of all these beautiful gowns. It was of phosphorescent scarabeus velvet, trimmed with sable, opening over a petticoat of rich damask, where baskets of flowers gleaming with gold were worked upon a creamy ground. The style of the gown and the rich petticoat reminded one of the dress of the fair ladies of Louis XV.'s reign.

Many of our leaders of fashion have presided over the stalls of a number of brilliant bazaars lately held in aid of the poor. We have seldom been so charitable as of late. The presence of illness in so many rich and poor households brought that touch of a common anxiety which makes the whole world kin. Our accomplished ladies wrought all sorts of artistic knickknacks, painted, modelled, and sold their handiwork "for the poor." It is but feminine human nature to trust to the appeal of looking your prettiest when you are bent upon conjuring money out of the pockets of masculine customers at your stall. The most charming costumes were to be seen at the great *kermesse* lately organised at the Theatre d'Application in aid of the poor. One, which was a model of elegance, was composed of ash-grey sicilienne, the skirt clinging to the figure, and, slightly lifted, revealing the hem of a petticoat of willow-green velvet. The bodice was cuirass-shaped, of the sicilienne, mounted on a yoke of willow-green velvet, with wide sleeves of the same velvet. The hair was worn in a classic twist low in the neck. The large hat of ash-grey beaver, long-haired and silky, was adorned with a cluster of willow-green plumes. Another original costume was composed of mastic-grey cloth, slightly draped over a petticoat of wood-brown velvet. The bodice, of wood-brown velvet, was made with wide sleeves, and with a wide band fastened by a gold buckle. Over it was worn a Figaro vest of mastic cloth, embroidered in wood-brown and gold.



A Garden in the South.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

*From the Rev. Percival Stoulligh to C. Curtis, Esq., Fellow of
St. Ambrose, Oxford.*

Villa des Mimosas, Monte Carlo, January 10th, 1890.

MY DEAR CURTIS,—I am writing these lines from the loveliest garden in Europe. Laid on the mountain-side, it winds and drops gently down towards the sea, with a glorious view of the Cap St. Martin towards the east, and of Monaco, the road to Nice, and even the far-distant Esterels towards the west. As I sit on a sheltered terrace I see, through yonder marble balustrade, patches of what might be an Egean blue; stately date-palms stand like sentinels round a curved marble seat, where you half expect to find a damsel of Tadmor's lolling in the brilliant sunshine; and all around are the glistening green of the orange and ilex trees, the subtle silver-grey of the olives, and the aromatic leaves of the eucalyptus. Here and there a giant cactus, planted on a terrace above me, pierces the sky with its spear-like outlines, and everywhere the flat, oval leaves of the prickly pear sprout wearily from slabs of rock. . . . A fountain plashes all day long in my garden, and a girl, dressed in a soft white gown, passes in the distance, her clear pallor outlined against the passionate blue of the sea. . . . Delightful, indeed, to dream away the sunny days in such a garden, with a volume of Horace . . . or, let us say, with Jean Carnegie.

Knowing that I was on my way to Rome, you may be surprised at the post-mark of this letter, but I have found it necessary to rest a while after the shocks and discomforts incidental to travelling. The railway train is ever an unbeautiful mode of journeying, little satisfying to the soul, and always vexations to the spirit. The tedium of sitting all day, perhaps all night, in a close compartment, of having strangers thrust upon you who may wish to make your acquaintance, the insufficient or badly cooked food, the revolting habit which obtains of gnawing fragments of meat or poultry from a paper parcel; in all these brutalities which I have endured I know I have your sympathy. More than once, as the train pushed through blinding snow-storms towards Marseilles, I thought, with regret, of your rooms in St. Ambrose; of the suave harmony of your pale golden draperies, your amber walls, your rare prints, your priceless books, every binding a work of art. . . . Of the nights we have spent in dissecting a sonnet of Rossetti's, or you in playing, I in listening to the inspired sensuality—shall I call it—of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. And my own rooms in St. Peter's, with their few books and curios, and sketches by painters of the New School, did they not make the crude decorations—of the time of the Second Empire (all French inns are furnished according to the deluded taste of that day)—more unendurable when I put up for the night at Marseilles?

But I pass over these and kindred annoyances, in order to acquaint you with a singular adventure which

befell me next day. I had arranged to take the morning train from Marseilles to Nice, and had just made myself comfortable in a corner seat facing the engine, when a party of three, two ladies and a gentleman, got into my carriage. The elder of the two ladies calls for no comment—an Englishwoman of the ordinary Philistine type—the sort of woman who habitually wears a harassed expression and too much bead-trimming; while the father—grey-whiskered, tweed-suited, and generally commonplace—had a manner, in arguing about the least important trifles, which at once suggested a director addressing the shareholders of an unlimited liability company. I learnt in the course of the journey that Mr. Carnegie—his name is Carnegie—has been for many years managing director of one of the great northern railway lines. But the gods have compensation in store for us when we least expect it. As the daughter took a place in the carriage opposite to me, my first thought was of those exquisite lines of Swinburne's:—

"Eyes coloured like a water-flower
And deeper than the green sea's glass—
Eyes that remember one sweet hour. . . ."

My dear fellow, this girl's eyes were not only beautiful, but they remembered, and therein lay their special charm for me. And yet what could this child—for she hardly looked twenty—have gone through in the way of real emotion yet? For your *ingénue*, your bread-and-butter miss, I have, as you know, a profound distaste. To initiate the school-girl into the mysteries of the subtler emotions has never been within my plan of life. No: Woman, when she comes to me, must come with her whole being awake; I have no desire to emulate the Prince in the eternal allegory of the Sleeping Beauty. In addition to her wondrous eyes, the girl was pale with the pallor of a white camellia, and her dark hair—how rarely one sees dark hair nowadays—was exquisitely soft and fine: points, you know, which often escape admirers of more blatant types of beauty. I can just imagine the sort of man—an undergraduate, let us say—who might altogether fail to inhale the precious perfume of beauty like Jean Carnegie's. The parents were civil and obviously well-intentioned, so for once I threw aside my envelope of reserve, and talked to these worthy people in the hope of securing an acquaintance-ship with the daughter. As sometimes happens, it turned out we had more than one mutual friend in England, and in a couple of hours' time we had become so far acquainted, that I had been asked to call at their villa at Monte Carlo.

Meanwhile the glorious panorama of the Riviera was opening out before our eyes as the train pushed on—not very quickly, to be sure, for there is something of the true Italian dawdling on the little line which connects the Riviera with Marseilles. At St. Raphael we left the last of the snow behind, and after that it was a

—a succession of kindly beautiful impressions: flashes of profoundly blue sea, of jagged but imposing mountain flanks, streaks of sunbleached olive-groves, glimpses of golden orange maddening bare garden walls, pink tinted villas crowding to the sea-pines, and, over all, the vast supple-like sky. It was the first time that I had felt content since I left my rooms in college.

When the train stopped at Monte Carlo I had so far made up my mind—always a slow and somewhat painful process with me, as you may remember—that my first stoppage should be here. Though little given to sudden enthusiasms, it cannot be denied that even then my chief motive in so doing was to prosecute my acquaintance with this singularly beautiful and attractive girl.

The next day, when I paid my call at the Villa des Mimosa, I found both ladies at home, and professing themselves delighted with my early visit. They were even good enough to wish me to dine with them that very evening, an invitation which I was not sorry to accept, as it enabled me to avoid the horrors of an hotel *cà la hôte*. There is a son, it would appear, at St. Peter's, a freshman who joined last term, and the ladies appeared somewhat surprised that I knew nothing of him. . . . As if you and I, my dear Curtis, would be likely to know anything of an undergraduate who came up last October? Miss Carnegie talks of this brother a good deal. I mean to look him up and ask him to dinner when I get back. Before I left I had received—and accepted—an invitation to come and stay at the villa.

January 20.

I take up my pen again, after an interval of ten days—ten beautiful, satisfying days, spent in almost uninterrupted solitude with Jean Carnegie. You know my biases, my prejudices; well, this extraordinary girl not only appeals to the first, but rarely offends the second. . . . Most of the time has been spent in this exquisite garden overlooking the sea, talking of Oxford, of the tendency of modern thought, of the future of Art, for Miss Carnegie has not only been educated far beyond the usual run of girls, but has thought and read for herself. . . . I think—I cannot help thinking—that she cares for me a little . . . in which case my ways of life would be revolutionised indeed. Not that I should so far do violence to my theories as to plunge into the realities of life and jostle with my fellow-men in the vulgar rush for gold or honours (indeed, Miss Carnegie's wealth, which is very considerable, would effectually prevent any such sordid ideas). No, like Melpomene, I had always meant to be

"Ni agere, ni desere, ni amandus es."

but, in case the thing is serious, my fellowship would have to go, and my rooms in college, with their delightful old-world savour. . . . We have hardly stirred, as I told you, from the garden terrace, for the Casino, with its fetid atmosphere, debased architecture, and more than indifferent company, is little to my taste or to Jean's. Not that any vulgar prejudices about the priesthood would ever prevent me from studying any phase of society which was in any way interesting; we, my dear Curtis, of the new theology, are quite above any pre-

judices of that sort. It is the *topical* vulgarity, the foolish monotony of the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo which offend my aesthetic sense. As to Jean, after a disgusting episode of last night I hope she will never go inside the rooms again. . . . We were a party of five—for I forgot to tell you that there was a new arrival at the villa a few days ago—an illiterate but not ill-looking young man called Armstrong, in the army, I think I heard someone say; a complete specimen, I take it, of the brute force which some people affect to admire in a certain class of Englishmen, in no way an interesting personality, however. Well, we had all been to the concert after dinner, where, curiously enough, I somehow got separated from Jean, who sat between her mother and this young Armstrong. After the music was over someone proposed going into the gaming-rooms, which would close in a quarter of an hour. I don't even know how it happened, for we were all standing rather near together, Miss Carnegie, Mr. Armstrong, and I, but in the crowd which always presses round the tables just before they close, we both were separated for a minute or two from the young lady. . . . Someone spoke to her—an Italian, I think . . . and the brute must have been very insulting, for when I managed to reach her again Miss Carnegie's beautiful eyes were full of tears. I need not tell you, my dear Curtis, that the whole thing made me feel thoroughly disgusted. Just as I was drawing Miss Carnegie quietly away, I saw this young Armstrong seize the Italian by the arm and hurry him out of the rooms. Afterwards I learnt that he had given the fellow a thrashing on the deserted Casino terrace. . . . Altogether it was a repulsive and unpleasant incident, the only blot on our happiness of the last ten days. . . . To-morrow, I fancy, all will be settled. I mean to speak to Jean . . . in the garden . . . at noon . . . when she comes down the marble steps, in her clear pallor, to gather the delicate shell-pink or flaming crimson anemones.

Wish me luck, my dear Curtis, at noon to-morrow!

Ever cordially yours,

PERCIVAL STONELEIGH.

From *John Armstrong, Esq., to Captain Stoneleigh, 12th Dragoon*
[The *Penguin*, 1, *Cavalry Barracks, Manchester*.]

Villa des Mimosa, Monte Carlo, Jan. 21st.

DEAR OLD MAN,—Just a line to tell you that I arrived here quite fit and festive, and have been having a cheery time ever since I got down to the Mediterranean. They do you very well coming down here, and my friends, the Carnegies, are hospitality itself. Old Carnegie is a nice old chap; his wife is a dear good sort, and lets you do just what you like, and Miss Carnegie—well, you know what she is like, and that it wasn't only M. Blanc's green tables which made me miss the hunting in England, and spend all my long leave down here. She is as nice—nicer than ever—and if I could ever hope that she would like me a little. . . . But I am an ass to think of it! What is she likely to see in me, I should like to know!

This villa is awfully pretty and comfortable too, and there is no end of a garden, where Miss Jean and I always

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have a little stroll, and a chat before breakfast. By Jove! doesn't she look fetching in the morning under her white parasol—(heavily trying for most women, the morning! they generally prefer pink lamp-shades and half-drawn blinds)—and a white frock, and a ripping little sailor hat, reminding you of Marlow in August. The garden, you know, isn't in the least like an English one—I don't think there's a blade of grass in it. To begin with, it shelves right down the side of the mountain, and is planted with all sorts of funny things—palms, and prickly pears, and aloes. There are rum little marble seats (rather cold, these, when the sun doesn't happen to be shining on them), and flowers, anemones, and violets, springing up in all sorts of unlikely places, not planted in beds at all. Of course there are orange and lemon trees, with all the fruit on (very handy, these last, for making lemon squashes out of doors), and, by Jove! old man, the colour of the sea would make you stare a bit!

Miss Carnegie gets up early, so you won't be surprised to hear that I've got in the habit of turning out early, too; and two or three times already I've been allowed to go to the market with her, to buy flowers. The market is held more or less on the high road, near the big church, and here we buy stacks of roses, violets, and anemones, and stick them into wooden boxes, which we bring with us, ready labelled, to send to our friends. It's rare fun doing this; though Miss Jeanie gets awfully sick when I put the wrong colours in the boxes. It's a detail that the flowers invariably arrive in England in the last stage but one of decomposition—that's nothing—it's the fun of doing it. We sit side by side on the parapet, and cram the flowers into the boxes, and I never can get mine in, and then Miss Jeanie helps me, though she says I'm a clumsy, stupid boy, and she won't bring me again. Then we take 'em off piping-hot to the post, and consign them to the tender mercies of the P.L.M., feeling we have done our duty to our absent friends in England. After that it's a rush to get back to breakfast, for we have ten o'clock English breakfast at the villa. . . . There's nobody staying here but a rum sort of a hybrid clump—a parson, and an Oxford don, I think they said, who's always trying to get up long conversations with Miss Jeanie about the higher culture, or some tommy-rot of that sort. However, he don't get up early enough, that Johnnie. He comes creeping down about half-past ten, looking green in the face, when we've been out for a couple of hours in the sunshine. I tell you the morning's something to get up for here, especially when there's a pretty little girl with a white umbrella chortling round the garden, and looking as fresh as paint in her serge frock.

As to the talles, I don't owe the administration much, nor do they owe me anything. The fact is, the ladies at the villa don't care about the gambling-rooms, and so I haven't been in much. You see the garden's so awfully jolly, and we generally get up some tennis or drive in the afternoon. . . . A beastly thing happened, too, last night when we did go in after the concert, and I had to give the brute a good hiding, and you know I hate "scenes" of any sort, so it must have been pretty bad. . . . I only trust Miss Carnegie didn't hear any-

thing about it—only to-day she has been extra nice to me. By-the-bye, we shall have the garden to ourselves to-morrow, for I hear the Oxford don has had a wire from England, and has to go. I saw him at breakfast, and he was walking about the garden for a long time with Miss Jeanie, but he didn't appear at lunch, and now he's packing. I wonder what's up?

Remember me to all our fellows.

Ever yours,

JACK ARMSTRONG.

From Miss Jean Carnegie to Miss Helen Braithwaite, Grosvenor Place, London.

Villa des Mimosas, Monte Carlo, Jan. 22nd.

DEAREST NELLIE,—I'm engaged, I'M ENGAGED, I'M ENGAGED! Not to three people, as you might think from this, but to the handsomest, bravest man in the whole world. . . . You know him; I brought him to your ball last season, but I didn't know he cared for me *then*—and to think we wasted all that precious evening not knowing we liked each other so much. . . . The best of it is that father and mother are so fond of Jack too; but I haven't told you yet that it's Jack Armstrong I'm going to marry. He's in the "Plungers," you know, the 12th Dragoons, so I shall be following the drum for some years to come!

And now you will want to know how it all came about, and I must try and recollect how it has happened. I have to keep looking at the ring Jack gave me this afternoon to remind myself that it's all true, every bit of it. . . . First of all, he came to stay here, you know, and I couldn't help seeing that he cared for me a little, though I never dreamed, till something dreadful happened the night before last at the Casino, that it was going to be serious. . . . Well, one thing which might have warned me was that *he has been up by eight o'clock* nearly every morning; and nothing, you know, makes a young man get up early but hunting and . . . this sort of thing! I have my coffee at half-past seven, and, as the mornings are simply divine out here, I am always down soon after eight, and out in the garden. The rest of the day I never can call my own, for we often have people to lunch; I drive with mother in the afternoon, or go to the concerts at the Casino. And then until yesterday we have had another visitor, an Oxford man, whose acquaintance father made in the train. He is a don at Harry's college, so he was asked to come and stay, as we all want Harry to be friendly with the dons of his college while he is at the university. In parenthesis, I must tell you that this man must be rather mad, for after staying here ten days he actually proposed to me—to me, and then took himself off by the first train! What could have induced him to do so I cannot imagine, for he cannot seriously care for me in ten days, and we have never exchanged a syllable which did not relate to art or books or some such subject. True, I have had some long and rather hot arguments with him in the garden after breakfast, for he is clever, in spite of his preposterous affectations, and well up in the "modern movement." But really one doesn't

marry in disguise Tolstoy's books or Manet's pictures, does one! But to return to Jack. What made me know that he really cared for me was an incident at the Casino two nights ago. You can't think how horrid it is there sometimes. An Italian insulted me, and both Jack and our Oxford friend saw it . . . and Jack got perfectly livid with rage, and although there was no "scene" of any sort, for Jack took him out quite quietly, he gave him a thrashing out on the terrace. . . . My lovely, brave Jack! And all this time the Rev. Mr. Stoneleigh stood there with a sickly sort of smile, saying, "My dear Miss Carnegie, let me beg of you not to be alarmed." Oh, Nellie, I am sure I prefer the old-fashioned "muscular Christian" to the new-fangled "cultured parson." Somehow it's very little alluring—that sort of character! . . . And the next morning he actually asked me to be his wife!

But to return to Jack. Next day, after Mr. Stoneleigh had gone, I tried to thank him for defending me, but he wouldn't hear of it, and pretended that nothing had happened. . . . Well, this morning I was up at eight, and, as it was market morning, Jack and I went up as usual with our boxes to fill with flowers for England—(I hope you get yours regularly!)—I thought that he kept looking at me in a very funny way. . . . Jack has got the most lovely steely-blue eyes, and when he looks hard at you they go through one like gimlets; and besides, he was unusually silent, and made a worse mess than usual of the flower-boxes. I found

him packing one recklessly with every different-coloured flower—yellow, blue, red, purple, and pink (a thing I can't bear), and when I remonstrated, he said "it would be all the same a hundred years hence, and life wasn't worth living any way, and he sympathised with the fellow who shot himself, and left a note behind to say 'there weren't enough good times going to make up for the bad ones.'"

And I just said "Jack!" (I had never called him that before, you know), and touched his wrist with my fingers, and I saw his face change, and grow radiant . . . We couldn't say anything more just then, for a lot of old market-women and several little boys were looking at us curiously, not to mention a tiny monkey swinging by a silver chain over the wall of a villa opposite . . . And somehow a few minutes later we had left all the boxes and the flowers on the wall, and were wandering alone together in the olive-groves below . . . and we were awfully late for breakfast. How I wish you were here, dear Nellie! I am writing all this in the garden, on my favourite seat, with its screen of date-palms, and its glorious outlook over the Mediterranean, and Jack is walking up and down the terrace over there. He keeps calling out to know if I have done. That is the fourth cigarette he has finished, and I really must stop, or he will begin another.

Ever your own

JEAN.

P.S.—Jack says it must be in March, but I say the second week in April.

A Word about Mistresses and Servants.

"THERE are now no good servants, try as you may to find them."

"Servants are so very different from what they were years ago."

"If you get a servant that you like and can trust, she is quite sure not to stay with you."

Such are the words that meet our ears from both old and young mistresses, alike in the stately town mansion and the country farm-house, the trim parsonage, the dwelling of the doctor or lawyer, and the tradesman's home in the great city; the cry is so universal that there must be some truth in it, and yet there seems no valid reason why such a state of things should exist or even continue. There must be a fault somewhere; let us try for a few moments to find out where it is, and see if we cannot discover a remedy.

Now the one strong cement which binds together firmly both families and communities is sympathy. Where there is no real sympathy there will be no real love and confidence between even near relations; where there is full, warm sympathy, the closest ties will often be formed between those whose social circumstances have placed the furthest apart. Unhappily there is seldom any genuine sympathy between mistress and servant. The mistress regards her servant as a being of an inferior

order to herself, with whom she can have nothing in common, on whose actions she must always be keeping a covert watch lest she should be defrauded and deceived; the servant regards her mistress as her natural enemy, who knows no more of her real character and circumstances than she does of the domestic arrangements in a Chinese house, and whom it is but fair now and then to try to over-reach and out-wit. With these sentiments and ideas in their hearts and minds, the two begin a life side by side under the same roof, and in daily intercourse, and how can we wonder if the life turns out a failure for both!

The very first thing which a mistress ought to do when she takes a servant is to endeavour to learn something of her past life, of her private troubles, of her likes and dislikes, of her natural disposition and qualities. If the mistress will do this, the servant on her side will, sooner or later, seek to make the same discoveries about the mistress that the mistress has made about her, and thus the precious cement of sympathy will insensibly and gradually be formed, and bind them together. We address the mistresses especially on this point, because the mistress is of higher mental culture than her servant, and should therefore be the one to take the initiative.

Now let us glance at one point which often forms a rock on which the ship of household peace between

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mistress and servant splits; it is, we think, a point on which the servant is frequently unfairly judged and treated by the mistress. In the natural course of things love is a leading feature in the lives of all young women, whether they sit in the kitchen or the drawing-room. No mother of a family can deny that a desire to see her daughters well and happily married forms one of her chief cares and anxieties. Her daughters' suitors are constantly received at her house, and every facility is given to the young ladies for forming eligible attachments. Why then are the love-affairs of her maid-servants regarded as things which are always to be ignored and kept out of sight as something to be ashamed of? How much better it would be if every mistress would take a kindly, motherly interest in the prospects of her young servants with regard to marriage; if she would try to instil into them sensible and modest ideas on this subject, just as she does into her own girls; if she would advise them judiciously in such matters, and in such matters encourage them to give her their confidence. Instead of this, all attachments formed by their servants are mostly treated by mistresses very much like crimes. The consequence is, that the servant has recourse to underhand ways to carry on the connection which is to form, she hopes, the happiness of her future life, and has thus a most perfect lesson in the school of deceit. She knows that the man who is her promised husband is talked of contemptuously under the title of "a follower" by her mistress to her friends over their afternoon tea, and she is not unreasonably indignant, and regards any act of duplicity as but fair retaliation.

It will perhaps be said by some mistresses that notions like these with regard to the management of servants are all very well in theory, but are quite impractical when brought to the test in common daily life. I can assure my readers, however, that such is not the case. I know of young servants, bright, spirited, attractive girls, who receive their accepted lovers in their mistress's house just as young ladies would do, and behave quite as discreetly and modestly with regard to them. There is no concealment in the matter, the thing is an acknowledged fact of which no one is ashamed, and the result is an affectionate confidence between mistress and servant, and a certainty that the latter will not rush into an early and hasty marriage, as do too many of her class, simply because of the discomfort and inconvenience of the betrothed state in domestic service.

It cannot be denied that servants are more addicted to changing their situations than they were in former days; the increased facility of locomotion from place to place, the hope of gaining larger wages, the desire of seeing more of the world which is fostered by reading periodicals and newspapers, are, no doubt, some of the natural causes for this; but a potent cause for it may also be found in the more artificial habits of mistresses. When a lady lived much in her kitchen and still-room, her servant was her constant companion, and there quickly grew up between them a cordial feeling that made the servant slow to leave the family into which she had become grafted. At the present day mistresses too frequently regard small household details as beneath

their dignity, and thus lose a powerful means of attaching their servants to themselves. When I speak, however, of looking into household details, it must be remembered that I do not mean that constant underhand prying into their servants' affairs which prompts a mistress to go into her servant's bed-room when she is out, examine her drawers, and look into her cupboard; if a servant once discovers that she has been subjected to such mistrustful, suspicious treatment by her mistress, it is quite impossible for any further relations of a fitting kind to exist between them. The one has acted in a way that lowers her in the other's eyes, and that other naturally loses all respect for her.

The excessively high wages which at present are generally paid to domestic servants are not at all calculated to improve them as a class. Many mistresses have a feeling that their own honour and grandeur is increased by keeping expensive servants, and therefore in this respect go deliberately far beyond their means. It would probably be well for both mistresses and servants if the scale of wages to household servants was somewhat lowered in England; the servant would learn more thrifty habits which would be of use to her in after-life, and the mistress would have money in hand for bestowing upon her servant little presents and rewards that would encourage her in her well doing.

One very effectual way for a mistress to provide herself with a good servant is to take into her house a girl who is little more than a child, and train her up from the beginning; but this can only be done by a mistress who is at once firm and kind, watchful and indulgent. Incessant showers of scolding words, and careless indifference, are alike fatal to such a plan. A mistress must remember that she has taken another child into her family, and must behave accordingly; the child-servant will need, in some respects, the same treatment at her hands as her own children; her health must be cared for, her physical strength must not be overtaxed, her moral training must not be neglected; she is a charge no doubt, but a charge that will repay all the trouble bestowed on her.

Somersetshire and Devonshire are now the counties in England which produce the best domestic servants. The mass of the people are simpler and more unsophisticated than they are in the Midland counties or in the neighbourhood of London, and their manners are more gentle and obliging than those of the population in the North of England and Wales. The rate of wages is also rather lower in Devon than nearer the metropolis. Money is not quite so plentiful among all classes as it is in Kent or Warwickshire, and this fact causes thrift to be more generally practised. In West Somerset and Devon are still to be found old servants, whose years of service in the same family are to be counted by the score.

Finally, we would say in conclusion, let a lady be never so much a lady—in the true, beautiful, old-fashioned meaning of the word—as in her intercourse with her servants, and in ninety cases out of a hundred the mind and manners of the servant will reflect something of the mistress.

ALICE KING.



The Tudor Exhibition.

IT is very generally agreed that the Tudor Exhibition now on view at the New Gallery far surpasses the Stuart Exhibition of last year, alike in artistic value, in historical interest, and even in sentimental fascination.

As an object-lesson in history it could not be better: it furnishes us with a glimpse of the actual social life of the period which commenced with Henry VII. in 1485 and ended with Elizabeth in 1603, such as we have never had before. In the great houses scattered up and down the land these interesting memorials have been carefully preserved, and the very fact that they have survived through so many generations is a testimony in itself to the stability of the national character and the correctness of the records and traditions of our great families. The committee included such men as Mr. George Scharf, C.B., Mr. H. Jenner, the Hon. Harold Dillon, and a long list of eminent antiquaries, who, without hesitation, rejected doubtful objects, and confined the collection to articles whose "pedigrees" they deemed to be indisputably authentic.

The pictures, of course, are numerically the strongest section here. The interest is on the whole, however, decidedly archaeological rather than artistic, and in several cases there is good reason to believe that the

portraits are merely copies of the originals. Of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, there are several portraits, and to us who have grown to regard such institutions as Newnham and Girton, Somerville and the Hall named after her at Oxford, as products of our own age alone, there is something particularly delightful in the *personnel* of this earliest lady-patron of learning. "Lady Margaret" deserves a place in our affections not only for her splendid foundations of St. John's and Christ's Colleges, Cambridge, but because she was essentially a literary woman herself, of no inconsiderable education. She translated the Fourth Book of Gerson's Treatise of the "*Mutatio Christi*," and the "*Mirrore of Gold to a Sinful Soul*"—a work which appeared to have commended itself to royal and noble authoresses, as Margaret of Navarre rendered it into French, though not to much purpose, since it was condemned by the Council of the Sorbonne as heretical. Lady Margaret was thrice married, and we see her first as a young woman wearing a rufy velvet dress, cut square at the throat, over a white chemisette; then she appears clad in black, with some lovely lace, and carrying a book in one hand; and, lastly, we see a grave woman, of delicate features and intellectual expression, in the garb of a nun, for in old age she took religious vows upon herself. Both the colleges which she founded possess pictures of her, which they have lent, wearing



QUEEN CHRISTINA OF MILAN.

(From the Portrait by Holbein, lost by the Duke of Norfolk.)

this dress, and in the attitude of prayerful study before an open book.

Mrs. Dent, of Sudley, is the possessor of many of the best treasures formerly in the collection of Horace Walpole, and lends the fanciful picture of the Wedding of Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, attributed to Mabuse, but quite as probably from the brush of any of the other Dutch painters who gave special pains to church interiors. In this gallery the only other pictures to note here are those of the three children of Henry VII., much more likely to be Mabuse's work than the Wedding of Henry VII. and the various ones of Sir Henry Wyat and his cat, the touching legend of which is thus told by the recorder of the Wyat chronicles. Sir Henry had been a faithful supporter of the King before he attained the throne, and had consequently been "imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow (raven) to feed His prophet, sent this His and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him and, as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the keeper, 'you are safe for that matter.' And, being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise—dressed for him from time to time such pigeons as his accator the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyat in his prosperity for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture any where but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat before him."

The Holbein portraits form a very fine collection, and enable us to judge of the master's varying methods from youth to age. Her Majesty the Queen, who possesses several of this master's finest examples, has lent the wonderful portfolio of portrait studies from this vigorous

hand known as "the Windsor Series." To artists these are tolerably familiar through Chamberlaine's facsimile reproductions, but to most people they are among the most interesting features here. Some have been misnamed, undoubtedly, in a kind of revision which took place about the reign of Charles I., but it matters less to us to know the exact identity than it does to note the bold firm touch and the splendid realism of their portraiture. Of his Majesty of fickle memory the pictures are extremely numerous. Tradition says that Henry was very proud of his legs, but there are fewer full-length studies of him than three-quarters. He must have been a singularly unprepossessing man, for not one of his pictures imparts the slightest spirituality, the

finest intellectual touch, to the coarse face, with its "piggy" eyes and sensual mouth. To dwell upon them in detail would be uninteresting, and it is perhaps more instructive to turn to what Holbein's critics are well agreed in considering the very finest extant female portrait from his brush—that of Christina, Duchess of Milan. She was the second daughter of Christian II. of Denmark and Elizabeth of Austria, and was twice married—first to Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, and then to Francis, Duke of Lorraine. One cannot call her a beautiful woman in the strict sense of the word, but she was gentle and fascinating, womanly and wise, and all these qualities are written upon her face in this noble picture.

The only two of Henry's luckless wives whom Holbein does not appear to have

painted are Jane Seymour and Katherine Howard. The grave set features of Katherine of Aragon, poor merry laughing Anne Boleyn, fat plebeian Anne of Cleves, and stern strong-minded Katherine Parr are all represented. Henry had a very high opinion of Holbein's genius, and on one occasion when some insult was offered to the painter, the King angrily said, "Sir, I could make ten nobles such as you, but I could not make one Holbein." Holbein must have changed greatly in his latter years, if we bear in mind the oft-reproduced Basle drawing of him as a young man, and then glance at the solid, burly, bourgeois features of the man in his so-called "autograph" picture here, lent by the Queen. The leading critics, however, are of opinion that this is not the master's own work at all, and that the "H. B." upon it is the monogram of his contemporary, Hans Baldung.



THE GARRICK VASE.

(Lent by the Earl of Derby, Esq.)

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To pass on to other noted pictures, the one of "Henry granting the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons' Company" has been a frequent cause of speculation and comment. It is painted upon oak, measures ten feet by six feet, and has hung in the Company's Hall in Monkwell Street ever since it was finished. It is clear they commissioned Holbein to paint it, but fierce disputes have raged, and,



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S GLOVES

(Lent by Lieut.-Gen. C. C. Fraser, V.C., C.B.)

indeed, are raging, as to how much of it he actually executed. But there is no doubt that the Company have always regarded it as one of their most precious heritages, and they have a letter from James I., dated January 13, 1617, asking the loan of it that it might be copied, and a similar request was made by Charles I. When a fire broke out at the Hall it was removed with great care, and Samuel Pepys endeavoured then to buy it, for the shrewd old man heard it was slightly damaged, and hoped to buy for two hundred pounds what was worth one thousand. The late Sir Robert Peel offered two thousand pounds to have the head of J. Pen, one of his ancestors, cut out, and undertook to "restore" one in its place, but the proposal was of course rejected. But there is much more to be seen, and though we would fain linger over Strete's "Henry VIII. and his Family," thus catalogued in Charles I.'s Whitehall Collection: "A long piece painted with gold, where King Henry sits with his Queene and his son Prince Edward on the right side, and his two daughters, Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth, standing on each side, and a fool at the left side in the door with a Jackanapes on his shoulder, and on the other side a waiting woman"—whose dress, by the way, would be a most effective one for a costume ball—and the famous "Dancing Picture," in which Sir Peter Lely unhesitatingly pronounced the male figures to be by Holbein, and the female ones by François Clouet—we must pass on. The south gallery is the least interesting. There are several portraits of Queen Mary. She can never have been even pleasing in appearance, but there is something almost pathetic in the grim outlines and shadows of her latter-day pictures. The poor "child-queen of twelve days"—Lady Jane Grey—appears once or twice, and it is hard to look at the sweet young face without a tear for the intrigue and ambition which sacrificed the gifted and amiable girl to a cruel though not shameful death.

Elizabeth's personal vanity is abundantly evidenced in the gallery devoted to her reign. In Sir James Melville's "Memoires" is an "interview," as a modern journalist would put it, with the Queen, when she asked him "what colours of hair was reputed best, and whether my Queen's [Mary Queen of Scotland] hair or hers was best, and which of these two was fairest?" Melville, somewhat embarrassed, for with knightly chivalry he did not wish to disparage his own fair mistress, answered, "They were both the finest ladies in their countries; that Her Majesty was whiter, but his Queen was very lovely." Elizabeth next asked which was the taller. "My Queen," answered Melville. "Then," said Elizabeth triumphantly, "she must be too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low." The catalogue mentions the fact that the State Paper Office still preserves a proclamation to the effect that none but a "special cunningye paynter" be permitted to attempt her likeness. Zuccheri seems to have known how to idealise her, and so was appointed Court artist, which accounts for the number of pictures bearing his name. An especially good example is No. 419, lent by Jesus College, Oxford, which seems to have hung, encrusted with grime and dirt, in one of its lecture-rooms until it was suggested



1. RUFFLE, WORN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HER CORONATION.

2. THE ESSEX RING.

(1. Lent by Lieut.-Gen. C. C. Fraser, V.C. 2. Lent by J. F. Thynne, Esq.)

that it should be cleaned. This was carefully done, and revealed the Virgin Queen at the age of forty-two in a gold-coloured dress, studded with gems, and a jewelled pendant on each shoulder. Marc Gherardt's charming picture of Lady Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, is one of the most delightful items of the collection. She is in dark green with a few jewels and lace ruffles and cuffs; and, looking at her sweet, grave, intellectual face, one can understand how Ben Jonson could exclaim—

"Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall cast a dart at thee!"

Naturally there are representative pictures of the various great Elizabethan works. It is indisputably the most complete and comprehensive collection of Tudor portraits ever brought together—and no one interested in this great epoch of our history should fail to visit



IVORY "GRACE CUP" OF THOMAS A BECKET.
(Gift from Duke of Norfolk.)

the New Gallery, not once only, but many times before it closes on the 6th of April.

Next, perhaps, to the pictures in antiquarian importance is the small but very valuable collection of plate. For antiquity the ivory "Grace" cup, which belonged to Thomas a Becket, deserves first mention. The tiny ivory cup itself is mounted in silver-gilt, and stands on a foot of the same. Exquisite arabesque and pierced work surrounds it, while the cover is studded with large uncut pearls, which in their long service have acquired the most lovely smoky blue imaginable. The cup belonged to Katherine of Aragon, and was left by her to the Howard family, in whose possession it has remained. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild lends his "Fish and Shell Cup," the hall-marks of which are 1570 71; it is a beautiful specimen of the Tudor jeweller's art, high as the art

ranked in that period. The base of the cup is a shell, upon which a sea monster with a trident sits. Four perfectly modelled fishes support the cup, which consists of a fabulous sea-creature with a figure of Jonah in its mouth. General Fraser lends some of the best communion chalices from his large collection, and is the owner of one of the excessively rare communion cups made in Dorset only between the years 1573 and 1578, during which time the old Catholic altar plate was called in and melted down to be reissued. Its hall-mark is "S.L.," which may be that of Salisbury, for there was when the cathedral cities enjoyed the right to stamp their own plate. It is a fact worth mentioning that the chalices in use in one or two of the old churches in the diocese of Salisbury now are evidently copies of the type established in these five years. The two cups given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake are very beautiful, and worthy of study by all metal workers. The colleges both at Oxford and Cambridge



"POISON TANKARD."
(Gift of Duke of Norfolk.)

are veritable storehouses of valuable plate; and Corpus, Cambridge, lends its famous "Three Kings" cup of 1490, while Clare sends its curious "Poison Tankard" composed of rock crystal, mounted in gold filigree. On the top is a crystal pyramid, to which legend has assigned the attribute of becoming cloudy if the cup contains poison. The "Founder's Cup" from Emmanuel, given to it by Sir John Mildmay, "of pious memory," is another example

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to note, with its elaborate Renaissance work. Whatever its history may be, plate tells its own age. There are legends of cunningly forged hall-marks deftly inserted; but the true expert is not deceived. The Holbein picture may be but a copy, the textile relic may be many years later than it professes to be; but the beauty of early English plate is so great that, even without the hall-marks, which cannot lie, the connoisseur who lingers lovingly over this exquisite branch of art knows that the nearer we come to our own time the less originality and the coarser work we shall find.

At the present moment fashion has decreed that the collecting of spoons shall take the place of china or of stamps. Those who are interested therefore in these curious trophies should study this sub-section of the plate department. The very earliest known "Apostle" spoon belongs now to the Rev. T. Stainforth, and is dated 1493, but that unfortunately is not here. However, to use a modern phrase, they "caught on" at once, and during the reign of Henry VII. were largely used as christening gifts. Most people probably would pass by the most valuable one here, numbered 920, and among a few lent by Corpus Christi College. It bears the London marks of 1515-16, and was evidently the beautiful model, so delicate in its work and shape, which inspired the rest of the set, not completed till 1566, and numbering thirteen. Only two sets with a "Master" spoon are known to exist, one being this set, and the other belonging to the Goldsmiths' Company, in which St. Matthias takes the place of Judas. From the "Maidenhead" spoon of 1553-54 we mark the change in shape that gradually supervened; and Mr. Jackson's curious pair (Nos. 820 and 821), from the Goldsmiths' Hall at Exeter, dated 1559, one of which is a "Seal" spoon, are very well worth notice. As a model for

manship, and to have been washed ashore from one of the vessels wrecked on the north-east coast of Ireland after the destruction of the Armada, but this is simply conjecture. Whatever may be its pedigree, however, it is certain that its work is so refined and dainty that it can best be compared to filigree, while its graceful, novel shape would certainly commend it for present-day use.

The furniture is not of very high quality taken all through, though there are one or two good pieces. The armour has been frequently noticed, as it has come mostly from the famous Meyrick and Pembroke collections, and has been fully described by the Baron de Cosson in his great work. Manuscripts are things to see rather than to write about, but the books are deprived of much of their importance by their being necessarily in a glass case, permitting the inspection of only a page.

After all, however, one comes back to the relics as the most human and pathetic of all the exhibits. Who could fail to sigh over the little ermine tippet taken off the dead shoulders of poor Anne Boleyn, when her brief year of queenly rank was so pitilessly ended on the scaffold? Who is not interested to see the shoes worn by Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold? or the red plush hat, with its straight faded green feather, which once adorned his head? Who, too, can look upon the tiny set of baby-clothes—made by Princess Elizabeth for the expected baby of Queen Mary, which never came—without entering into the bitter sorrow added to the stern, self-contained woman's life? We think of Froude's eloquent description of the nation making ready to keep high festival, of the watchers, the nurses, and even the "advance" announcements, prepared with as much foresight as a



modern design, however, the exquisite little spoon lent by Miss J. Carruthers (No. 980) is one of the most striking. It is believed to be of Spanish work-

modern evening paper affects with regard to the Boat-race or the Derby, and we wonder over the mystery and pathos of this page of our history.

The Elizabethan coronets, too, are fascinating. As with the Holbein pictures, it will be many years before



SILVER-GILT CUP, PRESENTED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR P. DRAKE.

(Engraving by J. P. Fraser, 1884, 1885.)

we can see side by side the famous Garrick vase, carved from Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, and the actual

lock of hair which Elizabeth gave to Sir Philip Sidney. Here, too, are the coronation ruffe which she wore; a pair of oddly embroidered gloves, which once belonged to this most chivalrous of her admirers; the quaint violin given by her to Leicester, so heavily carved and adorned that Burney, in his History of Music, said it had no more tone than a mute; and lastly, that saddest piece of "materialised history"—the famous Essex ring. Doubts have been expressed as to its authenticity. But its present owner, Mr. E. J. Thynne, vouches for its pedigree, and tells us that from Lady Francis Devereux, Essex's daughter, it has come down in direct succession to him.

The story of how the Queen gave it to the courier as a pledge that, whatever his crimes, the return of it to her would ensure, at least, the privilege of seeing her to justify himself—how, after his condemnation, he entrusted it to the Countess of Nottingham, who betrayed his faith by not giving it to the Queen; of the execution of Essex, and Lady Nottingham's tardy repentance, confession, and remorse, is among the most familiar and most tragic in any history. The ring itself is of blue and gold enamel, with a tiny cameo portrait of her Majesty—not in itself of great intrinsic value, but from its associations, if real—and the evidence is decidedly in their favour—one of the most precious exhibits in the whole collection. The next show projected is one connected with the reigning House. Artistically it may be a very delightful display; but sentimentally and historically it must not aspire to rival this, whose "added weight of hours" is from four to five centuries.

M. F. BILLINGTON.



A ROYAL PAIR: HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

(Engraving by J. P. Fraser, 1884, 1885.)



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The Adulteration of Silk.



MOST persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed, of being put through a fire-and-water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a very startling nature, for who would have supposed that silk is adulterated!

From its nature silk is more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge. Well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture, and, being very dear, and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud. Yet this is not the only channel for malpractices. Silk as spun by the silkworm contains among its fibres in very minute portions a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight. This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk-thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterate matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration. The presence of foreign substances is fatal to proper dyeing; hence the dyer proceeds to get rid of them by boiling the silk in soap and water.

As silk-thread becomes charged with foreign matters in various degrees, given weights of several samples will contain very different lengths. In this way manufacturers are often deceived in the produce of various parcels of thrown silk after it has come from the loom. In our own country, great as have been the strides made by most branches of manufacture, the silk-spinner or weaver has quietly borne all these evils and disappointments, in deepest ignorance of the chemistry of silk. Possibly it is this indifference to science that has left the silk manufacturer so far behind every other son of industry. It is notorious that whilst our cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures have been multiplied tenfold during the last twenty years, those of silk goods have made scarcely any progress. The manufacturers were themselves perfectly aware of this startling fact, and it was not many years ago that a memorial from them was presented to the Legislature, praying that all remaining protection on their goods might be removed, as the only hope of giving new activity to their slumbering trade. The truth is that Frenchmen are more keenly alive to the value of science in connection with manufacture than ourselves. Whilst our silk manufacturers have gone on upon the old well-

beaten track, those of France have enlisted in their behalf the services of the chemist, who has brought their raw material as completely under his analytical control as subtle gas or ponderous ore. He has demonstrated to a nicety that its relative purity, its strength, its elasticity, its durability, its structure, the very size and weight of each separate fibre, may be shown and registered with precision and certainty. He tells the manufacturer the actual amount of latent moisture contained in a pound of silk; he shows him how much natural gum, resin, and sugar each bale comprises; he points out how much lighter his thread should be after the processes of spinning and dyeing; and, more valuable still, he indicates the most profitable use to which every bale of raw silk is applicable; that whilst one parcel is best adapted for the manufacture of satin, another may be better employed for plain silk, another for velvet, and so on to the end.

In France, Italy, and other parts of Continental Europe, the assaying, or as it is there technically termed, the "conditioning of silk," is carried on under the sanction of the municipal authorities in establishments called "conditioning houses." The quantity thus assayed is published weekly for the information of the trade with as much regularity as a price current. In this way we may find it publicly notified that in the conditioning house at Lyons there were during last year 5,037,628 pounds of silk assayed; at Milan, 3,466,699 pounds; and other large quantities at St. Etienne, Turin, Zurich, Elberfeld, and elsewhere.

Of so much importance has this process been deemed in France that in 1841 a Royal *ordonnance* was passed, setting forth the ascertained weight which silk loses by the conditioning process, and which is eleven per cent. This eleven per cent., added to the weight of the silk after the ordeal it has gone through, makes up what is termed its merchantable weight.

The French have brought to our doors the means of accomplishing what they have practised for many years with so much advantage. We have paid a visit to a conditioning house, and the first operation we beheld was that of determining the humidity of silk. Eleven per cent. is the natural quantity in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always exceeded. Several samples of the articles having been taken from a bale, they are weighed in scales capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales, equally delicate and true—one end, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to 230 degrees of Fahrenheit; the other, with the weights, being enclosed in a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived, the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity.

The nature's eleven per cent of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains. To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the pieces—after a most mathematical weighing—are boiled in soap and water for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot-air chamber, subjected to 250 degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now that silk of the greatest purity has lost, not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying of the length of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly stopping the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained. The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which

stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a small dial and hand marking the point of the fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk—its capability of being twisted round with great velocity without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength. The last process is purely mechanical. A hawk of the silk, on its removal from the boiling off cistern, is placed upon a hook, and by means of a smooth round stick passed through it a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin, with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for *gros de Naples*, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine beforehand to what purpose he shall apply his silk, and so avoid frequent disappointment and loss. In short, instead of working in the dark and by chance, he works by chemical rules of unvarying correctness. After each of the above assays or conditionings, the owner of the silk is, for a small fee, supplied with an authenticated certificate of its various qualities.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

Women as Horticulturists.



N this article I wish to treat of two distinct ways in which women may study and pursue the delightful art of gardening deftly and in a business-like manner.

We all know the kind of woman—living in the country and more or less well-to-do—who tells you, "I am devoted to my flowers, and work really quite hard in the garden." Yes; she goes out to weed a flower border, tempted by a fine April day, is interrupted after a quarter of an hour's work by a servant, child, or visitor; then finding that her back aches, or the grass is damp, fails to return, leaving a little heap of weeds and her fork to be cleared away by somebody else. In summer she volunteers to pick strawberries for dessert because the gardener and his underlings are conveying their *chefs-d'œuvre* to a Flower Show; the sun makes her head ache, so the kitchen-maid has to complete the task. In autumn she wanders round the garden, gathers some ripe seed here, some fallen pears there; the fonnage are laid down upon a window-ledge, forgotten, and spoilt by the rain at night, while the pears never reach their destined shelves, but fall a prey to slugs in the arbour where they were deposited "just for a moment."

To dilettante gardeners of this kind, I have nothing to say. My object is to prove that the cultivation of the

garden, especially of fruit and flower, affords to some of the working women of these busy times a suitable mode of earning their livelihood. It is needless in these pages to recount the reasons why so many educated ladies of this generation have to face the world for themselves, or why it seems probable (under our present social conditions) that the number will increase rather than diminish; these are accepted facts.

It is well known also that almost all of the lines of business or professions open to women are terribly overcrowded, and that even in the case of comparatively new departures, such for instance as type-writing and massage. It may therefore be well worth the consideration of parents and guardians who are bringing up girls to earn their own living, whether those who have the natural taste and necessary qualifications, may not advantageously turn their attention to Horticulture in some one or more of its branches. To those who have no natural love for the work, a gardeners' life would be one of loathsome drudgery; to one whose tastes lie in that direction, nothing is more fascinating. The necessary qualifications are energy, patience, perseverance, and fairly robust health. The lady who gardens for profit must be up early to pick off her wares by carrier or "market train," she must attend late at night to the stoking of her fires, she must keep unceasing watch on her plants, trees, and ground, also over her employees (be they few or many); when she relaxes her energy, they will not be slow to do the same. She will need to wait patiently for the gradual

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development of her crops, and sometimes for the return of her outlay : she must persevere so that when one crop fails her, she may quickly follow it up with another. She need not be a giantess in strength, though of course a hopelessly delicate woman could not undertake such work ; but for a girl who is " not very strong " without having any definite ailment, no employment can be healthier, and I can say from personal experience that it is marvellous how soon one becomes hardened and impervious to all kinds of weather. And that I did my work thoroughly may be proved by a speech made by a lad who was my assistant for some time—" You can't say anything if our missis scolds you for idling, for she works herself like any man."

There are various ways in which the employment of gardening may be entered on by ladies : they may become *nursery gardeners*, cultivating trees, shrubs, plants, seeds, and bulbs for sale ; *market growers*, supplying vegetables, flowers, or fruit, &c., in large quantities for the wholesale markets ; *retail growers*, cultivating numerous small general crops for the supply of private customers. It will be obvious to every reader that the possession of capital and of special training will be necessary to success in either of the first lines of business ; but granted a natural taste for horticulture, why should not the woman who means to trade with her capital, buy or rent a garden or fruit farm just as others set up as milliners, house-decorators, or florists, start newspapers, or practise medicine ? In these and many other occupations successfully pursued by women, a course of study more or less expensive is necessary ; and return of the invested capital must be waited for. The preliminary cost and the delayed profits do not therefore argue against horticulture more than they do against these other modes of employment. There are several ladies engaged in the nursery trade in this country, and they mostly receive pupils, which fact should certainly be taken advantage of by anyone wishing to follow their steps, as the growth of plants and seeds for sale is entirely different from the production of fruit or blossoms for markets, and requires to be specially studied. But I am inclined to think that nursery gardening is in danger of being overdone like so many other good things ; and I should scarcely advise anyone to start a new venture of the kind, although a partnership in or the purchase of an existing business that was proved to be in good condition, would be well worth having.

Growing for the wholesale markets is very interesting work, and though sometimes productive of disappointment, yet—taking the rough with the smooth—generally affording a fair return for labour and outlay, provided the grower knows what to cultivate, and how to produce it early and in greatest perfection. This latter knowledge may be obtained by serving an apprenticeship to some successful grower, or by undergoing a course of training at the Swanley Horticultural College. As a rule the market grower should be careful to establish herself with in easy distance of a large town, in order that the expense of conveying her goods to market may be reduced to the minimum. The particular needs and tastes of that town will have to be closely studied, for neighbour-

hoods differ very much in this respect. For instance, irises and other flowers valued highly in London, for their artistic beauty, are accounted of no value in Birmingham ; yet I have obtained good prices there for mixed fancy carnations, when a Covent Garden salesman would give nothing for them *because* they were mixed. It pays best generally to grow the choicest kinds of flowers, fruit, or vegetables, and to cultivate certain varieties in large quantities only and in the best possible condition. For example, I know of a flourishing little nursery not far from London, where the glass is added to year after year, and a good profit obtained by growing lilies of the valley (forced), callas, tuberose, gardenias, and Bermuda lilies ; scarcely any other flowers are grown. My own experience was that the three most paying crops were roses, cucumbers, and celery ; of course, I grew roses under glass as well as out of doors, and so kept up a supply very nearly all the year round. A lady-gardener who can afford to erect glass-houses, or to rent them, should by all means devote her energies to the growth of *choix* flowers for cutting ; nothing pays so well, and—though the initial expense is great, and the firing no light matter where coals are dear—she will save a good deal in the labour department, for there will be scarcely any work that it is physically impossible for her to perform herself, and none that cannot be performed by intelligent lads under her supervision, provided of course that she knows her business.

As to fruit-farming, that is a subject which has been discussed and re-discussed almost *ad nauseam* during the last two years. I cannot enter into the pros and cons in these pages, but can only remark that, given a suitable soil and site, a fair living (mind, I don't say a fortune) can be made thereby. And upon those intending to plant I would press a favourite theory of mine, viz., that one of the most easily grown fruits is also one of the most profitable ; I mean the humble but delicious raspberry. I do not think the supply of raspberries is ever equal to the demand ; and in growing this fruit there is no foreign rivalry to fear, as it is too perishable to be imported. I know a practical and hard-headed farmer whose farm is on hilly, not to say rocky ground, and had (till a few years ago) a straggling bank of some extent, covered with waste growth, forming the northern boundary of some wheat-land. Taking advantage of its southern aspect he cleaned it, ploughed, manured, and then planted it with plum-trees, raspberry-canes, and gooseberry-bushes. It was simply an experiment, from the result of which he had no great expectations, but a year or two ago he told me that this same bank was now the most profitable part of the whole farm, and the raspberries the most paying crop.

Vegetable-growing for the *wholesale* market is scarcely a suitable employment for women, but may be successfully pursued by the retail growers whom I placed in my third class of lady-gardeners for profit.

In their case, of course it will be advisable to grow pretty much the same varieties and succession of crops as are found in an ordinary well-appointed country-house kitchen garden, in addition to such fruits as flourish best in that locality, and flowers (if any) according to demand.

These may be sold to private customers, local greengrocers and florists, or in some cases it answers to take a stand in the market of the nearest town, and stock it with a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables, fruit when in season, and possibly flowers also. All this will of course depend on the character of the neighbourhood, &c. There are many ladies scattered up and down the country who carry on a small but profitable trade in this manner; some adhering strictly to horticulture, others uniting with it the keeping of poultry and bees. Several of these take pupils, and it would be excellent training for a novice to pass a couple of years with one of them. The Horticultural College that I mentioned before would also afford a means of preparation; it is the only other available one at present, though it is probable there may be established before long a ladies' Technical College in some tolerably central and accessible neighbourhood, where horticulture will be taught, as well as dairy work and other arts, domestic and agricultural, necessary to the wives or sisters of colonists.

I have now shown, I trust, that horticulture is and may be pursued as a profession by educated women; but there may still be readers unconvinced as to its fitness or its advantages. "It is too laborious; your lady-gardener must be a perfect slave to her garden, and then—you say it yourself—she must only look for moderate profits, and expect frequent disappointments." Granted; it is laborious, one of those labours that nothing but love can lighten; gardeners, whether male or female, are born, not made, and I should advise no others to attempt this work. It is not for a vain woman, for it means sunburnt skin and rough hard hands; it is not for an ambitious woman, for it will not bring her name before the public; it will not launch her into Society, it will not earn for her the Victoria Cross, nor obtain her a place in the new feminine Biographical Dictionary. Such rewards are not to be gained, as a rule, except among the "mudding crowd," by a strife which may, or may not, be "ignoble." But for the born gardener, the lover of nature and country life, the pursuit of horticulture will afford the happiest, freest, most congenial of professions. The gardener is far more her own mistress than is the milliner, who, by omnibus, rail, or cab, must reach her shop and leave it at fixed hours; she enjoys fresh air and exercise while the clerk or secretary sits ever writing, writing, in a confined office. She grows her flowers with delight, cuts and packs them half-grudgingly, but inwardly rejoices that she does not pass her time in hot studios painting roses bought at the street-corner, or apples from the greengrocer's. She will never be rich probably, but her wants are simple, and she will very likely have a few friends not wanting in culture, who are no better off than herself, with whom she will agree the better that none can outshine the others. And if she is so minded, there are a hundred ways in which she can help her poorer neighbours without intrenching on her own small means. An armful of greens or rhubarb to the mother of a large family, a little fruit for a sick person, or a few white flowers for a dead child's coffin; such little gifts as these, thoughtfully bestowed, will often win more real gratitude than money carelessly given.

She will have her ups and downs, her anxieties, her disappointments, some of them bitter enough; but on the whole the health, natural happiness, and tranquillity of her life will be such as a philosopher might envy.

"A most edifying picture," I hear someone exclaim, "but how many women in these restless times would care to live this life of tranquillity you talk of!"

True, they *are* restless times, and this is a fact which must be kept in mind by everyone who tries to point out ways of escape from even the milder difficulties of the day. All who have the guardianship of young girls, will know that even in steady-going, old-fashioned households, in country as well as town, a girl of the present day will begin to shape out a certain mode of action for herself even before she is out of the school-room. She burns to earn her own living, to be independent, to make a name for herself. It is useless to argue or scold, this "spirit of the age" is in the air; the girl can no more help being affected by it than she could help having the influenza when that prevails.

Thus, having dealt with gardening as a profession, I come to treat it as an occupation, for women. The desire to go out and work comes from a wish for definite and recognised occupation; and this should be provided for by far-sighted parents who wish to keep their daughters at home, and can afford to do so. This wish will not die out in your daughter's breast, nor be quenched by opposition: it will grow with her growth and sooner or later the struggle of wills will come, yours against hers, and to whichever side the victory may fall, it will not be won without considerable straining of the bonds of family affection.

If parents are unsympathetic in this matter, they may be sure that counsel will be asked in quarters they little suspect. I am myself the confidante of a girl who believes it to be her mission to paint, and who grows more and more discontented because her family are very pleased she should amuse herself, but do not recognise her brushes and canvases as instruments of her "work," so that she can never get half an hour clear without being called off for some little unimportant matter. My advice to her is a matter between ourselves, but one may fairly quote the following counsel given in the correspondence columns of a newspaper to a young girl who had come to London, and failed to get an opening in her self-chosen profession. "People who don't push don't get on; you want to be seen everywhere; advertise, give concerts and get them noticed in the papers," &c. You do not wish your girls to enter on this "pushing" phase of existence, nor throw themselves headlong into a struggle in which they may get crushed themselves, or if not, where they will succeed only by elbowing out some other girl to whom that success was a matter of life and death! Then be wise in time; provide an occupation, and leave her free to pursue it to such good purpose that she shall be tormented by no consciousness of a desultory existence and frittered energies.

For instance, you have a garden which is a source partly of pleasure, partly of vexation; it is pretty and enjoyable, but it is terribly expensive, and since you

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employed a better gardener, hoping to get more out of the garden, it seems to produce less; and you scarcely dare call anything your own. You have a daughter (we'll call her Helen) whose childish garden was always neat and flourishing when those of her brothers and sisters were overgrown with weeds, and who worked away at her border long after the others considered themselves too old for such things. Why not settle it that Helen is to be the head-gardener in the future? Encourage her to study the subject, theoretically and practically, as opportunity offers, and when her general education is finished, let her have a year or so of thorough training.

Then you may dismiss that tyrannical, unsatisfactory head-gardener, whom you more than suspect of selling the early asparagus, the peaches, and half the cucumbers from the new house that he persuaded you to put up. Helen is installed in his place, with a suitable assistant or assistants as the case may be. It is usually reckoned that a man and boy are required to keep one acre of garden in first-rate order, and after this a man to an acre. If you have an acre, therefore, it may be managed by Helen and a young man of nineteen or twenty, who thoroughly understands the art of digging and such-like heavy work, and is intelligent and docile

enough to take and follow her instructions in the more delicate operations of horticulture. Extra hands will be wanted now and then at seasons when there is a press of work; and if the garden is larger, she will require more underlings, but you will not again be obliged to pay for skilled labour.

When the household needs have been supplied, the new gardener might be allowed to sell for her own profit any surplus fruit, flowers, &c., unless the head of the family undertakes to pay her a fixed sum for her services, in which case any receipts should go to him as a set-off against expenses. Above all things, it must be recognised and remembered by all the family that the garden is Helen's *business*, not her playground. She will, of course, have times and seasons of recreation, but must never be called off on frivolous pretexts—to see visitors, write notes, or make up a set at tennis.

I offer this second aspect of my subject as one way of affording a distinctly useful, satisfying, and definite work to daughters of well-to-do country families; so many of whom now, under the influence of the irresistible "spirit of the age," would fain jostle and elbow their poorer sisters out of the already over-crowded market of female labour.

EDITH L. CHAMBERLAIN.

A Query.

WHAT is the worth in this age of gold,
When virtue and honour are bought and sold,
When wisdom's folly, and truth a lie,
And love a trick of a smile or sigh—
What is the price in the world's great mart,
What is the worth of a woman's heart?

What can a heart do? Answer plain.
Can a heart be ever athirst for gain?
Can a heart be utterly selfish and hard,
Ever scheming and on its guard
To miss no chance in the world's great race,
And win for its owner a foremost place?

Can a heart at all times plot and plan
For self (if owned by woman or man)?
Can it hate or love, or scorn or cringe,
And bend like a knee with a supple hinge?
Can it fawn and flatter and lie with care?
Then it has its price in the world's great fair.

Alas! a heart can but trust and love,
Be faithful and pure as the stars above;
A woman's heart has no thought of gain,
Only a sense of sweetness and pain,
Only a feeling that for the sake
Of its one true love it must live or break.

Then a heart has no price at all!
Faith and trust have no "market call."
The world rolls on and life is brief,
Men have no leisure for love or grief;
And hearts that cannot be bought and sold
Have no market price in this age of gold.

H. B.-D.

Frost and Food.

THE power of frost in arresting decay has been known for centuries in the frigid zone, and even in our own latitudes. The first, however, to make a practical application of his scientific hypothesis was Lord Bacon. And he felt a sorry lot. It was not a good omen. The chicken that he stuffed with snow with his own hands has become an immortal one; for still, his illness, his deep bed, his death, were only consequences of his experiments. Perhaps an account of these ill effects, perhaps an account of the extraordinary indifference to sanitary applications in the sphere of practical economy, in the century or two that immediately followed him, the conception and experiment were long left undeveloped. It is only in our present time, when the spread of technical knowledge and the fierce competition for existence have combined science and practice in every known proportion, that this latent experiment of the great philosopher, which he did not live to verify himself, has been verified by others, and put in practice. It is only because it threatens to demand more martyrs in its evolution, that I am now impelled to write a paper on the relation of Frost and Food.

The medical use of ice; its use to cool the air in fish-vendors' shops and cellars; to keep drinks cool in sultry weather; to keep meat in a refrigerator; to form the compound of cream and various indigestibles that go for the name of ice-putting; and the various dainty forms of ice that have their charms intensified by greater contrast in hot weather; all these uses have been long known. I am quite aware that no afternoon in the Piazza San Marco in Venice, or garden-party in our suburbs; no play at the Lyceum, or ball, party, or conversation in town; no race-party or picnic-party, would be complete without the strawberry and vanilla creams, or lemon-water ices and fairy biscuits, that are so necessary to the existence of the fashionable world. The American iced drinks are no less an institution, especially in America. No one has objected to these latter uses of ice except the doctors, who reasonably say that iced drinks and ice creams give a shock to the system, a check to digestion, and often produce a train of other bad consequences. But I am not now about to attack the artists and unsentimental use of ice. It is pretty, it is nice, it is popular; and people always know what they get when they buy it. I do not come between them and their choice.

The icing I wish to notice is a modern institution: an application arising from Bacon's discovery, from the increase of the facilities of transport and the unequal distribution of food-stuffs on different parts of the globe. From the thinly inhabited and abundantly productive stretches of the earth, the surplus is brought to the thickly peopled, under-producing old countries, such as ours. There never was any difficulty about transporting cereals, nor many fruits, especially the dried ones. Dried fish from Newfoundland or Shetland, bacon from Cin-

centi or Porkopolis, could always arrive in good condition. The invention of air-tight tins gave a new impetus to trade in food-stuffs, such as tinned peaches, tomatoes, tinned tongues and beef from America, tinned sardines from the Mediterranean; tinned mutton and rabbit from Australia. But the need of fresh meat for workers, especially brain workers, was not thereby supplied. Suddenly an inspiration struck the American traders. They applied ice, not only to cool the beef, but to freeze it, and they forthwith commenced to send over their great American beavers in quick steamers, frozen and fresh, to our western ports. At first this was done openly, and as a means of competition by underselling the very high priced meats of the English butcher. And it was a great boon. Many a hungry family, not afflicted with too many whimsies, was able to enjoy good meals of fresh meat, oftener than it could otherwise have done. Cheap dining-houses were able to provide whole some fare at a lower rate and forms of charity were initiated that have developed into "the penny dinner." It had also the wholesome effect of moderating the prices of the butcher's meat.

It was not to be expected that a practical discovery of this nature would be left unimitated. The sheep-walks of Australia, that had hitherto only produced wool, hides, tallow, and tinned meats, were also brought into competition with the British farmer. What though the distance be treble, and the time quadruple, the Australian mutton was able, under the same conditions as the American beef, to reach the English markets. Special shops were opened for the sale of the wares at prices tempting enough to attract customers, and alara competitors. In spite of the evident economy, some were too sentimental or whimsical to yield to taste this far-travelled mutton, and learnt its external characteristics by heart, so as to avoid it, at restaurants or elsewhere. These were supposed to be a blackish dry skin, a pink line round the flesh under the skin, intensified in cooking, a rapidly darkening surface, a flabby texture, and undue shrinkage in cooking.

But a few years ago, the landmarks seemed to change and shift incomprehensibly. The flavour and qualities of our "prime English beef and mutton" seemed to fall upon us, and to vary strangely. Many people did not notice this; the healthy appetite of the young, the indifference of the student, the indisposition of the invalid, the failing powers of the old, the obtuse perceptions of the many were not affected by it. But a revelation came to all if, in some fortunate rustic centre, they went to live within the range of old-fashioned butchers, old-fashioned cooks, and old-fashioned beef and mutton with the old half forgotten flavour.

Since then has ensued to all housekeepers a period of doubt and difficulty, questioning and suspicion, change of shops, change of joints, anxiety in cooking. Suggestions at the butchers' result in indignant denials, and assertions

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that "all foreign beef and mutton is sold at separate shops, or separate counters, and at a different price, being acknowledged to be such." Many housekeepers go on patiently eating and giving to eat, on the faith in the word of the man to whom they give high prices. They may also do this without protesting. But I, who have to do the same as all the others, for the time at least, do so, but not without energetic effort, and not without intelligent protest.

There is one member of my family, let me call him X, or the unknown quantity, that has given me no little anxiety about this matter of foreign meat. X works hard, but he does not eat hard, not because he has a bad digestion, as nuts, pickles, cucumbers, lobsters even, never seem to remind him that he has demolished them; but because he has a poor appetite, a palate somewhat pampered in the past, a delicate organ of taste, and an imaginative faculty. One by one every ordinary article of diet was refused by him, on the plea that it was "foreign," until the solemn asseverations of the shopkeepers to the contrary were met by his wider assertion, "It is frozen;" and X assured me he was an unfailing judge of frozen meats, and showed me his reasons. Mutton he held in chief abhorrence, as the deception was more easily effected therein; the larger bones and grain of American beef being long a protective sign. But even that is now got over; and the favourite dish of "old English roast beef" has often been left untouched by him. He thrust away his Christmas turkey, with the heart-chilling mutter of "Frozen;" and the next evening a fine sole came in for the same opprobrious epithet. It would not matter if the turkey and the sole alone suffered this discredit; X cannot work "the work of three" if he does not eat at least for one; tender-hearted housekeepers and anxious cooks are kept in a state of chronic despair. Change of "venue" in the matter of shops did not always seem to solve the difficulty; frantic raids on "Farmers' Associations" met with very equivocal success. A favourite lunch in town had hitherto been a plate of turtle-soup, but that, too, occasionally of late, I hear, has been rejected, as even the turtles come into the country now sometimes in a frozen state, like other meat, and occasionally in a worse condition, as they get frozen if they die on the voyage.

Though the system which enables traders to transport meat from places of plenty to places of scarcity, and from times of plenty to times of scarcity, necessitates an engine and a supply of fuel to be purchased and shipped, extra to the ordinary requirements of freightage, the profits more than cover all costs. By means of this invention, animals killed in Australia and elsewhere, are transported through many miles of space and hours of time and changes of temperature, across the tropics and the equator, without apparent change in condition, in their frozen chamber. This is kept at a low temperature by the compression and rarefaction of air, ammonia, or carbonic acid gas: extremely simple processes, when fully understood and properly managed. The carcasses are wrapped in muslin or calico to keep the surface free from dust or soil and to prevent contact, and on landing in the port of London are transferred to

one of the spacious ice-stores, chiefly to be found in the neighbourhood of the great London meat markets, Smithfield, Leadenhall, and elsewhere.

The vast extent of these stores is not generally known. Above ground and under ground there are stretches of ice-storage, in one of which as many as 30,000 carcasses are at present hanging, some of which have been there as long as two years. It is a wonderful sight to see there all sorts of animals, birds, fish, and turtles preserved in the rigid silence of eternal frost, in the dusty heart of this great city.

In some of these stores there are places where private people can share the benefit of storage at a small charge per week, and where gentlemen can anew preserve the returns of their preserves and the results of their autumn shootings, even till the next season. The practical advantages of this appliance are only too obvious; the disadvantages have yet to be thoroughly made clear. I can only suggest some of them.

The mechanical and chemical changes induced by refrigeration are not yet fully understood, nor the effect of these changes upon the nutritive qualities of meat. We know, however, that frost *must* affect meat in the same mechanical way as it affects soil. The garden plot swells in frost and becomes more finely pulverised in thaw. This is because the particles of water in the pores, take, in freezing, the crystalline shape, expand, and force asunder the solid particles. When this takes place in cracks and crevices of walls or rocks, the crystallising forces sometimes are strong enough to break them asunder, the disrupting power of ice being irresistible. The same effect takes place in meat, and it is just possible that the action of freezing may make the meat more tender, less fibrous, and more granular.

The chemical effects are more varied and are more obscure, at least, up to the present. But it is more than probable that to meat they are as disastrous as they are to apples and potatoes, though of course apples and potatoes are alive, and beef and mutton already dead, when they are frozen. It is practically known that if two carcasses are allowed to touch while in the process of freezing or thawing above the temperature of 32° Fahr., the result is at least a local taint and discolouration in both, and this points to some chemical action. Once thoroughly frozen, and kept below this temperature, they can be piled against each other to any amount and for any length of time. But to the risks of this critical point they are necessarily exposed in transit to the boat before shipment; in transit from the boat to the stores after arrival, and upon any serious disorganisation of the refrigerating machines.

Of course many cargoes escape all these risks, and reach us untainted, but none escape the next evil. We can easily learn the large proportion of water in meat by referring to Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life." The watery parts of meat with their solutions, forcibly wrenched asunder from the solid parts in freezing probably at different temperatures, and utterly disintegrated within themselves, do not in thawing resume the same chemical relation to the solid particles. Obscure changes are wrought which have

not yet been thoroughly enough investigated to be made public. But this we do know, that in this forcible reconstruction of atoms, much of the flavour and the delicate aromas are dissipated. Our sense of taste depends very much on our nerves of smell. The association of ideas is broken when one of these is lost; the conception of identity disappears when both of these are destroyed. To those whose lower senses are delicate and whose perceptions are keen, the loss of these qualities only seems to leave sensations of flavourless, repulsive matter, which their palled sense cannot receive as animal food. Whether food swallowed perforce, in spite of repulsion, performs all the needs of nutrition, is yet to be tested; but it is quite certain it cannot do so when it cannot be swallowed at all. That it does not, however, remain as thoroughly nutritive is highly probable, from the different qualities of gravies and soups made from frozen meat and those made from the same meat unfrozen. So many people are now suffering so seriously from this loathing of frozen meats, that it is high time the Minister of Agriculture, the Board of Trade, and the faculty should consider the question, and place the conditions of sale on a proper basis.

Frozen meat should come under the Adulteration Acts. Milk contains a large chemical proportion of water, but if, any time after milking, water is mechanically added, the seller is liable to prosecution for adulteration, even when the water is pure. The addition of frost and ice may be considered an adulterant much more harmful than the mere dilution of milk by water, even when the ice has been carefully and slowly thawed out. But this illustration leads to the economic question. It is clear that though the milk is not rendered hurtful to men by dilution, it is rendered not only less nutritious, but is reduced in money value, so that the milkman in watering his can defrauds his customer's purse as well as his nutrition. The same thing occurs where foreign frozen meat is sold as home-produced. *It is fraud.* The customer, being assured it is English or Scotch, pays English prices for a material of lower value, the difference in price being pocketed by the seller. Of course I do not say that all butchers do this; but it is a hard temptation to honest ones, who see dishonest men do so without legal interference. And I know that the "mystery of the trade" is practised on cart-loads of foreign meat; which being dressed by Australians in a different manner from the English, and thereby showing its origin, is *certified* by some English houses, so that the very butchers may themselves be deceived, and buy it honestly supposing it to be English meat. And doubtless from this reason is it that so often in the same shop do we get foreign and English meat.

Not only is the purchaser wronged, but the British farmer. Hitherto, when his appeals for protection were based on the impossibility of growing wheat on old lands, with high-priced labour, in competition with wheat imported from new lands by low-priced labour, he was advised to let his land go to grass, as pastureslands gave higher profits and surer gains, for no-

thing could outbid the value of British beef. But if, by the effect of usage, English consumers are educated not to understand the distinctive qualities of natural meat, and learn to be content with the inferior article; if the English dealer by impunity gets his conscience hardened, so that he will not pay the British farmer more than the competing foreign untaxed import; if the railway companies continue to give facilities for foreign importation more advantageous than they give to breeders on our own outlying districts, what will become of the British farmer, and of us?

I am quite aware of a complication that renders the question more difficult to deal with. In a sort of prevaricating way the butcher often speaks the truth when he says that his meat is British meat, because this refrigerating apparatus is now extensively used for our own meats. The supply is very often from British animals, slaughtered say in December, when fodder is scarce, and sold in June, when grass is abundant, and healthy animals command a high price. Though the farmer may thereby save his own pocket, and the meat-seller his conscience, the blind inquires of the customers are not truly answered, for the cause of the fault is the *freezing*, rather than the place of rearing.

Those who feel they can only eat old-fashioned Scotch beef and English mutton ought to be able to do so, and to be sure they get it. If they have to pay a higher price, that is a question for them to decide, in the matter of food-values; it is not for the butcher, or rather we should now say, the meat-retailer, to settle that all meat is of the same value, joint by joint, and should be sold at the same price. Under present laws the sale of foreign meat as English should certainly come under the conditions of "trade-marks," and "reared in Australia" is only a just counterpart of "manufactured in Germany." Both that and home-grown frozen meat might come under the adulteration laws. And if they do not, they ought to do, and they certainly come under the head of frauds. A Scotch doctor, delicate in health, formerly an inspector of slaughter-houses, knows how many a frozen joint hangs about to deceive the unwary, and loathing it, will not eat meat he has not seen raw. But he tells me there is no remedy for us, except in legal prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences. I am only speaking the thoughts of hundreds of women in deploring the disastrous effect in our domestic economy caused by the wholesale, unchecked, unprincipled, and secret application of freezing to meat. If we were a represented class, there would soon be a Bill prepared and a Royal Commission instituted to consider the action of the traders and the effects on consumers. I have no doubt the immediate result would be to check the evils of the trade, by the imposition of penalties much more severe than those imposed on the sellers of margarine when they call it butter. Yet butter is only a luxury, not much to be distinguished from margarine in its nutritive effect; whereas animal food, to many of us, especially to the brain-workers, is a prime necessity of healthy development and life.

CHARLOTTE STOKES.

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Modern Jewellery.

THE jewellery worn to day is of a distinctly different character from that which pleased our mothers or even ourselves, if we were old enough to be charmed with gauds five-and-twenty years ago. Within that period our culture has travelled very fast, and our opinions on what is best worth admiration are so changed that they might be the ideas of quite different people. During this time we have seen and learnt at many exhibitions which we have passed through a variety of "crazes," which began with things ecclesiastical and passed on through the æsthetic and Japanese phases, both lasting a long time and very severely felt, and affecting our dress, as well as our houses, and, indeed, producing such a change in the latter that it practically amounted to a revolution, which was certainly greatly needed to liberate us from the tyranny of supreme ugliness.

Looking back to some twenty-five or thirty years ago, we find that we were victims to the very big in jewellery; and everyone will recognise this when I remind them that the cameo and its cult—to use the language of the higher culture—still dwelt amongst us; and Salvetti in Rome, and a dozen others, took cameo portraits of our nearest and dearest, which were set in that beautiful Roman gold—generally in Etruscan designs, though sometimes Greek might be chosen—and worn as brooches or bracelets. If we did not choose this way of spending money and glorifying our belongings we had still our cameo, but the designs were different, and we patronised the mythologies of Rome and Greece, and adorned ourselves with the labours of Hercules, the Three Graces, the Nine Muses, or the heads of the great ancient philosophers, if not the more modern ones of the principal Italian poets. Indeed, we were rather fortunate if we escaped "Aurora Driving her Car," or "Vulcan Forging Arrows for Cupid," both of which were favourite subjects. Mars, Venus, and Diana, with lovely profiles, but scanty clothing, were worn from the sacred Ganges to the Liffey by the British matron and maid; and one finds a funny Irish advertisement in a Dublin paper of 1860—to wit, "Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis walking on the Drumcondra Road."

I had often wondered how one could utilise these huge cameos, now so completely out of date, and worth very little beyond the gold setting which surrounds them, saving always when they were good antiques and gems—not mere shells—when I was shown by a clever woman a kind of gilded frame with a background of velvet, and a glass top, which was furnished with hinges, and a lock and key. On the velvet reposed all the cameo brooches of herself, and many of her immediate family, which had been handed over to her, and had been gathered together in this receptacle with sundry other large brooches of various kinds. They looked very well, and were interesting as works of art, likenesses, and reminiscences; and I thought the idea such a good one that I now commend it to my readers, as most people have quantities

of jewellery of this old-fashioned kind lying by, quite useless, unseen, and unappreciated.

The earrings of those days were long and sometimes of great weight; and I remember hearing of one lady who had a pair of malachite earrings so heavy that when she wore them, in addition to their hooks or rings, she passed a thread round the back of her ears over her head to hold them up, and prevent their pulling through the lobes of the ears! Indeed, the ugly disfigurement produced by such an accident was not uncommon when these great weights were worn, and even now, I dare say, travellers will remember to have seen in the *contorni* of Naples and Amalfi two, and sometimes even three, places which had been broken out of the ears of the wearers by the great weight of the gold and jewelled earrings.

Long gold chains were succeeded by the "Albert," which is said, I believe, to have originated in a chain manufactured by a great Birmingham firm, and presented to the Prince Consort, and by him at once adopted and worn, thus inaugurating a fashion that spread with great rapidity over the whole world. One scarcely sees a long chain now, but at one of the "private views" in London last year I saw that a lady had adopted a very handsome old long-linked chain as a support for her muff, and it hung round her neck in place of the accustomed cord.

Then came the bracelets, which were also of massive design; though these began sooner to be of good forms, and strayed less from them than our other articles of jewellery. This was owing to the fact that they were formed on ancient Greek and Roman models, and if they erred it was in the direction of over-massiveness in their manufacture.

The form of brooch which succeeded the cameo was that of the round shield or buckler, an ancient shape, but a sensible and useful one, which will always remain, I dare say, and be a standard model for all future days.

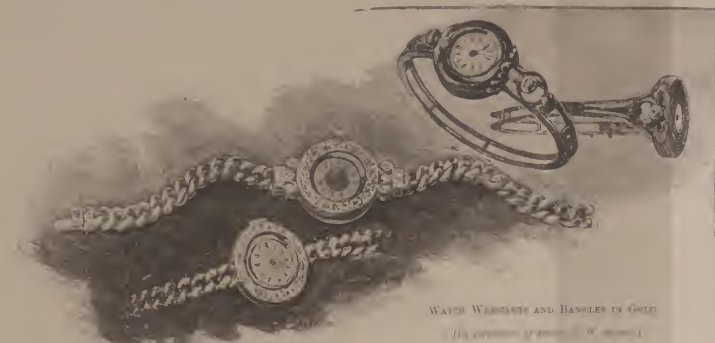
After this, we had a reign of what may be called National jewellery. The Irish bog-oak, adorned with Irish crystals, had a long season of popularity. English jet jewellery, too, was used either in or out of mourning in its early days. Scotch pebbles, Scotch cairngorms, and Welsh pebbles, have all had their days of fashion; and after that, by some years, came the great silver craze, when high and low bedizened themselves with silver jewellery in every imaginary shape and form, and gold, for the time, was quite out of date.

After the silver craze had lasted some time people began to tire of it, for, as a rule, the pendulum of fashion, like that of opinions, swings quite over in the contrary direction; and so the leaders of fashion left off all their jewellery, and wore nothing save the most needful articles, and those of the plainest kind; and this seems the prevailing fancy of the moment at which I write. It has now lasted some time, and, with the craze for silver only, has nearly driven the makers of machine-made jewellery to desperation. Many of my readers

may remember that the manufacturers of Birmingham—where this great trade has its chief seat—made an appeal last year to the Princess of Wales to aid them, by turning jewellery into fashion again. Her Royal Highness, with her customary kindness and willingness to help, had a large assortment sent up to her from which to select, and promised that she would do what she could to persuade people to wear ornaments once more. So well did she keep her promise, that it was soon

charming as could be is the effect of these lustful trifles in sufficient number. We forget how many go for a halfpenny; but a jeweller filled a biscuit case for us, as large as a hat box, with rolls of them for five rupees, and we paid the stranger's price, no doubt.

The bangle form of bracelet seems to be the one in most favour still, but instead of silver, gold is worn; and as precious stones never show to more advantage than when surrounded with the slenderest amount of



reported on all sides that "she wore far more jewellery than usual, and also the Princesses, her daughters." But the tendency of the present day towards the neat, the tight-fitting, and the tailor-made, prevents the wearing of jewellery by day, nor shall we, I predict, see much alteration until a more flowing style of dress is resumed.

And now that I have brought my chat about "modern jewellery" up to to-day, it is time that we should look round us and observe what is worn, and what are the styles most adopted for personal decoration in keeping with the dress of the moment. One of the earliest fashions during the silver craze was the wearing of many bangles or small twisted wire-like bracelets on the arms, which was an idea we brought from our Indian possessions, where every kind of bangle is worn. A recent writer gives a pretty account of this custom, which I transcribe—"There is a delightful custom among women and girls of the Punjab," he says, "of wearing lac bracelets, a dozen or more, set with beads of liveliest colour. In the early morning they may be seen waiting at their 'jewellers' stall, and he promptly rigs them out for the day—a day of festival, we presume. The bracelets are cooking gently by a charcoal fire to keep them soft. A young woman stretches out her arm—they are always laughing, these pretty Punjabis—the artist takes a hot knife, divides the warm circle, clasps it round, and picks up another as fast as his hands can work. As the lac cools it hardens, of course. As

gold, this form is now used for the setting of large and valuable stones, especially the diamond, the emerald, and the sapphire; the absolute transparency thus obtained doubles their apparent size and lustre. The moonstone, which has become a great favourite lately on account of its supposed "lucky attributes," is much used for bangles, and is set with diamonds round it, and is the fashionable gift for the bridegroom to present to the bridesmaids, to commemorate the auspicious occasion when their aid and support was considered needful. This stone is also used for the same occult reason in brooches, which take the shape of bars, stars, or safety-pins; and the bangle, with a hanging "merry-thought" of pearl and moonstone, is a very novel idea of the past season.

The Americans, with their accustomed inventiveness, have what they call "Poet Band Bracelets," and the *New York World* thus describes them:—"Suggested by the Shakespearian bracelet, silversmiths have set to work making poet bands in white and blackened silver. The buyer makes out a list of favourite lines from witty and wise men, which is sent to the jeweller to be cut in silver, each selection calling for a bracelet. Such lines as graduates select for class mottoes are ordered by the hundred. Proverbs, adages, and guiding lines of life, have been engraved for school people, and presented to the pupils in lieu of medals. Then there are in stock Shelley, Swinburne, Whitman, Lamartine, and Hugo bracelets, a cluster of twenty Shakespearian

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quotations with reference, and a myriad of Biblical extracts with the book, chapter, and verse indicated. By way of study, and wager, and thought, a miscellany of familiar extracts have been brought out in oxidised silver, which are certain to be popular with young and sentimental ladies, and which, if worn, will play an important part in flirtations. Here are some of the tender, poetic, thoughtful, and suggestive sentences calculated to challenge and captivate or puzzle and please a man: 'On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,' 'When that my mood is sad,' 'Fool not to know that love endures no tie,' 'All love is sweet, given or returned,' 'My love is as deep as the sea and as pure as its foam.'

The year of the Jubilee in England brought out a number of bangles, with the date laid on in figures, and this fashion has been adopted with each subsequent year, both for brooches and bracelets.

The introduction of leather wristlets for watches seems to have led the way to a multitude of other methods of turning the watch into an ornamental adjunct of the person. One sees and hears of watches in

want such constant reminder of the time. It seems something of the same idea as the skeleton of the old Egyptian feast, but more pleasantly expressed.

Watches being transferred to the wrist, fewer watch-chains, of course, are needed; and even the ever-popular "Albert" has now given way to the tiny chain, three or four inches long, ending in a ball, which now forms the sole watch-chain allowed by society—a style which here again follows the modern idea of making the least display possible of jewellery. These dainty links go by the name of "Directoire," and are often enamelled in the most lovely colours and with exquisite taste, and also are set with precious stones.

The prevailing style of the day being so decidedly in the direction of the days of Louis XIII. and XIV., the "Directory," and the "First Empire" in France, it is not to be wondered at if we find a great revival of the taste for beautiful enamels; and I think the artists of to-day are not one whit behind their predecessors, while, so far as colouring is concerned, they should be better, for they must have command of superior materials and improved methods of working. This beautiful art



1, ENAMEL AND DIAMOND HAIR-PIN; 2, GREEN JADE AND DIAMOND BROOCH; 3 AND 4, MOONSTONE AND DIAMOND BROOCHES; 5, ENAMEL AND DIAMOND BROOCH.

(By permission of Messrs. J. W. Benson.)

all kinds of astonishing positions, including the toes of a lady's ball-slippers, the handle of her parasol, her card-case, prayer-book, and scent-bottle, to say nothing of her purse and note-book. As to the watch-bracelets and bangles in gold which have superseded the first humility of valueless leather, their forms are legion. Solid gold curbs seem the newest perhaps, the costly examples having the links of the curb encrusted with diamonds, and the watch set with the same stones. The watch-bracelets, adorned likewise with enamel and precious stones, are perfect works of art, and with them the metamorphosis of the watch from an article of daily utility—which we left at home when we dressed for the evening—to a luxury and an ornament seems complete, and one wonders why the present generation should

be applied to all kinds of *articles de luxe*, but, in the way of personal adornment, especially to brooches, and the form they take is floral. The pansy, with its harmonious hues of purple and yellow, has been the first to be reproduced in this realistic manner. Now we have the shamrock, with diamond dewdrops, the lily of the valley, the edelweiss, the daisy, and the favourite chrysanthemum of the Japanese, who believe it to be the

flower of all "good fortune," and take it for their national emblem.

With the "Empire" idea the taste for miniatures has also returned, but the modern and fashionable miniature is very small, and in no way recalls the "Sacred to the Memory" beauty of the old days. They are set in quaint and beautiful designs, and colored and precious gems enhance the beauty of the picture's delicate coloring.

The diamond seems to have become the special stone of modern life, and one wonders where they all come from as one sees the quantity worn. A woman will frequently be surprised with these, the whole amount ex-

ceeding belief. Nobody owns too wearing Cape diamonds; everyone's are the purest Brazilian and Golconda; and, according to Society's dictum, South Africa has added nothing to our store. The form of the best and most fashionable diamond ornaments is floral—save when geometric forms are used for coronets, or "Renaissance" for necklets. The pearl is the most popular stone to set with it, and in Paris I noticed that the black pearl was in great favour. The extreme beauty of the wack shows that the best skill of the goldsmith's art is called into play, and both in Paris and here in London the shop windows where there is a display of diamond ornaments are generally surrounded by a crowd.

DORA DE BEAUFORT.

Mary Tudor: Child, Wife, and Queen.



HERE are few portraits in the Tudor Exhibition more pathetic than those of Queen Mary I. A whole world of stifled desires, of blighted hopes, seems struggling to escape from these finely compressed lips. In the plain and unattractive face there is an unconscious protest against the injurious epithets with which her own and subsequent generations have loaded the name of "Bloody Mary." Close by the cruel face of her adored Philip embodies the evil genius of her reign—the bigotry born in Spain, and cradled in the Netherlands, which now in the form of a Papal legate, now in that of an English bishop, now in that of a foreign bridegroom, swamped every kindly instinct in the heart of our first Tudor Queen. From wlost our country was saved by the childless death of Mary, the patriotic may still shudder to contemplate; and few people linger long over the portraits of the one sister, when another room contains the greater Elizabeth surrounded by a crowd of noble faces.

The aim of these pages is not to exonerate Mary from just blame, rather to invoke pity and commiseration for a weak woman, whose Tudor characteristic of self-will has been mistaken for strength of character, and who was totally unfitted to rule a turbulent kingdom. Mary should have been in a cloister rather than on a throne. Her religious zeal overbore and crushed her natural kindness of heart, and at her elbow stood her early friend Reginald Pole, ready to exhort and admonish her to fresh effort when her zeal for the salvation of her subjects seemed to flag. Steadfast to her mother's faith, to the religious forms of her childhood, she clung with equal firmness to the love of Spain and Spanish customs in which she had been cradled. Destined in infancy to be the bride of the great Emperor Charles V., she afterwards rejected every suitor until, free to choose, she selected, against the advice of her Ministers and the feelings of her subjects, Charles's son, Spanish-born and Spanish-reared.

To the Emperor she had always turned for advice in her troubles; but when prosperity dawned, even he found it impossible to rein in her religious fanaticism. All that had been built up by the policy of the last two reigns must be shattered in an instant.

A glance at her early youth may perhaps help us to understand the apparent inconsistencies of Mary's character. It must be remembered that from her mother Mary inherited a sombre and serious turn of mind, enhanced by a rigid method of education. Brought up as a princess, she early learnt to regard herself as the hope and heiress of her father's kingdom, as well as the bride of the Emperor. Naturally full of spirits, her beauty and charm of manner attracted all around her in her childhood. Unfortunately, however, for her spirits and health, she was expected to be, not only a royal princess, but a prodigy of learning. The code of instructions which Katharine of Aragon caused to be drawn up for the child by a learned Spanish doctor when she was only nine is positively appalling. Already a Latin grammar had been written for her use, and her mother had read Latin with her, besides the Latin lessons from her tutor. Now, in the list of books drawn up by the Spaniard, Cicero is coupled with Plato, showing that Greek was to be added to Latin; and amongst other classics, Seneca's tragedies and some of Horace's poems are enumerated. The Fathers of the Church, of course, were prominent, and scarcely any lighter literature was permitted. Mary was also instructed in modern languages—Spanish, as her mother-tongue, being familiar from infancy. It is refreshing to find her love of music encouraged, even though in that her precocity was so preposterous that at three years old she performed on her virginals to entertain some distinguished foreigners in her parents' absence. From babyhood she was present at all the receptions of the ambassadors at Court, and was taught to address them in their own languages.

It is impossible to say what kind of a sovereign and woman Mary would have become had she continued

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in this atmosphere of flattery. Without opposition her narrow bigotry might have been softened, while the vanity which is apparent when, plain and middle-aged, she decked herself as a young bride to receive Philip, would doubtless have grown to the proportions of Elizabeth's. As it was, the poor child was destined to fall from her high position, almost before she realised how complete a change was to pass over her life. Torn from the mother she adored, obliged to see a waiting-woman usurp her throne, and an interloping sister her own birthright, Mary soon lost both health and spirits. The father who had once spoilt her, now banished her from Court, and she found herself treated with the utmost severity. Denied the outward forms of the Romish Church, Mary clung all the more passionately to them in her heart. She was not allowed to be present at Katharine of Aragon's death-bed. The old Countess of Salisbury, mother of Mary's early friend Reginald Pole, whom, it is thought, she might have accepted as a husband had he not been bound by priestly vows, was hacked to death on the block. It even seemed at one time as if Henry would be glad to be rid of his elder daughter.

Thus sorrows and vexations shattered Mary's health, both mentally and physically, during her girlhood. Henceforth she was subject to debilitating attacks of intermittent fever, which usually attacked her at the fall of the leaf. After the birth of Edward, Mary was again allowed to come to Court, subject, however, to the caprices of her father's humour, who would still take fits of unreasonable anger at the obstinacy with which she clung to her childhood's faith, while, except for the Pope's supremacy, and for his desire to grasp the rich Churchlands, he theoretically accounted himself one of the same fold. Mary was fond of her infant brother, fond also of her little sister Elizabeth at this time. It is not true that these sisters, both involved in a common disgrace, were at enmity in their youth. It was not indeed till Elizabeth's claims became a danger to her own title that Mary grew harsh towards her.

A Spanish chronicler, full of enthusiasm for the "good King" and the Romish creed, a curious paradox, records a supposed interview between Henry and Madam Mary on Henry's death-bed, in which he committed his young son to her guardianship. As the chronicler gives a fictitious account of Henry's last moments, in his desire to represent him as reconciled to the Church, it is difficult to credit this. Mary was not allowed to watch over her brother; and as the defenders of the new faith got more and more influence over the boy, he was gradually alienated from his elder sister, and learnt to look on her as a dangerous Papist.

After his death Mary saved her crown by personal courage and strength of mind. On receipt of the news she rode post-haste from Hunston to Kenninghall, followed by a few noblemen, and hastened on to raise her standard at Framlingham. To the Emperor this seemed a mad venture, but Mary was justified by her success. Thirty thousand armed men rallied round her. Everywhere the people, with whom she was personally popular for her charity and piety, threw up their caps

and shouted for Queen Mary. Plain though she was, small and slight of figure, her brow furrowed with sorrow, and grey threads already in her hair, she looked a very queen on the day of her entry into London. She showed on an occasion like this the iron courage and royal courtesy of her race. Mounted on a small white ambling nag, and dressed in purple velvet, with a flush of excitement in her usually pale cheeks, she roused enthusiasm on her way through her new subjects, her harsh man's voice seeming to add manly qualities to her womanly appearance. By her side rode the more attractive Elizabeth, and for some time yet the two sisters always appeared together in public, often hand in hand.

That eventful day Mary overflowed with kindness. Outside the Tower gates a band of distinguished captives knelt to crave their freedom, amongst them Gardiner, soon to be his sovereign's chief Minister and friend. Mary raised them from the ground, and embraced each in turn, while the tears ran down her cheeks. "These are my own prisoners," she cried triumphantly as she set them free. Not only was the weak and guilty Duke of Suffolk pardoned, but the general leniency was extended to his daughter Jane, who was permitted the "Liberty of the Tower," *i.e.*, to walk about the gardens. "Justice forbids," Mary is reported to have said, "that an innocent girl should suffer for the crimes of others;" and she nobly withstood the Spanish Ambassador's exhortations to her to destroy her rival. With difficulty she was induced to sign Northumberland's death-warrant, remembering that he had once been her friend; but here her hesitation did not last long. Never had there been so bloodless an exchange of sovereigns.

Mary's creed was no drawback in the eyes of a large number of her subjects. Her faith had but a while ago been that of the whole kingdom; and had she been content with outward conformity to her ritual, she might have reigned without the fires of Smithfield. While it is true that the new religion had penetrated deeply into the hearts of Englishmen, few approved of the sweeping changes made in the last two reigns. But Mary's haste to replace her country beneath the yoke of the Pope was soon to alienate the attachment of her people, and the reign which began under such happy auspices was destined to end in clouds and misery.

She was persuaded to postpone England's public return into the bosom of the Church till a Papal legate could be at her side, and for a time she concentrated her energies on a marriage to a foreigner, a Spaniard and a rigid Romanist—a combination intensely distasteful to her subjects. To reach her goal, blood indeed had to be waded through; but she seemed scarcely to heed that now, nor to hear the murmurs of her people. Wyatt's rebellion was the crisis. "The Queen's blood is up at last," writes Renard, the Spanish Ambassador, "and the House of Suffolk will soon be extinct." Though that noble family was not destined to die out, its chief ornament, the sweet and accomplished Jane, who had never had an opportunity to exercise the undoubted talents she possessed for the rôle of a queen, must be sacrificed. Her father's execution was but a just punishment for his ingratitude.

Elizabeth shared the general disgrace, and never again could there have been true cordiality between the sisters. Once more Mary had saved her crown by personal outrage. She had stayed in her unfortified palace when her friends besought her with tears to fly to the Tower; and even when she saw her body guard fly panic-stricken into the gates of Whitehall before the rebels, even when their tough old commander Sir John Gage fell at her feet, covered with dirt from an undignified fall in the mud, her spirit did not quail.

When the rebellion was crushed, and her rival swept from her path, Mary was at last able to forget all else in the joyous preparations for her wedding. Her heart was wrapped up in the longed-for bridegroom, whose chariot-wheels were so tardy. If, when at length he came, his unattractive person and cold manners chilled his eager bride, she never betrayed her disappointment by word or look; but in spite of neglect, in spite of more serious shortcomings, she remained to the end a devoted and adoring wife. Doubtless Philip's fanatical zeal for her Church covered a multitude of sins from her partial eyes.

A year had passed since Mary's legal succession when Prince Philip landed in England. Very grand were the pageants, and great the simulated rejoicings over his arrival—simulated, since the English blood was boiling at the idea of a Spanish husband for their Queen, while Philip himself was hampered by fears for his life.

Mary awaited her bridegroom at Winchester, sending many loving tokens and messages to cheer his ride that pouring July day from Southampton. There is an amusing Italian pamphlet, written by an eye-witness, which dwells particularly on the wonder of the English at the magnificence of the Spanish costumes. Be this as it may, the English Queen and her Court appeared in equally gorgeous apparel on the wedding-day, Mary wearing on her breast a great diamond, Philip's bridal gift. The Italian chronicler reports that the Queen was overcome with emotion in the cathedral; some even said she wept; but if so her tears were tears of joy for that marriage-day was perhaps the happiest she knew in her overclouded life. According to Spanish custom, Philip laid three handfuls of gold upon the Mass-book, where the wedding-rings were blessed, and Mary put them with a proud smile into her open purse, held by Lady Margaret Clifford. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom returned on foot, hand in hand, through the streets of Winchester to their palace.

In one sense Philip doubtless fulfilled all Mary's expectations. So great was his religious zeal that even before he greeted her he had hastened to offer thanks in the cathedral for his safe arrival, and had performed the same pious duty on his landing at Southampton. It was not long before the country felt the iron hand of persecution, which began in good earnest in the New Year (1555). Pole, the legate, had arrived, and once more England was reconciled to the Holy See. The *auto da fe*, which was progressing so merrily in the Spanish dominions, was now to be instituted in Mary's kingdom; and the fires, kindled when the Queen's hopes

were highest, were kept alight by zeal and bigotry till she died amidst the execrations of her people. Though one hears of isolated cases where Mary pardoned the sufferers, as a rule her doctrine that it was better to save the souls than the bodies of her people led her to remain passive while her land was devastated by fire and sword. We say passive, for it is untrue to picture Mary assisting personally at these martyrdoms; it is not even certain for how much or how little she was responsible. Elizabeth, Queen and statesman, bears the odium of every untoward act, but she was no fiery bigot. To her a Jesuit embodied Spanish plots, and though to this day pictures of bloody martyrdoms beneath her rule may be seen at Grenada, we English cannot but remember the motives which prompted her cruelty. Her sister, on the other hand, was swayed entirely by her religion; the zeal of her faith had eaten her up; and ever by her side stood Cardinal Pole, or one of the Romanist bishops.

Abandoned after a year by her husband, who went to rule his empire, and felt no eagerness to return to his elderly wife, her hopes of a child disappointed, Mary's health and humour altered visibly. We all know the history of her disappointed hopes, how the bells were pealed, despatches prepared for foreign Courts, every joyous preparation made for the son and heir who never existed except in the sick Queen's fancy. After this her health grew worse and worse, and during the closing years of her reign she rarely appeared at her Council board, the management of State affairs being practically in the hands of her Ministers. Who can tell what mental and physical misery she endured, shut up morose and gloomy in one of her palaces, nothing left to her but her religious zeal, which grew stronger day by day! To restore the lands her father had robbed from the Church—such, that is, as were in her power to dispose of—to re-found many an ancient foundation, such as Westminster Abbey, were her chief pleasures. But so impoverished was the Exchequer that she could not do all she would. Short lived was the fictitious triumph of priests and monks, and it is pitiful to see how soon and how severely they were doomed to disappointment. The year before her death Mary received a short visit from her husband, and once more she deceived herself with a dream of delusive happiness. Again all was clouded, the cloud the darker for the temporary rift. Heavy with the loss of Calais, with the sickness of disappointed hopes, in the autumn of 1558 Mary sank beneath her burdens.

That her harshness to Elizabeth was caused as much by fear of her rivalry as by personal dislike, is shown by the ready obedience she gave to Philip's message advising her not to oppose her sister's succession.

The lonely Queen passed peacefully away, conscious to the last, and true to her Church. Fortunately for Reginald Pole he only outlived his friend and sovereign a few hours, and did not survive to see the changes of the new régime. As a private person Mary had lived a blameless life. She had been merciful where her conscience had allowed her; invariably kind to her dependants and friends. From childhood she had suffered physically, and borne her sufferings with the courage of a martyr. But let us while compassionating her private

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sorrows not attempt to exonerate her from just blame, from the responsibility of a religious persecution such as England has never known before or since.

So much has been said of her as a Queen that it is fitting we should end with some words spoken by one of her most faithful friends, Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster. He preached the funeral sermon at her burial in the Abbey, and every word is filled with genuine feeling. There was no longer need to flatter the late Queen, but some danger to himself in the eulogium he pronounced upon her and her religion; but, while the joy-bells were ringing for Elizabeth's accession, Feckenham's heart was only with his lost mistress. Only once in the whole of his long and eloquent sermon does he remember the living Queen. Doomed to spend his closing years in disgrace and between prison walls, the great abbot gloomily foretells the approaching changes, and seems to hear the audible sighs of relief with which his country is to cast off the Pope's dominion. "I warn you," he cries, "the wolves are coming out of Geneva and other places of Germany, and have sent their books before—full of pestilential doctrines, blasphemy, and heresy—to infect the people." After pursuing this theme for a while the good abbot leaves the vexed question of doctrine, and pours out all his eloquence over the hearse of his lamented friend. He bids his hearers rather rejoice than lament at the death of them "that are so departed as is now this virtuous and gracious lady, this innocent and unspotted Queen, whose body lieth there in your lap, whose livery is on your back, whose memory is, or ought to be, perpetuated in your hearts, whose fame is spread throughout the world, whose praises the stones will speak if we do not, whose soul I verily believe, without pre-

judice of God's judgment be it spoken, is now in heaven. . . . She was a King's daughter, she was a King's sister, she was a King's wife, she was a Queen. . . . She had the loud commendation and admiration of all the world. In this Church she married herself unto this realm, and in token of faithful fidelity did put a ring with a diamond upon her finger which I understand she never put off after during her life. She was never unfaithful or uncareful of her promise to this realm. She used singular mercy towards offenders. . . . She used much pity and compassion toward the poor and oppressed. . . . She restored more noble houses decayed than ever did prince of this realm. . . . She restored to the Church such ornaments as in the time of schism were taken away and spoiled. She found the realm poisoned with heresy, and purged it; and, remembering herself to be but a member of Christ's Church, refused to write herself head thereof." He then describes her godly and devout end, which was, he says, to them that saw it more than ten sermons, and if angels were mortal, would "liken her departing to the death of an angel."

From beyond the seas Philip, without any pretence of posing as a disconsolate widower, made one more snatch at the English Crown, hoping to obtain it with the hand of Elizabeth, who seems to have taken his fancy when in England. But she, on her part, without any of her usual coquetry, rejected his advances with scorn, and from that moment war to the knife was declared between them. In retribution, as it were, for the blot upon her name, Mary sleeps beneath the monument raised to her great successor, both sisters united at last in the same grave. "Consorts both in throne and grave, here rest we two sisters Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of our resurrection."

E. T. BRADLEY.

Urbs in Rure.

RONDEAU.

FOR you and me, who come oppressed
With London's turmoil, here is rest.
Ah me! If we could idly dream
For ever down this sunlit stream;
Or seek some hidden cottage-nest,
And shun the city's weary quest
Of hollow mirth: then life were blessed,
And time with endless joys would teem
For you and me.

But—if you missed the club's last jest,
Or I should doubt how Fashion dressed,
And if we lost the bliss supreme
Of Madam Scandal's newest theme—
Ah, turn the boat!—the town is best
For you and me.

EDYTHE H. CROSS.

Amateur Dressmaking.—IV.

[CONTINUED.]

IT is a positive boon to those thin or spare-chested people, who have to choose between rufly and unsightly wrinkles down the front shoulders, or a dress painfully tight across the chest from arm to arm, to have wadding inserted in the dress in the manner I have described in the last chapter, and which has nothing to do with "making up" in the generally accepted sense of that expression. To such figures I have found three thicknesses of wadding give relief and comfort combined with a smoothly fitting shoulder; but, of course, these are only occasionally met with, and the one layer is usually sufficient for the ordinary woman or girl, whilst a rare few need none at all.

After the wadding, comes the tacking out. Each piece of lining is laid on its own piece of material, and fastened with a couple of pins, and is then tacked down to it with thin cotton, generally white, in the picked outline, inch stitches being used on the long, straight lines, and smaller ones round the curves. All the stitches, both under and over, should be of equal length, and all the marks which were traced should be tacked out, excepting, of course, the wadding-lines, which have been already used. Expert dressmakers stretch certain portions of the dress a good deal down the length, but I think this unwise for the beginner, who is apt to do more harm than good in this way. She should take care, however, that the lining is loose for the stuff, if one must be loose; never let it be the material loose over a tight lining.

After the tacking out, comes the putting together, which should be done very carefully. First cut the back dart up the centre line to within 1 inch of the top; then join it by the waist-line, and pin the fitting-lines together, pulling and stretching the back part of it to make the two of equal length. First pin and then tack it together. The front dart can be simply folded down its centre line, and tacked together. Put the two backs together by the waist-lines, and first pin and then tack them together by the fitting-lines (the picked outlines) which were previously "tacked out." If the tacking out and joining is nicely done, the neck curves will run together in an unbroken line across the top.

Next, holding the back to you, and the curved side-piece away from you, join them together from the waist upwards, taking care to join them evenly, and not to stretch the one or pull the other. Use plenty of pins and join the whole seam together before tacking. At the top of this seam the unbroken armhole-line should begin to form itself again, but if by any mischance there should be any difference in length at this seam, let it run out at the armhole, and leave the waist untouched. Next join the small square side-piece to the curved one, joining this also from the waist upwards. This ordinarily comes about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch short at the armhole end of the seam, which also allow to pass, then join on the front, at the top of which the line should run on unbroken again.

Then join the shoulders at the next end, taking great care to make the whole neck-line run in an unbroken curve. Neglect of this precaution will cause the front of the bodice to pull to one side after it is finished. You must, of course, be careful to take the lowered neck-curve of both back and front of the pattern when drafting out.

Put the sleeve together by the inside seam, joining it exactly at the top, and allowing any difference in length to run out at the wrist end. The back seam of the sleeve should be made "to lie," which is a simple enough thing in showing, but a little difficult to explain by words only. I will try, however to make it clear to you. Lay the sleeve, the inner seam joined, flat on the table before you (the upper is considerably wider than the under), lift the fitting-line of the upper over to meet the fitting-line of the under a little above the elbow, and pin them together to the top of the seam and down to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the little elbow-mark, there stop, and half-way between the elbow and the wrist-line do the same, i.e., lay the sleeve flat, then bring the fitting-line of the upper sleeve over to meet those of the under. Pin the sleeve down to the wrist-line (this line will not run together at the back seam) and then pin up to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the elbow, when you will find the upper sleeve a little too long there for the under sleeve. Gather this trifle of extra length, and fix it at the elbow-point, closing the fitting-lines together above and below it. You will now find if you lay the sleeve flat on the table that, excepting for the little fulness at the elbow, it lies quite smooth and flat, as if upper and under were the same width. This little bag or gathering at the elbow is absolutely necessary for comfort in close-fitting sleeves, and can only be got into its proper place by making the sleeve lie. If you join it down the back-seam, down from top to bottom, you will find you do not get any elbow, and that it will not lie flat, but twists from inside to outside in a very ugly way; and kindly remember that if it twists off the arm it will twist on it.

When the dress is all tacked out and tacked together, it is ready for trying on, which should be done with the stuff inside, and the seams (the turnings) outside. Pin the front fitting-lines together at the neck, joining the neck curves exactly; then pull it up a little, and pull it well down to the waist behind, or it will seem too long in the front and too short in the back when the front is brought together. Next bring the waist-line together, and pin it there and below, and after that close the front fitting-lines from the neck downward, once or twice lifting it to the neck and putting your hand inside and gently pushing up the bust that it may not be pressed downwards, but may fall into the proper part of the dress designed for it. When this is done, look at the tacking-lines in the outlines. See if the waist at the back and the tacking-lines of the neck are right; if the width of the back looks right, and the side the right

length. In turnings, I dress large appearance must regulate together at or shortening see that the to the front chest the r slack, and t been careful reasonably tacking together they let the much slacken ing together tightens it u you must n them, or, on appears too also inside seam to the Smooth the latter down up to see th on the shou enough to m

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length. Look at the tacking-lines, not at the edge of the turnings, as, if the latter are broad, you may fancy the dress large when it really is not so. According to the appearance of the length of side and width of back you must regulate those seams which did not run exactly together at the armhole, either lengthening the short ones or shortening the long ones, as may be required. Then see that the waist keeps low enough round the side and to the front, that the front of the neck is right, and the chest the right width; then notice if the bust is too slack, and the waist the same. If the measures have been carefully taken, this slackness is the only thing to reasonably look for, but be careful it is not due to slack tacking together, as if the stitches are large and loose, they let the pieces pull apart, and the bodice appear much slacker than it really is. Even with good tacking together it should be a little slack, as the machining tightens it up a little; but if it seems really very slack, you must machine it inside the lines instead of upon them, or, on the other hand, machine outside them if it appears too tight. Try on the sleeve at the same time, also inside out, slip it up the arm, and put the inner seam to the inset, then the elbow into its proper place. Smooth the under-sleeve up under the arm, and close the latter down to the side, and draw the head of the sleeve up to see that it will come well up on to the fitting-lines on the shoulder, then notice if the back seam is long enough to meet the fitting-lines of the dress.

Remember the tackings are slack, and do not machine it up too closely; on the other hand, do not make it too slack either. Notice on Diagram 4 (page 219) that I have dotted in a little nip on both the curved side-piece and the square one, at the seam where they join together. This indicates a little nip which should be taken out at the top of this seam in the machining; it is only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch on each piece at the top of the seam, tapered down into the proper fitting-lines at about 3 inches down, but it has a great deal to do with the comfortable fit of the sleeve and armhole when the former is put into the dress. I would advise beginners to machine every seam excepting this one, and then try the bodice on a second time, when it can be either let out or taken in there if required, or only sewn if no alteration is needed. This is better than letting off the dress at the front edge if it proves too tight after machining, as altering at the front broadens the chest and spoils the armhole.

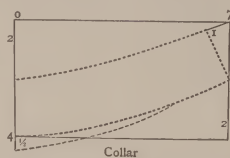
A word about the machining. Begin at the top of the seam, and see that the needle is fairly on the waist-line before you turn; indeed, you may remember that your waist is deeper than a pencil-line, and take half a dozen stitches below it before you turn without spoiling the fit of the dress; rather it will improve it. Don't pull the curved seams into a straight line whilst you are machining them. Let them be as near their own shape as possible whilst passing under the needle, and they will be less inclined to break open. It sometimes happens, if the waist is too slack, that the dress on the trying-on appears too tight round the hips, but this is delusive; excepting for middle-aged, stout figures (which require a variation for themselves), the tightening up of the waist will be found to give all that is needed.

The machining over, the tacking-threads should be removed from all the sewn seams. If they are snipped at every few inches with the scissors, they will be found easier to draw out, but care should be taken not to remove them from the front fitting-lines, or from the waist, neck, or armholes. If by accident they are drawn out from any of these parts, they should be immediately replaced—it is more than ever important not to lose them now. The next step is the neatening of the inside seams, which may be done in several ways. I give an easy, inexpensive one. At the waist of each seam, snip the turnings across nearly to the sewing-line; also snip the darts across at the waist and open them to within half an inch of the top, where snip them across nearly to the sewing-line again. The tiny scrap of dart at the top, above this last snip, must be carefully flattened with the iron when you are pressing; the other parts of the turnings should be neatened in the same way as the other seams. After snipping, trim the edges of the turnings to a uniform width of one, or one and a quarter inches outside the sewing-lines, and to make them neat, turn the edge of the lining and the edge of the material in to face each other, and run them together. Just at the waist, where the turnings have been cut across, they cannot be turned in; you must therefore overcast them there with a few strong stitches. Each seam must be neatened to lay open when finished; you will therefore find you have two lengths of neatening to each seam. If this method of turning in the edges is objected to, the seams may be whipped (overcast raw-edged) or bound with narrow China ribbon; the whipping does not look so well, and the binding requires a dozen or more yards of ribbon. The darts, however, must either be whipped or bound unless they are very deep.

The pressing of the seams follows, and this should be done patiently, as on it the beauty of the finish largely depends. The irons should not be either too hot or too heavy, and both sides of each seam, from the sewing-line to the neatening, should be well pressed down before any attempt is made to open the seams flat. If the dress is of thick or very springy cloth or serge, a wet cloth should be laid over the seam and the pressing done through it. After both sides of the closed seam have been pressed, each one may be laid open and pressed flat with a cooler iron, care being taken not to drag the length of the seams; and the bust of the dress (each side of the tops of the darts, and a little above them) should be well opened, particular care being taken to press the extreme tops of the darts quite flat out. The pressing being finished, it is as well to try on the dress again and see that the opening has not made the fit too slack again; and if this proves satisfactory, prepare the front edges for the fastenings, either hooks and eyes, or buttons and button-holes. We will say the latter, as they are the most usual. The button-holes are made in the right-hand front—the buttons are sewn on the fitting-line of the left-hand front. For the button side, trim the turnings neatly down about one and a half inches beyond the fitting-line, then turn in the lining and stuff edge to edge and machine them together. This will leave about an inch of stuff extending beyond the fitting-line, which is usually called the

dotted curve from 4; or if you like the collar deeper at the back than at the front, go half an inch below 4 (as shown on diagram) and draw up to the 2. Then allow the dotted line from 7 come back one inch to 1, and from it to 2 draw the dotted line which represents the front of the collar. To make the collar, lay the pattern with the line from O down to a fold of the stuff and cut by the dotted lines, allowing half an inch of turnings all round. For the stiffening, upholsterer's buckram (a firm drab canvas of the thickness of stiff cardboard) is generally used. A piece of this, exactly the size of the collar *without turnings*, should be cut, and the material of the collar turned over the edges and herring-boned down to it, raw-edged at the top and ends. It will need snipping to make it lie over the curved-out top. The

collar is then set on to the fitting-line of the dress from the back centre seam (to which the middle of the collar is laid), the right side of the collar to the right side of the dress, with the collar towards the worker. From the centre, pin the collar round in the fitting-line towards the front, letting it end just at the fitting-line, to do which the collar must be put on a little easy for the neck of the dress. The top end of the button-stand will remain raw-edged and must afterwards be whipped over. Tuck it firmly and then machine it along just below the edge of the buckram; then push the latter into the collar material and bring the turnings up over it, where catch them down to it if you prefer to make the neck very firm. To line the neck-band you need a piece of silk or satin the size of the collar with turnings; these should be turned in, and the lining hemmed against the top and ends of the collar and then down over the turning where the collar was sewn on, to make the inside neat. Two hooks and eyes on the extreme ends of the collar, and a loop of ribbon on the top of the back seam to hang it up by, will complete this part, and it now remains to put in the sleeves, which is a critical test of the amateur's



ability. The sleeve seams should be machined—the seams pressed on both sides but not opened—the turnings trimmed down to a width of a good quarter-inch past the fitting-line and there whipped together, only one length of neatening being thus required to each seam. The cuff should be turned over by the fitting-line of the bottom end of the under-sleeve and stitched down to the lining, raw-edged, then finished by a ribbon being hemmed neatly over the turnings and to the lining. The sleeve must be held inside-out whilst this is done, and the ribbon should be held tight in the length whilst it is being hemmed in, or it will be full and puffy inside the cuff when the sleeve is in wear. To set the sleeves nicely into the armhole, take the inside seam and put it to the inset, keeping the turnings pressed down into the under-

Hold the sleeve to you and the dress away from you, and pin the under-sleeve round to the fitting-lines of the armhole as far as the back seam of the sleeve, the turnings of which should also be laid into the under-sleeve. Now return to the inset and begin to put in the upper sleeve, making the sleeve full for the armhole all the

way up to the shoulder-seam; and, if there is any extra
top, graduating it down to the back seam as well. The
top of the sleeve should be at least two inches larger
than the armhole to allow for this fulling; and the fashion
in sleeves is so rapidly changing to full ones, that in
drafting you may, if you choose, bring the head an inch
above the straight top line if you like, without feeling
that the sleeves will look too full. After pinning, tack
and machine the sleeves into place, and then whip the
seams together, or bind them with a ribbon and turn
them to lie down in the sleeve itself. After this the
buttons may be sewn on, and finally a waist-belt made
of three-quarters of a yard of belting (with a buckle sewn
on the left-hand end) cross-stitched into the three back
seams of the bodice—the bottom of the belt to the waist-
line—all tackings withdrawn, and the bodice is finished.

J. E. DAYIS

Notes and Comments.

MISS ELLIN TERRY and Mrs. John Donald thought it a pity that while all the masculine friends of the Toole were fitting and dining him, his many lady admirers should have no opportunity of wishing him *bon voyage*. Their idea of a "kettledrum tea," therefore, was most happy, and, what is more, was most successfully carried out at the Hôtel Métropole, the two ladies acting as hostesses. Gentlemen were not entirely excluded, and several were present, but the majority of the beautifully dressed and charming crowd were well known on the London stage. Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Woolgar were a very worthy trio with which to commence the line of theatrical celebrities, which had sweet little Minnie Terry to end it. Miss Ellen

Terry, as is very well known, has a strong aversion to speech-making ladies, but for the sake of "Our Mr. Toole," as she pleasantly called him, made her maiden speech before a curtain" with charming grace and pretty wit. Mr. Toole briefly but appropriately replied, and his arm must surely have ached afterwards from shaking hands with his many admirers, who all told him they looked forward to seeing him back, and the sooner he returned the better. Still, after his many heavy domestic sorrows in the loss of son, daughter, and wife, no one could wish to keep him from the change of scene and association which he will enjoy in the Antipodes, but when he does return he may be sure of a warm welcome.

Let us commend, not only for instant utility, but for the excellent purpose, the Doll Show which is being organised by the Committee of the New Hospital for Women, in aid of their building fund. The exhibition is to be held next month (April), and after the prizes have been awarded, the dolls are to be sold. Classes are to be included for every imaginable kind of doll, down to patients, nurses, and even lady-doctors themselves, the latter being indeed far-sighted policy since it will bring the cause of medical education of women before the sex from the very first stage in which the girl is mother to the woman! Every little girl remembers when "a sick doll" was an important feature of her nursery, and it is a decided advance in juvenile science to allow to such, nurses and doctors to match! Seriously, however, the show deserves our best support, for the claims of the new hospital are two-fold. It gives to women the opportunity of attendance from their own sex when suffering from the diseases incidental to womanhood, an especial boon to lonely young shopwomen, governesses, and others earning their bread away from home; and when its handsome premises in Euston Road are ready for occupation, it will prove of immense value as a practical school of medicine for women entering the profession. It is hoped that it will be opened in May.

The forthcoming exhibition of fans to be held in May by the Fanmakers' Company promises to be a great success. It will be remembered that the Company held one last year, and it proved of so much value in giving impetus to our English trade in these dainty wares, that another for this year, of a much more comprehensive character, was decided upon. There are some eight or ten classes, and in the one for hand-painted, embroidered, leather, lace, or carved ivory fans, the first prize offered is twenty-five guineas and the freedom of the Company. The same sun and privilege are offered for the best complete copy of a seventeenth or eighteenth century fan, which is afterwards to become the property of the Company for public exhibition. Numerous other prizes from three to ten guineas in amount are offered by the Company itself; by Lady Charlotte Schreiber; the late Lord Mayor; Mr. H. Homewood Crawford, the senior past Master; Mr. N. A. Clifford, the present Master; and others.

From the commercial and practical point of view, perhaps, the most useful awards are those for sets of five or ten fans, ranging in retail value from three guineas each down to five shillings. Competitors in these classes must be prepared to supply any number of fans at each price up to fifty at the same rate. By taking this step the Company has distinctly recognised that if we are to compete as fan-producers with the cheap and effective wares of Paris and Vienna it must be done at the same reasonable prices. *Éventails de luxe* are not every-day purchases; but inexpensive fans to harmonise with different dresses are in constant and increasing demand. In the symptomatic volume by Lady Charlotte Schreiber on "Fans and Fan-leaves," published last year, she shows the skill and variety and admirable finish of English fan-artists in days gone by, and the industry is one we should rejoice to see revived as singularly suited to women's correct taste and deft fingers.

The Company, by the way, was incorporated in Queen Anne's reign with a special mission to foster the English trade, even by such severely protective measures as the

privilege of entering any shop in which fans were exposed for sale, and seizing and destroying all of foreign manufacture. While fashion in fans was practically in abeyance steps to encourage their production would merely have glutted an extremely limited market. Immediately that any signs of a revival in the demand for them became apparent the Company stepped in to encourage it, showing that it was fully alive to its *raison d'être*.

Is this connection attention may be directed to the admirably sensible words used the other day by Mr. Roscoe Mullins, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes to the successful students of the Royal Female School of Art. He warned girls not to think that their art education intended them to confine their efforts to competitive picture-painting, but to remember how wide a field lies open for original design in the every-day demands of our surroundings. The stucco moulding for the adornment of a house, wall-papers, furniture, lace, book-covers, pottery, even for the most utilitarian purposes, metal-work, and clothing could all be made objects as decorative as pictures or statues. He advised any girl who had talent in any one or other of these branches to cultivate it to its very highest perfection, and endeavour to attach herself to some good commercial firm. This is sound advice, and as women recognise it more fully, there will be less intensity of competition in the lines which hitherto have been too narrowly regarded as the exclusively artistic ones, and better rates of remuneration all round, to say nothing of the benefits of a wider diffusion of "Art for the Home."

In our Notes last month we gave some account of the way in which the mantle trade is habitually carried on. This month we are able to speak of a practical attempt at better things. A co-operative mantle-making establishment has been opened for some few weeks past at 12, Carteret Street, Westminster. Carteret Street is a humble thoroughfare near to Queen Anne's Gate, and not therefore difficult of access either for dwellers in the West End or in the suburbs. At No. 2 in this street a co-operative work-room and needlework registry has for some years been carried on under the management of Miss L. Gordon, and the new undertaking is a development of the older one. The women employed will be members of the Mantle-makers' Trade Union, and it is hoped that the shares may eventually pass solely into the hands of women employed in the work-room. The workers are skilled hands, the forewoman able and experienced; but real success must of course depend upon the degree to which the effort is supported by customers.

The Union of Rope-makers, of which we wrote last month, has since held an enthusiastic general meeting, at which its banner—a large and handsome one—was displayed for the first time. The numbers of this union increase fast; they stood at the last report at 700, and there is every prospect of the full thousand being reached before the society is six months old.

A VERY significant thing took place in the East End towards the end of January. There was a small strike in a shirt factory; the cutters (who are men) refused to work with a certain foreman. The women working in the factory had nothing to do with this foreman, but they were acquainted with him, and con-

sidered thereof very unbecomingly. The women, wretched as they may be, are one and their work, and their work is suffering. End shirking come to the end of the road, and another employer's heroism in their choice held to could go where p its future.

A T of this st feature o to light o orderly s the girls working indeed fr no true those who girl as a national tary scho

It is the insup gallery in jected ex place bef entirely a had com and Allen to keep s hope dur which w lence of Bethnal refugees n tion, which and arist to result school to above 1,5 of these u think that following, quality an the Paris looms. T dustry—w should not could once assuredly but few, a Wales and regular bu

sidered the men had good cause for their action. They therefore stopped work too. In this there was nothing very unusual; the remarkable part of the story is that the women who take work out from this factory—the wretchedly paid home-workers of the East End—when they came at the week's end and found how things stood, one and all made common cause and refused to take their work until the men had settled their dispute. The lack of any corporate feeling among the poorest working women has been one fruitful cause of poverty and suffering among the whole labouring class. If the East End shirt-maker, working alone in her dingy room, can come to feel this sort of loyalty in her class, the readiness to take part in common action, there may be a real hope of ending the terrible under-selling of one by another which the general public and the individual employer are alike powerless to prevent. And what heroism! These women freely gave up their own and their children's bread for the mere sake of what they held to be fair play to other people. They personally could gain nothing, whatever happened. The country whose poorest can do thus has no need to be hopeless of its future.

A TRADE UNION of East End shirt-makers arose out of this strike, and is progressing fairly. The brightest feature of all these East End unions is that they bring to light an unexpected power of business management, orderly self-government, and moderation on the part of the girls themselves. Those who think of the East End working woman as a mere unintelligent drudge are far indeed from the truth. The younger generation can in no true sense of the word be called uneducated; and those who are brought into close contact with the factory-girl as she is to-day cannot fail to recognise how vast a national benefit has been wrought by our public elementary schools.

It is a matter for much regret that, on account of the insuperable difficulty of finding a suitable hall or gallery in which to hold it during the season, the projected exhibition of English-woven silks cannot take place before 1891. At the same time, in order not to entirely disappoint the poor weavers, many of whom had commenced their beautiful fabrics, Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, who have done more than any other firm to keep some vitality in this once flourishing industry, hope during March to hold a small private display, which will serve to give some idea of the high excellence of the weaving still done in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green by the descendants of the Huguenot refugees upon the old Jacquard hand-loom. The exhibition, which is being arranged by a committee of Royal and aristocratic ladies, is intended whenever it is held to result in the establishment of a good technical school to foster the craft. At present there are not above 1,500 hands all told employed in it, and many of these are old men and women. The young people think that it is in too feeble a condition to be worth following, and so the output becomes smaller, though in quality and finish the silk woven here held its own in the Paris Exhibition against the most famous Lyons looms. There is not the faintest reason why the industry—which in 1828 was employing 60,000 people—should not flourish once more in East London. If ladies could once see the loveliness of these silks they would assuredly buy them. At present their fame is known to but few, although among that few are the Princess of Wales and her daughters, who are excellent judges and regular buyers of English silks.

The death of Mrs. Lucas is a source of real sorrow to all women-workers in the cause of Temperance, and will be especially mourned by the British Women's Temperance Association, with which her name has been so long and so honourably linked. No higher tribute of praise can be given to her, than to say that she was a sister worthy of such a brother as John Bright. She was a typical representative of the best order of the Society of Friends, and remained a faithful member of that body until her life's end. Her strong temperance views dated from the age of sixteen, but she used to relate how one of her earliest efforts in the pursuit of the public good was, with her sister, now Mrs. MacLaren, to raise money and contributions for the great Manchester Bazaar, held to furnish Richard Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League with the sinews of war.

MRS. LUCAS was a singularly sweet and fascinating speaker upon the platform, and possessed some of the silvery eloquence of "the great Tribune." She held some of the highest posts that the Order of the Good Templars can give, and spared no self-denial to promote the object she had so dearly at heart. One of the secrets of the rapid growth of the British Women's Temperance Association was her emphatic belief in the infusing classes of women over women, and to those of the toiling classes she urged that direct personal sympathy must be shown. Her pretty, old-fashioned house in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, was a meeting-place to all women-workers, for her interests were very wide, and all movements for the social and political advance of the sex received her warmest support. She twice visited America, and was in touch with all the lady-leaders of the crusade against drink there. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that she will be not less mourned across the Atlantic than in her native land. For some time past she had been in failing health, and during the last two years or so appeared very rarely in public.

THE woman who takes keen practical interest in country life can find plenty to study in the Sports and Arts Exhibition now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery. Many of the pictures are of real artistic value and universal appeal beyond their mere connection with field sports and the chase. Landseer's works, of which some noble examples are exhibited, are undoubtedly the most eloquent sermons in the cause of humanity that could be preached. Among his works made familiar to us by frequent reproduction shown here are the "Highland Nurses," "Not Caught Yet," "None but the Brave Deserve the Fair," "The March of the Glen," "At Bay," "The Challenge," "The Sanctuary," "Morning," and "The Chase," while a number of his studies deserve careful notice. A delicious little water-colour drawing by Albrecht Dürer of two squirrels, one seen in profile, the other a marvellous bit of foreshortening, with its back to the spectator, is lent by the Earl of Northbrook. It is painted on vellum, and finished with great and loving care, and bears cipher date of 1512. By the same master is also a curious study of a hare.

WE have grown to regard the presence of women in the hunting-field and on horseback as so much a matter of course, that it is a little surprising to see in how few of the pictures they find any place. The cut and style of the lady's scarlet habit in a picture of a "Meet in Dorsetshire," of which George Morland painted the landscape,

and Reinagle the figures, is worth attention; and the riding-dress worn by Henrietta Cavendish Holles, Countess of Oxford, in Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait, shows how equestrian costume has altered in modern times. Lady Oxford wears a full skirt of ordinary walking length, made of either white velvet or cloth, trimmed with broad bands of green velvet. The jacket to match reaches to the knees, and on her head she has a large hat and feathers. The often garish and vulgar over-ornamentation of the racing cups and trophies does not compare favourably with the exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art at the neighbouring Tudor Exhibition. The small section of the display devoted to hawking is considerably crowded, and might have been made more complete. Unfortunately there are few experts in this once regal sport now left. Of course hunters' spoils of heads, horns, hoofs, and stuffed animals are in abundance here.

COMPLAINTS are beginning to be heard from trained nurses that salaries of from £18 to £20 a year are very inadequate remuneration after the three years' course of training, and for the responsibilities of the profession. One of the organs of the nursing world tries with more ingenuity than economic logic to argue that this is not a result of overcrowded ranks, and that there is really a demand greater than the supply. This is certainly not the case; were it so, wages would at once rise. The truth is that a very large proportion of young women of the small farmer, shop-keeping, and upper artisan classes have crowded into the hospitals, under the mistaken and silly notion that the linen gown, cap, and apron of the nurse represent a more "genteel" vocation than the print gown, cap, and apron of domestic service. One day, recently, there were no less than sixty-five advertisements in the *Times* for cooks, with wages in no case less than £50 a year, and in several going to £50, £55, and £60. Thus we can judge by the laws of supply and demand that the one calling is overstocked, and the other understocked. That women will readjust it in time—none but themselves can—there is no cause to fear, but it looks as though the readjustment were not coming just yet.

THE Nurses' Club and Midwives Institute has just moved into better premises in Buckingham Street, Strand, and is gradually rendering itself a pleasant power in the nursing world. The subscription, which includes the use of a very good library, is only five shillings a year, and the roll of membership is rapidly growing. The Midwives' Institute, it may be remarked, has recently acquired a Royal Charter, which adds considerably to its prestige. Ladies who have qualified in this branch of nursing are now joining it almost unexceptionally, and it bids fair to be ere long an organisation sufficiently powerful to protect the interests of its members, as well as to be a valuable guarantee of efficiency towards the public; for medical opinion, which so strongly condemned any wholesale system of registration of ordinary nurses, places the incorporation of midwives upon an entirely different basis, and holds generally that this is advisable.

IN the course of an article, on the whole somewhat deprecatory of women in the journalistic profession, the *Scots Observer* recently remarked that "all the leading papers are to some extent magazines, and devote space to short leaders or to essays on social, literary, and artistic subjects. As it is, a number of these are written

by ladies, and no doubt ladies will write more of them in the future. Any editor not a ninny is as willing to print articles from the outside by women as by men, and judges such articles entirely by their merit." Women with some literary faculty have thus a lucrative profession upon which they can enter any day with the certainty that they are not handicapped by their sex." From this last we entirely dissent. Unless a woman is certain of regular employment upon a paper, she cannot depend upon journalism for a livelihood. A newspaper staff is necessarily large, and an editor usually has plenty of men within call to do what is here termed "outside" work. This uncertain haphazard newspaper contributing would prove a most precarious living to any woman, though to one sure of her daily bread-and-butter it might perfectly well be made to add dress and extras. Only those cognisant of the routine of a newspaper office know how very small a proportion of its contents is due to the chance writer.

AMONG the most interesting of the reports which have lately appeared is that of the training school established at Limerick for the revival of the Irish lace industry, which shows it to be in a most prosperous condition, with more applicants for its teaching than it can possibly accommodate, and large orders on hand for lace. The increased demand for Irish lace is due, no doubt, to the example set by the Queen and the Princess of Wales, both of whom are real connoisseurs as to its merits, and its eager collectors of it, each possessing some very choice examples both of the ancient and of modern makes. The greatest difficulty felt at the outset of the movement was in finding new designs. Fortunately this trouble has been fully overcome by the establishment (under South Kensington) of a School of Art at Limerick, which, thanks to Mr. Alan S. Cole's foresight, gives special scholarships and awards for lace-designing. It is pleasant to record that the workers maintain the high standard of excellence for which Ireland has always been famed in lace-making, and that no finer modern examples of the delicate craft are being produced than some turned out from the Limerick school.

THE Council of the Royal Academy has just arrived at the decision to permit its female students to draw from the living model. The concession is limited to the partly draped figure, but probably that will satisfy the majority of the students. It is certainly a step in the right direction, and will save many a girl-artist from the expense and trouble of going into the foreign schools and ateliers. The veto was an arbitrary and illogical one, and handicapped the art education at the Academy heavily against that of South Kensington. Mr. Horsley's opinion on the subject is not recorded, but his hard words upon the inability and incompetence of lady-artists were peculiarly ungracious, while he himself would have hindered them from the highest branch of all training. We have no more fear that the womanly self-respect and high moral code will suffer from life studies in art any more than they do in the cases of the lady-doctor or the hospital nurse, and are glad to think that this mere act of justice towards the girl-students has at last been done.

IN the article on "Some Practical Women" in our last issue, it was stated that Mrs. Oliver is assisted in her business by Mrs. Green, but we are asked by the latter lady to say that this is not now the case.



OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

(See p. 305.)

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singer's use,

Mary Davies at Home.

IN honest truth Mary Davies' home is "Penybryn," Bangor, North Wales, that being the residence to which Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies took his beautiful

stays while fulfilling her many metropolitan engagements. On the day of my visit she had come to town for an afternoon concert at St. James's Hall, and it



MARY DAVIES.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.)

bride some months ago. But the house in a north London suburb, at which I recently spent a most pleasant hour, is still home to the renowned Cambrian cantatrice—the home of her father, brothers, and sisters, and round London cluster her childish fancies and girlish memories. And the room in which our talk takes place must be full of pleasant reminiscences to Mary Davies of strenuous effort and sweet success; even now the open Broadwood piano seems to have but just given forth its harmonies in response to her skilful touch. For the room is still dedicated to the singer's use, and it is under the parental roof that she

was in "silk attire" that she entered the room and greeted me with that unfailing smile which seems to speak of—

"A soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole."

Above the soft white dress she wore a snow-flake woollen shawl, that gave but an occasional glimpse of the delicate contour of a throat that is beautiful even for a songstress.

"I spend so little time in London," she says in an explanatory sense.

"And you have but little love for London life, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I am very fond of London. It was my birthplace, you know; and if it becomes known that an artiste lives much out of London many people assume that she has retired or is retiring from the profession. Such an impression went abroad about me some time ago."

"Then I can make it clear that you have no thought of retiring on your laurels?"

"made her first appearance, and sang with great success Haydn's canonet, 'My mother bids me bind my hair.' She was recalled, and afterwards encored in the Welsh melody, 'Thou gentle dove.' She has a very pleasant, sweet, and brilliant voice, of not much volume, but of excellent quality, and her intonation was very pure." At this concert Madame Patey, then already popular, was the star.

"From the first," continued Mrs. Davies, with grateful recollection beaming in her large-orbed eyes,



MARY DAVIES' MUSIC-ROOM.

"Why should I wish to do so? Although the primary object of the profession, like all others, may be to obtain a livelihood, there is still the genuine love of one's art. I always enjoy singing my songs. After many years of hard work—and I had to work very hard indeed for a long time—it seems a pity to give up in the hour of success. Besides all that, a singer has a rare opportunity of bringing the pure and ennobling influence of Art to bear upon large masses of people, and every true artist has a message to men and women. It is the duty of every artist to remember that Art is the 'hand-maid of Religion.'"

"And you have not been singing such a great number of years?"

"Let me see: I made my first appearance at a professional concert in 1873. It was a concert given by Mr. Brinley Richards, the well-known pianist."

After some search I am shown a notice of this concert which appeared in the *Era*. "A young lady with a most agreeable voice, Miss Mary Davies," I read,

"Mr. Brinley Richards was my best friend. When I was little more than a child I sang at small Welsh concerts in London. Then my mother asked Mr. Brinley Richards his opinion of my voice. It was thought at that time that I might be a teacher. He heard me, and then very kindly offered to teach me the piano, adding that it should cost my parents nothing more than my train fares. For two years I studied with Mr. Richards, in the meantime joining the Welsh Choral Union. In connection with this society there was a three years' scholarship for the Royal Academy, which, in 1873, I was fortunate enough to win. I was able to stay at the Academy for another two years, partly by winning a prize of twenty guineas."

Of other friends who at that time gave her a helping hand in surmounting the difficulties that confront the young artiste, Mrs. Davies spoke with the kindest feeling, mentioning Edith Wynne, Mrs. Watts Hughes (whose discoveries in voice-figures are attracting so much attention), and John Thomas, now harpist to the Queen. She pauses to remind me of the clannishness of the Welsh. To the sympathetic surroundings of her home the singer

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the Royal
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encouraging

Her
of Henry
House so
passionate
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also attributes some of the success which she has achieved. "Home influence is all-important," she observes. "I always feel sorry for poor girls who have to come to London friendless and alone. That is why the Royal College of Music has such an advantage in Alexandra House, where the students can stay while in London. In my own home I always found help and encouragement."

Her father, a sculptor of some repute, whose bust of Henry Richard, M.P., was exhibited at Burlington House several years ago, is a music lover of the most passionate type, whose chief joy has been to watch his daughter's triumphs. Above the piano there hangs a picture of the family group, consisting of father and mother, three sons, and three daughters. The mother, "the mainstay of the family," as Mrs. Davies tenderly expresses it, died about seven years ago, one of the brothers is in South America, and one of the sisters is married. Mrs. Davies' younger sister—who always accompanies her to London concerts—has a voice of some promise, although, as yet, she has sung very little in public.

Of the father's plastic powers I saw several specimens. On the mantelpiece stood a bust of the mother, whose loss caused a grief that is still discernible in Mrs. Davies' voice as she turns away to show me a piece of sculpture depicting an incident from Keats's "Endymion." In the hall I had noticed on entering the house some medallions, which Mrs. Davies now informed me were the heads of her brothers, while between was suspended a suggestive and beautiful design called "Music."

Reverting to her experiences at the Royal Academy, Mrs. Davies tells me that at first her voice was rather small. "Sweet and sympathetic, but no great power," the professors used to say. "It was only very gradually, and partly through the loving care of my mother, that my voice gained more volume. Of course, it has not a very large compass even now—not large enough for the *Nabat Mater*, for instance."

I recalled her success in *St. Paul*, *Samson*, *The Messiah*, especially her creation of the part of Margaret in the English representation of Berlioz' *Faust*, and exclaimed—

"But surely your pre-eminence as a ballad singer should satisfy a high ambition."

"But most singers are ambitious of distinction in opera as well. Not that I am not very fond of some of my ballads. One of my first favourites was the Welsh melody 'Thou Gentle Dove.' Purcell's old songs I always delight to sing, as well as some of Sterndale Bennett's and Sullivan's. Another favourite when I was beginning was one written by Mr. Brinley Richards, called 'The Harper's Grave.'"

This song, I learn, gained a prize at the Ruthin Eisteddfod, and was sold for the benefit of a Welsh charitable school. It illustrates an old custom that at one time prevailed in Wales. The friends of a dead person used to kneel upon the grave after morning service at church on the Sunday succeeding the funeral, which is known as Remembrance Sunday. Over the

grave of a harpist a brother musician would play some sorrowful airs:—

"I found an old man kneeling
On a grave 'neath a dark yew tree,
Nervously waking the harp strings
In mournful melody."

Mrs. Davies spoke of other Welsh lays by their vernacular names. I gently protested that to me the words were quite unpronounceable.

"That is where you do the language wrong," is her spirited answer. "It is quite a mistake to suppose that Welsh is difficult to pronounce. You notice the dreadful grouping of consonants, and imagine that it is a hideous tongue. To me it seems as euphonious as the Italian. All the vowels, for instance, are pure, not complex, as in English."

"But although born in London, Mrs. Davies, I expect you learned Welsh as if it were a native tongue?"

"Not at all. I was at school among children speaking English. I learned Welsh in the Sunday school in London. Our Welsh Sunday schools, you must know, are very different from English ones. They are for adults as well as for children; in a Welsh village everyone goes to the Sunday school, from a small child to a veteran of eighty."

"Then do you think the Welsh are so musical because of the language?"

"It is rather because of the Celtic nature, I think, and, of course, the Welsh are essentially Celts. There is more fire and spirit in the race—don't you think so?—than in the Saxon. It is the same in Ireland, although Ireland of late years seems to have lost its gift of song."

Like other eminent vocalists, Mrs. Davies is besieged by the entreaties of poets and composers anxious that she should sing their songs. A few diamonds are found among the dross. She prides herself upon her revivals of old English ballads and the popularising of modern compositions of the ballad type. Some years ago one of the music-publishers asked her to sing "Twickenham Ferry." The ballad was then unknown. Mary Davies thought the piece, although light and simple, was bright and pretty, and consented. In a short time the sale of the song leapt from a few hundreds into many thousands. Marzials wrote for her many more, such as "The Miller and the Maid," and "A Summer Shower."

"There is one point I should really like to speak upon," Mrs. Davies exclaims, her face becoming animated after being momentarily in repose; "that is, my belief in total abstinence for artists. Madame Antoinette Sterling and I feel rather warmly interested in this subject. For quite ten years I have been a total abstainer. At one time I would occasionally take a glass of wine before proceeding to a concert, thinking it gave me necessary sustenance."

"And what is your stimulant now?"

"Nothing at all, unless a lozenge can be so described. For some time after abandoning wine I drank a specially prepared cocoa, and occasionally I still take beef-tea. But, to all intents and purposes, I have no prescription at all. Yet I have found that I was quite as well and strong without any alcoholic stimulants. I have nothing

to complain of physically except my unfortunate grey hair," added Mrs. Davies, in a humorously plaintive tone.

"That is a family trait, I presume!"

"Yes; my mother was grey-haired at twenty-five. It reminds me of an amusing incident that occurred on one of my tours. Mr. Howells, the violoncellist, who, although quite bald, was only thirty-four, was accosted outside the artistes' room by an old gentleman who claimed his acquaintance. 'Really you have the advantage of me,' protested Mr. Howells. 'Nonsense,' replied the stranger, 'I heard you play in this hall over thirty years ago.'"

Mrs. Davies said that nothing could be more erroneous than the average popular impression about the habits of professional musicians. "There are, of course, a few unfortunate examples of the evil of drink; but it is a sign of improvement that, except in London, the practice of profusely providing the artistes' rooms with vines, &c., is by no means common. In many provincial halls the custom does not now exist. But singers must necessarily be subject to special temptations, I consider. When wine flows like water—as it used, I remember, at the dinners of the City Companies, for which at one time I had many engagements—there is naturally some danger of immoderate drinking."

"Then singers are naturally of an excitable temperament, are they not?"

"Quite so. That is why we are always more or less nervous. Although I have long since worn off the terrible fright of my first appearance, I am always somewhat nervous in stepping on to a platform; so is Mr. Reeves, I think, and so are most of my companions at big concerts."

The physical prowess in which Mary Davies rejoices as a triumph of tectotal principles seems proof against the fatigue to which many of her sister artistes so easily succumb. She speaks of the weekly journey between Bangor and London as a trifling addition to the railway travel incidental to her work as a singer. I gathered from one of her remarks that she imposes but little restriction upon her voice, because engagements generally come in a battalion.

"You spend your holidays in Wales, I suppose?"

"Indeed we do not. In July and August I like to be as far away from my ordinary surroundings as possible. Last year we went to Norway, and had a most delightful time. Another year I went to Germany, to hear the *Nibelungenlied* and other works of Wagner, in Munich."

"Ah, I see, you have an engraving of Wagner," I remarked, pointing to a frame that hung above the piano.

"Yes, I greatly admire his music, although I am afraid the praise of people with whom admiration of Wagner is quite a cult has done it more harm than good."

"Talking of travel, do you think study in Italy is of such inestimable value to an artiste?"

"I should say only for opera. That is partly because in Italy there are always plenty of theatres available for rehearsals. Nowadays all the best Italian teachers visit London. And really, what teachers could be more successful than Mr. Randegger—who is, of course, an Italian—and Mr. Shakespeare! Those of us who have had the advantage of studying under Mr. Randegger cannot speak too highly of his admirable method."

Of her obligation to her *alma mater* Mrs. Davies made graceful acknowledgment two years ago in distributing, at St. James's Hall, the prizes, medals, and certificates won that year by students of the Royal Academy. As the President of the Academy, the late Sir George Macfarren occupied the chair on that occasion, and spoke of Mary Davies as one of the most brilliant of old Academy students.

Poetry and song are twin sisters; yet it is not every singer who has Mrs. Davies' love of poetry. On the bookstand in her room the poets have the lion's share of space. "Long before his death," she says, "I had been very much taken up with Browning's works." Heine and Whittier she holds in especial reverence, although she agrees with me in thinking that unfortunately people pay more attention to the cynical side of the German poet, often forgetting the warm sympathy and tender sentiment of much of his verse.

From books our talk branches off to education. It was characteristic of the singer's warm interests in her country's good that she should speak with pleased surprise of the success of the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill, and that she should be anxious to take credit to her fellow-countrymen for their efforts to secure the means of higher education. Upon the subject of women's education Mrs. Davies herself spoke with knowledge as well as zeal, for her sister, Mrs. Glynne Jones, was a student of Newnham, and an ardent lover of natural science.

"Then you do not share the apprehension that much study maketh girls sickly?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Davies briskly rejoined, and with this confession of her faith in the higher culture of women my article may well conclude. "To me nothing seems more absurd. I cannot understand how Mrs. Lynn Linton can have formed her views on the subject. Of course a mother should exercise every possible supervision over her girl's work; and literary studies should not be carried on to the extent of neglecting domestic duties. A woman's first duty is generally in the home; but how much better can she fulfil that duty, especially in training children, if she is well educated. And for the rest," adds Mrs. Davies with a smile, "the law of the survival of the fittest will have its way. We women will never be able to hold our own in spheres for which we are really unsuited."

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



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An Impromptu Dinner in Brittany.



IS good cooking essential to our happiness? I have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative, and I can hear the echo of my answer resounding in a mighty chorus. Why is it so essential to our happiness? Is it because we are so material that we love to gratify our sense of taste inordinately? No! a thousand times no! Good food

and good cooking help us largely towards happiness simply because on our food depends our health, on our health depends our temper, and on our temper depends our enjoyment of life—and not only ours, but also that of all by whom we are surrounded.

This being admitted, let us look around us and see whether or not here in England we find the best of cooking, and whether it is or is not the daily study of English wives to place a nice dinner before their husbands. Is anything lacking for this? No; there is no country where there is better and more plentiful food, more money to buy it, more cooks to dress it, more space to dress it in, more fire to cook it with; and yet, as M. de Talleyrand said, "Il n'y a pas de pays où l'on mange si luxueusement," and I must add where there is so little variety and so much waste. By a nice dinner I do not mean a lavish display of silver plate, with expensive dishes hardly touched, and removed never again to appear excepting in a cold and uninviting state. I mean "un bon diner bourgeois," scientifically composed every day with great hygienic knowledge, conducing to good health and prevention of indigestion, the bane of this country. But I must say that hygiene is very little thought of in the daily composition of dinners in English households; and yet what resources there are to hand, and how easy it would be, with such splendid provisions, with plenty of money, and with a cook in almost every house who has little else to do than to prepare it!

But it is almost everywhere the same: a large joint on Sunday which is unmercifully served till finished; then another succeeds, and so on. The reason of this easy-going system of cookery is obvious; the lady of the house completely ignores the fact that cooking is an art which must be as scientifically treated as any other art, and she ignores it because her mother before her ignored it; and, alas! her daughter after her will not know any better. Some men who like peace, and believe the evil is irremediable, are content to dine in town in the middle of the day: not at all a bad plan, that good substantial meal at one or two o'clock, if they were only able to rest and take some exercise afterwards; but having to hurry over their meal and go to assiduous work directly afterwards, they do more mischief to their health than can at first sight be supposed. Yet I have known husbands who make a rule of dining at home as little as

possible, solely on account of the miserable fare they get there. The rich man goes to his club, the artisan to the public-house; but what is to be done by those who are neither rich nor artisans—in fact, the men belonging to the middle-class, which is in all communities the largest? They are compelled to come home and endure the inferior food too often placed before them. What is the consequence? Health and temper must both suffer, and frequently disastrous consequences follow, as I am sorry to say it has too often been my lot to witness during the long stay I have made in this country. The ladies, I am grieved to repeat, do not attend to this part of their administration with the same eagerness which they bring to bear in the fulfilment of their other social duties; and until they make it their daily study to place before their husbands, who have been working hard all day long, a nice tempting dinner, their cooks will not improve. Surely it is evident enough how the servants in this country ape their mistresses; they would soon learn to carry out their mistresses' judicious and economical ways if they found these were the order of the day.

Touching upon the want of good management in the commissariat department of most English households, and on the undoubted fact that these matters at any rate are managed better in France, I cannot refrain from giving a description of one of the most exquisite dinners we ate during one of our rambles in my dear Brittany. We were then staying with our friends the P.'s in their charming island in the Bay of Douarnenez, "l'Île Tristan." A great friend of theirs, the Abbé K., had lately been removed to a very lonely place called Cleden, and had frequently expressed a wish that the family would come and dine with him at the presbytère, as the curé's houses are all called in France. It was about twenty miles distant. A messenger was sent to him to announce the impending visit, and about fifteen of us started in three carriages on a splendid August morning, knowing we should have a long walk to reach the house, as the carriage-road took a very roundabout way, whilst there was a short cut if we walked. Of course, walking in such a splendid, picturesque, bold, and wild country was far preferable, and on arriving at the short cut we all started off at rather a brisk step, anxious to know if the abbé was at home and had received the intimation of our threatened incursion or not; whether, in short, we were to expect good fare, or go back to the nearest little country town and get what we could to satisfy appetites sharpened by exercise and the fresh sea air—for we were in the middle of a very narrow peninsula, bordered on one side by the lovely Bay of Douarnenez, and on the other by the wide and open Bay of Audierne, so famous for its lobsters and cray-fish. The extremity of this peninsula is the ominously celebrated Pointe du Raz, projecting into the Bay of Biscay, and causing, in conjunction with the opposite Ile de Sein, the thirty-two currents so fatal to passing ships.

Those of our party who had visited Chislen previously were soon able to make out the little pointed spire of the small church; but the sight of the church was not the object of our interest now—the target towards which all eyes were strained was the smoke of the chimney of the presbytere; for if there should be plenty of smoke, a feast would surely follow. At length our scouts, who had left us far behind and were lost to our sight, sent up such a joyful shout that there could no longer be any doubt that our Amphitryon had received the messenger despatched only an hour or two before we started.

On reaching the house we were warmly welcomed by one of the most gentlemanly and accomplished curés I have ever met. He was particularly nice to my husband and myself, whom he saw for the first time; and after we had enjoyed the luxury of washing our hot faces and hands, we had the pleasure of sitting down at a most inviting large round table, covered with a cloth as white as snow, and loaded with numberless *hors d'œuvre*, and bottles of what proved to be most excellent wine. Monsieur le Curé, who was a tall and handsome man, took the middle of the table, and in an instant he had assigned to all his guests the places most suitable to their ages and degrees of intimacy. Then his mother, a most dignified and amiable lady, dressed in black, and wearing the peasant's cap of her own village, came to see if we had everything we required, and superintended the whole dinner, but would on no account yield to our entreaties that she would sit down with us.

Our dinner was a grand success. As soon as he learnt that fifteen hungry guests were on their way to the presbytere, Monsieur le Curé had despatched a boy to see if in the night any lobsters or crayfish had been caught in the artful traps laid for them. There were four immense ones on the table. A plentiful supply of prawns, butter just churned, a delicious "soupe aux herbes," several courses of fish (for it happened to be a fasting-day, i.e., a day when you may eat as much as you like, but no meat)—fish fried, fish boiled, fish "au court bouillon," fish "au gratin," fish "aux fines herbes," fish "en matelote"—then beautiful dishes made with eggs, and purées of all kinds, then cuitards and stewed fruits, and such a dessert as you would seldom see—the most splendid apricots, peaches, and grapes you can imagine—the macaroni cheese having preceded it in order that we might better appreciate the flavours of his choice wines; and the dinner finished with the most exquisite cup of coffee, which I declared I would not drink unless the dear mother of Monsieur le Curé would join us. She sat between her son and myself, and looked as much a lady as he was a gentleman. He had been educated in one of the first colleges in Brittany, and had afterwards studied for three years in Rome, where he occupied a post in the Pope's household. His conversation was most interesting, his manners were those of the most polished courtier. We were amazed at all we saw and heard.

Now I wonder what would happen if fifteen unexpected guests were to make a similar invasion upon a poor clergyman's rectory or vicarage in some wild little place in England or Wales. With the most hospitable intentions imaginable, I fear the ability of the clergyman

and his wife would be sorely taxed to furnish forth a dinner even half as excellent as that we had the privilege and pleasure of consuming, although our curé was heavily handicapped by the necessary absence of flesh meat. It will, I am sure, be acknowledged that this difference is entirely due to the fact that culinary knowledge is much more highly developed and cultivated on the other side of the Channel than it is in this country; and so my little story points its moral.

Can anything better be done than to subjoin here the *menu* of this remarkable impromptu dinner, and add a few of the recipes?—

MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

Du bouquet (Prawns).
Huitres au naturel (Oysters).
Sardines à l'huile (Sardines in oil).
Radis (Radishes).
Beurre frais (Fresh butter).
Tranches de saucisson (Slices of German sausage).

POTAGE.

Soupe aux herbes (Green vegetable soup).

ENTRÉES.

Sardines fraîches (Sardines broiled on the gridiron).
Tourte aux coquilles de St. Jacques de Compostelle (Scallops pie).
Croquettes de Homards et de Langoustes (Croquettes of lobster and crayfish).
Soles au gratin.
Soles à l'Impératrice.
Anguilles en matelote (Stewed eels).

RÔTI.

Dorades au court-bouillon, avec sauce Béchamel (John Dory with Béchamel sauce).
Homards et Langoustes au naturel, avec Salade.

LÉGUMES.

Petits pois à la crème (Green peas with cream).
Pommes de terre à l'eau au beurre frais (Boiled potatoes and fresh butter).
Macédoine de légumes.

ENTREMETS.

Clafoutis aux cerises (Cherries in batter).
Crêpes bretonnes au sarrasin (Buckwheat pancakes).
Crêpes de dentelle (Lace pancakes).
Galette de riz (Small rice pancakes).
Crème brûlée (Caramel custard).
Fromage à la crème. Fromage de Brie.

DESSERT.

Café. Chartreuse.

"Hors d'œuvre" are almost unknown on English tables, whilst in France, however small and unpretentious is the restaurant to which you may repair, you have immediately two or three of these placed before you to occupy and amuse you whilst the dinner is getting ready. They are not intended to impair your appetite, but, on the contrary, to whet it. I remember on this occasion there was a raid made on the oysters and the prawns. Had I space and time, I should like to describe an oyster-breakfast of which I have a vivid remembrance, an account of which I feel sure would have made most of my readers wish they had been among the guests; but possibly on a future occasion I may have the opportunity, while giving some suggestions as to a journey in this interesting Brittany, to combine with the description of the beauties of Nature that

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The prawns in these latitudes are of enormous size, and very plentiful. The soup we had was excellent, but as it can be made only where very fresh vegetables of small kinds, and freshly gathered, are to be procured, I will give the recipe of an equally excellent soup, which I hope may be as much appreciated by the readers of the *WOMAN'S WORLD* as it has been by the numerous ladies who have attended my lectures on "Economical French Cookery;" for the fact is, it is a soup of my own invention. As will be seen, it is easily made, and very inexpensive:—

Soupe aux navets et aux tomates (Turnip and tomato soup).—Cut up four or five turnips of medium size, and one small potato and three very red tomatoes; chop up one onion separately and put it in a saucepan with two or three ounces of butter; put the lid on, and let the onion cook in the butter for about ten minutes, then pour in hot water, or stock, if you have it, about one quart; add pepper and salt, put in your vegetables, and let them boil gently till quite soft. Then pass it all through a sieve or small colander, when you will obtain a lovely purée, which you put back into the saucepan with a small piece of butter till it gives one boil. Serve it very hot in the soup-tureen.

Our second *entrée* was one of the best and most elegant fish-dishes one could possibly eat, and I have no hesitation in affirming that those who stigmatise scallops as indigestible will recall that elargé so far as concerns this way of cooking them.

Tourte aux coquilles de St. Jacques de Compostelle.—Make a white *roux*. This is done by melting in your enamelled stewpan (for this dish) three ounces of butter, and mixing with it one dessert-spoonful of flour; stir all the time, and do not let it become in the least brown. As soon as it is well melted together, pour gently, by degrees, stirring all the time, half a pint of good milk, either hot or cold. When well mixed together, add a little salt, white pepper, a *souppçon* of cayenne, if you like it,

and a small blade of mace, and when boiling put in twelve scallops (mind they have nice yellow roes); put over it a round piece of paper, then the lid with a weight on it, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour. Take it off the fire, empty the whole into a dish to get cold, taking out the blade of mace; then make a very light puff-paste, as for an ordinary pie, in a small deep dish, put in a little eup to preserve the gravy, put the whole into the pie-dish, place it in a quick oven, and as soon as the crust is done it is ready, as the inside has been thoroughly cooked before.

The only other recipe I can give, for my space is nearly filled up, is a delicious dish peculiar to Brittany, and not to be found in any cookery-book.

Galettes de riz.—One of the standard dishes (puddings, you would call them) in Brittany, is rice boiled in milk for fasting-days, and as the families there are (as in England) usually very large, it is made in an immense cauldron, and frequently there is a good deal left. Far from this going to waste, as you might suppose, a most delicious dish is made of it, and the whole family look forward to enjoying it on the next day.

Suppose you have half a pint of rice left boiled in the best milk: you beat up one or two eggs, and mix them up with the rice, with one table-spoonful of sugar, and then add to this whatever quantity of flour you require to make it a little thicker than the usual batter used for pancakes. When ready, you slightly butter your frying-pan, and put in it enough of the mixture to make a pancake the size of a saucer. If your frying-pan is large, you can fry two or three of them at the same time, turning them over very quickly, and dishing them on a hot dish in a pile over one another, covering them as you place them so that the steam keeps them moist and hot. They are generally served in batches, the cook keeping up the supply till they are consumed.

Whenever in my own household I have some remainder of rice pudding, this is the form in which it appears at table for the second time.

EMILIE LEBOUR-FAWSETT.

Sonnet.

TO MY SISTER, WITH A VOLUME OF TENNYSON'S SONGS.

I SAID, "What gift for one from foreign climes
May help to bring again those skies of blue?
What, in our wailing English autumn, chimes
With joyous colour, warmth of sound and hue?
The wind that whirls the leaf and drives the cloud,
Till evening wraps the meadows in a shroud,
How can this 'mind us of the mirror'd rest
Of Venice, fairest city of the West?
You have brought sunlight from those lands of gold
Still lingering in your smile; I can but bring
The songs of one who yet found voice to sing
'Neath skies so grey as ours, nor grew heart-cold
With stormy winter's stress:—O hold it true,
Our hearts make summer, dearest one, for you."

DOROTHY HOLLINS.

The Newhaven Fishwomen.

THE spread of the railway system tends to sweep away all local peculiarities of manner and of thought, and especially of dress. But there is still left, near the very centre of the Scottish railway system, just by the busiest spots on the shore-line of the Firth of Forth, a "peculiar people," whose habits and dress are worthy a little notice.

Newhaven is only two miles from Edinburgh, but by traditions of trade, manners, customs, never interfered with from outside, and limited by intermarriage, the inhabitants have kept themselves apart through the centuries. They are supposed by some to be the descendants of an ancient Danish colony, and if so, they have been more tenacious than other Gothic races of the habits of their fathers. But there is no clear history of them earlier than the fifteenth century. They may only have been the descendants of the ship-builders of James IV., but that is a long line of ancestry, as pedigrees go now.

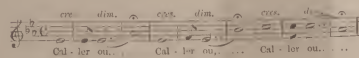
The women have a grand physique; accustomed to open air and salt water all their lives, and regular hard work, they develop every muscle in due proportion, and their "morale" is of the same robust type. They generally have golden-brown hair, florid complexions, healthy figures, and regular features of a distinct type, the result, perhaps, of constant intermarriage. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, he said to Walter Scott that some of the Newhaven women were "the handsomest he had ever seen;" and our present Queen also cordially admired them. Though the praises of their "shapely ankles" and "sweet voices" have been sung by many a poet, from "The Ettrick Shepherd" downward; though their charms have been recorded by Professor Wilson in "The Noctes Ambrosianæ" and by Charles Reade in his "Christie Johnston"; though the "great magician" himself designed to make them the central figures of a novel, alas! never written; though they have been photographed, modelled, painted for the Academies, reproduced in doll-size and sent all over the world, receiving more public notice than any other body of quiet respectable working women, still very little is known about them beyond their appearance.

Though women are always considered more conservative than men, in matters of dress they are generally liberal, if not radical. They welcome the new and despise the old. But in Newhaven the conservatism is strong enough even to preserve the dress unchanged. All who have visited Edinburgh know it—a dress as unique and almost as striking as that of the Scotch Highlanders. There is a superabundance of petticoats unsupported by any appliances of art, to swell out the proper degree of bounciness necessary to the style; these are short enough to show the neat trim ankle cased in white or navy blue home-knitted stockings, and strong shoes, generally with a buckle in front; they are of striped druggat with red or blue or yellow on a ground of white,

and the upper one is turned up so as to form a pouch over an apron with pockets in it. They wear a cap of linen or muslin, over which is a stout napkin tied under the chin, upon which the broad leather band of the "creel" rests on the head. They have gaily coloured Garibaldi bodices, generally turned up to the elbows, and open at the throat, showing a snowy wimpled under-vest. A large dark-blue pea-jacket, generally with a hood, surmounts the other garments, to prevent the soil and wear of the heavy creel or fish-basket. The unmarried women wear the same attire but without the cap.

How the women manage to keep themselves as clean as they do, with a slimy and scaly burden and business, is a marvel. It must be noted, however, that other fishwomen from farther east partly imitate their dress, but do not keep up the same spotless purity of clothes. So we must be sure when we investigate that we have caught a genuine Newhaven fishwoman.

One charm of the race is a good ear and a peculiarly rich sweet voice, especially in youth. Cracked as this often becomes through long screaming their wares in the open air, sharpened by their form of Scotch accent, heard when they call "Caller Herrin," "Caller White," "Caller Cod," amid the ordinary sounds of the day, even the roughest of them soften to sweetness when they call out "Caller Ou" on their second round, during the oyster season, through the lonely quiet streets between nine and eleven at night. Like the cuckoo's in the language of birds, it is a unique cry among "street calls," the last survival of the "old Edinburgh street cries." When we are happy enough to hear it for the first time, from a fresh young voice of rich timbre, rising unexpectedly on the still night air, we are stilled by a sweet surprise, and strain our ears for a repetition of this mysterious musical interval that announces the advent of fresh oysters. We could almost connect the unseen oyster-bearer with an old Viking's daughter, or a mermaid of Danish superstition. The sound of the voice haunts one for years, and its tones rise clearly still. These are the ordinary notes of a Newhaven fishwoman's cry, the "ou" being sounded as in "noun":—



The duties of a middle-aged house-mother are very numerous and varied. She must be up early to prepare breakfast for herself and her children—and it is not fashionable in Newhaven to have much short of the dozen of these. Then the children are tidied up and sent out to play, the fire-place switched, and a more careful and elaborate breakfast prepared for the husband, who has spent his night on the deep. She then dresses herself, and goes down to the pier to meet the boats, and await the division of the fish, for two or three men generally "go partners" in one boat. This is a famous

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opportunity for general conversation or gossip among the waiting wives. Upon the landing, she helps "her man" ashore, and immediately upon the division of the fish she is on the alert, and a true fishwoman.

Of late years much of the fish is disposed of by the side of the boat to buyers from cities. Some of the fishwomen make excellent auctioneers; they possess a rude eloquence and keen humour hard to resist.

In olden times, before this means of disposal was started, the work was indeed heavy. Then there were no trains, no omnibuses, no high prices for fish, no unlimited demand. Many a story have we heard of heavy creels, generally weighing 200 lbs., carried sometimes alternately by three or four women at a quick trot from Newhaven to Edinburgh, where they would sometimes be selling, in 35 minutes, after a late landing, a big cod for 10d. and herrings three a penny. But even in these days of railway delivery, the proximity of this fishing village, and the relatively low price of fish, are a great boon to Edinburgh. In days which I can remember, 2d. a pound was a good price for a fine cod, and whiting or haddocks of good size were sold seven for 6d.; while 6d. a dozen was a high price for fine herring; and we have bought for forty a penny "garvies," a small herring, caught off Inchgarvie, now the base of the Forth Bridge. Still, even at the present time, fish are cheap, or seem so to those who live in suburban London.

If the fishwoman elects "to carry the creel" from the boat side, she starts at once, perhaps by train, or on the outside of an omnibus or tram, according to her beat. It may be that she has an interest on the road, and she may walk up Inverleith Row, startling her customers and her neighbours by a sudden query, "Only fish the day, men?" and then dispersing the news in more general cries of "Caller herrin'," "Caller cod," "Caller haddie," according to the season, or the fortune of the fishing. Should any maid or matron hesitate a moment, Jenny slings down her heavy "creel," takes out her little wooden board, and displays singly some of her best wares, remarking, "Eh, thae are bonny haddies, men, fresh out o' the sea an hour syne!" The maid may take the board in to her mistress to inspect, or the lady may come to the door. A keen judge of character and expression, Jennie has been regarding the countenances of both. "Saxpence apiece, my leddy, only saxpence!" "Nonsense, that is too much, I don't really need them." "Eh, my leddy, ye cudna ca' them dear—jist look how fine and fat they are. Ye cudna ca' them dear at a shillin', but as ye're a customer, I'll let ye hae them for fivepence apiece!" "No, thank you!" says the lady, retiring. "Tell her," calls she eagerly to the maid, "tell her I'll gie the sax overheid for twa shillin's, and if that's no ower cheap ma name's no Jenny Flucker." The maid finally effects a composition, and Jenny bundles up, asking frankly, "Gie us a hoist on tae ma back wi' ma creel, lassie! Thank you kindly!" With more niggardly dealers the chaffering may continue much longer, for it is well known that, in true Arab fashion, the fishwoman generally asks double what she is willing to take. In many cases she may refuse "offers" and "bids" for

special fish on her first start in the morning that she is willing to take later on, when she has wearied her head and back and legs by carrying her wares up the steep slopes and stairs of Edinburgh. She calculates, on a rough average, what she wants for the whole of her fish, and when she has had more for some she will accept less for others. Something also depends on the weather, and whether she is in haste home or not.

When the creel is quite empty, if the sale has been good, she gets something to eat, does some shopping, counts out the necessary money for home expenses, and puts the remainder in the savings bank. Then she takes the train or 'bus home, for time is more than money. If, however, she has had a bad sale, she denies herself these indulgences and tramps home silent, and calculating how to make up the deficit. When she does get home, there are clamorous children to satisfy with food, and to be washed for the second time. The house requires to be cleaned, clothes to be mended, the nets to be carefully investigated, or new ones to be netted, or bait to be set ready for the man's departure in the evening. He generally slumbers heavily through the day, and gets up in the evening to see his children before he starts for another "night at the fishing." He is not active at home, the wife even helps him to dress, drawing on his feet the stockings which she has first knitted, then washed, then darned. She next draws on the great fisherman's boots, which have been so often wet with salt water that they would be hard and unwearable had not the good wife rubbed them soft with her home-made cod-liver oil, and then left them just the proper distance from the fire. There is always a considerable degree of uncertainty in the comings and goings of seafaring men, and while she awaits his departure by the fireside or on the beach, she knits stockings to economise time.

After his departure, which is generally at half past eight, she has to "redd up after him," put the younger children to bed, wash the china, polish her tins, and mend the clothes, if not make them, before she is able to deposit her weary limbs upon her hard-earned couch. If the night be windy, and the waves high, her well-accustomed ear keeps her heart awake, and she wonders how the men get on; "if they would yet have reached the lee-side of Inchkeith;" if "the fish were like to draw;" and "if the wind is like to die with the turn of the tide." Finally breathing a prayer to heaven for blessings on her husband on the sea, and her children in their cots, she sleeps the sleep of the just, unless the storm be serious enough to keep her awake night after night. When we add to all these regular duties the weekly ones of scrubbing the house, washing and ironing for the family, and making garments, chiefly petticoats, we can realise that she has indeed a busy life. But no wail arises from a fisher home, except as the result of storm and tempest at sea. "Dinna ca' them fish the day, ca' them lives o' men" is a well-known saying, embodied in the popular song of "Caller Herrin'." Nothing but death breaks up the family union and contentment, and then the work goes on, saddened and redoubled under more difficult and painful conditions, for no native of Newhaven ever takes alms or goes to the "poorhouse."

It is true that such a matron as we have been describing, if she had not a growing-up daughter, would probably keep a little serving girl, of her own class, the daughter of some neighbour, "to mind the bairns and the hoose." These girls are quite members of the family, and occasionally display surprising practical management. They have sometimes four or five small children

"to carry the creel." Little ones try to balance the broad leather bands upon their heads, when they can hardly walk; older girls play with it empty, and try to lift it half full, long before they are considered able to take charge of it. But they have their own department. They are sent to school without any school-board interference, and while learning their lessons they net, or

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A NEWHAVEN FISHWIFE.

(From a Water-Colour Sketch by Robert Curjel.)

to look after, dinners to prepare, and floors to scrub. But they go into their work with a will, often singing to a squalling baby on their left arm, while they rub down tables, or dust the shelves, with their right. They begin, indeed, even in childhood, to prepare for their future place in society. It is more than probable that all the delicate children die in childhood, leaving the strong and healthy to fight the battles of life. These battles are eagerly looked forward to by the young. A proud and happy boy is he who is first allowed to "go out with father," and no less proud is the girl when first allowed

to mend nets. When they are free, they may "lait the lines." They get 1s. 6d. for every 300 hooks they bait, and that opens the vista of the independent future of the little woman. She tries to turn out the best possible work, fixing firmly the proper bait, suited to the season and the fish desired; and then coiling the lines in a neat circle on the grass, waiting for use. Or she may open oysters and mussels for sale, or knit stockings, minding the younger children on the beach. Hard-working as she is, her life is not dreary. There is many "a dance" in these humble homes, or at the inns. As the fisher-

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lads have their "chums," to whom they adhere as faithfully as Jonathan did to David, the fisher-girls have their "neebors;" and many a good gossip have they together as they sit at work on the beach, or wander about arm-in-arm, "atorra hours in the gloaming." By-and-by, however, the good qualities of two young people of different sex begin to be discovered by each other,

through long engagements, which have the binding force of a betrothal. But as perseverance and resolution can generally command success, except through illness, or bad seasons, or accidents, they are frequently able to marry at an earlier age than other provident Scottish working people.

No sooner is the matter settled in her own mind than



A NEWHAVEN FISHWIFE OF TO-DAY.

and the purely friendly relations are for a while perturbed. But this is reasonably treated by the deserted "chum" and "neebor," who frequently console each other by following suit. They do not call this process "courting," or "falling in love"; their odd phrase for it is "travelling," whether it means to matrimony or to housekeeping is not quite clear. They reverse the ordinary methods of proceeding. Before confiding in parents, relatives, or friends, when they make their minds up, they are sure to tell the minister or the "missionary." They remain faithful to each other, often

the *fiancée* begins to save up towards the purchase of the numerous petticoats necessary to ensure matronly dignity. She begins to treasure up, as the delight of her eyes, innumerable little china ornaments, which are intended to be piled up in a pyramid on the mantelpiece of the "best" room in her future home, occupying in the aggregate a space as large as a small "overmantel." No good housewife would grudge the trouble of dusting all this pile of china every day, in its delicate state of equilibrium. Sometimes, however, it is not easy to find a suitable house to bestow these treasures in, as such

houses de noi go a-legging in Newhaven, and the young folks must "jide a wee." But they do not murmur; the man goes on having and the girl goes on preparing more comforts for the coming time, singing cheerily—

"Merry may the keel row—
The ship that my love's in."¹

When the happy time at length approaches, the bride and bridegroom wear, for a fortnight, in true Danish fashion, the wedding garments and ornaments for the head and neck. These are taken off after marriage and laid by in a box to serve the next generation as they have served the last.

Marriages are generally celebrated at the end of the herring season. Friday, a day unlucky for all things else, is supposed to be the lucky day for marriage. The guests are always invited a day or two before by the happy pair personally; the lad in his best blue suit, the lass in white. The ceremony may sometimes take place at the manse, sometimes at the church, more often at their own homes, where the minister is "trysted" to come. As their rooms are small, and they are all more or less connected with each other, careful consultations must be made of the degrees of relationship, so that no one should be offended. As there are over 300 of the family of Plucker, and as many Johnstons, it is no easy matter at times to hold the balance justly. On the Friday evening the bride and bridegroom stand up before the minister beside the table in their "best room," supported by bridesmaid and "best man." Behind them stand the two fathers and mothers, and elder brothers and sisters. Uncles and aunts fill up the row by the side of the room, and behind these grandfathers and grandmothers, granduncles and grandaunts appear. As they are a long-lived race, and generally marry young, there is generally a space reserved for great-grandparents. The children, younger brothers, sisters, cousins, are piled promiscuously on the two recess beds that fill up the end of the room, so that they may overlook their elders and view the proceedings satisfactorily. The service is simple and impressive, the attention profound, for they are a religious people.

The feast afterwards is sometimes at home, sometimes at the inn, where it often partakes of the character of a "penny wedding." Skate is always a dish served at a fisher-wedding. A great day of feasting and dancing follows on the Saturday, and then, on the Sunday, is the "kirking," when the bride's best silk dress, grand shawl, and fine bonnet, are displayed and criticised. Poetic imagination should not follow the pair to church. Unfortunately the fisherwomen think it necessary to be fashionable in church. Their thrifty habits give them the means of dressing well, but once outside of their

peculiar garb, their taste deserts them. The gorgeous incongruities of Sunday attire make us more truly appreciate their week-day garments. To see these in perfection one should attend the weekly prayer-meeting in the school-room, or some such assembly where they wear their special garb in its freshest and neatest style.

The "kirking" over, the newly-made man and wife are left to the proud satisfaction of having a home of their own, and the Monday morning sees work begin as if they had been used to it for years. In no condition of life is the marriage union based more firmly upon equal duties, responsibilities, and rights, in none is the importance of the woman so freely and fully recognised. Her position as saleswoman, as purchaser, banker, manager of everything on shore, makes her practically independent. It is not unusual, among older gossips, talking over a new case of "travelling," if the girl is delicate or comparatively incapable, to hear the exclamation "Christie Plucker thinking o' takin' a man? My sakes! Hoo could she keep a man? She canna keep hersel!" for in their phrase and feeling it is the wife that keeps the man. Yet perhaps in no sphere is there more industry and content, more faithfulness and pride in each other, more happiness in the home and in the quiet rest of the Sundays and of rare holidays.

That the fisherwomen, however, move somewhat with the times, may be inferred by the fact that not long ago they got up a bazaar in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, and managed it entirely themselves. Eye-witnesses tell me it was a wonderful thing to see and hear the bonnie young fisher lassies, all arrayed in their brightest and best, in rows before the great organ, singing their local songs and their favourite hymns at intervals during the two days. When the evening came no wonder they nipped their faces and the starch went out of their white neckerchiefs, for they wore in the hot hall the petticoats and mantles which they wear on the wintry streets. Storms and sickness and death had increased the number of their poor and decreased the fund set aside for their help. No Newhaven fishwoman will let her poor come to want or take alms from the parish; so in this way they made a great effort, and gained some hundreds of pounds, very much more than the modest wants of those who know how to be contented with little. There are no strikes among the fisher-folk; other trades have no jealousy of them; all may share in the burden of their favourite song—

"O weel may the loatie row,
And meikle may it speed!
O weel may the loatie row
That wins the bairnie's bride!
And lichtsome be her heart that bears
The merlin and the creel!"

CHARLOTTE STOPES.



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A Holiday Reminiscence.



THE schoolboy to whom chance has revealed some rare bird's nest can alone enter into the feelings of him to whom it is given at this date to discover, within easy reach of work-ridden England, something like an ideal holiday retreat. And as the schoolboy hesitates to tell of his good fortune, so in making known such a discovery one is divided between a sense of duty to weary fellow-strugglers and of treachery to the sweet seclusion itself, of which the essential charm lies in its very existence being kept secret.

Yet we can hardly be charged with treachery when there is extant a volume of three hundred printed pages in which prose and poetry contend in a veritable outpouring of enthusiasm to sing the praises of this haunt of all that is peaceful and healthful.

Within half a day's journey of "roaring London," hidden only by a prairie of grassy sandhills, level almost as the ocean by which they are washed, lies the haven where our autumn days were dreamed away; safe in the absence of all historic associations, all allurements of art, all baits to entrap the sightseer, yet rich in all that is dearest to the seeker for rest and change and refreshment of mind and body. Accessible on every side by land and sea, no landmarks indicate its site, and the secret of its seclusion is the secret of the plover, whose nest is laid on the bare open ground.

Unknown in the offices of Cook and Gaze, it is overlooked by the surging crowd of holiday-makers. No highly coloured sketches of its landscape invite the halting railway traveller; no imaginary palace on guide-book fly-leaf swells to fancy proportions its modest hotels. Here the English tourist comes not, and the English-speaking waiter is unknown.

No Cockney pier cranes out its hammer-head into shallow seas; no discord of brass bands culls vulgar crowds together at fixed hours; no daily steamer disgorges on the pure strand its cargo of "trippers"; no stale music-hall song contaminates the sweet fresh air: no *réchauffé* of switchback railway makes the tired brain reel. Over the unmeasured leagues of its shell-strown sands, whose bounds blend with the sea on the far horizon, the breath of the open Atlantic sweeps for ever—at times with awe-inspiring fury, when the sand is piled in drifts like snow, and sand-pellets sting face and hands like hail; but in summer months with no other mission than to play with children's hair, and to breathe new life into work-worn men.

A medley of primitive shops, cafés, and hotels, ephemeral as the summer; two hospitals; a slender lighthouse; stray clusters of unsubstantial chalets; a forest of fishing-boats; and around on every side a sea of sand—such are the elements which justify the name of town to that purple speck which, seen from the seaward, seems to rest, like some passing sea-bird, on the endless shore-line.

For shelter to the wayfarer there is unexpected choice of hotels; and if in the ragged street one is but more stuffy than another, and none inviting to the tub-loving Briton, there are better things at hand. Let him follow that toy tramway along the shore, where for scanty profit to his owner one poor grey horse toils the livelong day, till lighthouse-shaft and hospital-buildings are blended with irregular roofs and tangle of masts into a soft distant picture. Here on the very margin of the sea a quiet little "Hôtel de l'Esplanade Maritime" hides its head in a cluster of chalets, and aspires to the custom of the ungregarious; and here at last, between sand and surf, may be lived the life for which thousands travel so far afield in vain. The simple fare, the clean-boarded rooms, the homely ministrations of Hortense of the sandy hair, and overgrown good-natured Florice, suffice for all the wants of outdoor summer months, and hours and days slip by with unmarked swiftness.

If ever mind and eyes grow tired of the everlasting sea, there is relief in rambles over grassy moor, in visits to the quaint foreign town, to market and churches and lighthouse, and to the great children's hospitals.

"Le sport," too, is here on the boundless dunes stocked with rabbit and partridge and duck; and not the rarest sight on the shore, amidst knots of fisher-folk and troops of children in their paradise, is the figure of the "chasseur" trudging home from his day on the dunes, his gun slung on his back, and attired, to the critical English eye, rather for stage than field.

Yet it is neither sportsman nor sightseer to whom these yellow sands beckon. It is to the worker, weary of the life of cities, jaded with drudgery of desk or bench, of studio or parish, who finds the rest he longs for in sights and sounds of undisturbed Nature, knowing neither hurry nor excitement in her everlasting leisure.

It is enough to wander along limitless reaches of pure hard sand, sparkling in the morning sun, and strewn fresh at every tide with seaweed and shells—bivalve and spiral and fan-shell, whose exquisite beauty no art can imitate—to breathe all day an air so pure and invigorating that the hunger and freshness of youth come back as if by magic; to watch the herring-fleet set sail in an evening, or bring in its morning freight; to see the sun sink large and red in the ocean, and in the silence of star-lit nights to listen for the plash of far-off waves; or after the long hot day to note the gleam of phosphorescent light mark out the wave-lines on the margin.

Nor is there any lack of subjects for brush or pencil, in feature and costume of country-folk—the glowing complexion, the bits of colour, the clean frilled head-gear—in red-tiled cottages, under whose porch sunburnt old women make or mend their nets while husbands and sons are afloat; in sail and spar, in stranded boats, in ever-varying lights on land and sea. Even in groups of summer visitors there is enough for study and record. "Beret" and burnous, short skirts, bare feet, here take the place of the

rivalries of fashion. "La jeunesse du pays est la même que celle que portait notre ancêtre, le père Adam, et de laquelle la première des femmes s'est accommodée—sans se plaindre." For a time convention is dethroned, and in an amphibious world it is the sun and wind and tide that set the mode and regulate the daily life.

An ideal retreat, in truth, for the mind attuned to its simple attractions; and legion must be the name of those for whom—as for ourselves—no fables of historic cities, no treasures of art, no blandishments of music, no soft luxuries of fashion, could vie with the frugal life, the

freedom of unbounded space, the eternal freshness of air and scene, the calm restful days to be found only for the seeking on the sands and dunes of Berck-sur-Mer.

But the fairest vision is not free from the haunting fear of change. Already the secret is out, and the inevitable railway is planned and sanctioned; already a fortunate company has taken up the best of the land, and is besieged by purchasers of building-sites along the "plage," where the too-frequent chalet already mars the simple landscape. Even another year may see the spell broken, and the charm dispelled for ever. P. HORDERS.

Springtide in Devon.

IT seems somewhat of an absurdity to talk of spring, whilst the recent bitter winds are yet so fresh in our memories.

Nevertheless, far away from the din and bustle of city life, deep down in the Devon lanes, may now be seen the first welcome indications of spring.

The catkins are out, and are exquisitely graceful as they sway to and fro in the soft breezes, which seem redolent of that sweet woodland smell which one loses later in the season, when the earth is so rich in blossom that each zephyr wafts in the perfume of some fair flower.

In the hedges, amongst the rich velvety moss (just now at its best), delicate fern-fronds are peeping up, and when a sunny day comes to cheer us they slowly uncurl just a wee bit, showing a thin filmy outer covering of warm cinnamon-brown.

Peeping over the low irregular hedges, we get glimpses of trim cottage gardens, and see nestling under a sheltering bank clusters of nodding snowdrops. They look so pure and sweet, and so full of promise of coming spring, that we hail them gladly.

Here and there a tuft of early primroses may be seen, and close by, in brilliant contrast, the pretty red blossoms of the hepatica. In the woods the trailing periwinkle is showing its bright blue flowers, whilst on the bare branches of a neighbouring oak a song-thrush carols gaily, its tiny throat thrilling with the burst of melody which pours triumphantly forth.

In the fields the starlike bloom of the lesser celandine is glowing side by side with the pink-tipped daisy.

The trees, though bare of foliage, are assuming the deep purple tint which precedes the budding, soon to be followed by the glory of the first tender green leafage.

A noisy stream crosses the footpath, and, as we look away over the meadows through which it takes its course, they look so inviting that we are tempted to leave the dirty roadway, and follow for a while the endless curves of the mimic river, as it dances merrily along on its way to the sea.

Its bed is filled with huge boulders, which the action of the water has rounded, whilst the perpetual moisture has aided the growth and retained the beauty of an

abundance of bright emerald moss, which literally covers them, giving the appearance of fairy couches rather than suggesting anything mundane. Deliciously green and soft they look, presenting to one's mind visions of the moonlight revels of the "lille people," who are still talked of, if not believed in, in some of the more remote corners of rural Devon, and the sister county, Cornwall. Here the rivulet swirls with many an eddy round a little bay fringed with tall sedges, and the tiny waves make sweet and most restful music, as they rush impetuously through them, then on again over the moss-grown boulders, pausing never a moment, but hurrying along, as though eager to reach the big sea, which is chafing against its rock-bound coast not many miles away.

The decayed trunk of what must have been in its time a giant oak claims our notice. It is lying across the brook half in and half out of the water, and is almost covered with the most delicate tracery of velvet-like moss. The effect with the bright afternoon sun glinting down upon it is truly beautiful, and what was an unsightly piece of decay is now transformed into a veritable "thing of beauty."

Presently, in a warm sheltered nook under a hill, we come upon a large bed of daffodils, fairly aglow with colour, and as we stand admiring them a fresh breeze springs up, and sets them all nodding gaily. After gathering a huge posy of them we pass on, and a little farther along find some trailing branches of variegated ivy, which owe their beauty to the frosts and cold of winter. These, with our daffodils, make quite a study of colour, when they are arranged in an old blue china jar by the deft fingers of one whose eye for grouping and skilful contrast of colour has passed into a proverb amongst us.

But the shadows lengthen, the wind blows keenly in our faces, as though to remind us that Father Winter has not quite been dethroned. So, with a last long look at the lovely landscape mellowed by the rays of the setting sun, we turn homewards, hastening on as the early twilight falls, and visions of a cosy fireside and afternoon tea present themselves to us.

FANNIE GODDARD.



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The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"How strangely doth the pow'r of custom rule,
And prejudice our wisest thoughts control;
Our European ladies think they're fine,
When in the entrails of a worm they shine,
Yet laugh to see the conceited Hottentots grow vain."—*Shewstone.*

IT is only one woman in a thousand who has the natural force of character to enable her to see things as they are, unprejudiced by her surroundings, her educational bias, and the opinions of the men and women by whom she is surrounded. The majority of her sex form their judgment under all these influences, and see facts only as others see them. They do not realise how supremely ridiculous many current modes would seem to an unbiassed spectator. Indeed, it would appear we are only able to form a true estimate of fashions when they have passed out of date, and we see them in photographs and old fashion plates, and their merits and demerits make themselves felt. We may take to hoops again, but it will be under the impression that they are quite a different sort of excrescence from the old crinolines exhibited to the scorn of the rising generation in the *cartes de visite* of mothers and aunts of twenty to thirty years ago. These bring the folk of those days to the mind's eye as the centre of a diving-bell or a concealed tub, or dressed in a life-buoy—anything, in fact, rather than that by which they would be remembered: as well dressed, wearing their garments with dignity and grace.

The time will come, only in a few short years, when the modes which find favour now will seem equally ridiculous to the spectators, though we borrow our revivals from a long range of years, and combine the stiff crudeness of many of the Empire modes with the voluptuous softness of the periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI.

We carry our prejudices in 1890 to the verge of believing that there has been scarcely a period when dress was more graceful or colours were more harmonious,

and we have much apparent justification for this faith.

Women of taste can adopt fashions which suit their own individual features and figures, and yet be extremely fashionable. The herd do, and always will, act on the principle of "Follow my leader," and short-necked, high-shouldered matrons make themselves unsightly with Medici ruffs and high epaulettes; but this offence against good taste is simply their own fault. Medici ruffs are only one of many accidents of current modes; slashed sleeves are as much worn as the cross-cut gigot, standing up inches above the shoulders, and the slashed sleeves would give the appearance of height without disfigurement. These blind folk do not see that they are selecting styles which detract from their charms instead of enhancing them.

It is a part of woman's duty to contribute her quota of beauty to the world, and all her natural instincts encourage her to do so, but unfortunately many do not bring common sense and a perception of fitness to bear on their attempts at self-adornment, and miserable failures are the result.

It takes almost as many dainty trifles to complete the surroundings of a woman of fashion now as when Pope and the *Spectator* brought the charms and follies of the Belindas of their times so vividly before the public. Modern advancement asserts itself in most of the adjuncts of the toilette and the house. At the head of this chapter I have displayed a few of the many pretty novelties Messrs. Parkins and Gotto have prepared for their customers. I did think of including among them a double flask made on the principle of a double smelling-bottle with a stopper at each end, but the shape was of a

Different order, flatter and widening in the centre. So many women hunt now, and need their refreshment with them, that doubtless this flask finds its way to feminine as well as masculine saddles, for it is convenient and not cumbersome. A section of an elephant's tusk intended for a watch stand, having a hook for the watch, a good substantial, steady stand, might also serve for both sexes, but not the new opera-glass with its long movable handle made of mother-of-pearl or tortoise-shell. This removes much of the fatigue of holding the glass, and as

charming make in morocco, merely a feather's weight, with no apparent frame. Scent-bottles are always changing their form, and to advantage also, for they become more useful and easier to carry, judging from the extensive store of this firm.

But when we talk of the latest fashions, the mind naturally reverts to dresses, millinery, and mantles. Two pretty evening gowns made by Mmes. Poncelet and Langstaff, of Alfred Place, South Kensington, in the illustration below, show the newest styles.



NEW EVENING DRESSES.

the handle can be taken on and off at will, it is not in the way when unused. The glasses are very pretty ones, and it has been a clever idea to add these handles, which were such a success with the pince-nez, and so convert a disfiguring necessity into a fashionable adjunct.

Dressing-tables take a great deal of adornment, and the ebony trays for holding brushes and hand-glass, silver-mounted, are most useful as well as ornamental. The circular silver-mounted bonnet-brush, too, is almost indispensable. It keeps the bonnet free from dust better than most kinds of brushes, being soft and very light. Pockets are so inconveniently placed, and the present style of dress is so little calculated to conceal any large or well filled pockets, that hand-bags have become a necessity. Lightness is one of the great desiderata, and Messrs. Parkins and Götto have brought out a

The standing figure wears a light and beautiful green bodice, and a train in the soft velouté silk, which falls with such peculiar grace. The front is of rich anemone-toned satin, and the two colours blend well. The beauty of the anemone tone is enhanced by iridescent beads of the two shades. The sides of the skirt of the green velouté are bordered with shaded feathers, a full silk ruche at the foot. The bodice is made quite in the Renaissance style; the vest, of crêpe de Chine, as also the sleeves, are trimmed with iridescent embroidery. Happily sleeves are getting larger and cover the arm better than they used to do. This is a particularly graceful make and an excellent indication of prevailing shapes. The lady seated on the right wears a maize dress (houton d'or, as they call it); the train and bodice are of this shade of broché silk striped with white. A scarf of houton d'or

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crêpe de Chine crosses the front, forming long streamers at the side, ending in handsome gold and white ornaments. On the shoulders are bows of gold and white satin ribbon, and from the right shoulder the long ends fall to the hem of the skirt.

Married women, certainly in London, are to wear trained gowns for dinners and receptions, and ball gowns even for those who dance are much longer than heretofore. Tulle dresses seem never likely to go out of fashion, and this soft and diaphanous material is used for balls and for Court petticoats. Young girls went to

shoe with patent leather toe, the new fastening adding not only to its usefulness but to its comfort. No. 2 is a Russian leather shoe accompanied by gaiters, which gain favour each year, though they are as yet only worn by smart people. In No. 3 you will see that the prevailing tendency to cover the ankle and calf is effected by a very high boot. The special novelty in this, however, is that the top is straight, and so is the button-flap, just as men wear them, with no scallop to each button-hole as they are generally worn. The toes remain pointed, the heels high. No. 4 is a walking-shoe made also after a masculine pattern. It has a patent leather toe very pointed. It would seem that the followers of hygienic principles preach to deaf ears: broad toes and low heels make no way. No. 5 has a strap across the instep. No. 6 is made with the



NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

the early Drawing-rooms in flowing skirts scattered all over with rose leaves, the hems edged with three single-pleated flounces, one above the other, each bordered with similar leaves. A great many flowers are worn. One Court dress I much admired had the entire front covered with Neapolitan violets sewn as closely as possible together with dew-drops sparkling over them, all veiled like the back of the skirt, which was formed of heliotrope satin with mousseline de soie, now the most fashionable fabric for full dress. It is generally so arranged by gatherings at the hem that it forms a bouffant.

All important as are gowns and millinery, no woman can be well dressed unless she has good boots and shoes, and novelties in chaussure are always cropping up. The sketches taken at Messrs. W. Sparkes Hall and Co.'s, 310, Regent Street, illustrate exactly the greatest novelties. This firm has brought out a new clasp for the instep of the shoes: you will glean its nature from No. 1, its application from No. 7; it is a Russian leather

Mother Hubbard bow on the instep; this is large and fully pleated, and stands up in a most becoming style.

The spring mantles have many elements of novelty, and are very picturesque. The three illustrated on p. 300, sketched at Messrs. Hayward's, 166, Oxford Street, show what women of all ages are wearing. The large cloak is intended for ladies of mature age, and is calculated to diminish the apparent bulk. It is made in rich velvet and brocade, and at the back fits the figure. The collar is very high. The sleeve is an important feature, and the armhole is surrounded by a handsome drop fringe, known as "point de Milan"; the shoulders are very high. The pendant sleeves are found to be inconvenient, and are not likely to have a long reign. In a high wind they are apt to be wound round the bonnet or hat

at unexpected moments, and when the arm is stretched out they get awfully in the way.

The jacket is intended for young and slender figures, with its black velvet sleeves, collar and pockets, combined with the moss-green cloth. The collar is of the veritable *Modès* type. The third mantle is brown in tone with

the panel, and on the front; feather-trimming being carried round the neck—indeed round the entire mantle. It is just the style of garment which is so hard to find, for it diminishes the apparent size and is most handsome. It evidently excites the admiration of the friend who is expressing her opinion thereon, arrayed herself in one



NEW MANTLES.

a broad trimming in front; it is made of velvet, and fits the figure closely. There is a bow at the back, and the sleeves are handsomely trimmed with fringe and passementerie. There is a double collar. The cut of this sleeve breaks the line, always a desirable point.

In the sketch on the opposite page you see a most comfortable garment suitable for a woman who has passed the heyday of youth, and admirably adapted for spring wear; it is one of Messrs. Hayward's newest models. It is made of velour du Nord, and trimmed with guipure and passementerie, which is sometimes replaced by light jetted entredeux laid on either side of

of the favourite shirts and open jackets worn so generally by young ladies.

At Henry Heath's, 105—109, Oxford Street, at this particular season, the very latest novelties in hats are to be found, and now is just the time of year when everyone wants a new one. The illustration on page 302 shows three kinds, each distinctly different. No. 3 is made in an open-work lace straw, which might have been copied, as far as the pattern is concerned, from a Renaissance flounce. It has a roll of velvet at the edge, and is trimmed with poppies and corn. The crown is open, and draped with scarves of black gauze, which, hanging down at the back,

are finished with poppies. I have seen the face of the woman. No. 3 is a satin ribbon.

with black the trio of blue ribbons a blue aigrette. Mine. ledge of the and all the and this is business, and form about to may be made. The sketch illustration

are finished off at the ends with pink and red velvet poppies, for velvet blooms are more worn than any others. I have chosen the last to describe first because the shape is the most distinctive, the brim slanting out well over the face.

No. 2 is a black lace drawn toque, with Italian grey satin ribbon poised well on the crown, and intermixed

flies, for which there is a perfect mania in Paris. They are made in lace, in gauze, in gossamer, and in gold thread; and not content with this, large blue tropical butterflies, with a natural metallic gloss, found in Mexico and Brazil, have been utilised in millinery.

The other bonnet sketched at Mme. Lili's is a mere airy nothing of roses rendered more substantial by



INDOOR DRESS AND MANTLE.

with black velvet and a jet butterfly; and the first of the trio is a black crinoline straw, with bows of vieux blue ribbon with salmon satin stripes. With this blend a blue aigrette and grey ostrich-feathers.

Mme. Lili, 7, Grafton Street, has intuitive knowledge of the fitness of things, a subtle feeling for colour, and all the cultivated taste of a woman of the world, and this she brings to bear in a special manner on her business, which in her hands becomes an art. Shape and form are most important; all-important, I was about to say, but it is not quite so, for a good shape may be marred by an unbecoming colour.

The style of the bonnets will be understood from the illustrations (page 303). The first is adorned with butter-

a jet coronet, but what a bewitching, charming nothing such a bonnet is!

The season's materials appeal greatly to our artistic tastes. A subdued heliotrope is the new tone, and how pretty it is in the woollens, with elaborate panel borders made of silk, with satin and open lace-like stripes combined! These panels are the novel feature, and some have stripes introduced, worked in geometric designs, with a coarse purse-silk laid on the surface, and caught down here and there with loose stitches.

Then the voiles have been brought out in such tempting forms, the textures finer and lighter than they used to be, and printed with large sprays of coloured flowers, such as hydrangea in mauve on a stone

surface. These *waifs* beautifully, and nothing drapes so well.

Distinct motifs appear on the *vigogne* and the *one light* bunting-like clothes, such as fossils, a Z and a star, or a stemless palmetto leaf on black or some darker *rose* than the ground, into many of which knickerbocker stripes and spots and checks had their way, for nothing is *more* worn than these white knickerbocker flecks.

Open lace-like stripes, and a white lace pattern stripe on a colour, are also extremely popular.

well-pleated at the back, but a quite *gallows* of drapery of any kind. The *basque* comes deeper on the hips than the generality of tailor-made dresses are cut, and the neck is made as high as the throat of the wearer will admit. It is a simple, useful dress, such as might be worn all the year round.

The centre figure has a coarse black serge. This skirt has a broad pleat in front, and is fully pleated behind. The double-breasted bodice opens with wide lapels, and a sailor tie is knotted about the throat. The



NEW HATS.

Gowns and gossamers are coming in again, especially *black*, with a *dark pattern* in *subtle* all over, and such pretty colours—*blue-green* and *rustic*—copper red. *Gossamers* in *one line* with the pattern woven in a *thinner* make, are some of the more *valuable* novelties of the year, especially with a feather in the transparent stuff gleaming through the *thicker* make.

Spots and checks are to be worn, with appliqué of leather forming part of the embroidery, supplemented by metal ornaments of flowers on *slight*. This is a novelty with a vengeance.

The manner in which the *quaint* stuffs are being made up will be gleaned from the frontispiece of the spring gowns of Messrs. Shoolbred, in Tottenham Court Road. It will be seen that the skirts are extremely simple, as also the bodices, made double-breasted mostly. The pretty little dress worn by the child is accompanied not only by a broad sash, but by a large turn-down collar, and the aureole hat is worn well back on the head. Children's fashions are not so simple as a rule just now, especially in the matter of headgear, which as far as hats are concerned—and only hats are worn, as a rule, by children—is extremely large, and though picturesque, is apt to be top-heavy. The figure on the left is arrayed in a gray tweed, with mother-of-pearl buttons. There is a row of stitching above the hem of the skirt, which is

deeper are high and plain. The lady leaning forward towards the child wears a figured cashmere made with equal simplicity in tailor fashion, the skirt quite plain, the bodice also. Such dresses need most careful making, and good figures. They remain in fashion for a long time, which is well, for they last a good while, and everyone needs a dress of the kind in her wardrobe. It would seem that it is only just now at Drawing-rooms, and on like occasions, that magnificence of costume is indulged in. As a rule the new silks are plain and simple. The newest brocades for ordinary wear have sparsely scattered floral designs thrown on, in the same colour as the ground. The patterns are specially charming, because they are exactly copied from nature, such as snowdrops, marguerites, and crocuses, which look as if they had just been gathered and thrown down lightly on their satin ground. Satin is quite come back into favour and no fabric shows off lace and jewels better.

Talking of magnificence of attire, the newest notion for Drawing-rooms is silks and satins richly embroidered, with jewels introduced into the embroidery. These are in no way theatrical, but most cleverly arranged so that the glimmer mingles well with the real gems worn. At Court only quite young girls could seem to wear tulle now; it is superseded by mousseline chiffon and *crêpe* de Chine, which drape many of the skirts, imprisoning roses

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or other flowers at the hem. Tinsel brocades are employed for trains, but it is the silver and not gold tinsel. The patterns are either Renaissance—and most intricate, copied from the best old models—or floral, but well covering, the blooms small, but creeping well over the material. Grey and silver is much in vogue—the old-fashioned real grey which has no touch of blue in it. There is a very grey blue which is now worn, but the new colour of the year is clover, the prettiest red heliotrope imaginable, and just the colour of clover, both light and some dark.

The petticoats of some of the young girls' Court gowns are pleasing, for they have been trimmed with flowers, thrown on in such a natural fashion that they appear as if they had fallen from the hand. A damsel, Violet

front covered with real wallflowers. Artificial flowers are now often sewn together so closely that they form a uniform surface of bloom; and violets thus arranged, intermixed with dewdrops and veiled with crêpe lisse, were noted among the most beautiful gowns worn at the early Drawing-rooms. Sometimes the lisse and crape are bordered with ribbon, on to which the embroidery is carried to the lisse. It is not heavy or important-looking, just a floral spray here and there, but it has a great effect with such diaphanous materials.

Light gauze chiffons and the stuffs of that class will be much worn as the summer advances. The variety is great, and the manufacture greatly improved. Crêpe sable has a stripe which is creped in exact imitation of the sand when the sea has retrograded and left its mark;



NEW BONNETS.

by name, wore a brocade in which this flower appeared on the stripes between broad satin ones, and the petticoat was fringed with violets; and the same blooms, with the stalks sewn or tied together, were scattered all over the front, and were white. A young matron in slight mourning went in violet and heliotrope crêpe de Chine, caught up with fragrant ropes of coloured violets; while another damsel, with a green velvet train, had the

another stripe gives a puckered aspect. Lace gauzes are the most elaborate of their class; they have wide stripes with a floral design in lace effects, appearing with a wider satin stripe, with a chiné floral scroll in velvet brocade. They are used for the fronts of gowns. The black gauzes and thin woollens, with silk and satin stripes, are most dressy, and yet light—a great desideratum.

Paris Fashions.

LENT this year, by order of the Pope, anxious to avoid the risk of enfolding by fasts constitutions already weakened by influenza, has been shortened to a fortnight—from March 24th to April 6th, Easter Day.

wear it passes through a number of hands. The paste covered with paper is first moulded into the shape of a face, and covered with two layers of paint. Allowed to dry for forty-eight hours, it is taken in hand by one



EVENING DRESS.

Wancy balls were therefore the order of the evening; and Shrove Tuesday inaugurated a series of animated gatherings, where historic characters mingled with fantastic figures, and nymphs danced with warriors. The workmen and workwomen who through the year earn their livelihood by manufacturing masks were more than ever busy this year. Before the mask is ready for

workman who paints the cheeks; another cuts open the eyes and opens the mouth; a third adorns it with eyebrows, whiskers, moustache; a fourth varnishes it; and a fifth gives the last smoothing touch to the visage. The workmen employed in this industry earn seven francs per day (five shillings and tenpence or thereabouts), the women four francs (about three shillings and fourpence).

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The masks are sold at prices varying from one son to three francs (a halfpenny to half a crown).

At Nice, at Cannes, at Pau, in Paris, the merry crew of revellers in fancy dresses danced through the nights preceding Lent; tossed flowers and sweets to each other through the day. Our artist dressmakers designed some original and charming toilettes. One for a young lady, with hair the colour of ripe corn, was intended to represent "Harvest." The dress of clinging blue crêpe

part of the drapery of the chiton, and fell in sweeping lines to the hem of the under peplum, wreathed at the edge with laurel. The hair was bound with laurel leaves.

The Empire style was in great favour; but you must be young and slender to appear to advantage in a narrow and foldless garment. A charming young girl was much admired in a gown copied exactly from a portrait of Madame Récamier. She wore a sheath of white satin, fastened under the bust by a simple band of gold. The



MADAME CARNOT.

de Chine, of the colour of the summer sky, was adorned with a Grecian pattern of gold running along the edge. A garland of poppies and ears of wheat outlined the bodice. A tiger skin, simulated in plush, was gathered over the left shoulder, and fell in long ends on the right side of the skirt. A large cluster of poppies was fastened on the left side of the bodice. The young lady carried a thyrsus, and her head was wreathed with flowers. She was accompanied by an attendant nymph clad in draperies of soft white woollen material, embroidered with garlands of laurel leaves. The drapery of this costume was an example of the grace of flowing lines and rippling folds, which may produce effects in stuff not unworthy of being compared with those attained in marble by the great sculptor of the Parthenon. The upper chiton was caught into a sort of gathered yoke, garlanded with embroidered boughs of laurel. The open sleeves were

gold was repeated by two bands twisted through the hair, which was arranged in the Greek style. The white satin shoes without heels, the laces crossed sandal-wise over the ankles, the long white kid gloves covering the arms, completed a costume that was as pretty as it was a model of exactitude. It is of the utmost necessity that historical costumes should not only be very exact, but also very distinguished. Sarah Bernhardt's appearance in *Joan of Arc* stimulated the admiration of many young girls, and there were charming Maids of Orleans either in ruddy smocks, or clad in armour, at these animated fancy balls. Should any of my readers, however, wish to unite economy with fantasy, let them adopt the lamp-shade costume now much in vogue, and which, besides being very becoming, has the advantage of being extremely cheap. Any deft fingers may manufacture it. Pleat finely some tissue paper such as that used for lamp-

shades pink, fine green, sky blue—any colour that you may fancy. Plait the bodice likewise. For sash, wear a wide ribbon; for head-dress, a tiny lamp-shade matching the dress; and I will answer for it your paper costume will be one of the successes of the ball.

Flowers are to be greatly worn this season, not on the dress only, but on muffs and round the neck. Nothing is so graceful as those dainty flower-laden muffs that are likely to take the place of the more cumbersome bouquet. I wonder if in any country, except in Japan, the love of flowers equals that in France. Artificial flowers are wrought with an ingenuity that gives to leaves and blossoms something of the very bloom of Nature; the secret of the artificial flower-maker's genius is the national love of flowers. From the Duchess to her cook, all the country's woman-kind want flowers. There is no trade that can compare in prosperity with that of the flower-sellers. Less favoured climes may answer, "You have the flowers to love," and so we have. It is a mistake to imagine that the most beautiful flowers come from Nice. They grow in the environs of Paris. Great strips of land are consecrated to the culture of the rarest blossoms, and of those of homelier sweetness. The orchids come from Châtillon, a sheltered nook in a valley; the roses from Montrouge, poetising that sordid quarter; or from Fontenay, a spot of gentle loveliness which grows into a wonder of fragrance and colour when the summer touches into life all the roses in its gardens. The violets are principally reared at Bagneux, hyacinths near Paris and at Boulogne, and the lilac, beloved of all, at Neuilly. The mimosa and the tea-rose may come from the south in quantities, but these are used for sale in the streets rather than for display in the fashionable florists' windows. Nor is it only in horticulture as a science and an art that the French excel; it is also, needless to say, in the taste with which the blooms are arranged, and the prettiness of the objects in which the clusters are displayed.

The fashion is now more simple. A little while ago tulip-shaped baskets, miniature sedan chairs, tiny wheelbarrows, gilt cornucopias, large hats swung on easels, and a score of other pretty devices adorned every dinner table and drawing-room. Now the coarse unbleached straw basket, the handle knotted here and there with costly ribbon, is held to be the last idea for elegant flower holders. At a reception lately given in one of the most aristocratic houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, the reception rooms were literally transformed into fairy bowers of colour and fragrance. I will attempt to give to my English readers an idea of the scheme of colour and line adopted on this occasion by one of our artist-florists. In every instance a background of sombre verdure, composed of a thousand complex shades formed by the mixture of thick foliage such as that of the eucalyptus plant, the chamærope, wide-leaved palms and miniature forest trees, with light and rare ferns, slender palms, the delicate drooping boughs of which contrasted with the sweep of their fellow palms of more solid growth; all these varied evergreens, over which played the light of modern concealed lamps, had the charm that accompanies a sort of artificial grace. The luminous

dazzle of the variegated blossoms affected the eye at first, as might a chaotic harmony of colour, then little by little the plan of the grouping could be discerned. Sheaves of yellow, pink, and red resembled the flame of rockets in fireworks; below were silvery banks of white blossoms, clusters of pale tints, vaguely echoing the flame of colour above, and dying off into the perfect whiteness of stretches of lilies-of-the-valley and white lilac. Pearl-white camellias and gardenias mingled with the softness of white azaleas. On tables rustic baskets were placed adorned with knots of rich ribbon, filled with exotic blossoms, peerless orchids, and that strange and superb tropical plant we call here the flower of Sardanapalus, the quivering splendour of which has something indescribably attractive. This reception was one of the few brilliant ones given in Paris before Easter, for more and more the fashion is setting in to imitate the English in delaying the season till the spring has fairly set in. The custom may be a good one for England, whose people are devoted to sports and outdoor exercise, but we love our Paris too much to be absent from it longer than we can help, and long before the aristocratic season has begun Paris is full. In the theatres, at the opera, at the picture exhibitions we meet our leaders of fashion, who yet would not admit that the season has begun!

At some of the private views were seen the first indications of the spring fashions. The sleeves will still differ from the rest of the dress, but they will not be composed of velvet as they so often were during the winter. A charming gown worn at one of these private views was composed of amethyst-coloured cloth. The wide sleeves were entirely covered with a network of black chenille; a plastron of the same network at the bodice and repeated on the hem of the dress. The large hat was of black velvet, heavily trimmed with black feathers, and with a knot of amethyst velvet.

Another costume suggested the coming fashion of touching with a rim of gold the hem of the gown. This dress was of grey cloth; on each side of the velvet band, edging the skirt and forming the diagonal line across the bodice, ran gold and steel embroidered braid. Simplicity of make distinguishes the spring dresses. The bodices close in a cross line going from right to left. The skirt is bordered with a gleaming line of gold, steel, or jet; the sleeves are full, and differ somewhat elaborately from the rest of the gown. This is certainly a recurrence to mediæval fashions, when the sleeve was a conspicuous part of the costume, as my readers may judge for themselves by looking at the pictures of the sixteenth century. The three favourite colours just now are silver grey, clover, and pale blue.

The bonnets will be small, the hats large, but of these more in my next letter.

The festivities at Cannes lingered long and brilliantly after those at Nice. The weather, too, was more favourable. Regattas in the early days of March were followed by a poetic pageant *Cour d'Amour* under the presidency of the poet troubadour, Stephen Liégard.

A magnificent ball given by Madame Etting, the Queen of Cannes, this season, furnished a splendid setting

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for some of the most beautiful dresses designed by Worth, Morin-Blossier, and Lippman, and the floral decorations were worthy of the villa Vallambrosa, with its marvellous tapestries in the hall-room, depicting the adventures of Cervantes' epic. The doors

were wreathed with freshly cut palm boughs mingling with those of the rosy almond flower. Behind a trellis-work covered with roses and carnations the orchestra discoursed sweet music. On this beautiful background came and went charming women and girls in picturesque and brilliant attire. It is difficult to choose among the dresses which to describe, for all were beautiful. The hostess wore a dress of silver-grey satin embroidered with orchids, and a parure of diamonds. Her sister was clad in a cloudy rose-coloured net dress scintillating with dew-drops of diamonds. The beautiful Madame de Winslow wore a dress the bodice of which was of white satin, the skirt of ruby-coloured velvet. Two popular English girls looked like figures of spring in dresses of pale blue net, garlanded with roses. A fair girl was in white net, the skirt bordered with roses at the hem, and bestrewn with a rain of rose petals. Necklaces and wreaths of flowers added a delicate touch of fantasy to the grace of these floral dresses. Canoes are likely to be in favour, as they were in the days of the first Empire. Madame Carnot lately

wore at one of the Thursday receptions at the Elysée some superb canoes copied from antique models. Set in richly chased gold and bound together by chains of gold they ornamented the front of the bodice and bound her hair.

Apropos of jewels, I wonder if your readers have heard the story of the manner in which the first prize of the Exhibition lottery was won. Madame Lévy, living in a provincial town, came up to Paris to see the Exhibition, and bought five of the lottery tickets at a tobacco shop, which she had entered to buy stamps. So little

did the possibility of having drawn a lucky number occur to her, that ten days elapsed after the list of the winning numbers had been published before she thought of looking to see if the tickets she had bought were

among the number. To her delighted surprise she found that three out of the five were on the list. No. 693,841 won a slender volume, "Le voyage autour de ma chambre;" No. 693,843 won the first prize of 200,000 francs (£8,000) worth of jewels; No. 693,845 won a small paper box. Madame Lévy at once set out for Paris, and calling at headquarters received a comb and necklace, a head ornament, bracelets and rings, etc., of gems.

The three evening dresses which we illustrate give a good idea of the styles that now obtain among our *élégantes*. The dress on page 304 is intended for a young lady. It is of anemone pink silk-gauze, with bodice of satin brocade of the same colour. A garland of anemones in variegated shades is carried round the top of the bodice and down the front almost to the pointed waist. The skirt is gracefully ornamented with similar flowers.

The theatre toilette on this page is to be worn by a youthful matron, and was designed and carried out by the Maison Leyvestre. The combination of colours is daring, but the result is effective. The bodice is of green velvet, the skirt is rich straw-coloured satin. The trimmings of the bodice, such as the plastron, demi-bertha, and low capelet sleeves, are straw mousseline-de-soie with green velvet appliqué, similar appliqué's being found on the tablier and panels of the skirt.

The opera toilette, on page 308, hails from the Maison Leyvestre, and is exceptionally rich and beautiful. The dress is pistachio-green Bengaline, embroidered in a graceful design in gold; the top of the bodice and the short sleeves are of soft feathers, shrimp-pink in hue. The mantle is cream damask trimmed



THEATRE TOILETTE.

with duchesse, and lined with ermine, & fur that is rapidly coming to the fore again.

The undraped straight skirts look fashionable and stylish on slim figures, but when the material of which they are composed is thin, and the wearer is of ample

them trimmed with sable also. The skirt is bordered with the embroidery, and if the bodice is a low one the gold is seen on one bretelle, and on the opposite side of the corsage; sable playing its part on the second bretelle, for bodices have lost their uniformity in these days



(OPERA TOILETTE WITH MANTLE.

proportions, the clever French dressmaker has recourse to what she terms "movement" or undefined wave effects. She cuts one breadth longer than its neighbour, or one side of the breadth longer than the other, and the surplus she gathers up so that they are of equal length, when the monotony of the skirt disappears at once.

Our fair Parisians are just now very extravagant in the item of petticoats, for there is a *furor* for light-coloured silk ones, trimmed with really handsome laces.

Another costly fashion is that of the white cloth dresses embroidered in gold, now in vogue for day receptions and evening concerts. Occasionally we find

A few of our leading dressmakers are making triple capes matching the costume for early spring wear, and most of the dresses I have seen in this style are aubergine or egg-plant colour and *Suède*. The capes are arranged thus:—take, for example, a brown costume braided in chamois colour; the first and third capes will be brown, and the centre one chamois. Much velvet will be combined with woollen materials for early spring costumes, and great skill is shown in the bodices of such dresses; they have all the effect of being entirely velvet partially covered with woollen.

MARQUE DE VELOURS.



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Society Journalism.



SOME time ago a young lady came up to be introduced to me at a crowded gathering, and propounded the question, "How does one become a society journalist?" Not having a couple of hours to spare in which to lecture on the subject, I fear that I gave the poor lady but a vague and unsatisfactory reply. But the question can scarcely be numbered amongst those which are easily answered off-hand; for of the many society journalists who are constantly floating about in London society I should think there are hardly two who have arrived at their position by exactly the same route. Society work rather grows than is made, and it would not be easy for a person to commence it who had not first graduated in other things. The practised pen is needed here in addition to the practised eye, and I have always noticed that people write society paragraphs best who have done plenty of other work first.

Ask an amateur to send you a few notes about an entertainment, and see how bald and uninteresting they are—just a string of disjointed sentences, about as pleasant reading as an auctioneer's catalogue. The habit of observation is not acquired in a moment, and it is only the trained eye which can take in the salient points of a crowded scene. But the society journalist is like the poet—born, not made; for, in addition to her other gifts, she needs what is called the society touch, an indefinable lightness, an airy way of putting things, without which she can never attain any degree of success. Pounds of dull writing may be had for the asking, but the bright writer will always command her price. As for knowledge of the world, that can only be gained by time, and everyone must buy her own experience. Every young writer will make a few mistakes at starting, and suffer for them too, for the punishment follows directly on the fault. She will describe a lady as looking ghastly in green, and then find out she is the editor's best friend; she will couple two names together in the most innocent way in the world, and learn that she has stirred up a matter which had better been left alone; she will leave out the most important people at a gathering, or put in people who were not there at all. Then there are certain people who go about in society whom it does not do to mention—black sheep, who manage to make their way into the fold by dint of constant perseverance. They are seen at bazaars and public balls, and sometimes they get into private entertainments, through the medium of a friend. Now these people must never be mentioned in a paper, and it would not please an entertainer to have them included in the list of guests. A neophyte might be taken in by the sham title or flashy appearance, and put them proudly at the head of the list, thereby bringing down on her devoted head the wrath of her host and her editor. The society

journalist must therefore keep her eyes and ears open, laying to heart this useful lesson, that in this world it is far more important to know what to leave unsaid than what to say.

I don't think anyone ever commenced her career by being a society journalist. It is rather a thing that is drifted into by chance, or by its owner's inherent fitness for the work. Perhaps something arises which seems to demand a little tact (such as a wedding in an exclusive set), and the editor despatches one of the most presentable of his staff, with instructions to get as much information as she can. Journalist goes, sees, and conquers, comes back full of information, and with the air of having made a good impression. The bride is pleased with the account when it appears, orders a hundred copies of the paper, and invites the journalist to a private view of her costume when she is presented at Court; the editor looks on his contributor thoughtfully, and says, "You will be able to do a good deal of this sort of thing."

After this her line in life is fixed. She takes in the *Morning Post*, and notes all the dates of coming social events. She affects an air of smartness and is seen at fashionable weddings and at homes. The editor relies on her for correct information, and is sure she will dish it up in an attractive style. She goes about to every fashionable show, and she is made much more fuss of than the people who pay. It is wonderful the amount of introductions which are made to her, and how quickly people find out her address. Invitations are always pouring in, and towards the end of the season she dreads the arrival of the post. Every letter is solid, and contains an invitation-card for a party, or else a couple of stalls for an entertainment. The letters are almost piteous, and the refrain is much the same. "Come and hear my sister sing;" or "Go and hear my uncle recite." "Pray come to the press view of this most deserving charity, and say a few words in advance if possible." And if she does not go she is unkind, just as a doctor cannot refuse to exercise his skill without the reproach of inhumanity.

Nothing surprises a society journalist so much as the things that people don't know. I sometimes think we give people credit for knowing much more than they do. Often we refrain from mentioning a thing in print because we think it will be stale news, and then we find that half the people we meet know nothing about it at all. Always try the news on someone who lives in the suburbs; and very often when you tell them an anecdote about someone whom you look upon as a world-wide celebrity you will find they have never heard of his name. Then you may safely write about him in the country papers, saying to yourself, "If this is pretty new to Clapham, they won't know much about it in Cumberland."

Things which will be in the daily papers next day are not much good to the society journalist. She wants out-

of the way things which everybody does not see, or private views to which only interesting people are admitted, and she must try to describe the scene so that those who were absent can almost imagine they were there. The power of seizing the salient points increases marvellously by practice and subjects seem to come without one's seeking them. Sometimes the first sight of a crowded room is very confusing; nothing seems distinct, and nothing specially worth record. But a little later on the important people come in, and it is wonderful how they stand out from the rest. You have not got to hunt for the best dresses in a crowd; they will always make themselves seen. So with celebrities, you might mistake nobody for somebody; but you could scarcely pass over somebody altogether. The sense of importance is a thing which can rarely be concealed, and the men and women who have made their mark nearly always carry some trace of it in their appearance. Where do the ordinary people go to when the important ones come in? They seem to vanish altogether, just as the ball does when the conjuror shuts his hand on it.

Of course the society journalist needs to know a great number of people by sight, and must be continually adding to her knowledge. She must be always going about, for society is constantly changing and new people are always coming up. I was once ill for six weeks during rather an important part of the year, and when I went out to my first private view it seemed to me that I had got among a crowd of strangers. However, one can always get help, for if one tells one's errand there is nearly always some good Samaritan who will help one to unravel the meshes of the throng. A journalist soon finds out the people who can give reliable information, and she will always prize them when found. Nothing varies more than the power of giving information. Some people can't give any at all, or they leave out the most important points. Others will make mistakes, and do anything rather than say they do not know. Some can only present a fact in a certain way, and you must just let them go on, and pick up your information when it turns up here and there like a leaf floating about in a stream. And some people—and these are the most annoying class—will tell you really interesting things, and then beg you on no account to mention them. As a rule they are matters which would not injure anyone if published; but, such as they are, they are the salt of the narrative, which is not of much value without them.

As a rule there is only one person connected with an exhibition or institution who knows anything, and it is the journalist's business to find him. The person who takes the trouble is the one who knows. The man who has spent his life over a collection of pictures, or who knows every up and down of the hospital—this is the person whose information is worth having, and who is ready and pleased to give it.

A good many people rail against society journalists, and say that their paragraphs are written so that those who are out of society may know what goes on inside it. I don't think this view is the correct one. I dare say outsiders may sometimes get a useful hint on dress or fashion from the account of a party in the papers, but I am sure

that by far the most eager readers are the people who were present at the function which is described, and who see it again through someone else's eyes. They find out who was that odd-looking woman in red who was puzzling them all the evening; they are surprised to find that a certain popular novelist was there, but they will know him next time they see him, now that they hear that he invariably wears an orchid in his buttonhole. And so-and-so was the hero of the Zulu war, and the house was the one which a certain great novelist used to live in. All these particulars are interesting to the person who was there, and who learns a number of things at second-hand. For one may go to a place and yet see very little; and I have often been surprised to find how little people notice. I once met a girl who had been to a State ball the night before, and who seemed to have no idea of anything. What was it like? She could give you no idea. What was worn? Oh, everything! Not one thing more than another. A reference to one of the society papers told me all I wished to know. I found that there had been several very novel departures in dress that a lady journalist would have noticed in a minute.

The most dreadful thing which can happen to a journalist is to be in a place and not see. I have sometimes dreamt that I had gone to report a meeting and was right at the back of the crowd. The journalist must not be too modest under these circumstances. She must not take a back seat under the impression that someone will ask her to go up higher. She must come in with a little swagger, and ask for the steward or the secretary and tell them she can't see. With a judicious mixture of gentleness and resolution, she will find herself wafted into a position of vantage; and if she has an insinuating mode of address, one of the committeemen will find her a chair.

A great many different functions come into the province of the society journalist, including parties, private views, weddings, and bazaars. She sees a great many pretty sights in the course of the year, and gets well posted up about fashions. There is a great deal of "copy" in a wedding, but it is a tiresome thing to do. I don't like to describe a wedding unless I am going to the house afterwards; of course, then it is comparatively easy. But to do a wedding in the church is simply dreadful; everyone is in a conspiracy to prevent you from seeing. Verger, pew-opener, and members of the congregation, all look shocked if you endeavour to get a good place, or try to find out who anyone is. Bazaars have their trials, in the shape of begging stall-holders, and people who invite you to have your fortune told, or to go and fish in the fish-pond, when you have only half an hour to take your notes in, and have to do the copy then and there. But the stall-holders' names are over the stalls, so it is pretty easy to get their descriptions accurate, and then they are often ladies of rank, so that one does not mind speaking to them. People of the upper classes are much the kindest and simplest, when it comes to matters of this kind, and they will always give you information readily, and without affectation or pretence.

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Parties have their special trials, but, of course, they have their enjoyment as well. It is not possible to take notes in society, and it is not everyone who can carry away the memory of thirty dresses in her head. Then the semi-darkness of some of the afternoon parties makes all the dresses look black, and the coloured shades in the evening turn pink into yellow, and blue into green. If you consult the wearers it pleases them, but they will always tell you wrong. There are no limits to the imagination of a woman if you call upon her to describe her own gown. She will think of some name which was never heard of before, and which would convey no idea whatever to the reader; she will beg you not to think it is crimson (when it is), or assure you it is brown (when it is not). It is a good deal of trouble to remember the dresses, and when you see a woman come in in a dress you have described before, it is often rather a relief. "Ah! she has got on that green velvet with the beetles' wings; I know all about that, I have done it before; I shall call it a harmony in green and gold this time to make a change."

Society journalism breeds a good deal of tolerance in the person who exercises it. You don't much mind what people do, so long as it will make good "copy." Eccentricity is welcome to you, and novelty is as the breath of your life. This person has never gone into mourning, and that one has never worn a low-necked dress; So-and-so's children have never worn a hat, their mother thinks it makes their hair grow; Mrs. Blank can't endure the daylight, and you have fairy lights at luncheon; Asterisk is the handsomest man on the press; and Lady So-and-so has the biggest diamond earrings in town—do you laugh at any of these things? Why, you welcome them; they are all in a way interesting, and they help you to make copy, and it is something that the public will remember. It takes a long time to make people remember the identity of celebrities, and if you can recall some one peculiarity it helps them to "Stokes" them, so to speak.

In nothing must the journalist be quicker than in the choice of interesting personalities. There are some members of the aristocracy whom no one ever wants to hear about, and the same thing applies to some professional artists. There are others who are always interesting, and whose presence at a function ensures its success. "Lady A." is an interesting figure, so is the Duchess of Montrose, and (in a different way) Lady Dorothy Nevill. People will read about Sarah Bernhardt for ever, and Nordica is another good subject for the chronicler. Mr. Whistler is interesting to read

about, and in the country papers one should not forget to write about Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The society journalist sees the world under a very curious aspect, and it is just a chance whether it turns her into an optimist or a cynic. She sees the world always under its holiday aspect, flags flying and drums beating, and everyone in their new clothes. She sees a good deal of the vanity of human nature, but she sympathises with it on the whole. She sees ladies passing before her and spreading out their trains as though they were posing before a photographer, in the hope she will notice them and describe their dress. She hears husbands say they like a mention for the sake of their wives, and wives say they will be glad to be described because it pleases their husbands. A lady will come up to her as though to give her a kindly hint, and say, "You remember my name, don't you? Mrs. Smith! Mrs. William Smith." This is nearly always someone who is too insignificant to be mentioned. And some people will take a world of trouble to be introduced to you on purpose to tell you that they have the greatest objection to having their names in print. And then they are very jealous of other people's descriptions, and will tell you you are a little too kind. Do you call Mrs. So-and-so a beauty? did you really think that a nice dress? Then Mrs. A. is graciousness itself when you have just described her party, but she does not like you quite so well when you proceed to describe Mrs. B's. And I doubt if people are much pleased when the novelty has once worn off. They will think you might have said more, or put someone in whom you have left out, and possibly when you have done your best to make their parties sought after, they will repay you by the crowning ingratitude of saying they don't care for having them described. And some people will give themselves the most extraordinary airs when they get a press notice, and endeavour to make out it has done them harm. Sometimes they will say they are sorry you described their party, because it has caused serious ruptures with friends who were not invited. I once tried to help a man by mentioning him as a suitable candidate for a certain post, and remarking (what was the truth) that he had had a collegiate career of exceptional brilliancy. He wrote a letter to a friend of mine to entreat me to leave off, "as I ought to see the harm I was doing him." But still these are but exceptional cases in the midst of a great deal of pleasantness, and the general tendency of the world is to be very good to the society journalist, and to lighten her labours with sympathy and appreciation.

LUCIE H. ARMSTRONG.



Barbara Thwaite.

BY MRS. HUGH BELL.

CHAPTER I.



GOOD-BYE, Mr. Thwaite—good-bye, Barbara. Don't forget me."

"We won't forget you, Mr. Merton," said the farmer, as he shook the young man by the hand.

"Good-bye," said Barbara. She had no need to add, "I will never forget you"—her face said it plainly enough.

"Thank you so much for all you have done for me," Henry Merton said, as he mounted his horse. "And if ever you come to England, remember your promise," and he waved his hat as he rode off.

"Come to England, indeed!" said Romer Thwaite with a short laugh. "He may wait a long time before that happens. It's not very likely that a man like me, who never kept body and soul together till he came to Australia, will go back to England in a hurry. He's not a bad young fellow, that, if he chose to work; but they are all alike at that age, all alike." And the farmer, having thus summarily disposed of his late guest's characteristics, put his hands in his pockets and went to look critically at a gap in the hurdles that surrounded his garden.

"All alike!" thought Barbara, as, shading her eyes with her hand, she watched the rider disappear along the uneven road. "All alike! No, there ain't many like him, that I've ever seen." For into Barbara's existence Henry Merton had come like a radiant vision from another sphere, and she found it hard to believe that there could be others of his kind in that wide world beyond which she knew nothing. And yet, if the truth were known, there were a good many young men in the world like Henry Merton, and there will be to the end of time.

His father was a successful country solicitor, whose eldest son had gone into the parental office, and was there displaying the most satisfactory business aptitudes. The career of the second son, Henry, had been decided for him at a very early age. His uncle, Dr. Merton, who had settled as a doctor in London, and was there making his way, begged that the boy, who was his godson, might be brought up to the same profession. At twenty-three, therefore, Henry found himself on the threshold of his medical career, when, to his great delight, a chance was put in his way of seeing something of the world before settling down. The post of ship's surgeon on a vessel going to Australia having suddenly become vacant on the eve of the journey, a friend offered it to Henry, who eagerly accepted it. His father's consent was somewhat grudgingly given, but still it was obtained. And so it came to pass that three months after the youth landed at Sydney, thoroughly prepared to make the most of his four weeks in a new world. His enjoyment of life, however, was brought to a temporary close. He had gone westward on his

arrival, with an acquaintance he had made on board, then he had pushed on alone into an outlying country, where his trip was brought to an end by his being thrown off his horse near Farmer Thwaite's sheep-run at Banooa. Had it not been for the timely aid of Thwaite, who found him lying senseless on the road, and the devoted nursing of Barbara, all hopes and fears respecting Merton's career would then and there have been cut short, for he had severe concussion of the brain, followed by a fever, from which he recovered but slowly. Barbara attended him throughout with the most devoted care. For her the episode was a delightful and welcome excitement, very different from anything she had known until now.

Romer Thwaite had left England in his youth, turned out of doors by his father, a sturly Yorkshireman, who could not understand the roving propensities of his son. The lad, without a penny in his pocket, had worked his way to Australia, and had finally, after many vicissitudes, succeeded in becoming possessor of a small sheep-farm of his own, and in working his way to comparative prosperity.

There he married, from convenience as much as anything else, a hard-working girl who had been a farm servant, and who died in giving birth to Barbara, their only child. How Barbara grew up, why she lived and thrived as she did, no one could have explained, herself least of all. Alone with her father, who cared for her perhaps in his own way, but whose heart, from his outward demeanour, appeared to be as horny as his hands, she grew and flourished apace. She plunged the sheep into the brook, she sheared them, she mounted the horses barebacked, she shot the birds, and anything else that came in her way; she many a time carried her life in her hand, and kept it safe too, and generally became as determined a bush-woman as could have been found on the whole Australian continent. She had contrived to learn to read from some old newspapers and a Bible, after which her father had taught her to write, in order that they might keep some rough account of their transactions with passing traders. That was the extent of her intellectual culture. Her physical development, on the other hand, was splendid. She was five feet eight in height, with broad shoulders, muscular limbs, and, it must be confessed, equally sturdy hands and feet, dark bright eyes, and a rich ruddy complexion. Absolutely self-reliant on her own ground, she had, when brought into contact with Merton, a being of another civilisation, a deprecating little manner and a sweet shy smile, which made an infinitely piquant contrast with her powerful frame and determined features. So thought Merton, who during his days of enforced stillness and pleasant lazy convalescence had not much to do besides conversing with Barbara, and telling her of the life in England, concerning which she was never tired of asking questions. "How strange it must be in London!" she

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said one day. "Fancy seeing nothing but houses, and so many people walking about! Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes, I like it well enough," Merton said carelessly. "London isn't half a bad place to live in, if only one had more money."

"More money! But are you not very rich?" said Barbara, looking at his hands, which showed no signs of having ever dug or delved, her only idea of distinction between work and wealth.

"Rich!" he said, with a short laugh. "No, I only wish I were." This profoundly impressed the imagination of Barbara, who could not but wonder that Fortune should not have showered her choicest gifts into the lap of one so deserving. Then she said timidly—

"How do people know so many houses apart! because they can't blaze them like the trees, of course."

"Oh, all the streets have names, you know," said Merton, concealing a smile, "and the houses are numbered."

"All numbered!" said Barbara, opening her eyes.

"Yes, every one."

"Then has yours got a number, too?"

"Yes, mine is 25, Wimpole Street," he said.

"25, Wimpole Street," Barbara repeated softly to herself. "Is that your house?"

"Well, that's my uncle's house, really, but that will always find me. So if ever you come to England mind you come and see me." The girl shook her head.

"I don't think that's likely," she said.

"Well, never mind, I'll write it down for you, in case you come," said Merton, laughing, "if you will give me that bit of paper." And he pulled out the ink pencil he carried about with him and wrote "Henry Merton, 25, Wimpole Street, London." "There now," he said; "mind you come, Barbara," and he began scribbling idly over the paper as he spoke, "*H. Merton—H. Merton—Mind you come, Barbara.*"

"Barbara! what are you doing?" shouted the stentorian tones of Thwaite.

"Coming, father," said Barbara.

"Give me that bit of paper," she said, "that I may always know where you live." And she ran hastily down the path to her father, who was not in the habit of being kept waiting.

"Funny girl!" said Merton to himself with a lazy smile as she disappeared. "Most quaint and amusing person!" To do him justice, he was quite unconscious of the adoring veneration, nay, the passionate love, that he had suddenly awakened in all its maiden fierceness in the untouched heart of Barbara. He looked upon her as a good-natured strapping wench, who had made six weeks pass pleasantly enough, but who in the long run might not suffice for his entertainment. It was not therefore without a secret unacknowledged feeling of relief mingled with his regrets that Henry Merton cantered down the stony path from Banooga and turned his face homewards. He had pressed pecuniary acknowledgment on his hosts, who had declined to accept it: he had overwhelmed them with expressions of his gratitude, assuring them that if ever they came to England—a contingency which he could not help feeling was a some-

what improbable one—he would repay them to the utmost extent in his power, and he rode away with a pleasing consciousness that one page in his life was closed, and that he was prepared to turn to the next. But what of Barbara? One page of her life, too, was turned, but to her no new prospect appeared, full of possibilities, of change, of excitement. She would only go back to her life as it was before Merton came, that life which had once been so entirely satisfying to her simple wild nature, but which now was utterly changed. She would never again have the same unconscious pleasure in birds, beasts, and trees. There was an aching void in her life that nothing would be able to fill. Not that she had ever expected anything else but that one day her young demigod would ride away into his own world again. No thought of love-making or marriage had ever entered her head. She only knew that he had been there, and was gone, and with the suffering of some dumb animal she wrung her hands impotently as she saw him disappear over the ridge.

"Well, Barbara, what's amiss?" said her father, looking up, as she turned drearily away from the gate.

"Nothing, father, except that the black ewe is missing," she answered, in a tone as dogged as his own.

"Then go and find her, and don't stand idling there," he rejoined—and with these words of winning sympathy the curtain fell on Barbara's one romance, and she took up her old life as before.

CHAPTER II.

A QUARTER of a century has elapsed since Merton left Banooga.

Our old acquaintance is no longer swinging unattached on the loose strands of life, as he was when we last knew him: he now has a firm grip on existence and on social consideration, and he lives in a most respectable-looking house in Wimpole Street, with a brass plate on the door.

On his return to England, twenty-five years ago, he found the aspect of his fortunes materially changed. His uncle, Dr. Merton, had suddenly died, leaving a comfortable income to his godson. The young man, inheritor of his uncle's means and well-known name, had not much difficulty in keeping up a part at least of his practice also, although the more discerning of the patients soon found out that the new doctor was by no means the man the other had been. However, Dr. Henry Merton the second contrived to pass muster in the opinion of many people, as well as in his own. In critical cases he called in the aid of a brother-physician, by whose opinion he generally abided. In uncritical ones he was full of sympathy, of friendly suggestions, and of harmless prescriptions. He was extremely popular in society, and it was not the fault of the fairer sex that at the age of fifty he was still unmarried. He had never sought the unreluctant assent which would have sprung eagerly to the lips of some of his female friends. And why had he not? Reports, spread perhaps by those disappointed ones, hinted consolingly that there was some dark story in his life which forbade

him to marry, a theory which was singularly belied by his stock and complacent aspect. No report was mistaken. Can't our compels us to admit that there had been no thrilling romance in Henry Merton's life, scarcely a passage of sentiment even. The encounter with Barbara, fraught with such dire results to her, had faded almost entirely from his memory. At times he dimly recalled the Austradrian episode, if anything reminded him of it, and vaguely wondered, perhaps, how Thwaite and his daughter were getting on, and that was all. He little thought that during those years in which he had been rising to fortune and prosperity, Barbara, left independent by the death of her father when she was twenty-five, had been pressing towards one object with the tenacious perseverance of a dogged and limited nature—the object of increasing her wealth, that she might one day atone to Henry Merton for the injustice of fortune.

One summer evening in June, about ten o'clock, Dr. Merton was sitting in his comfortable drawing-room in Wimpole Street, deeply pondering over a most important problem, and one, on this occasion, to which no brother of his craft could bring him a solution—the question whether or not the time had come for him to propose to Lady Kitty Grosmont, daughter of the Earl of Glaisdale. He had attended Lady Bella Grosmont, her sister, in the measles, and her small brother, the Hon. Percy, in many infantile diseases, all of which had been brought to a most successful issue. He thought he had seen some undoubted marks of liking on Lady Kitty's part, and though the world might consider him a bad match for her, he felt that the unbounded confidence with which he had inspired Lady Glaisdale might perhaps induce her to give her consent. So thinking, he got up and prepared to go out, a faint smile still playing round his lips as he thought over the prospects he had been evoking. Lady Kitty Merton! How well it sounded! And Lady Kitty was a charming little girl, too, and very fond of him, and it would be no drawback at all to have her for a companion, as well as the title. With this soothing thought he was opening the drawing-room door when his attention was arrested by sounds, as of an animated discussion going on, in the hall. He was well accustomed to the unerring instinct with which a patient generally contrives to summon a doctor at the most inconvenient moment possible, and usually accepted the inevitable without a murmur; but on this occasion he had told Lady Kitty he would be at Mrs. Marjoribanks' "at home" about eleven o'clock, and he was anxious to keep the appointment. He therefore retired quietly into the drawing-room again, leaving the trusty Jackson, his parlour-maid and confidential factotum, to decide between her own conscience and the new-comer as to whether or not the case were urgent enough for him to be summoned.

"What is it you want to see the doctor for?" said Jackson. "Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not ill," said the other, whom from her speech and appearance Jackson instinctively classified at once as a "person." "I want to see him very particular."

"What's your name?" said Jackson.

"I'll tell him my name myself," said the other. "Mr. Merton will know me right enough."

"Mr. Merton! We've no Mr. Merton here," said Jackson in disdain. "We've only Dr. Merton—Dr. Henry Merton."

"Well, Dr. Henry Merton, perhaps that's the one," said the visitor. "The young one, at any rate."

"We've no young doctor here," said Jackson, in a tone that would certainly have wounded the susceptibilities of her well-preserved master, "and you know it as well as I do, I believe. Coming to ask for young doctors, indeed, at nearly eleven o'clock at night! Master's consulting hours are in the morning, so if you want to see him you can come then."

"His consulting hours—what's that?" said the other, looking vaguely at her.

Jackson was bewildered in her turn. Who could this be who didn't know what "consulting hours" were? Then the only possible solution occurred to her—the intruder must be out of her mind.

"Well, sit down, please," she said, adopting a tone of forced conciliation, "and I'll go and see if the doctor is in." This last sentence was overheard by the doctor, who had cautiously opened the door to hear what was going on, and who now, to his retainer's great relief, came down the stairs in faultless evening attire, the strictly professional demeanour which he adopted in public toning down his air of fashion.

"Please, sir," said Jackson breathlessly, going up to him, "there's a person wants to see you. She won't say what her name is, nor yet what she wants—and I don't think she is quite right, sir," she added, lower, as she retired.

"Now, what do you want, my good woman?" said the doctor in a rapid professional tone to the stranger.

"I wanted to see Mr. Henry Merton," she answered hesitatingly, coming a step or two forward.

"Mr. Henry Merton," repeated the doctor. . . . And a possibility dawned upon him that rooted him to the spot.

"Yes, him as was in Austradria once," said the woman, her nervous, ill-assured manner contrasting strangely with her appearance.

"Good God!" said the doctor, the blood rushing into his face. "Is it possible that you are Barbara—Barbara Thwaite?"

"Yes," said the other, "I'm Barbara Thwaite." For one moment the doctor's heart utterly failed him. He saw before him a huge, coarse-looking woman, with a mass of black frowzy hair, her face reddened to one uniform tint by exposure to the weather, dressed in an old felt hat, a rough frieze coat, a coloured comforter tied round her neck; a short black skirt revealed boots like those of a miner, and her enormous red hands had surely never known a glove. A pretty inmate this for the residence of the future Lady Kitty Merton! The doctor took in every detail of her appearance in far less time than has been taken to describe it.

"Barbara," he said lamely enough, putting out his hand, "is it you?"

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"Yes, Mr. Merton, it's me," and she wrung his hand with a grasp rendered more intense by the emotion she could not repress. The doctor winced. He was nearly six feet high, and though not powerfully built, well proportioned, but his nervous hand seemed to vanish to nothing within the horny grasp of Barbara's.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, trying to give his statement some air of conviction. "Won't you come in?" and he threw open the dining-room door and turned up the gas. Barbara strode in after him, having first caught up an odd-looking parcel, half bale, half box, which had been at her side in the hall.

"Let me—" the doctor was about to say, then he felt the utter absurdity of offering her any assistance.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, as he turned round and faced her helplessly.

"Thank you," she said, and she sat down on the very edge of a chair.

"Are you comfortable there?" said the doctor.

"Won't you lean back?"

"Thank you," she said. "I am not used to leaning back much; a settle is what I generally sit on."

Visions of the wooden bench on which they used to sit under the verandah, of lazy sunshiny hours passed in the warm fragrant air, rose before the doctor in the sombre London dining-room, and made him feel as if he were passing through some extraordinary dream. But no, it was no dream. Miss Barbara Thwaite was extremely real.

"Have you had any supper?" he said desperately.

"Supper? no, I've not had any supper," said Barbara slowly.

"Why not?" said Merton.

"Because I've just come from the railway," Barbara said.

"Then how long have you been in England?"

"Since this morning."

"This morning!" he echoed.

"Yes, I landed in Liverpool this morning. I came in a steamer from Sydney. I rode from Banoga to Sydney," she said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Then I got into a steamer coming to England, and when I arrived at Liverpool I got into the train. Then when they told me we were in London I got out, asked my way, and walked right here."

"Walked!" muttered the doctor. "And now," he said, "what are you going to do next?" feeling, reading in her face, the moment the words were spoken, that they were not what were expected of him.

"What am I going to do next?" Barbara said, in her turn looking surprised.

"Oh, but, to be sure, you must have some supper," the doctor said hurriedly. "What am I thinking of?" and he rang the bell. Jackson appeared, stiff with disapproval and astonishment.

"Jackson," the doctor said nervously, "will you bring some supper for—Miss Thwaite, please."

"Supper, sir?" said Jackson rigidly.

"Yes, anything that you happen to have. What do you like, Barbara?"

"Oh, anything," said Barbara. "I don't care what. It is all the same to me, but beef would be more of a change, as I eat so much mutton at home."

"I haven't any beef in the house, sir," said Jackson, still pointedly addressing her master. "There's the remains of the cold mutton we had at supper, if that will do."

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, and Jackson, at boiling point, retreated to the kitchen, whence she presently emerged with the scraggiest end of mutton she could find, and placed it noisily on the table before Barbara. The doctor looked at the clock. Ten minutes past eleven! His chance of meeting Kitty that evening was fast slipping away; but he could not afford to think of Lady Kitty now—all his faculties must be concentrated on the present situation.

"Then, where are you going to stay?" he said, abruptly.

"Stay?" she said, looking at him.

"Yes—sleep, I mean, live, while you are in London."

"Well," said Barbara, simply, "I thought I would live here."

"Here!" said the doctor, his heart dying within him.

"Yes," said Barbara, with a smile still sweet and honest, though, alas! the comely charm of other days was gone. "You remember, you said to me that if ever I came to England I was to come and see you; so, as father's dead, and I have got no one to please but myself, and I'd got on pretty well lately, and as you told me when you were with us as you were not very rich, and would like some more money, I brought some along with me to give to you. It is what I got for my sheep, as sold six months ago."

"What!" shrieked the doctor, all else put out of his head by this extraordinary announcement, "you brought it here for me?"

"Yes, it is in here," she said calmly, giving a kick at the bale which lay at her feet. "There's £10,000 in gold and in notes. I carried it all the way. A rough fellow nearly got it away from me on the road to Sydney, but I soon settled him," giving a significant tap to her pocket, from which Merton's dismayed glance saw protruding something that he guessed to be a revolver.

"It is—very good—of you, Barbara," he gasped, struggling for words, "very good indeed—but I can't take that money, you know, I really can't."

"You can't take it!" she said, amazed.

"No, no, I really couldn't," he said hurriedly. "Besides, you know," he added, "I don't need it now, I'm not poor any longer."

"You don't need it!" she said, her rough, hoarse voice quivering with anxiety. "But I tell you it's for you, it's all yours! I've worked all these years, ever since father died, to get it for you, and no one else. I should not know what to do with it if I had it. I've got plenty left for myself in here," she added, as she raised her jacket, and showed a broad leather belt, that marked the place where her waist should have been."

"Well, well . . . it's very good of you, it really is,"

said Merton, feeling the expression of his gratitude to be miserably inadequate. "We will talk about it in the morning." He had had a fleeting, wild idea, while she was speaking, of quartering her at a lodging-house, or at a private hotel further down the street; then he felt that he could not present himself at either establishment as a sponsor of such a guest at such an hour. "In the meantime Jackson will soon rig you up some place to sleep in here," he went on with mendacious cheerfulness.

"Anywhere will do," said Barbara. "I shall sleep quite well rolled up in this thing in front of the fire, and she indicated the luxurious blue hearthrug on which they were standing.

"No, no," said Merton, shuddering at the thought of the morning housemaid's feelings. "I'll tell Jackson to show you to your room," he said, trying to speak as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He rang the bell. Jackson again appeared, evidently prepared for the worst, her wrath increasing each time she came, like that of the sea-born genie in the fairy tale.

"Er—er— Miss Thwaite is going to sleep here, Jackson," said the wretched man, attempting to speak unconcernedly.

"Sleep here, sir?" said Jackson.

"Yes, in the spare room; it's ready, I believe."

"Oh, yes, sir, the room is right enough," she said with marked emphasis.

"Then show her to it. Good night, er— Barbara."

"Good night," said Barbara. And with a cold heavy feeling of a growing disappointment at her heart, she took up her box and followed her unwilling guide upstairs.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE sleep did the doctor have that night, as he lay revolving one expedient after another for getting rid of his unwelcome visitor, and rejecting each one in turn as being more impossible than the last. Yet something must be done; his position would not be tenable with this singular, conspicuous visitor introduced into his respectable bachelor establishment. Towards morning he fell into a fitful sleep, from which he was roused by a piercing shriek. He hastily lurched on some clothes and ran out, to find the housemaid in hysterics on the stairs; she could only point with a gasp to Barbara's door. Merton knocked at it, and receiving no answer, went in. Barbara, who had apparently slept in her clothes, had a loaded revolver under her pillow, which she levelled each time the door was opened. It was certainly an unexpected greeting for the trim little housemaid. Merton, having with difficulty calmed the fears of the maid, and half-jokingly endeavoured to convince Barbara that a revolver was not as necessary in England as in Australia, retired downstairs, feeling absolutely desperate. With his own hands he carried Barbara's breakfast to her room, not able to face a *titre-à-titre* with her before the maids, and feeling, it must be confessed, that so much service at least he owed her for the many meals she had carried up for him.

"Could I go out and see London?" she asked.

"Have you a horse I could ride?"

"Ride!" said the doctor, with a sudden vision of Barbara in Rotten Row. "I'm afraid I haven't, I only drive."

"Oh, well, if you drive, I can go with you."

"All right," he said, with forced gaiety, "but I must see my patients first."

"Where do you see them?"

"They come to see me here; so when they're gone I'll come and tell you." Then he added, wondering how he should ensure her remaining where she was, "You won't mind being alone here till then, will you?"

"Not a bit," she said.

"I'll send you some books up."

"No, no," she said with a laugh, "I'm not much of a hand at books; I shall do better without them." And she sat down, prepared to pass the hours in the same uncomplaining patience with which she used to watch her father's flocks on the plains of Banoga.

Merton hurried downstairs. The housemaid was lying in wait for him, and with unaccustomed boldness followed him into his own little sanctum at the back, into which no visitor ever penetrated. It was separated from the larger study where he received his patients by folding doors, over which hung thick tapestry curtains. The dining-room, also used as a waiting-room, was at the other side of the hall. The folding doors and the curtains between the studies were generally closed, so as effectually to separate the two rooms; but to-day, from the general disorganisation of the household, perhaps, this precaution had not been observed. Neither the housemaid nor her master, however, noticed that though the curtains were down the doors were open, nor were they conscious that there were two people waiting in the large study—no other than Lady Glaisdale, come early to consult her medical adviser, and her daughter, Lady Kitty, in attendance.

"Please, sir," said the housemaid, in tones easily audible in the next room, "I wish to tell you that I've always been used to be respectable, and I'm not going to stay a day longer in the house with that female as you brought in to sleep last night, sir, nor I wouldn't do it, not for a month's wages; so I wish to leave your service this evening, please, sir."

Lady Kitty and her mother looked at each other, the girl's face scarlet with consternation.

"All right, all right," said the doctor angrily, in very different tones from the mellifluous ones they were accustomed to hear from his lips. "I haven't time to listen to any more nonsense now." At this moment Jackson came to the door.

"Lady Glaisdale, sir."

"All right, yes, I'm coming," and he went out into the hall and into the next room. His two visitors, still under the impression of what they had just overheard, received him with marked coolness. His appearance was certainly not calculated to restore their confidence. His sleepless, anxious night had added ten years to his age: restless and ill at ease, he looked like a detected criminal.

As he made some commonplace opening remarks, he suddenly saw Lady Glaisdale staring at something behind him. He turned, knowing too surely what it must be. There stood Barbara! a sight undoubtedly calculated to attract some attention in a London drawing-room.

"Oh, this is Miss Thwaite," he stammered, with a forlorn attempt at introduction, which proved absolutely abortive. "Barbara," he then said entreatingly, "I am sorry—I am very much engaged for the moment. Would you—do you mind going to your room again till I call you?" Barbara looked at him; then, without a word, turned, and left the room. There was a moment's silence, then Lady Glaisdale said slowly—

"Dr. Merton, who is Miss Thwaite?"

"She is rather strange-looking," Lady Kitty said hurriedly, to cover his visible embarrassment. "Is she—is she quite in her right mind?" A sudden idea darted into Merton's brain.

"The fact is, Lady Kitty," he said, "the unhappy woman, as you have guessed, is not quite in her right mind. She is here under my charge for the moment. She is harmless, of course, but she is a lunatic, poor thing, quite a lunatic."

"It is a great responsibility for you," said Lady Glaisdale gravely, feeling some dissatisfied doubts which she could not define rising in her mind. "Has she been here long?"

"Since—since yesterday evening," Merton said, and he rose restlessly and walked about the room. The mother and daughter glanced at each other. This, after all, might be the explanation of the colloquy they had overheard.

There had been one auditor, however, to whom Merton's explanation had brought no relief, and that was Barbara herself. Sick with discouragement, she had wandered into the little study after she had been ejected from the other. It was beginning to dawn on her that she might have made a terrible mistake. Then she heard Lady Glaisdale's question and Merton's shameless answer. For one moment she stood paralysed with horror—then all her sense of justice, her native shrewdness, her rugged strength of character burned within her, and she knew what she should do. Once more the study door opened. Once more Merton turned, and saw the tall form behind him.

"Barbara!" he said angrily, but she stopped him with a new dignity in her face and gesture.

"Dr. Merton," she said, "you need not send me away again. I am going. But first, I want to tell these two ladies that what you have been saying is a lie." Kitty, more and more alarmed, drew closer to her

mother. "Twenty-five years ago," Barbara went on, "that man was nearly killed in Australia. My father and I saved his life, and kept him in our home till he was well. When he went away he asked us to come and see him in England. I am a rough woman, knowing nothing of fine folks' ways, so I thought he spoke the truth,—and I came. You see how he has welcomed me."

"Is it true, mother?" whispered Lady Kitty. Lady Glaisdale looked at Merton. He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips.

"Oh, yes, it's true," said Barbara. "Here is the paper he wrote for me, with his name on it and his house, in case I should ever come," and she held out to them the crumpled bit of paper with his address on it, and the idle sentences he had scrawled underneath: "*Dr. Merton—mind you come, Barbara.*" "I've kept it ever since." Then she folded the paper, put it into her bosom, and went away. Kitty and her mother looked at each other.

"Come, darling," the mother said gently, and they rose and went out.

Merton went hurriedly to open the front door for them. They passed him without a word or a look.

He rushed back into his own little study and flung himself in a chair by the table, his face buried in his hands. He had no idea how long he had been there, when Jackson came to tell him, with a scared face, though with some inward rejoicing, that "that person" was gone.

"Gone!" He hurried upstairs. The box was still there. "Oh, she'll come back," he said bitterly. And for several days they lived in constant expectation of her reappearance. Then a dirty, untidy letter arrived from Liverpool, containing only these words:—"Dr. Merton, I am gone back to Australia, you will never see me again. I have left the box for you."

Yes, Barbara had gone back to Sydney, and thence she set out for her desolate home. But though she no longer carried a man's fortune in her hand, she had still enough money about her to be a tempting prey for the lawless characters who abounded in her path; and though her trusty revolver was at her girlish still, the valiant spirit that had wielded it was changed. She never reached Banoga. Merton made inquiries for more than a year afterwards with no result, looked at the box for some months more—and then—Well, it did seem a pity to waste it!

So, if only she could have known it, her heart's one desire, the object for which she had toiled through the best years of her life, was achieved at last—poor Barbara Thwaite!



A Painter's Wife.



EVERYONE who has haunted—and who that goes to Florence does not haunt!—the galleries of the Pitti Palace becomes familiar before long with the works of one artist, that artist being Andrea del Sarto. Turn where you will in these gorgeous saloons of the Pitti, with their marble floors and damask walls and stores of some of the most wonderful art-treasures in the world, some painting of this most prolific artist meets your eye—some Holy Family or some St. John, some group of Saints, or some solitary Madonna with the Divine Child. And as you gaze and gaze again at these repeated delineations of much the same religious idea, from the one hand, prompted by the one brain—in spite of much admiration, in spite of profound artistic pleasures afforded by the soft tints, the wonderful draperies, the faultless figures—the sense of a certain sameness begins to assail you, and you suffer from a sort of satiety, which soon, in a certain measure, becomes fatal to your admiration of the artist. It would seem that perfection itself palls—at least perfection which is as even as that of Andrea del Sarto, who was called, as Browning tells us, the Faultless Painter. There is a perfection, of course, in many painters—in Raphael, for instance, or in Michael Angelo—but then perfection how varied, inspired by moods how different, and animated by what variety of ideals, what versatility of feeling and fancy! With Andrea the evenness of perfection begets mechanism, or what seems like mechanism, and you feel that in these figures and draperies, these wonderful harmonies of colour and design, it is (as Browning makes Andrea himself say, in the beautiful monologue which has this painter's name for its title) “the low-pulsed, forthright craftsman's hand” that is at work; the hand of a craftsman who is indeed a genius, but hardly an inspired one.

But there is a reason simpler than the sameness of idea and design for that “sad satiety” which oppresses the student of Andrea del Sarto's work. The most careless observer, a child even, soon notices a peculiarity in the pictures of this artist, namely, the perpetual reappearance in them of the same face. The same face!—always the same woman's face, with the same ruddy-coloured hair, the same high, smooth brow, the same perfect, expressionless eyes, the same mask of features, apparently soft and childlike, but a mere mask, and really neither very soft nor very childlike—how familiar it becomes! Is it Madonna or saint that the artist seeks to portray, is it cherub or child, is it angel or martyr—there is the same face again and again, with the same curious expression in it of calm and unconcern. And where the face is turned away from the spectator and he sees nothing but the turn of a neck, the curl and sweep of auburn hair, these details are fatally familiar to him, and he

knows that if the figure turned towards him it would show ever that same inevitable face, with something basilisk-like in its air of perfect serenity.

It is hereby (in the history of this one face) that the tale hangs, as whose runs may read in the pages of that ingenuous and vivacious chronicler, Giorgio Vasari—something, at any rate, of the tale of Andrea del Sarto's curious and rather fatal redundancy as an artist, and the whole of the sad story of his life as a man. Andrea was, as we all know, a famous Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, famous in his youth with a well-earned and honest fame; doubtless walking those bright streets of his native town “in glory and in joy,” as is the happy wont of youthful genius, with a splendid future before him, in which, to use the words of Browning, he might have “soared to Raphael.” It is with a glowing and an artful pen that Vasari dwells upon the honours and successes of Andrea's youth—artful because he wishes to heighten the immediate contrast which supervenes when, suddenly checking himself in the description of Andrea's splendid career, he simply and significantly announces:—“But, having fallen in love with a young woman . . . he took her for his wife . . . his love for her having more influence over him than the glory and honour to which he was making such favourable advances.”

This was the turning point in Andrea's life—the point at which appears that one face, never again to be absent from his life or his art. For the face is his wife's face, and Vasari tells us that after his marriage “he rarely painted the countenance of a woman in any place that he did not avail himself of the features of his wife; and if at any time he took his model from any other face, there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting, not only because he had this woman always before him, but also, and what is still more, because he had her lineaments engraven in his heart.” The history of this union which begins with so much apparently promising devotion, at any rate on Andrea's part, is as complete a domestic tragedy as ever harrowed us in the pages of the modern highly analytical and psychological novel, and Vasari recounts it with a simplicity and force, a full comprehension of all its tragic issues in the degradation of Andrea, body and soul, that the modern highly analytical and psychological novelist might well envy.

Lucrezia di Baccio del Fede was the name of Andrea's wife—“the woman,” or “that young woman” as Vasari, with unremitting acidity, always calls her. She was the wife of a “cap-maker” in the Via di San Gallo, and it is very much to be feared that she had captivated the affections of Andrea before the death of that obscure, but probably respectable person, the cap-maker, had made her a widow. “She delighted,” says Vasari, “in entrapping the hearts of men, and thus she ensnared the heart of the unlucky Andrea, whose immoderate love for her soon caused him to neglect the studies demanded by his art, and in a great measure to discontinue the

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assistance which he had given to his parents." When the news of his marriage became known in Florence, the respect and affection which his friends had borne to Andrea turned to contempt and disgust. By which it would appear that Andrea had, to begin with, lowered himself in the social scale by his marriage.

But the trouble lay deeper than this. Lucrezia, though of humble origin, proved herself to be a person of extravagant tastes and luxurious habits. Further, when she came home to Andrea's house as a bride, she did not come alone, but appears to have brought with her a perfect swarm of rapacious relatives and hangers-on, who ever afterwards surrounded the painter and preyed upon him like veritable locusts. His deterioration as an artist doubtless dated from this point, and is not difficult to account for. "He found he had enough to do for the remainder of his days," comments Vasari, "and was obliged to work much more laboriously than he had ever previously done." He had to paint for dear life, as it were—working away late and early in the "melancholy little house" in the Via Mandorlo, looking out towards the grey, olive-fringed slopes of Fiesole—refusing no order or commission that came in his way; and labouring on monotonously, regardless of weary hand, exhausted brain, and lagging genius. He produced scores upon scores of paintings, large and small—every now and then some masterpiece, no doubt, like his beautiful "Madonna dell' Arpie," which is now in the Tribuna of the Uffizi, or some little gem like the charming "Sant' Agnese," which the curious may discover hanging on one of the pillars of the Duomo at Pisa. But for the most part he must have frittered away the powers of his genius upon those countless minor paintings of his which meet us at every turn in the churches and galleries of Northern Italy—upon altar-pieces, large and small—now upon Madonnas for a convent here, now upon groups of saints for a monastery there, upon miracles for this brotherhood, upon martyrdoms for that, upon cartoons, frescoes, and decorative wall-paintings—upon anything and everything, in fact, which would bring him in a little money to satisfy the perpetual demands upon him of Lucrezia and her worthless following. He met with little gratitude, for he seems to have lived in an atmosphere of strife and complaining, plagued with all the miseries of jealousy, madened by his wife's neglect of him, and disgraced daily by her conduct towards those who had been his friends and disciples. He was, in fact, an outcast because of this woman, and he keenly felt it. "Yet," says Vasari, "he lived in the midst of all this torment, and accounted it a high pleasure!"

But apparently there came a time when his sufferings were too great for even him to bear, blindly infatuated though he was, and he appears, at the advice of friends, actually to have contemplated the relegation of Lucrezia to a *ménage* separate from his own—a *ménage* which Vasari, in terms which seem to suggest a certain absolutism in the marital authority of those days, vaguely refers to as "some secure abode." But this wise resolution was difficult for Andrea to carry out, and it is safe to conjecture that he never would have carried it out.

Fortune, however, intervened with a happy alternative, which took the shape of a royal invitation, almost equivalent to a command, to go to the Court of France and pursue his art under the genial patronage of Francis I.

The episode of Andrea's brilliant but all too brief sojourn at the Court of Francis is a happy interlude in the miseries of his domestic life. Honoured and courted there, loaded with praises and gifts, and distinguished by the personal friendship of the King, Andrea found himself reinstated in his own self-respect and in the regard of his friends. Lucrezia was far away in Florence, left there by his care in comfortable circumstances, and at liberty to enjoy herself with her friends. The baleful spell of her beauty was removed from him, and he was at peace from her complaints. But, alas! even in those days there were occasional postmen; and one day a letter came from Lucrezia to the luckless Andrea, which so moved his fond and foolish heart towards her that he felt he could no longer stay in France. Lucrezia wrote in terms of despair, "declaring that she never ceased to weep, and was in perpetual affliction at his absence," and giving her assurance "that if he did not return speedily he would certainly find her dead." The true reason of her distress was the fact that, in her husband's absence, she was no longer supplied with ready money on the scale to which his indulgence had accustomed her; but the "sweet words" in which she dressed and disguised her purely mercenary anguish utterly deceived her dupe. The "poor soul," as Vasari here calls him, instantly gave up his brilliant prospects at the French Court and left it to return to Italy, laden with presents from the King and his courtiers, and entrusted with a large sum of money, which he was to lay out in paintings and sculptures for his patron. On his departure he swore on the Gospels to return to France as soon as he could conveniently do so.

But he never returned. "Arrived happily in Florence," writes his biographer, "he lived joyously with his wife for some time," doubtless doing everything in his power to make up to her for the distress his absence had caused her—making gorgeous presents to her friends (while he forgot his own, and left his parents to die in want and misery), neglecting his work, and giving himself up to a life of pleasure and extravagance. "When," resumes Vasari, with that simplicity of narration which is such a charm in him, "when the period specified by the French King at which Andrea ought to have returned to France had come and passed, he found himself at the end, not only of his own money, but of that belonging to the French Monarch also, all of which he had consumed in his own pleasures and indulgencies." Disgraced and repentant, even now he would have returned to France, because of his oath to the King, and to try, by his own labours, to make up for the shameful debt he had incurred, and which he could never hope to pay in money, but once more his evil genius intervened; "the tears and entreaties of his wife had more power over him than his necessities," more influence over him than the voice of honour. He remained in Florence in the bondage of his miserable

wedded life, losing his last chance of retrieving honour and of mending his broken fortunes. The friendship of the French King was naturally turned into enmity towards him, and all the lost respect and approval of his friends, which he had regained by his brilliant career at the French Court, was lost again, and soon forgotten in his new and deeper disgrace. He remained in his native city to be the slave of a selfish and un-

to the panic caused by it, in many cases as fatal as the plague itself. "One day," says Vasari, "he fell suddenly ill, and laid himself in his bed as one whose doom was pronounced; no remedy was found for his disease, nor were any cares bestowed upon him, *his wife withdrawing herself from him as much as she could for fear of the pest.*"

That is the last we hear of Lucrezia; and of Andrea



ANDREA DEL SARTO AND HIS WIFE.

(From the Pigtail in the Pitti Palace, Florence.)

principled woman, the dupe of her disreputable companions, an object for the alternate scorn and compassion of his friends—"sinking to the very lowest, and procuring a livelihood and passing his time as best he might."

What a history! What a tragedy—a "soul's tragedy" in very truth! And how did Lucrezia reward this blind and doting love! Did she cling to the man who had sacrificed everything—fame, riches, and even honour, for her sake—and try by her tenderness and devotion to make up to him for all that he had lost! Not she! By-and-by the plague came to Florence, with its terrible accompaniments of dismay and panic. Andrea, taking with him his precious consort, and a few of his inevitable and mysterious "relations," fled from it to a neighbouring country place, and by a prolonged sojourn there managed to escape from the earlier visitations of the scourge. But he was destined to fall a victim to it at last, or perhaps, more correctly speaking,

there is nothing more to tell save that he died in neglect, "almost without anyone being aware of it," and was buried in haste, and with few ceremonies, by the Barefooted Brotherhood, for whom he had often painted, and who were indebted to him on that account.

The frequent and caustic references to Lucrezia lend a peculiar piquancy to Vasari's "Life of Andrea del Sarto." But we should know her without the introduction of that indignant biographer; her physiognomy is stamped upon our memories; we see her so often under an immense variety of disguises, chiefly sacred, in the paintings of her victim—

"With the same perfect brow
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth."

The climax of familiarity is perhaps reached when in an obscure corner of the Pitti we come upon a darksome little picture, purporting to be "a portrait of Andrea del Sarto and of his wife, Lucrezia del Fede,"

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by Andrea himself. It is a double portrait, and whether painted by Andrea or not, there is no mistaking, at any rate, that woman's face. It is certainly Lucrezia—the very Lucrezia of all these paintings—the very Lucrezia of Andrea's love and Vasari's detestation. It is Lucrezia grown a little old, perhaps, certainly a little hard, as if some disillusionment had taken place, or as if the hand that painted this poor portrait were a little tired and could no longer idealise the original as of yore. The features are a little fuller than of old, a little coarser, but there is the hard, careless, outward gaze, which we recognise as being only an exaggeration of the serene set expression peculiar to so many of the saintly faces in Andrea's paintings. As to the artist himself, he is quaintly represented with one arm thrown round the impassive figure of his wife, and he appears to be in the act of remonstrating with her about something, with a pitifully vexed and wearied expression of countenance. In her hand she holds a paper, to which he is evidently referring—perhaps an angry letter from the King of France, or an angrier one from some exasperated creditor. It is a melancholy little picture, of no value artistically, but of great value as illustrating and confirming Vasari's vivid account of the domestic troubles of this unfortunate painter.

Of course there is a moral to be deduced from this little domestic tragedy of the Renaissance, as obvious as it is portentous. But there is a problem arising out of it also, equally portentous, but of which the solution is by no means so obvious. Why are such women as Lucrezia loved—loved to distraction, through good and evil report, and allowed, through the blindness of this love, to exercise so vast an influence upon the lives of men, and upon the histories of nations? For though this Lucrezia of whom we have been learning was herself but a Florentine plebeian, influencing but a limited and obscure circle of society, she represents a

class of women notorious in their influence over the destinies of the world. They are the Venuses and Phrynes of mythology, the Cleopatras and Messalinas of ancient history, the Liliths and Vivions of legendary romance, the Becky Sharps and Hetty Sorrels and Ginevra Fanshaws of domestic story. Perhaps in our day some of us have known a Lucrezia, the woman whose selfishness and extravagance have been some man's curse through life, but whose fascination has been a spell to charm him through everything, and whose willing slave he is to the end. We may have known such a Lucrezia, and we may have "seen through her," as the saying is, but if we have been wise we have kept the result of our observations to ourselves. For no preaching, no telling of plain truths with intent to deceive, will affect the influence of Lucrezia or the adherence of her admirers. She will triumph and be "Venus Victrix" to the bitter end, and her detractors will gain nothing but a reputation for jealousy and the kindred spiteful passions. And doubtless it is best so. For it is quite likely that in this curious and complicated human life of ours, where good and evil are so strangely mixed, the one appearing so often in the disguise of the other, even Lucrezia has her uses, her sacred mission. In the apparent failure of Andrea's life, in his outward ruin and disgrace, there was perhaps a salvation for him which he would never have attained to through success and fortune—the salvation which comes through self-sacrifice. Perhaps, on the strong wings of this, his feeble soul escaped and soared to heights it could never else have gained. Who knows? "Love," says Andrea, in Browning's poem—

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead:
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He hid the fetter: let it lie!

CHARLOTTE STEWART.

The Maiden's Heart and the Ocean.

THEY sparkled and danced in the morning light,
The maiden's heart and the golden sea;
For the maid had her love, and the sea her sun,
And life was joy with the morn begun,
And the tide running fast and free.

The moonlit sea and the maiden's heart,
They quivered and throbbed with pain,
And sobbed in the night to the stars above,
"Give me back the sun! Give me back my love!"
And listened, and sobbed again.

But the stars cried out to the heaving sea
That moaned in the light of the moon,
"Though you grieve for the sun with his warming breath,
Tis the moon that stirs you and keeps you from death,
From death in a stagnant swoon."

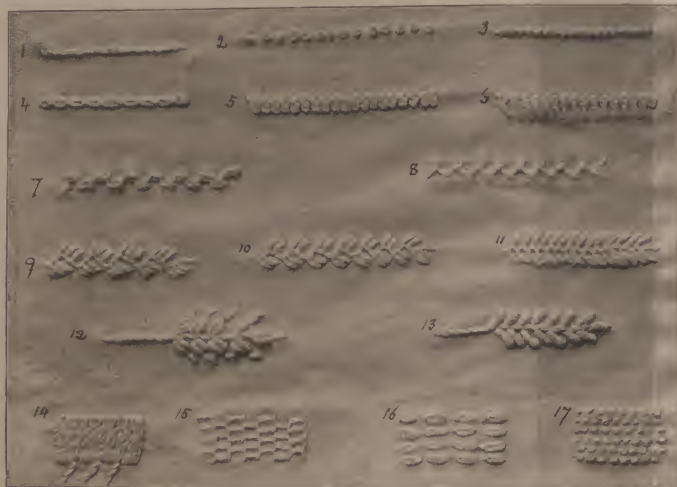
And something said to the maiden's heart,
As it shook in the storms of life,
"Grief has its purpose and sorrow its ends,
They may prove at the last the best of friends,
When death sheds its light o'er the strife."

MARYNX ELIOT.

A Few Hints on Mountmellick Embroidery.

MOUNTMELICK embroidery takes its name from a little town in Queen's County, Ireland, where it is supposed to have been first worked some sixty-five years ago by one Johanna Carter. She and a few fellow-

One of the characteristics of Mountmellick work is the material upon which it is executed. This is white satin jean of the best quality. It costs about 1s. 9d. or 2s. a yard and, though soft, is exceedingly heavy and



SAMPLE OF STITCHES.

workers barely managed to keep the industry alive, and it was rapidly dying out, when about five years ago Mrs. Millner started her Industrial Association, with the view of aiding those workers in her neighbourhood who would otherwise find a difficulty in disposing of their embroideries. Little by little has the industry grown, till it is now the recognised trade of the town of Mountmellick, the Association alone giving constant employment to more than fifty workers, and it is steadily increasing year by year as the embroidery becomes better known and more widely appreciated.

Although much has been written and spoken of late concerning Irish industries, considerable doubt still exists in the minds of many people as to what constitutes true Mountmellick embroidery. It is of little use to apply to the fancy-work shops for information, as much of the needlework offered there, under this name, though pretty enough in itself, bears no more resemblance to the genuine work than ordinary Berlin wool work does to tapestry.

thick. I had the curiosity to weigh a piece of this fabric lately before any stitches had been put into it, and found that one yard weighed just over seven ounces and a half. In spite of its glossy surface, in the best qualities little of this weight is due to any added "dress," hence it may without harm be scalded before it is used. It will then be far pleasanter and softer to work upon, and can easily be washed and ironed after the embroidery is finished. The jean is twenty-seven inches wide, so when large pieces of work are to be executed, several widths have to be seamed together neatly, and the design traced over the joins. Occasionally a thinner make of satcen or holland is used, according to the purpose for which the embroidery is required.

The threads employed in the work are simple in the extreme, being as a rule merely white knitting-cotton of various sizes. Strutt's three-thread is generally the most convenient make to use, so I give the sizes in this, though cottons made by other firms are quite as suitable; the D. M. C. cotton is, if possible, softer and more evenly

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woven. No. 8 is appropriate for French and bullion knots, Nos. 10, 12, and 14 are the most generally useful sizes, and either 12 or 14 will serve for knitting the fringe. For certain purposes flax threads and coloured cottons are used, but the white seems to belong more truly to the original work. Any good needles with long-shaped eyes may be employed, according to the coarseness of the cotton. The thread may be slightly waxed should there be any difficulty in drawing it through the jean.

Owing to the boldness of the designs, the embroidery may easily be accomplished by those workers whose eyesight does not permit them to execute more elaborate fancy-work, such as requires a great deal of shading. The patterns are usually floral, but their method of treatment, owing to the cottons and stitches used, is always entirely conventional, little attempt being made to follow nature in anything save the general shape of leaves and flowers. In choosing a design it is well to discard those that are small and insignificant in style, and to select only such as are bold and prominent and not too crowded. Certain favourite fruits and flowers, such as blackberries, passion-flowers, oak leaves and acorns, ferns and wheat, are so frequently designed for Mountmellick embroidery as to have become almost traditional, and are considered as much a characteristic of the work as are some of the stitches.

These stitches may be traced to various sources; many of them are merely such as are used in ordinary crewel-work; others are to be found in very ancient pieces of German needlework. Amongst them are outline, stem, or crewel stitch—known under all these names to workers—satin stitch, both flat and raised, French knots, split, overcast, dot, feather and chain stitch, couching and button-hole stitch. *Outline stitch* is exceedingly useful for slender stalks, certain outlines, and veins of leaves. It is shown in No. 1 on the sampler of stitches on page 322, and is also used for the stamens and pistils of the two fuchsias in the spray above, in the

fern frond on the right-hand side of the doyley on page 324, and in many other places in the examples given here. It is a stitch that does not give a good effect if used too plentifully, as it is somewhat poor in character.

Satin stitch will be found in a petal of the passion-flower on page 325, and in one fuchsia and the buds below. In the former example the stitch is worked

with No. 10 cotton flat upon the sateen, the coarse thread giving it a sufficiently raised appearance. In the fuchsia buds, on the other hand, it is executed with cotton as fine as No. 12 or 14, and is accordingly raised over a padding of stitches. Some workers use small tufts of cotton wool as a foundation for raised satin stitch, but in the best Mountmellick embroidery, the necessary relief is given by closely-set darned stitches; the latter plan being found to answer more effectually than the former for any work that is to be washed from time to time. In the fuchsia bud on the left-hand side of the spray is shown the padding before it is covered with cross stitch; the second bud is complete.

French knots (No. 2 on sampler) are employed for the centres of flowers, occasionally for veins of leaves, as in the lower leaf of the passion-flower and in one of the fern fronds on page 324. Here it is

used probably because the stitches bear a certain sort of resemblance to the spores often found at the back of a fern. Blackberries (see page 325) are generally filled in with these knots.

Nylit stitch is useful for very fine stems, and is worked much like stem stitch, the needle, however, being brought *through* the cotton each time a stitch is made, hence its name. This causes it to set quite flat against the material, and if very fine silk be used for it in other kinds of embroidery, the stitches form an almost unbroken line.

Overcast stitch may be defined as small satin stitch, worked either in a straight or slanting direction. It is used for stems and fine lines such as the pistil and stem of the passion-flower.



SPRAY OF FUCHSIA IN MOUNTMELICK EMBROIDERY.

Dot stitch, or *dotted* (No. 17) is the name given to small isolated back stitches, which are not unfrequently chosen as a filling to leaves, petals, and similar designs. They fill the upper one of the two leaves of the passion-

Chain stitch is occasionally but not very commonly used in Mountmellick work, for stems as in the fuchsia spray, or as a padding to be covered with overcast or satin stitch. When a leaf is required in higher relief in



DOYLEY SHOWING VARIOUS METHODS OF WORKING FERNS AND BUTTON-HOLE EDGING.

flower spray (page 325), and will be found also in the centre of one of the fuchsia leaves (page 323).

Herring-bone stitch (No. 8) is sometimes used to trace the outlines of leaves and for working veins.

Feather stitch is shown in Nos. 9 and 10, the former being the treble, the latter the double variety of the stitch. No. 13 is that known as *feather-veining*. It will be noticed that one stitch only is made on each side of the central line, and that the stitches are of equal length.

the middle than at the sides, a line of chain stitch is often worked over the padding for this purpose.

Couching is rarely varied, and the simplest form is generally used. In this, four, five, or more strands of cotton are oversewn at intervals with a straight stitch to hold them down to the material; it is used principally for veins, stalks, and straight lines.

Button-hole stitch plays a very large part in this kind of embroidery, principally owing to the great number of different ways in which it may be worked. Most small

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SAMPLER OF FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND LEAVES.

articles, such as doyleys, tray-cloths, and the like, are finished off with a row of fancy button-holing, and on the doyley on page 324 have been worked some of its many forms. The most ordinary are the "saw" and "dog's tooth" button-holing, as worked along the top and right-hand side of the little mat; but from even such a small piece of work as this it will be seen how easily changes can be made in the stitch. The fronds of the maidenhair fern on the same doyley are worked in button-hole stitch, so are the petals of the wild rose, the hop, and a leaf-shaped design on the sampler above. The lower of the two medium-sized leaves of the fuchsia spray (page 323) is worked with the same stitch. Here the straight edges of two rows of stitches are arranged to meet in the middle of the leaf, and there form a slight ridge to represent the mid-rib. The stitches are worked of different lengths so as to give a slightly toothed edge to the leaf. In the larger leaf higher up the stem, the button-hole stitches are worked so as to leave an open space in the centre, which is filled in

with dotting. Thus, for the edges of leaves, button-hole stitch is very useful, and, if desired, the work may be raised over a padding in the same way as satin stitch. In the illustration below is given a vandyked edging of this stitch finished with a narrow, looped fringe. To work this evenly, a narrow bone mesh will be found very convenient, but a piece of firm cardboard cut quite accurately will answer as well. After every alternate stitch the cotton is twisted round the mesh; the next stitch, which is worked in the usual way, serves to keep these loops from slipping out of place. This will be found a very effective little edging for those smaller pieces of work for which the heavier knitted fringe on page 327 is not appropriate.

Bullion knots (Nos. 12 and 13), or "worms" as they are familiarly called, resemble French knots, but are long and narrow in shape instead of being round and close like beads. There are two ways of working them. For the first, pick up a stitch backwards in the jean, the length that the knot is to be; leave the needle partially drawn through, and wind the cotton four, six, or eight times round it according to the length of the knot. Hold the roll thus made firmly with the left thumb and forefinger, and draw the needle through all the twists at once. Still continue to hold the roll, and put the needle back to the wrong side of the material at the place at which it went in to make the stitch. The roll must not be let out between the fingers until the last possible moment, or its symmetry will be irremediably spoilt. The second way of making bullion knots is to work two or three stitches on the right side of the material the length the roll is to be, exactly as dressmakers work a loop for a hook to fasten into, then instead of working these over with button-



CONVENTIONAL STRAWBERRY AND FRINGED BUTTON-HOLING.

braid stitch, to cover them with overcast stitches. This is perhaps the lazy way of working ballian knots, but, as the general effect is exactly the same, the directions given may be of use to those workers who

are unable to master the more elaborate method. These little rolls are very effective for sprays, the centres of some flowers (see the passion-flower on page 325), wheat ears (herewith), grasses, and similar designs.

I turn now to the description of such stitches as are regarded as more characteristic of



PORTION OF AN EAR OF WHEAT.

Mountmellick work than those already referred to. Cord or "snail's trail" stitch (No. 2, page 322) is very easily worked, and is one of those simple stitches that are as effective as the more elaborate. Its application is variously shown in the mid-rib of one of the smaller fuchsia leaves, the tendrils of the passion-flower, and the outlines of one of the mountain ash leaves on page 325. It is worked from right to left, the thread is held down over the outline with the thumb of the left hand, and a small stitch made just in the stuff under the thread on the outline towards the right-hand side. The thread must be kept under the needle and the stitch drawn up tightly. The effect of these stitches is greatly varied, according to whether they are placed close together or far apart.

No. 4 is known as *cable stitch*. It is worked vertically instead of horizontally, thus:—bring the needle up on the right side of the work and hold the thread down with the left thumb. Put the needle under the thread with the point towards the right, then twist it so that the point is in position to return to the back of the work about the eighth of an inch below where it came out. This is not difficult if care be taken to keep the stitches all of the same length.

No. 5 is *braid stitch*, a great favourite with Mountmellick workers. It is rather elaborate, but when understood thoroughly will be found a valuable stitch for many kinds of embroidery besides that now under consideration. To work it, rule two horizontal lines on the jean with a lead pencil about a quarter of an inch apart, bring the cotton from the wrong side to the right on the lower of the two lines towards the right-hand end. Hold the cotton down under the thumb of the left hand, pick up the cotton as it were, by passing the needle under it with the point towards the right as described under cable stitch. Give the needle a slight turn, so as to get the point in the right position for picking up a stitch in the material between the two horizontal lines, in a vertical direction. Bring the needle out over the thread, which must still be held by the left thumb, draw the thread closely, letting it go when necessary. Make

the next stitch in exactly the same way, slightly to the left of the first one. Keep every stitch at an equal distance from the last, and draw the cotton quite tight each time a stitch is made. These are two golden rules to be observed when braid stitch is being worked. Braid stitch will be found outlining the petals of one of the fuchsias and one of the leaves of the passion-flower. At No. 6 is given a variation called *prickly braid stitch*, made by adding spikes of satin stitch to a row of ordinary braid stitches. These may be straight or slanting according to fancy. One of its uses is shown in the sampler on page 325, in a small leaf at the right-hand side, which is outlined with this stitch.

Persian cord is the name given to the pretty stitch shown in No. 7. It is merely a variety of cable stitch, and is most easily made regular by being worked between two parallel lines, a stitch being placed alternately on the upper and lower line. It is not infrequently used as a finish to a plain straight hem.

At No. 14 is worked a particularly close stitch known as *Indian filling*. This is a double stitch almost resembling certain forms of cross stitch. It is well for a beginner to rule a couple of horizontal lines on the sateen when learning the stitch, so as to become clever at working it in its simplest form, before attempting to mass a number of the stitches together. Bring the cotton up from the wrong side to the right, on the lower line towards the right-hand end of it, make a long stitch between the two lines, picking up a short stitch of the material, as shown in the lower part of the illustration, draw the cotton closely, and make a similar short stitch on the left-hand side of the first one towards the bottom. In the sampler, some of the stitches are worked apart from the others to render my meaning clearer; the remainder are placed close together to show how the



SPRAY OF OATS.

filling is made. This is a very useful stitch, as it lends itself easily to any slope of the leaf or other part of the design. It is seen again in the wild rose leaves, and one of the larger leaves of the fuchsia spray.

Daisy stitch (No. 16) is invariably used for the calyx of blackberries, sometimes for grasses and wheat-ears, and

occasionally as a filling to leaves and fern-fronds. In the latter position it is shown on the doyley on page 324. The stitch resembles an isolated chain stitch, each loop of the chain being caught down to the material by means of a straight stitch passed over it. This straight stitch is made long or short according to its position. In the fern-frond it is so short as to be almost invisible, in the spray of oats on the previous page it is nearly as long as the loop of the stitch itself. As its name implies, it is considered the correct stitch to use for daisies and similar flowers.

A useful stitch for working long and slender leaves is that on this page. It is made with the material held in a horizontal position, thus:—draw the cotton up on the lower line of the design about half an inch below the tip of the leaf, and pick up a strand or two of the material exactly at the tip, pick up the next stitch across from line to line of the design just below the first, then make the next stitch in the same way exactly below the tip, and continue until the leaf is entirely covered. The two dots in the illustration show where the next stitch is to be made after the needle has been drawn through. Stitches similar to those in lace work are occasionally used

one row are worked into the corresponding stitches of the preceding one.

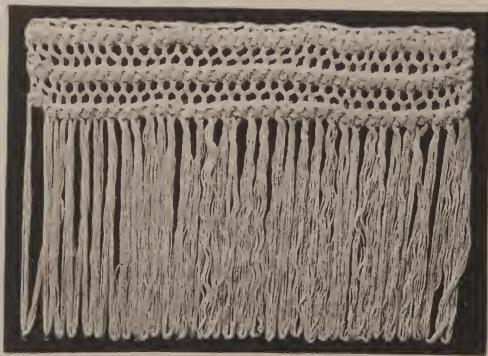
By studying the sampler on page 325, much may be learnt as to the way in which some of the designs most commonly found in Mountmellick embroidery

are worked. Here will be seen a wild rose with the buds and leaves embroidered in satin stitch, a bramble raised in high relief, worked in satin stitch and filled in the centre with French knots. In one petal the padding stitches are shown before the satin stitch is carried over them. In such a flower as this, the satin stitch is taken in a reverse direction to the padding stitches beneath it. Sometimes, however, a better effect is obtained by making the padding run down the petals, and the satin stitch across them. This must be decided by the

size of the flower and the discretion of the worker. On the same sampler are shown the two most general methods of working fruits. A blackberry is given embroidered entirely in knots, the calyx being in daisy stitch and the stem in coral stitch. A strawberry is shown on page 325. The design is first covered with stitches of Indian filling, over which are sprinkled a few French knots; the calyx is worked in the same manner as that



METHOD OF WORKING A NARROW LEAF.



KNITTED FRINGE FOR MOUNTMELICK EMBROIDERY.

as fillings for large spaces. One such stitch is given in No. 15, and it fills also the petals of one of the fuchsias on page 323. It is worked exactly as button-hole stitch would be if made in horizontal rows; a few strands of the material are taken up with each stitch, and those of

of the blackberry, and the stem in coral stitch. In the spray of mountain ash below the bramble in the sampler (page 325) is shown a pretty leaf outlined with coral stitch, and filled in with billion knots. The shamrock to the right has the leaves worked in two ways. The upper leaf is

to raised satin stitch, the stitches being taken quite across the outlines; in the lower half, two sets of satin stitch are worked, the mid-rib being made where they join. A small spray in the left-hand corner is worked entirely in daisy stitch, and that in the right-hand corner is a light-looking spray traced out with braid stitch. The other stitches on this sampler have already been detailed.

In working Mountmellick embroidery from the pieces illustrated here, and more especially in copying the daisy, it must be remembered that I have tried to give examples of the use of as many stitches as possible on one design in order to economise space; thus, in the actual work, the leaflets on each side of the mid-rib of the fern-fronds would correspond, whereas in the example they have been embroidered differently, for the reason already given. One fern-frond might be worked entirely in outline stitch and knots, or wholly in slanting satin stitch. The same, of course, applies to the button-holed edge. The worker must decide which arrangement of stitches she prefers, and keep to it all round the edge of her work.

Now we come to the fringe on page

327. This is the customary finish to every large piece of Mountmellick embroidery, and accords well with its firmness and substantiality, for it will bear washing as long as the jean itself is in existence. It is knitted with cotton No. 10 and steel knitting-needles No. 13 or 14. When the thread has been wound into balls in the usual way, four balls are wound together, so that four threads of cotton are used at once. This makes a firm and handsome heading, and forms a far fuller fringe than if one strand only of coarser cotton were to be used. It is, too, a particularly easy pattern to knit, and forms an agreeable change from the actual work of the embroidery itself.

The fringe in the illustration is knitted thus:—Cast 15. *1st row*:—Make 1 by bringing the thread forward, knit 2 together; repeat this twice more, and at the end of the row knit 6 plain. *2nd row*:—Knit 6, * make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; repeat twice from *. These two rows are knitted alternately until a sufficient length of the fringe has been made. Cast off, but draw

the needle out of the six stitches left at the end of the row without knitting them off, then unravel them along the whole length to make the fringe. The more tightly the knitting has been done, the more wavy will be the fringe, though of course, this effect is lost the first time the work is washed. The insertion below is knitted in exactly the same way as the heading of the fringe, the pattern being repeated as many times as is necessary to form the width of the trimming. An insertion such as this is useful between long strips of Mountmellick embroidery, which are sewn together lengthwise to form a quilt.

Mountmellick embroidery is apt to become dirty rather soon when in constant use, owing not only to the raised nature of the work, but also to the fluffy cotton which is used for it. It has the advantage, fortunately, of washing perfectly, even with no more care than can be given by the most ordinary of laundresses. The ironing certainly needs a little attention, or the raised work may become too much flattened. The best way of preventing this is to iron the work before it has had



INSERTION.

time to get thoroughly dry, placing it wrong side uppermost upon a great many folds of blanket. The more raised the work, the thicker must be the pad upon which it is ironed. When the ironing has been finished, the jean should be quite as stiff and firm as when it was first new, so that no starch is needed. Some people advocate the use of paraffin with the water in which the work is washed, but this is scarcely necessary unless it is very much soiled. A little blue may be used if the jean has become at all yellowed by time.

There is an infinite variety of articles to be made of Mountmellick embroidery; large and small quilts, tea-cloths, pillow and sheet shams, watch-pockets, night-dress and handkerchief cases all look well if ornamented with thick stitches raised in very high relief. The work also is well adapted to the trimming of children's frocks, hoods, hats, and pinafores, but it is needless to say that for these a softer material is required than satin jean.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



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How to Make a Vest.

THE word "vest" is of wide application to-day in dressmaking. Sometimes it is used to describe a close-fitting body-garment with the fronts only made of rich material or in some fanciful design, over which a loose open-fronted jacket is worn, but the term usually designates the application of rich trimming or fanciful arrangement to a narrow part of the front of the close-fitting dress-bodice itself. With ladies coming on to middle age, to whom ease and comfort are primary considerations, the vest is generally arranged as a portion of trimming laid on each side of the front, thus allowing the dress to be comfortably fastened down the centre, either with buttons and button-holes meant to be seen, or with hooks and eyes deftly hidden amongst the folds, but very few of the prettiest folded vests now worn can be satisfactorily managed in this way, and they are generally made on a separate piece of lining, and either sewn in at one side of the bodice and hooked or buttoned at the other, or are made to fasten on at both sides, that one can easily be removed and another substituted for it. This is a particularly comfortable plan with the white flannel or white gauze vests, which do so much towards lightening up a dark dress for summer wear.

To begin with the method of cutting. A vest to fasten down the centre may be of any desired width at the top, but one fastening down the side should not be wider than 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches across at the neck if it is to be fastened in with the dress collar, and worn with any degree of comfort. Diagram I. shows an ordinary paper pattern, but the same instructions can be applied to the front of a finished or half-worn dress, if it is considered advisable to renovate it in that way. Lay the pattern or bodice on the table (if the latter, mark on the *button-hole front*), and put a mark at about 2 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the front of the neck, just where it curves up. No vest fastening at the side should ever be cut wider than the curve of the neck.

Next put a mark on the waist about an inch in from the front fitting line, and proceed to draw a line from the neck through the inch dot at the waist to the bottom of the pattern or dress-front. There must always be sufficient distance between the vest-line and the first dart for the fastenings, and this space should never be less than an inch, or the fingers are cruelly punished each time the dress is fastened by the bones in the darts; and the dart-turnings, too, must be pared down very narrow, or they interfere with the button-holes; therefore, if on the ready-made dress or in the pattern there is not an inch of space left after the vest-line is drawn, either make the vest narrower or broader, and

by broadening carry it fairly into the dart, as shown by vest-line 2 on Diagram I. A vest-line to the bust only or to the waist only are also both indicated on the same diagram, but in every case the width at the top of the neck is the same. If the vest is marked in the dress itself, it should be done in blacklead pencil; then the fronts buttoned together, and a few pins put through the blacklead line to the other side. The dress turned over and a line on that side pencilled down by the pins, the lines can be tacked out, and the vest made and put in by them in the usual way. If the vest is marked in the pattern, it should be transferred to the lining together with the other portions of the pattern, and tacked out in the same way, and after the bodice has been machined and fitted, the surplus material may either be faced in with velvet or silk and turned back as revers (with a little alteration of shape), or may be cut away within 2 inches of the fitting line, and turned in and hemmed back in the usual way for button-holes or hooks.

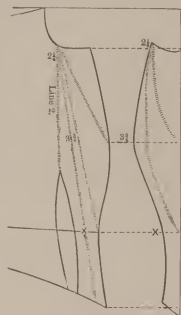


DIAGRAM I.

ever, it is only brought round as far as the vest-line, and the top of the vest finished with a portion of band of a contrasting colour to which the shortened dress-band is hooked at each side.

The vest itself is best made from the pattern or bodice without a seam down the centre of the lining; to do this, proceed as shown on Diagram I. Take a sheet of paper or length of lining a little longer than you desire the vest to be, and about 8 inches wide, fold it lengthwise, and put it to the bodice with the fold away from it. On the fold of the paper make a little mark opposite the front of the neck, or carry a line across as indicated by my dotted lines. Dot across also from the level of the bust, then from the level of the waist, then again from the level of the bottom. These points being satisfactorily settled, measure across at the neck how wide the dress is from the front to the vest-line, and put a mark on the paper the same distance from the fold (say $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches). Then the same at the bust, where it is usually $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. An extra quarter-inch can always be allowed at the bust for comfort, though not at any other part (say $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches).

Measure across on the line from the bust and put a dot. Do the same of the skirt; measure the width from the waist-line to the front edge, and mark it from the fold of the paper backwards, and the same also at the bottom; then put the dress aside, and form the vest by the four dots obtained on the piece of folded paper. First draw from the $2\frac{1}{4}$ to the $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$ mark, thence down to x, and from x on to the bottom dot. At the $2\frac{1}{2}$ mark rule about half an inch above the little line dotted across, and curve a little from the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch down to the front of the neck, as it does not do for the top of the vest to be quite straight here. If the vest is only to the bust or to the waist, you must still proceed in the same way, getting the width from the vest line to the front edge, and marking it back from the fold of the paper, but always remembering to put a little extra rounding on the bust.

When you have marked off all your lines, go over them firmly with a dark pencil. Next wheel them through to the other side of the paper, which may then be cut out 1½ to 2 inches outside the fitting lines and opened, when it will be found to look like Fig. 1, Diagram II. This shows the seamless lining with all the round shaping required for comfort on the sides; these shaped sides will be found to fit quite easily to the straight vest-line of the dress. On Fig. 1 are shown the lines of three differently shaped vests—the one to the bust, the second to the waist, the third to the bottom of the dress—and I particularly wish to have it noticed that even in the shortest of these there is a little rounding at the bottom towards the bust. Whichever vest is used, it should be cut out with at least 1½ inches of turnings all the way round, and if a vest is meant to fit to the waist only, it should be cut quite 2 inches below it (with turnings below that), and the waist-line always carefully marked when the pattern is transferred to the lining by the tracing wheel. It is no exaggeration to say that the material can be arranged in a hundred pretty ways on the one foundation. The seamless vest shaped like Fig. 1, Diagram II., and covered with plush or velvet, was for a long time a favourite style, and still holds its own with those wearers who object to any additional bust-size, such as pleated or folded vests necessarily give. To make the plain velvet vest, the lining should be so placed on it that the pile of the velvet smooths up (from bottom to top), and the fitting lines should be tacked round through both lining and velvet, and cut out with the quantity of turnings already explained. At each side the edges of the lining and velvet should be turned in to each other and machined down, or, if this is objected to on the score of bulk, the side-turnings may be cut down to an inch beyond the fitting line and neatly bound with narrow ribbon. I should advise the latter plan for the folded or pleated vests, which I shall explain a little later on. The bottom of the vest should be turned up, care being taken not to get one side of the point running at a different angle from the other, and the turnings firmly herring-boned raw edged to the lining, and then a piece of silk ribbon hemmed over them to make the inside neat. A bone should be put in at the centre fold of the seamless vest, the bone

easing being, of course, sewn to the lining only. The bone itself should not come up any higher in the vest than the tops of the darts do in the dress, but it should be made to keep the length of the vest well down over the waist, as without good boning seamless vests are exceedingly apt to wrinkle, and if quite plain their beauty depends on perfect fit. If the neck is to be finished with a portion of collar, this, of course, is set on at the neck line and well stiffened, and it should certainly be cut quite an inch larger at each end than is needed, and set on as far as the edge of the side turnings, that the ends may go under the ends of the dress-collar, and help the latter to set well. The hooks will be on the dress-collar, and the eyes (they should be strong silk loops) should be made on the vest portion of the neck-band, on a level with the fitting lines of the vest itself. If, however, the dress-collar is to be brought round to fasten at the centre of the vest, the neck-turnings should be left half an inch above the fitting line, and the top finished by a 2-inch strip of silk on the cross, being run against the top on the right side, and then turned over and hemmed down on the inside. The piece of silk is not to be all turned down at the back; the greater part of it should stand up in the neck like a soft neck-band, and being on the cross, it allows the vest to lie close to the chest and neck, where a binding on the straight would keep it away from them. The collar proper, of course, quite conceals the strip of silk from view when the ends are brought together over it and fastened.

The fastenings are then arranged down the fitting lines. If it is to be sewn in at one side and hooked or buttoned at the other, the right-hand side is generally chosen for buttons, and the left-hand for hooks, as at the side the latter are easier to fasten over that way. The buttons are sewn on about an inch apart on the fitting line of the vest through a ribbon which is placed behind to strengthen it there, or the eyelet holes are pierced through the fitting line and ribbon about three-quarters of an inch apart. Strictly speaking, it is wiser to keep the eyelet holes about a quarter of an inch behind the fitting line, as if a dress so fastened fits very closely, it is apt to drag the holes and bring the "noses" of the hooks into view; with buttons there is no fear of this. The hooks, too, should be sewn on very carefully to prevent this exposure. After the dress has been turned in and hemmed down, the "noses" of the hooks should be nearly half an inch under the edge of the dress, and each hook itself should be sewn through all the facings and linings, so that it is fixed to everything excepting the actual outside stuff of the dress. Unless sewn in that way they always drag into sight when the bodice is in wear. For the same reason eyelet holes are always used in preference to made loops of silk or wire eyes; neither of the latter should ever be used where there is any strain to draw the dress back, or they will certainly contrive to show themselves in a very unsightly manner, unless specially dealt with in a method beyond the province of this paper.

The plain vests, however, are not nearly so popular as they were, but small variations can be made which

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will entirely alter the character of the upper part without increasing the bulk below. For instance, one very beautiful variation is to tack the velvet to the lining, and then split it down the centre from the neck nearly to the bust. Fold it under from the bust to within half an inch of the fitting line at the neck, and pare it away, leaving just sufficient stuff to turn fairly under. Into the V opening thus made an almost endless variety of trimmings can be introduced—the velvet being firmly slip-stitched down over it—a scrap of bright embroidery, some smocked or gathered soft silk, a piece of braiding, a few pleats coming straight down, or drawn from the neck close together at the bust, fan fashion. A piece of the dress material tucked straight across and laid under is very pretty, and so is a portion folded on the slant from left to right. Beaded grenadine or rich passementerie are equally applicable, or the V may be filled in

by a Directoire jabot of pleated lace wide at the neck, and diminishing to the point of the opening. With the lace, however, the cross folded vest in the style of Dia. III. would be more in keeping. These folds should always be of soft silk or any material that is soft and thin and lies close; soft silk crepe is an ideal material for these folded vests. When they were first introduced they were made to the waist only apparently, and consisted of four sets of folds crossing alternately from one side to the other,

and finished at the waist by a piece of folded material placed across like a folded sash. These, though not now the latest fashion, are exceedingly pretty, and as some of my readers may like to try them, I give instructions as to quantity. The vest takes three-quarters of a yard of soft crepe or pongee silk, or a little more if it is wider, as the pieces for the folds need to be square. Consequently with the 22 inches wide pongee a piece that length is cut off and divided once across, and once down the length, giving four pieces 11 inches square. The lining for the vest is cut $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long below the waist, and the first piece of silk is laid on it raw-edged, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches across the centre. The width of it is laid into about four folds turned from the fitting line towards the centre. These folds run together a little, fan fashion, at the bottom, but not enough to pull the raw edge of the silk over the fitting-line. The next piece is folded into the same four folds, but this time to come from the other side of the vest, and the edge that is not to the fitting line is started with a fold which, when all is placed, is slip-stitched down on the raw edge of the first piece of silk which was laid over the centre. The second lot of folds are laid across at a much sharper angle than the first were, and it will

now be seen that by putting the first ones straight down and over the centre they have filled up the V opening, which would have been left if they had been as much slanted as the second ones. These folds are again crossed by a third set, and those again by a fourth, the edge towards the centre being in each case started by a fold (to be afterwards either caught or slip-stitched down), and the edge towards the fitting line left raw. The bottom ends of these sets of folds should be drawn together a little, like a fan, but not enough so as to bring the raw outside edge over the fitting line higher than where the starting of the next series of folds will cover it. When the four lots of folds are arranged, tack the shape of the fitting line through them, and cut the vest round to shape. Lightly herringbone the bottom of the last series of folds raw-edged down to the lining, then with the piece of silk remaining lay

four or five upward sash folds on the waist and the piece of lining two inches below it, finally tacking the bottom edges of silk and lining together, and turning them up to finish the vest. The edges would be cut to shape and bound, the neck finished as already explained, and the centre boned, the eyelet holes pierced through the folds and worked through them (folded vests are never buttoned in), and when the vest is in wear it will have the appearance of reaching down to the waist only, but being really longer it



Fig. 1.

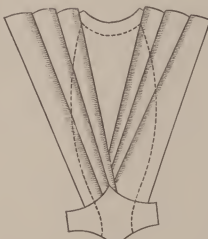


Fig. 2.

DIAGRAM II.

saves the wearer the short-waisted appearance so much objected to by ladies who favour the other extreme. When the folds are arranged on the vest lining, and before they are cut to shape, it is difficult to imagine that the really charming and simple vest it is can be evolved from that alarming arrangement, all seemingly ends and spikes, which lies before them; but for the comfort of amateurs I have shown on the diagrams how much of the folded material overlaps the edges, and needs cutting away before the real vest is fairly seen. Fig. 2, Diagram II., shows the present most fashionable arrangement of the folded vest. The V of any of the materials previously mentioned is tacked raw-edged to the lining nearly down to the waist, and half a yard of soft silk divided down the length is arranged from each side to meet at the waist or a little above, starting with a fold towards the centre, which is to be secured down to the V, but raw-edged at the sides. The shape of the vest-line tacked through the folds is clearly shown. The bottom is finished by a piece of the V material, mounted on a piece of stiffening to simulate the front of a Swiss belt, being placed over the ends of the folds, which have been previously cut away to remove as much bulk as possible from the

waist, and then sewn down raw-edged to the lining. The material is firmly tacked over the top part of the belt piece (which is shaped like a diamond, but with lines slightly incurved), the turnings being snipped all along the edges to make them lie flat to the top of it. They are then securely herringboned to the back of it, the belt is laid on the vest and tacked into place, and then the top slip-stitched down through the folds to the lining. The bottom of the belt is turned up to shape, and the bottom edge of the lining turned in to face it, the turnings in both cases are snipped to lie to the curved shape of the Swiss belt lines. When both are turned in, the lining is hemmed against the bottom of the belt, then the other part of the vest bound, bound, and finished as usual.

Fig. 1, Diagram 3, shows a style of vest very much in fashion. Unlike the cross folded vests, which come to us from the Empire style, these are directly related to the English blouse, which they nearly resemble. A piece of silk or the dress material twice as wide as the widest part of the vest forms the gathered or pleated centre, and the yoke top and belt may be of the same, or, like the V in the preceding design, of



FIG. 1.



DIAGRAM III.

some heavier, richer, or more ornamental material. To arrange this vest, mark the yoke line to your lining as well as the usual fitting line. It should be three or four inches deep from the neck at the centre fold, and should slope up from that to the sides of the vest about an inch. Mark out a piece of stiffening the shape of the yoke, and on it fix the yoke material, turning up the bottom edge to keep a sharp point, and securing the turnings to the stiffening at the bottom, but leaving the usual wide turnings on the sides and neck. The yoke belt should be prepared in the same way, the top of it only being split down, turned over, and secured to the stiffening; the bottom and sides are left quite unfinished. Then the piece of material for the full part should be folded lengthways, and the centre fold tacked to the centre fold of the vest from level with the highest part of the yoke line. The edge of the stuff at each side is then brought to the edge of the vest and the fitting lines tacked through. Do not attempt to force the straight side of the cloth to lie to the shape of the curved vest outline from the bust

into the waist, but lay the edge of the cloth level on the table from the bust downwards, and let the incurved lines to the waist take their own shape out of it. It is easy enough to put the selvedge to the edge, but it makes it difficult to lay the pleats smoothly from the top downwards. When the sides are tacked out, arrange the tops of each side in three or four pleats facing towards the centre. At the waist or an inch below let these pleats come fairly one above the other, like the folds of a closed fan, tack them down raw-edged to the lining, and on the end of them lay the yoke-belt, the finished top of which is to be firmly stitched down through them to the lining. The bottom of the yoke is to be laid over the top pleats in the same way. In

either case the surplus stuff above and below the lines may be cut away, unnecessary bulk being always objectionable, but if the vest is liked full, as they often are by slight figures, the top edge of the straight piece of material may be gathered straight across, and the gathering laid to the yoke line, when the surplus stuff will fall below very prettily full. The yoke and belt once placed on, all the edges are finished as usual. The plaids on

the cross are very pretty in these yoked vests, the point of one big plaid making the yoke, and the centre of another the belt.

The draped vest, Fig. 2, Diagram III., is formed of a square of silk or stuff about 20 to 22 inches square, and a piece of some richer material for the plain side. The lining is cut two inches below the waist, and on it the piece of trimming is arranged raw-edged. The side of the silk is turned in as a fold to start and laid from one side of the neck nearly to the waist at the other side. The diagram shows so clearly how the silk is used in large pleats down the one side, and brought much closer together at the other side till all the length is used up, that I hardly think a detailed explanation necessary. When the drapery is finished, the material is cut off to the outline, and the vest finished as usual. The few vests I have here given are each representative of a different style, and all in the fashion of the day. Any of them may be used with the certainty that they are both good style and up to date.

J. E. DAVIS.



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New Books.

IN "Dr. Hermione" (Messrs. Blackwood and Sons) the author of "Lady Bluebeard" has produced an admirable novel. So seldom do we meet with a modern work of fiction which has style, humour, insight into character, that it is a pleasure to extend a hearty welcome to a volume which possesses these attractive qualities. The plot of "Dr. Hermione" is a simple one, and is not likely to interest those who thirst only for hairbreadth escapes and the shedding of blood. But the thread of incident is quite firm enough to hold the story together, and most of the characters live before us. The heroine of the novel, Dr. Hermione, is a young heiress who has thrown all her energies into the study of medicine, and sent her *protégée*, Edith Falconer, to Girtton, in the hope that she too may follow a career of usefulness. Her plans might have been crowned with complete success had not Edith's cousin, Tom Thornton, come back from the wars and arrived with Major Dundas, a brother-officer, at the Priory. Dr. Hermione begins by being angry with Edith for displaying an interest in Cousin Tom, and ends by falling in love with him herself. Jealousy and recrimination follow, and then the warriors are suddenly summoned to Egypt. Dr. Hermione and Edith set out as nurses, and all the characters of the novel (including even a sinister housekeeper with an unpleasant faculty for making mischief) meet once more on Egypt's burning plains. This strange meeting is the most serious defect in the novel, and suggests the last act of one of Mr. Pinero's domestic comedies. But the improbability is a gnat, which even the most critical should be able to swallow without a great deal of straining. Finally Cousin Tom marries Dr. Hermione, Edith finds compensation in accepting the proposal of the gallant Major, and everybody lives happy ever after. The plot is neither very fresh nor very exciting, but the book is written in so graceful and felicitous a style, the characters are drawn with so sure a hand and with so keen a perception of human nature, that we are not inclined to grumble at the lack of sensation. Dr. Jones, a delightfully good-humoured cynic, is doubtless a portrait, and it would be difficult to find a kindlier, more sympathetic character than he in contemporary fiction. The dialogue sparkles with wit, the descriptions of scenery are vivid and never forced, and the moral, that women, however lofty their aspirations, may still find something to interest them outside the learned professions, is a most wholesome one, and sadly needs enforcing in these days of intellectual activity.

By the side of the wonderful strides taken by science generally in our day, medical science in particular seems to make but slow progress. Yet in one direction things are steadily improving. Doctors are beginning to understand that in many, nay, in most cases of illness, skilled nursing and suitable diet are of more importance than drugs. One of our foremost physicians makes it a

practice to put his patients on the strictest diet, and to give them no medicine. He is not loved of diners-out, and if all the faculty followed his example, professed cooks would be forced to join the ranks of the unemployed. A little book called "Food in Motherhood, or how to maintain Health," by Dr. Ephraim Cutter, an American, (Stott), shows the vast importance that proper feeding is to mothers. No one can fail to see the influence mothers have for good or evil on future generations, and, therefore, any aid to the preservation of their health, and that of the children it is their duty to rear, must be gladly welcomed. Dr. Cutter gives much practical and sensible advice: he points out the most wholesome foods, and what is of equal, or of even greater, importance, tells us how to cook them. He very wisely prefers cooking by steam to boiling, and broiling to frying; our best cooks invariably employ steaming, and we should like to see the process more generally introduced. He strongly advocates that mothers shall themselves nurse their children, and points out the many advantages both to mother and child resulting from the practice.

THE "Middle-class Cookery Book" (Macmillan) is a very complete little volume, and supplies a long-felt want. It is intended for the use of families of moderate means, who are obliged to employ cooks more or less untrained. Most cookery books contain recipes beyond the means of middle-class families, and beyond the powers of unskilled cooks. Such people do not care to make puddings that call for pints of cream and dozens of eggs, and entrées that require a sort of charcoal stove to keep them hot until they reach the dining-room door. The general directions in the book before us are useful and to the point. We cordially agree with the statement that as, except in high-class cookery, oil and butter are too expensive to be used for frying purposes, clarified fat or dripping is far preferable to lard. The breakfast dishes, the everlasting torment of most housekeepers, are good and easily made. We confess we should like to see some new methods of cooking cold meat; with a little trouble and invention, dishes made out of cold meat might surely be more palatable. The instructions in all cases are so clear and concise, that it is to be regretted some notion of the probable cost of each dish is not given. Lack of such knowledge often leads young housekeepers into difficulties.

UNDER the title of "When Mother was Little" (T. Fisher Unwin), Mrs. S. P. Yorke has written a book which should delight the hearts of all children. It has a charming simplicity and directness of style, and the author has a vivid recollection of the feelings and sentiments of childhood. Though it contains no exciting adventures, the incidents related in its pages are such as are most likely to interest and amuse the young, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.

Notes and Comments.

MISS GORDEN and Miss CHAM will not, it seems, after all, be permitted to maintain their seats unchallenged upon the London County Council, but there seems to have been a very grievous want of courtesy in the manner in which the fact was notified to them. The two ladies themselves are awkwardly placed. They are liable to penalties if they vote: they are equally liable to punishment if they abstain. Altogether the best friends of the cause of lady members of the Council are in a fix. The spirit of Mr. Ritchie's Act undoubtedly intended to give women the right to sit, but the letter is clearly against it. The principle which has led these two most capable ladies to contest their seats is admirable enough, and we have no sympathy with those who urge that it would probably have been better had they deferred their candidature till a short supplementary Bill had been passed, conferring on the sex the right to sit, as well as to vote in elections. It is not by meekly standing aside that reforms are won.

THE recent meeting of the Rational Dress Society was one of unusual interest. Fortified by diagrams and blackboard sketches, Dr. Lennox Browne, Dr. Willerforce Smith, and others contended that the attainment of a wasp-like form, however desirable from a fashionable point of view, can only be indulged in at the expense of the vital organs of the system. The voices of the doctors, too, were raised in protest against the deformation of the feet caused by wearing high-heeled boots and shoes, and hence also the aid of diagrams was invoked to show how much injury and destruction of natural beauty of form are wrought by closely following the freaks of fashion. The resolution on this head was carried unanimously, and few will be found to carp at the hope it expressed—"that all classes of the community will aid in every possible way to evolve some form of feminine dress less likely than the present to arrest normal development."

PERHAPS the most interesting medical testimony was that of Dr. Willerforce Smith. This gentleman characterised as "nonsense" the theory that while men breathe from the chest, women were intended to breathe from the abdomen, and would do so but for their stays. To these also he attributed the fact that deaths from consumption were more frequent among young women than among young men, the cause being the artificial compression of the respiratory organs. This condemnation of the corset was endorsed generally by the other speakers, but some of the ladies inveighed against the whole of the present system of dress as excessively heavy and completely "irrational" in design. Lady Harlerton made a severe attack upon Miss Kate Greenaway for having clothed the children of her fancy in "pretty" garments, totally unsuited for the practical needs and comfort of the boys and girls. She thought, too, that children who were dressed in imitation of these pictures were in great danger of losing that modest unconsciousness which is the charm of childhood, for, of course, everyone turns to look at the "Kate Greenaway little girl." There can be no doubt, however, that the artistic element is one that must be

seriously considered, and, as one lady pointed out, it is all the more desirable to give prominence to this in order that those who are indifferent to the hygienic advantages of rational dress may be attracted by its prettiness.

ANOTHER aspect of the question was dealt with by Miss Tournier, who expressed the opinion that modern dress seriously affects the temper as well as the health of women: the heavy mantles, the long dress that will gather the mud in spite of all preventive efforts, tending to worry the nervous system, and produce irritability, from which the children—and not only the children—have to suffer. Mrs. Stopes argued in favour of more modern designs, the present style being really a creation of "The Dark Ages," neither practical nor artistic. What is wanted, she thought, is something to meet the demands created by the extension of education among women, many of whom are now seeking to be useful rather than ornamental members of society. This combination of the practical and the artistic is, of course, not an easy one. How far it has yet been attained by the Rational Dress Society may be judged from the designs on view at the Society's depot at 11, Sloane Street. It should be added that the Society is arranging for a conference to be held during the spring to consider proposals for a "new but perfectly sensible walking-dress," which we understand to mean not only something different from the walking-dresses favoured by fashion, but also something other than the divided skirt. Any lady may take part in the discussion by forwarding her name and address to the office of the Society.

THE question of women's labour occupies so important a section in the programme of the Congress convened by the German Emperor that we trust one or two thoroughly competent lady delegates may attend on behalf of their British sisters. The four heads on the subject are:—(a) Is the work of married women to be restricted in the day-time or at night? (b) Is the industrial work of all females (married and unmarried) to be subjected to certain restrictions? (c) What restrictions are to be recommended in this case? (d) Are exceptions to be permitted from the general rules for single branches of industry, and for which? It will be seen that all these considerations are fraught with grave difficulties. If it be not invidious to make suggestions as to women competent to deal with them, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Beatrice Potter, and Miss Clementina Black may be mentioned as singularly fitted to undertake the office.

SPEAKING generally of the attitude of trades-unionism, as far as men are concerned, it may be said that they are in favour of severe restriction upon female labour, especially in those callings in which it comes at all into competition with male labour. We all remember the attitude of the Labour Party in the House of Commons with regard both to the pit-brow girls, who actually sent representatives up to Whitehall to plead their own right to work, and to the Cradley Heath female chain-makers. That a higher age of limitation in labour for girls than for boys might be advisable on physical grounds

would probably be admitted by most people, but all recent legislation has tended to give adult women an equal right of judgment with men, and any attempt to restrict this right would be resented both by the leaders and by the mass of working-women. No restriction, moreover, should be attempted in the case of married women not carried out equally towards unmarried. They and their husbands alone have any right to decide in the matter, and any effort at interference might be characterised as placing a premium upon immorality.

INDIA seems likely to give an impetus to law study among women, just as it has opened an almost illimitable field for lady doctors. The difficulty of examining female witnesses in the East has long been felt by judges and barristers, for it was repugnant to every Indian woman's prejudices to stand up and give evidence in an open court before men. In cases where their evidence was absolutely indispensable, they attended in closed palanquins, and were permitted to remain closely veiled. The Nizam of Hyderabad, who is a particularly enlightened and practical ruler, has, however, solved the problem in a manner deserving of the highest commendation. He announces his intention of appointing a certain number of ladies to take evidence on Commission in the Zennas. The qualifications for fulfilling the post of lady law commissioner will be a thorough acquaintance with both Indian and English law, and a good knowledge of Urdu, Persian, and Arabic. The salary offered will be high, and the appointments will last for several years.

ONLY two ladies so far have distinguished themselves in legal studies in England—namely, Miss Orne and Miss Lawrence; but in America Mrs. Belva Lockwood is the *doyenne* of a small army of lady lawyers, some of them in really fair practice. Here, hitherto, the courts and the Bar have been as firmly closed to women as the Church, and consequently there has been no incentive to take up the profession. But if India once opens a door to lady lawyers, the prospect promises a really valuable outlet for the talents of clever women, while it is not hampered by the objection so often raised to the professional competition of the sexes, since women will find practice for themselves in a sphere that men cannot enter, unless a complete revolution in Indian customs is brought about.

In the terrible story of the brutal treatment of the female political prisoners in Siberia, told in the *Times* with such vivid force the other day, there is only one bright spot, and that is the beautiful devotion of the women to one another in their sufferings. History has no more pathetic record than the chain of events commencing with the shameful insult offered to Madame Soluzeff Kovalsky by Mazukoff, the Governor of the Kara fortress, whose removal was thereupon demanded by her sisters in prison adversity. Their grievance was ignored, so they resolved to enforce it by that most fearful of ordeals, a hunger strike, knowing that the scandal of their deaths would at least result in some investigation. Deceptive information as to the removal of the hated governor was twice given them, but in three periods of eighteen, eight, and twenty-two days did these women for the sake of one another voluntarily starve themselves; and, indeed, were only kept alive by food forced upon them by sheer strength. One woman, Madame Shida, bolder even than the rest in her exceeding weak-

ness, resolved on a desperate step. She sent for Mazukoff and deliberately slapped him in the face, reckoning that after some inquiry she would be hanged. A worse fate was in store for her. In spite of the surgeon's certificate that she could not stand it, she was stripped and flogged, one hundred heavy strokes being counted upon her frail body before she died.

THEN men as well as women rose in revolt. By some means poison was smuggled into the fortress, and two men and three women followed Madame Shida into the Silent Land. Whatever one's political feelings, and however much one may detest the crimes committed in the name of Nihilism, it is impossible not to shudder over this addition to the grim chronicles of Mr. George Kennan. These poor creatures, however, will not have died in vain, for this shocking revelation must result in inquiry, and in improvement of the lot of the Siberian prisoners. And every woman must feel proud of the sweet love and gentleness to one another which grew to the sublimity of martyrdom behind the dark walls of the Kara fortress.

By a rather remarkable coincidence, the girls this year came out badly in both the School Board scholarship examinations and the matriculation examination of the London University. Thereat some of the opponents of the higher education of women made small capital, and shrieked, "Look at the failures!" Now this is very shallow and superficial reasoning. Take the case of a fairly well-to-do artisan with a large family of varying ages, and one will invariably find that the boys' education is pursued with considerably more regularity than that of the girls, who are kept at home to "mind the baby" and take their share in domestic duties. Meantime the lads are being continually urged on to higher endeavours, and have relatively dazzling chances of "bettering themselves" in many ways, while the old view that education is not needed in the same degree for women still obtains to a very large extent in the class from which these competitors are drawn, and hinders girls from putting forward their best energies. Taking into consideration, as a typical example, that at the age when these scholarships are offered the boy will be thinking of a clerkship, while the girl's highest ambitions do not soar beyond the "milliner's young lady," it would be a most extraordinary thing if the sexes came out more equally than they do.

REGARDING the London matriculation, it may be said broadly that it appears at first sight a very equal test as regards women and men. Before, however, drawing any conclusions from it, we would say that, rather than pointing to any inherent inequality, it raises the question whether the sexes can best arrive at the same goal by similar roads. Turning to the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as those in America, we see how carefully the whole system of teaching has been thought out so as to best adapt it to the female brain. But by far the larger proportion of those who enter for the London examination are prepared by "home study," in which, it is not unreasonable to suppose, the same course has been adopted for girls as for boys. In neither case, therefore, can any elaborate theories be safely framed without giving due prominence to qualifying circumstances.

FROM America we hear of the death of Mrs. Prudence Crandall Phillips, who took an active part in raising the negroes from their despised position fifty or sixty years ago. Prudence Crandall was a Friend, born in 1803, at Hopkinton, Rhode Island, and educated at the Friends Boarding School at Providence. In 1831 she established in Canterbury, Connecticut, a girls' school which had a good reputation, and met with the patronage of the inhabitants. A negro girl named Sarah Harris applied for admission, which was granted, the consequence being that the parents of the other pupils threatened to withdraw their children if "that coloured girl" were retained. Seeing that there was no chance of her being permitted to teach black and white girls together, Prudence Crandall advertised her school as one for "young ladies and little misses of colour," intending henceforth to devote her life to the negroes. Great indignation was felt at her action. Three towns' meetings were held to express disapprobation. An appeal was made to the Legislature, resulting in the passing of an Act forbidding the admission of coloured persons into such schools.

NEXT, Prudence was arrested, placed in a murderer's cell, and convicted of the crime of educating negroes; but as her case being taken before the Supreme Court, the whole proceedings were quashed, though only on technical grounds. During her trials she was subjected to great indignities. Her relatives were forbidden to see her, shopkeepers would sell no food to her or her pupils, public conveyances, medical attendance, and public worship were denied them. Their water-supply was polluted, and finally their house set on fire and ransacked by a mob. Concluding that no good could be accomplished in the face of such obstacles, Prudence gave up the school. Shortly afterwards she married the Rev. Calvin Philleo, who died in 1874.

THE extravagance of modern dress upon the stage has excited the wonder of certain French journalists, who have soundly rated some of their actresses for the luxury of their toilettes. But in days gone by the stage was without the slightest influence upon fashion. If ancient, it was full of anachronism; if modern, it was poor and ugly. With the present day drawing-room comedies and pretty reflections of the "life that all men live," dress across the footlights has grown to be one of the strongest factors in influencing fashion. No one's distinctive style has had more weight than that of Sarah Bernhardt, who has given us our clinging seamless bodices and high-steeved sleeves, while it is very doubtful whether the tea-gown would be the lovely, well-worn garment it is had not Mrs. Bernard Beece shown us its capabilities. The "dressing" of a piece now has a decided place in determining women's visits to the theatre, and, therefore, managerial instincts are in favour of its richness and originality. That fashion should be so much directed as it is by the theatre is a strong proof of the growing importance of the drama.

IN the last century Horace Walpole compiled an interesting book on royal and noble authors, but whoever should enter on such an undertaking to-day would have a much more formidable task. There is scarcely a royal house in Europe that has not dabbled in literature, and something similar may also be said of the British nobility

and their connections. A pleasant volume entitled "Engelberg and Other Verses" has just been published by Percival & Co. from the pen of the Honourable Beatrix Tollemache. She was born in 1840, the youngest daughter of the first Lord Egerton of Tatton, and is not the only member of the family possessing literary tastes, for her brother, the present Lord Egerton of Tatton, formed an excellent collection of oriental arms and armour, and wrote an account of them which has taken rank as the text-book on the subject. The Hon. Beatrix Egerton in 1870 married the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, a younger son of Lord Tollemache of Helmingham, so well known for his efforts in the improvement of agriculture. Mr. and Mrs. Tollemache have already printed for private circulation some of their literary essays, and the lady's verses have now been gathered from the *Academy* and other periodicals, and offered to the public in a permanent form. They are graceful in diction, and deal with a considerable variety of subjects, some re-telling legends of Cheshire, the native county of the authoress, while others reflect the impressions of foreign travel.

THE question whether women shall ride astride in trousers or not is still being hotly discussed in several quarters, the *Daily Graphic* having devoted several illustrations to it. Mrs. Nanny Power O'Donoghue, as good an authority on women on horseback as could be found, throws her influence dead against it, as do several professional lady riders. "Vanderlecken," the well-known writer on sport, too, adduces many grave and weighty reasons why the posture should not be adopted, while physiology is unanswerably brought forward by medical experts against it. If some sensible constable would bring the first woman whom he saw in this immodest attitude before the nearest court, just as he would do if he saw some foolish youth masquerading in female clothes, the whole controversy would be at an end. What is now a bit of foolish bravado against custom, but is exalted by some silly extremists into "emancipation" and "freedom," would then be regarded as coming very near, if not actually constituting, a misdemeanour at common law, and would be ranked in the same category of unfeminine conduct as the use of bad language or as drunkenness.

ALL lady artists will hear with pride and pleasure that the illogical prejudice which kept them from membership of the Old Water-Colour Society has been at last overcome. The first lady to receive the distinction of full membership is Mrs. Allingham, who for fifteen years has exhibited her dainty work upon its walls in the capacity of "Associate Exhibitor," the highest rank which women have hitherto been permitted to attain. The constitution of the Water-Colour Society is identical with that of the Academy, and consists of forty members, whose diplomas are signed by the Queen. After the concession which has been made to the female students at the Academy with regard to their studies from the living model, it is perhaps not too much to hope that we shall see Lady R.A.'s in the course of another year or two. The fact seems generally forgotten now, but Angelica Kaufmann was a member of the original "thirty-six" of the Academy, when that body was founded in 1768; so that it would not be such a startling innovation after all.



NEW DRESSES.

(See p. 224.)

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Mrs. Arthur Stannard at Home.

ON the outskirts of the ancient city of York, almost opposite the gates of the cavalry barracks, there stood some thirty years ago a cosy habitation having the name of "The Cottage." Old-fashioned in all respects,

parson's flowers, and—what is most to the purpose of this article—they petted the parson's daughter. Captain and cadet alike were ever ready to romp with the little girl. Growing up in such circumstances, Miss



MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD, WITH HER TWINS.

(From a Photograph by W. Gill, Colchester.)

"The Cottage" was surrounded by a large garden, in which, from spring to fall, the flowers of the county flourished in profusion. At "The Cottage" there lived with his wife and little girl the Rev. H. V. Palmer, who, as rector of St. Margaret's Church, was one of the most popular clergymen in the cathedral city. Before taking orders, Mr. Palmer had been an officer in a cavalry regiment, his abandonment of the army for the Church having been dictated by the strongest religious feelings. Owing to this circumstance, as well as to the geniality which brightened his religion, Mr. Palmer was on the friendliest terms with the officers who were his neighbours in the barracks. To many of them "The Cottage" was open house; they came and went as they willed. They enjoyed the parson's jokes and picked the

Palmer saw the inner side of the soldier's life and learned the truest traits of his character in a way that we can well understand on reading "Bootles' Baby," "Cavalry Life," or "In Quarters." For the Miss Palmer of the York cottage was destined to become the "John Strange Winter" of the literary world, and the Mrs. Arthur Stannard of London society.

It is in a newly built house in one of the Earl's Court squares that I learn how Mrs. Stannard has been, as a novelist, able to do for the army what Clarke Russell has done for the navy. To her unique opportunities of observation, the young girl added an equally important power of memory. Almost from her first years of childhood her memory is a clear fountain. Unlike nearly all other novelists, Mrs. Stannard has never found it

necessary to keep a woman's place back. Every little conversation, every trivial circumstance, leaves its impression upon her brain. As may be supposed, such a faculty is not always a blessing, for often

"Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still."

"My recollections are constantly troubling me," Mrs. Stannard complains. "They are often so dangerous to friendship. When I would willingly forgive I cannot forget." Yet it is by this power of memory that Mrs. Stannard has created her prettiest situations and finest characters. Bootles lived in the flesh; Buttons had all the vitality which high spirits and the air of barracks could give him. In the process of the story-telling the character is, of course, idealised, with a novelist's privilege, she is "to his faults a little blind, and to his virtues very kind."

Rosa Bonheur won fame by her portraiture of animals, and Lady Butler by that of battalions. No less foreign were the barracks to the sphere of woman than the stable or the battlefield. Yet, the examples of the lady artists notwithstanding, when Miss Palmer found a publisher for a collection of stories of "Cavalry Life," she was persuaded that to put forth the volume as the work of a woman would prejudice its success. She chose as a *nom de plume* the name of the hero of one of the stories written in the first person. When "Bootles' Baby" achieved its great success, however, galvanising the languishing sale of "Cavalry Life," and securing a ready public for "Buttons," Mrs. Stannard had no longer any motive for concealing her sex. Gradually the truth leaked out that "John Strange Winter," instead of being the dashing young officer of some of the reviewers, was a married lady of thirty. Mrs. Stannard had contributed some stories to the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the editor, having decided to entertain his staff at a Greenwich Fish dinner, sent a card to "J. S. Winter, Esq." In reply he received a letter explaining that as "J. S. Winter" was of the sex requiring *chaperones*, she must decline the invitation. Mrs. Stannard had then received many kindly letters from military readers; on confessing her sex this correspondence increased, and among the letters she received was one from an officer of the Tower, stating that he had just gone through her books, but had failed to find one of the many errors respecting military matters which he expected them to contain. It need scarcely be added that Mrs. Stannard is constantly making new friends in the military circles of London.

On this subject of sex Mrs. Stannard holds decided views. "In art there should be no sex," she declares. "Nothing is more annoying than to find critics referring to me as the lady who is pleased to call herself John Strange Winter. I have explained why I adopted a masculine pseudonym. But, being a woman, I make no plea for indulgence on that account. Literary work should be judged without regard to the sex; and it could have been of no possible consequence to the readers of 'Bootles' Baby' whether its author was man or woman." It was doubtless in compliance with these principles that

Mrs. Stannard declined to attend the Literary Ladies' Dinner, at which was celebrated some time ago the advance of women in authorship. To her there is no sting in the sneer of the satirist who spoke of George Eliot as "a genius without sex."

Since the publication of "Bootles' Baby" in 1885, first in the *Graphic* and then in volume form, Mrs. Stannard has written more than a dozen books, most of them being of about the same length. In the aggregate their sale in this country alone has amounted to 600,000 copies. Of this record of five years' work there are few living authors who would not be proud. Mrs. Stannard's success seems to have sprung up in the night, but, as she frankly confesses, it is in reality the fruition of many years of toil, sudden as the awakening to fame may have been. The literary ambition was of very early growth, and her first fiction was written while still in her teens. It was published in the *Family Herald* and similar journals, for which in about eight years she wrote no fewer than forty-two novelettes. Soon after the girl began to write, her mother was widowed, and in a short time her literary earnings replaced the loss of her father's income. She always wrote with great pleasure and little fatigue, very often spending twelve hours of the day at her desk. Only to a small degree did Mrs. Stannard then use the large stores of her impressions of military life and character; for, to find acceptance at the hands of her editors, her work had necessarily to be somewhat conventional in tone and treatment. But, notwithstanding its limitations, Mrs. Stannard looks back upon this period of her work as an admirable apprenticeship. To the readers of these many novelettes Miss Palmer was known as "Violet Whyte," the *nom de plume* she discarded about eight years ago when "Cavalry Life" appeared.

One day the young authoress read the report of a lecture delivered at Oxford by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin's theme was earnestness in art, and as an illustration he told the story of a young sculptor who was commissioned to do a number of heads. When the work was examined everyone was struck by the scrupulous care the sculptor had bestowed on each detail of the bust. The back parts, which in the elevated position of the sculpture would not be seen, were as perfect as the most prominent features of the face. "Why do you do work which cannot possibly be seen?" the sculptor was asked. "Oh, but God can see it," he replied, "and I would have every part perfect in His eyes." Mrs. Stannard still speaks with the warmest gratitude of the good effect Ruskin's words had upon her mind. From that time thoroughness became the keynote of her work. Taking up the novel she was then engaged on—which was, I believe, "Regimental Ballads," her second military story—"John Strange Winter" examined every word to satisfy herself that it best conveyed her meaning and was the simplest she could use. "Bootles' Baby" was re-written nine times before it passed out of the hands of the authoress, who had then to endure its rejection at the hands of five different editors.

Mrs. Stannard has not allowed the strong temptations that have come in the time of success to weaken this capacity for taking pains. Running over the many

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titles of her novels, she seems to have been very prolific during her five years of fame; but if there has been profligence it has not been at the expense of painstaking. Before writing "A Siege Baby," she carefully studied for some weeks a standard history of the Indian Mutiny. In preparing a two-volume work that is to be published next season, Mrs. Stannard has devoted attention to volumes of *Harper's Magazine* containing

and cheerless because it has no heavy drapery or solid furniture. But in my eyes it had the redeeming virtues of simplicity and light; while a glance at the writing-table where Mrs. Stannard plies the pen reminded me of Anthony Trollope's famous dictum concerning the stock-in-trade of an author. In a small cardboard box is placed the MS. of the novel Mrs. Stannard is now writing, some of the thick foolscap sheets having just been filled up



MRS. STANNARD'S STUDY.

illustrated articles on the Wild West, because some of the incidents of the novel occur on an American rancho farm. In all this she may be compared to the authoress of "Felix Holt," who "went through" *The Times* for a whole year before beginning the book which gives us so graphic a picture of English provincial life before the days of Parliamentary reform and railways.

Mrs. Stannard writes for three hours a day in a little room which, with a bookcase, a table, and three or four chairs, leaves little space for intruders upon the sanctity of an author's den. At one time she had a passion for china, and by the bookcase there is some valuable Crown Derby and blue-white. With the flotsam and jetsam of friendship and acquaintance—photos and autographs, drawings and cards—the mantelpiece is crowded, while on the walls are some clever coloured sketches of soldiers in the various uniforms of British regiments.

Some people might describe the apartment as bare

by her neat flowing caligraphy. On the average Mrs. Stannard writes about three pages per day, and several odd sheets of paper lying on the table give indications of her method of work. She never corrects a faulty sheet, but always re-writes it. Before beginning a story the plot is briefly written out, while on another sheet Mrs. Stannard makes experiments with the names of characters, those names being finally chosen which are most expressive and euphonious. For the sake of convenience she also chooses a title, but in the progress of the story it may be discarded, and a fresh one substituted several times over.

At Mrs. Stannard's elbow as she writes are placed two well-used volumes of Tennyson and Longfellow, her favourite poets. With almost every line of the bard of "Hiawatha" she is familiar, and to every feeling of depression she always finds the antidote in his pages. In the bookcase that stood almost at arm's length from the writing-table there are but a few reference-books besides

a gift of Mrs. Stannard's own works, given for her, hand
specially bound in unweeded by law publishers, and a number
of presentation copies from literary friends. Among the
latter is the memoir of Sir Henry Edwards, which Mr.
Ruskin sent to her with his best wishes as being the only
book on a soldier he had written. While looking at the
book I inquired how Mrs. Stannard had first made the
friendship of the philosopher of Coniston. It seems that
when "Bootles' Baby" gave Mrs. Stannard an assured
position as an authoress, she was persuaded by her
husband that to Mr. Ruskin an acknowledgment was
owing for the inspiration he had given her at a critical
time in her literary fortunes. In reply to the letter Mrs.
Stannard wrote it was desired that Mr. Ruskin would
trouble to send no more than a formal acknowledgment
of its receipt. In a short time there came a letter
from Mrs. Severn, the critic's daughter-in-law, stating
that Mr. Ruskin was staying at Sandgate, whither
Mrs. Stannard's letter had been sent. Curiously enough
she had on the very day of its arrival at Coniston
sent copies of "Bootles' Baby" and "Buttons" to
Mr. Ruskin, with the remark that she believed he
would find the author a man after his own heart. In a
day or two the master himself wrote, desiring Mrs.
Stannard and her husband to come and see him at Sand-
gate. While there Ruskin told her that although he had
given the Oxford lecture before thousands of people, she
had given him the first proof that it had been of any
practical good.

In her home life Mrs. Stannard shows that the love
and devotion of a wife and a mother need suffer nothing
from a woman's work in literature. All her time, ex-
cepting the short hours she passes day by day in her
"den," is given to the cares of her home and the
pleasures of society; her books do not supersede in
her thoughts her husband and her children. Perhaps
this happy circumstance is due partly to the good
sense of Mr. Stannard himself, who, although by pro-

fession a civil engineer, relieves his wife of every detail
relating to the publication of her books. Mr. Stannard,
it may be mentioned, married the authoress in 1884,
only a few days after first meeting her in a Yorkshire
country house, and about two years before "Bootles'
Baby" made her famous. Mrs. Stannard's eldest
child, a precocious little girl of five, is named Audrey
Noel, in remembrance of the fact that she was born
on a Christmas Day. The twins, a boy and a girl,
were christened Eliot Carlella and Violet Mignon,
the names of child-characters in "Cavalry Life" and
"Bootles' Baby." Many of the quaint sayings which
give to Mrs. Stannard's characterisation of child-life so
much of its charm have been suggested by the actual
prattle of her own little ones. For the sake of her
children, Mrs. Stannard spends the summer at a delight-
ful old place in Essex, partly farmhouse and partly villa.
"Buttons" and "Miss Bob" were written at Wix,
and in the two-volume work to which Mrs. Stannard
had referred, there will be found some descriptions of
Essex country.

During the winter Mrs. Stannard is "at home" to
her friends on the first Saturday in every month. On
mounting the wide staircase—momentarily glancing
perhaps at the pictures and engravings that crowd the
wall, and feeling the warm glow of the fire that blazes
in a balcony half way up—one enters the drawing-room
(a spacious apartment tastefully, yet not extravagantly,
furnished) to find oneself surrounded by well-known re-
presentatives of artistic and literary London. In the
midst of the throng stands the hostess, being—with her
height and generous physique, and a face that, sallow-
complexioned and darkly outlined, is yet vigorous and
strong intellectually—one of its most prominent figures.
Chatting cheerily and briskly, yet without any assump-
tion of insincere effusiveness, first to one and then to
another, Mrs. Stannard's talents find exercise as well in
the salon as in the study.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Unattained.

AH! the great heights we fan, but could not climb!
The noble things we vowed, but could not do!
Vague stretchings towards illimitable blue
Of weak hands fettered by the chains of Time,
Echoes ineffable of angel rhyme
Beating heroic numbers long nights through,
Yet dull and trivial when they met the view
Of the prosaic daylight! The sublime
High towering thoughts that had so mean a vent,
Gigantic hopes doomed to such pigmy state,
Dwarfed fruition of emotions great!
The exultant thrill, the dreaming glow was spent
When the shaped purpose crystallised to Fate—
No rapt earth trembled when our veil was rent!

MARY GEOFFREY.

A Fateful Date.



IN these realistic days of research—when “spooks” are superseding ghosts, and telepathic sympathies threaten to displace our once cherished pre-sentiments—an authentic tale of how a fortune-teller’s prophecy was fulfilled may possibly possess some interest for any old-fashioned folks who may still survive.

She was a very ordinary specimen of a wandering soothsayer, that gipsy who, one summer morning nearly thirty years ago, came trudging up the sunny roadway by the side of a cart which bristled all over with brushes and brooms and baskets, and drew up at our gate. A black-eyed, ragged, little urchin stood at the lean horse’s head, whisking at the flies with a bit of bracken; a bigger and raggeder replica of the boy leaned against the wheel, pulling slow whiffs from a short clay pipe; the thin horse neighed, the old gate creaked, and in curtseyed that disguised prophetess, with her samples and her insinuating inquiry of “Brooms to buy! or chairs to mend!” I think we must have had both, for her visit to the back entrance was a long one; and our game—that now forgotten game—of croquet was finished, and we had sauntered towards the gate in search of further excitement, and finding little in cart, or man, or boy, were slowly sauntering back again as she of the basket, her load much lightened, met us on the way out. “And may I tell your fortunes, my pretty ladies and gentlemen?” was perhaps the greeting to have been expected under the circumstances. It was an ephemeristic style of address, and one only to be justified on trading principles, for we “ladies and gentlemen” were just a youthful group of brothers and sisters and cousins, our prettinesses, like our powers and our potentialities, being in a very undetermined stage. Her suggestion, however, was hailed as a welcome diversion, and the necessary crossing of the palm was soon accomplished. Perhaps the fact that such crossing was in coppers instead of in the traditional silver accounted for the somewhat commonplace nature of her predictions, for, truth to say, they were, for the most part, of a sadly monotonous sort, varying chiefly in the complexion of the lovers, and in the numbers of the children that were indiscriminately served out to us. To one, I remember, now a bald and sufficiently selfish and successful barrister, early happiness of the satisfying love in a cottage sort was prophesied. It was but the other day he married most prudently. I happened to be present at the wedding reception, one of those serviceable “at homes,” where everyone can be asked without prejudice to future or familiar visiting. It was evidently for this occasion only that the relatives on his side were entertained. “We have known each other many years,” I overheard the gratified mother of the

bridegroom pleasantly remark to the stately mother of the bride. The two ladies, trader’s wife and banker’s widow, occupied neighbouring sittings at the church of which both were regular attendants. “Not personally, I think,” was the neat, if chilly, rejoinder, as the superior lady turned with a cool smile, and a “Frederick, let me present you to Lady Blank,” to the gravely acquiescent son-in-law. We none of us call him Fred now.

To another of us, to whom, in her phraseology, our gipsy foretold “honour, fame, and troops of friends”—that last only of her gifts was given, and these followed him, weeping.

Poor prophetess! perhaps some other of her predictions, being less precise in their terms, came more nearly true; if it be so, I have forgotten, for of all the rest I can remember only my own. I think by the time it came to my turn she was a little exhausted, or had possibly used up her stock quotations; at any rate, she was content with a short, if solemn, survey of my, I am afraid, rather grimy little palm, and then delivered herself of an oracular “Take heed of the twenty-second of December; that will ever be to you a fateful date.” It was certainly a little disappointing; it was grand, of course—rather like Caesar, in fact—to have a date of solemn import all to oneself, but I did feel that I ought to have had a few more particulars in return for all those pennies of mine. I grew reconciled to the omission in time—sooner, perhaps, than to the teasing which the dignity of my date conferred upon me. “Who’s to be hanged in December?” came to take recognised rank among our schoolroom witticisms; and a favourite form of sympathy over my frequent troubles of torn frocks and unlearned lessons was a sententious “You shouldn’t get into scrapes, you know, before you’re bound to.” The ominous nature of the prediction was somehow taken for granted. But as winter after winter went by, unmarked by any change, save the alternation of slush or of snow in our fields, faith in our gipsy waned, and allusions to “the man of December,” which was the last and longest-lived of the family jokes on the subject, were heard no more.

That one talent which is common to wise and simple alike—the talent for forgetting—asserted itself in us all, and, especially as nothing ever happened, that sunny summer day with its portents took its place, in time, by the side of the autumn snows. I don’t know that I altogether forgot it, but such incidents as stirred the monotony of the sleepy hollow in which we lived in those days were mostly of an uncomfortable sort, and so, I suppose, it came to pass that any more or less definite anticipations regarding December in which I might have indulged toned down by degrees to the limits of a cowardly fear of going to bed in the dark. Certain I am, at any rate, that when in the year that I was twenty a most unexpected invitation came for me to spend the Christmas holidays in town, no thought of any future beyond that immediate month, nor of any experience outside of its manifest

daughters, reserved to me. My world-be-lows were only remote summations of our family, and why they asked me was always a puzzle to us all, and, hush, I think, he put down to the great unguessed-at reserves of good nature that exist in the world.

I lived that month in a sort of ever-shifting kaleidoscope of exhibitions and dances and plays, as bright as any bit of colored glass among them all, and about as individually unnoticeable—till one night! I've often wondered since over the proverb that tells us "it is the unexpected which always happens"—wondered idly when the probable was pleasant—wondered too, with longing unexpressed, when the only possibilities were pain. But for once the proverb was justified of it, and for my fate came to me that night wholly without conscious forecast or presentiment. Of course we had met constantly all that month, but being both of us so peculiarly insignificant, our interest in each other had been profoundly uninteresting to the rest, and so, perhaps, taken somewhat as a matter of course by ourselves. He was "but a landscape painter, and a village musician!" That was the poetical aspect of the situation, with, alas! no Lord Barleigh-like development likely to a subaltern under orders for India and the fifth daughter of a country doctor. But, until that night, "development" had not, I am sure, been thought about by either of us. We had just "skipped and played" after the manner of the lamb apostrophised by Pope, and it was in as complete and comfortable "blindness to the future" that we drove off with the others to the play. We were a large party, overloading the elastic capabilities of the family coach into a supplementary four-wheeler, and needing some shifting and settling of seats when we got to the theatre. There were five reserved places in the front row and two at the back, and very much, I remember, we two were commended for our ready amiability in slipping into the latter, and a programme apiece was at once bestowed upon us. The play was *School*, and the heroine the Marie Wilton of those days, and to any playgoer old enough to remember these, it will not be surprising that we two forgot ourselves in following the fortunes of Naomi Tighe.

"The jug unites us." How we thrilled to that bit of sentiment among the moonlit shadows, and how yet more enthusiastically we shared "Nanny's" appreciation of "her adored Jack Poyntz." Whilst it lasted we were too attentive to the play to glance at the playbill, but between the acts we studied our programme to find out who all these charming people were in real life. Some look, and quite suddenly as it seemed, my eye was caught by the heading. There it stood:

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.
Thursday, December 22.

My own date staring at me and fulfilling itself in this delightful fashion!

"Oh!" I exclaimed impulsively, "the gipsy was right; there is an event in my life at last;" and in a series of whispers the long-ago prophecy was then and there confided to my companion.

And then the curtain drew up again, and in my

absorption I didn't notice life. But it was presently my turn to be startled by a whisper.

"I should like to-night to be an event in my life as well as in yours; do you think it might be so?"

Was it a continuation of the play? I think I almost looked up to see what Naomi would answer; but the low pleading went on, and though I could not manage to reply, I did now manage to understand that it was for me.

"You would not have let me say so much if you had not been willing for me to say more!" urged the low voice at my side.

"No, oh, no!" I exclaimed at that.

"No" is not a very encouraging word," he smiled, "and yet—"

"But I mean 'Yes,'" I eagerly stammered; "I mean 'Yes, thank you!'" and I suppose that was conclusive, if a trifle undignified.

I never can imagine to this day how we managed it in that crowded dress circle, and with our own party but one remove from us; but we did, even to the interchange of gloves, and to the building of a little house in the air in which a favourite brother of mine was to live with us. We were far too self-engrossed to be self-conscious, and if anyone did notice us, we happily did not notice them; and I doubt if ever since the first public conveyance was set on four cumbrous wheels, any one cab ever carried quite so much happiness for an eighteen-penny fare as did the rickety four-wheeler which rumbled with us through the wet shining streets that night.

It was a very short idyl. In point of time, "the evening and the morning were the first day" expresses it exactly. Precisely twelve hours after our parting in the cab we met again; I remember wishing it could have been in a more romantic spot, but the arrangement had been made a week back, and after all, Madame Tussaud's well-warmed gallery was perhaps preferable to the most secluded of gardens in the raw gloom of a December day, and certainly a more comfortable set of spectators than those irresponsive waxworks could not have been desired. How we talked! what a wonderful, beautiful, impossible life we planned to live! and how inconsequently Claude Melnotte and Colonel Esmond, and Jacob and Rachel, were all pressed into our service as types of a constancy that ours was to surpass. Bits of it all come back to me still in odd minutes when I get vexed with the girls, or when my husband is nodding over his newspaper. I see a fair haired man stooping over a girl in a grey coat and grey gloves (another new pair), and I listen with her. But such listening seems like eavesdropping to my middle-age conscience, and I soon jump up, and scold or pet, maybe, a little extra. The one practical outcome of our three hours' talk was that he was to go down next day and tell my parents all about it, and then we said good-bye.

It was exactly five-and-twenty years before we met again. When he went down, the whole thing, of course, had been utterly pool-pooled by the authorities. It was not as if either of us had any prospects, and such problematical ones as my blue eyes, by an off chance, might bring

me, my parents prudently considered that a never-likely-to-be-terminated engagement would inevitably destroy. The dishonour of binding a girl under such circumstances was explained to him; the discomfort of such a position was explained to me. So far as I was concerned, not one of the arguments, prudent or pathetic, appealed to me in the least, and I am constrained to admit that if, when he sailed for India the following month, he had written to me to join the ship, I should not have hesitated a minute about doing so.

The temptation, however, was not given to me. That reflection on his "honour" must have struck home—he had so few possessions of any sort, that he held to this with a tight grip, and, like the hero whom my own story has always made me a little slow to appreciate, he put into hard prose and practice that fine-sounding theory, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more." Very gentle but very uncompromising was his letter; Jacob and Rachel and "returning with the sheaves" all came into it, and those bits I would pick out and read over and over again, and skip the lines that told me about "duty" to myself and my parents, and other possible "suits" whom I was to hold myself free to consider without "reference to him in any way." "You cannot think yourself bound in the least," it ended; "I will not even keep your glove." That poor little glove! it had an epitomised experience of life in a modern phase, a painful birth, a short and cherished existence, ended literally in purple and fine linen, and cremation as the close of its chequered career! I suppose that it is not very easy for one member of a big and busy family to wear the willow while all the rest wear their comfortable commonplace garments of serge, or linsey-woolsey, as it was in those days. I don't doubt that Mrs. Browning's heroine honestly believed, as "she said,"

"If I might leave this smile,
And wear a moon upon my mouth,
And tie a cypress round my head,
And let my tears run smooth,
It were the happier way—"

but I am very sure that, unless she had lived quite by herself, she would not have found it so in practice. I was in a quiet sort of way very miserable for a very long while, faithfully miserable and indignantly miserable by turns. In the one mood I would wander in the woods and write verses about the beech-trees, which in our woods—I don't know if it is a general botanical fact—kept their faded leaves long after all the other boughs were bare; and in the other mood I would enter with extra zest into all such small gaieties as came in our way.

I think I never quite forgot my romance of a night and a morning—never, even though as time went on, and without a word more of explanation on either side, both his name and mine might have been read in the first column of *The Times*, and the years had rolled, not into the centuries, but into very nearly a quarter of one before that "fateful date" of mine did anything further to distinguish itself from the rank and file of common days.

And this was how it fulfilled itself on the second occasion. We were asked, a whole party of us, grey-haired husband and wife, a couple of sons taller than either, and a slim maiden, fair "with the sweet petitionary grace of seventeen," to spend the Christmas with some friends in Surrey. "From the 22nd till the 27th," so ran the hospitable invitation; and though I am not fond of the country in winter, I reflected that in this country-house form of it, and for so short a time, it would probably be tolerable; so, with an odd half-conscious flash of memory as I repeated the date, I wrote our acceptance.

There was a large dinner on the night of our arrival, and I was late in the drawing-room, and had scarcely time for that helpless glance round the room in which we women indulge—a glance half hope, half fear, but more fearful and less hopeful as we get older, before my portion for the next two hours was assigned to me. I knew him directly, almost, I think, without my host mentioning his name, which the prefix of Major did little to disguise, and by a sort of intuition (which afterwards, however, proved wrong) I, in the same flash, decided on his wife: a stout woman in ruby velvet and diamonds.

I was not vain enough to expect the recognition to be mutual, yet as he began about the frost before we got into the dining-room, and continued to talk weather all through the soup, I began to grow impatient, and as I lifted my last spoonful I remarked quietly—

"Do you know, I think we are old acquaintances; I am sure we met before you went to India; perhaps you will remember if I tell you my maiden name?"

And as he still looked stolid, I told it.

A blank look for a second, then "Yes, I remember," in a level tone, broken in upon with "Salmon or sole, sir?"

Then again, for a minute or two, silence. In a shame-faced sort of way I felt myself grow hot. I was thinking . . . was he thinking? . . . It seemed a very long minute till he turned towards me with a stronger look of interest in his eyes than I had seen yet, and, as I leaned a little nearer, "This salmon is *tinned*," he said.



The Hardships of Nurses.

BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.



“*My soul and I am a woman!*” was the earliest utterance of Galatea, when, like Aphrodite from the ocean, or Pallas from the head of Jove, fresh from the hands of one who was at once her lover and creator, she first awoke to life and love—

“*A woman with a childlike soul,
And passionately pure.*”

BUT, although in far-off days to love and be loved was peculiarly a woman's province, and to be adored in spheres of which her beauty was the first adornment, the lovely statue had, I fancy, but slight grounds for self-gratulation. Though labour was the man's monopoly, wars were then, as ever, woman's heritage, and they were scarcely the less bitter in that no toil was intermingled. We have changed all that. The magic which encircled womanhood is largely dissipated, and with its witchery much of graciousness and loveliness is wrested from us. In the futile struggle for equality, Fortune, herself a goddess, reserves her choicest favours for the valiant and the virile. The combat of the Amazons and Heroes is being fought anew, but the issue is in no way doubtful. To be a woman is sometimes beautiful and holy; but the curse of Eve lies heavy on her daughters, and to the end of time their teeth are set on edge with the forbidden apple. They are handicapped too heavily.

Hence it chanced among other items that while politicians was eloquent concerning workmen's scanty wages and lengthy hours—and with justice, Heaven knows—they, at least, pass over the not less glaring grievances of working women—overworked, underpaid, uneducated. For instance, in a nation which still prides itself on chivalry, it strikes one as incongruous that while an “eight hours” law for working men convulses State and draws “iron tears” from that gigantic factor in our modern whirligig of progress—the Press—women are permitted to work fourteen and fifteen hours daily without a word of protest—witness, among others, a regiment of hospital and private nurses. I have singled out these callings—which are by no means to be held ideal—especially the former, because they come directly within the scope of both my observation and experience. Both vocations are distinctly honourable, exalted, often arduous. But in the name of common sense and common justice (if such exist), if eight hours be the healthy, righteous limit of man's toil, how can it be admissible that a woman's hours should be practically twice that number? Is this reasonable? She is confessedly the weaker vessel, and on this account the ratio of her earnings is considerably diminished; and yet, in its despite, her powers of endurance shall be taxed more heavily, her hours of confinement be augmented, her necessary recreation be curtailed: that is strange logic!

The labourer has long evened out his own; the artisan and tradesman, half-days weekly—both, their Sundays. With the nurse, whose duties of necessity are of a trying, health-injurious nature, one would fancy daily fresh air an indisputable essential. The largest and best managed of our hospitals have recognised its reasonableness and framed their laws accordingly, but in smaller, indifferently conducted institutions, where antiquated modes of surgery prevail, and old-world *modus operandi* linger, the abuse to which “off duty” hours are subjected is, to say the least of it, regrettable. Two hours “off duty” every other afternoon is frequently regarded as a liberal allowance, and even these are very often shortened. To one accustomed to be on foot for twelve or fourteen hours daily, there is something almost farcical in the bare mention of an eight hours' programme. Yet, if the argument in furtherance of this measure, viz., giving work to great numbers, be held tenable, it applies with two-fold urgency to labour markets with which women are associated, for nowhere is the competition keener nor candidates more numerous.

Our difficulty lies in the fact that the supply outnumbers the demand, and hence the obvious impossibility of standing out successfully for what might otherwise be claimed as due. An army of probationers is waiting, ready and eager to pay liberal premiums for their apprenticeship; for there is now a mania for nursing, as, in the past, there was a mania for the gold-diggings. Hence endless bitterness and disappointment. The wealthy are a little hardly dealt with, for in this democratic century they are commonly reviled as drones, or reviled more harshly for entering into competition with the masses, and taking bread out of the poor man's mouth.

We expect much from nurses. Women like Florence Nightingale have created an exalted standard. But if we fling aside the veil of prejudice which blinds our vision, and look practically on the calling, which ranks more and more as a profession, and less and less as an impassioned mission, we shall own that we have no right to look for “angels with iron backs” in living creatures of flesh and blood.

The insensibility of doctors on this matter appears to me to be almost criminal. Nurses are certainly as plentiful as blackberries, and women, unfortunately, even more plentiful; and when one knocks up, many more are ready, eager, waiting to step into her shoes, so possibly it is scarcely worth the while to be careful of her physical well-being. With horses, as a matter of economy, to say nothing of humanity, we act differently.

I have known many doctors, and as individuals have found them courteous and agreeable, though commonly a little vain, and with a certain lack of delicacy, perhaps engendered by their calling; attentive to their patients and with keen delight in their profession; indifferent only where the rest and exercise of nurses under them

were in question. An eminent provincial surgeon has, without expostulation, seen a woman who has worked from 6.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., without the break of more than half an hour for her hurried meals, resume at 9 p.m. her intercepted labours for twelve hours of night duty. It never seems to have occurred to him that twenty-two and a half hours out of twenty-seven might be deemed excessive for a navy or a docker. I need scarcely add that, with a little common-sense and very ordinary management, such excesses may be avoided, and everyone, including patients and officials, be the better for it. In another institution I have known a nurse on duty for *eighteen* hours running for *eight* days, in one fetid atmosphere, wherein she took such meals as she could force down. The exigencies of the case precluded possibility of sleep. How much longer it might have lasted I know not, for on the ninth day the iron back gave way, also, I misdoubt, the angelic temper. In short, the nurse struck. She was utterly worn out in mind and body. Under such circumstances worms will turn.

It is the practice of one most accomplished surgeon, after a certain operation in which he *avails* to shut up nurse and patient in impenetrable solitude. For forty-eight, and often sixty hours consecutively, the nurse is left to watch her case minutely, ceaselessly and *sleeplessly*. The condition of the patient is most critical, and calls for unremitting vigilance. On the third day she (the nurse) may perhaps snatch an hour's sleep,

"—and surely sleep
Is better than aught save love!"

better than love itself under these circumstances. On the fifth day, if all be well, she may venture into the fresh air for an hour, and so on till the fourteenth, when probably her patient will be convalescent. The result is excellent, but the cost of it, the strain on mind and body, is something terrible.

I should have thought this lengthened vigil impossible to nineteenth-century heroines—I know it to be beyond my own powers—but I have watched its accomplishment, not once or twice merely, but again and again, four, six, and eight times throughout the year.

In justice to other institutions, I ought to add that Z—has, I believe, a monopoly in this method of procedure. Elsewhere it is designated *barbarous*.

During the first eight or ten days the one outsider who may gain admittance to that isolated chamber is the operator. If it occur to him that after this seclusion a change might benefit the nurse as well as the patient, the conviction is unuttered. It is only for a fortnight! But if for half that time this onerous weight of unremitting watchfulness, monotony, and solitude were forced upon him, I predict that never after would he lay it on another. It is, however, in full vogue in Z—in the year of our Lord 1890!

"It is a remnant of the dark ages. Many hospitals were managed in that way twenty years ago," a matron of the Sister Dora type remonstrated. For my own part, I believe it to be a crime, and what is worse than crime, an error. That it is unnecessary admits of no dis-

pute, since in every London hospital *two* nurses are invariably "told off" for every case of this description. As to isolation, another provincial surgeon, of at least equal ability, is of opinion that if antiseptics be worth anything, solitude is unessential; if not, it clearly follows that the operator is himself a germ-conductor. Why nurses should be germ-conveyancers, and doctors non-conductors, equal precautions being taken, I confess has puzzled me.

A whiff of fresh air daily, and a night's sleep, or, in the case of "night duty," very greatly diminished hours, do not seem, from a nurse's standpoint, exorbitant demands. It will be long, I fear, however, before they are universally conceded. But I desire more, for, in addition to sleep and outdoor exercise, which seem to me necessities, to which each human being, however humble, is entitled, I would give the luxury of weekly recreation; something—be it concert, play, *soirée*, exhibition—to stimulate the energies and quicken dulled vitality. Without something of this kind intellect stagnates, and even conversation ceases to have any attraction.

In a certain institution that I wot of, this dearth of conversational activity became so flagrant that it grew at last to be restricted to the state of the patients and the weather. Fortunately both vary. But think of the pity of it! Yet the nurses (they were ladies supposedly) were beyond doubt highly educated women. Poor things! They would have talked scandal very gladly, but knew none! Would they not have been better nurses as well as more attractive women had their lives been brightened, their horizon widened, their capabilities developed? And why was it not so? To a great extent because the Lady Superintendent was without external interests. Only women of large minds and catholic attainments should be competitors for posts like these.

Because a nurse's is a lofty calling, and because some remnants of superstitious reverence and sentimentalism hang about me, it is with a certain diffidence that I make moan of the *unnecessary* hardships of which she is the victim. In spite of them her life is often wholesome, happy; but how much happier it might easily be rendered! Under like conditions I am not sure that Galatea would be glad to be a woman. I think it even probable that she would be a little sorry, and this, although the nurse is the heroine of the present, after much the same fashion that the working man is avowedly its hero. And yet how little the outside world can understand her duties or realise her trials!

It is said that few men appear heroes to their valets, and still fewer are in their own eyes heroic; certainly not our masters of the future, who exist their little span, unconscious that in a Gordon or a Burnaby those privations they endure daily from life's sunrise to its sunset would be regarded as abnormal and immortal. The halo of romance with which the novelist invests the peasant is lost in stern reality. The hardships which encompass him are common to his kind; he has been brought up to them, and if healthy in mind and body, is content to labour for his hand-to-mouth existence, and cease to be; and this, not from sheer stupidity and inanition, so much as from the weighty

hand of custom, which presses on him with its grip of iron. But this sound mind in a sound body is becoming rarer. The "strange disease of modern life" is permeating downwards, and from their long stupor the victims of white slavery and sweating systems are awakening to the knowledge that they too have the rights of *man*, and foremost the right to live. Hard work, good money, good play is the human right of every mit of our seething millions.

Nurses are not all of them heroic, and some of them are injudicious martyrs, whose misguided sense of duty makes their own lives burdensome, and cruelly intensifies the burdens of their sisters. In extenuation of shortcomings let it be remembered that many of them have been delicately nurtured, and have *not* the advantage of having been brought up to "it"—*i.e.*, hardship and privation.

The necessity for co-operation among women is just now being strenuously advocated. However difficult—and, owing to feminine perversity, the difficulties are immense—such combination is imperative. But, for organizations of this nature, loyalty and discipline are essential and in spite of woman's many virtues and the results of higher education, loyalty and discipline are far from being cardinal attainments. In her efforts towards the furtherance and fulfilment of this ideal, Miss Clementina Black merits the sympathy and heartiest co-operation of our English women.

Avowedly our hospitals exist pre-eminently for the public weal, and manifestly overworked attendants are far from being public benefactors. As public institutions would it not be feasible, as with schools and factories, to bring to bear upon them limitations with regard to hours of labour, which in the sphere of strictly private service must be held impracticable? To object that medical men are themselves subject to the same amount of over-

strain and worry, though at first sight plausible, is beside the mark. For to some extent doctors are their own masters, and able to leisure moments to make up for the rest they forfeit. With nurses such a course is obviously inadmissible.

The committees of provincial hospitals would ensure a sounder policy if they would inquire more minutely concerning the material comfort of their work-day staff. Practically it is left to those whose one idea of management is curtailment of expenses *at any cost*. Hence food badly cooked and badly served, which makes one hunger for Vienna's kitchens.

One word on "night duty," to many nurses the most trying part of hospital routine, and I have done. Insomnia, the precursor of insanity, of mental lassitude, and bodily discomfort, is one of the most frightful evils to which flesh is prone. Owing to noise and daylight and kindred causes, nurses are peculiarly subject to it. But whether they wake or sleep throughout the day, twelve hours, sometimes longer, of "night duty" remains to be accomplished. I venture to suggest that darkened rooms, remote from ordinary noise and bustle, and shorter hours (as in the Leeds Infirmary) would do something by way of remedy. Possibly under these circumstances we should hear less of morphia and chloral casualties. The necessary onlay would be more than counterbalanced by the mitigation of a very real and tangible calamity.

For the rest, I do not ask that nurses should be treated as *ladies*—though, for my own part, I think with Charles Lamb that every woman *should* be treated as a lady—only as women and human beings, not as mere machines for the turning out of labour!

The fact, however, that the rich man's dogs and horses receive a consideration withheld from working women in Great Britain is not unworthy of reflection.

A View in the Val d'Arno.

A PLAIN all bathed in golden mist, with soft
Blue shadows floating in the opal light;
The olives, laden with round purple fruit,
Bend to the breeze their leaves so silver-white.
A rustling line of poplars marks the course
The winding Arno follows in the vale,
And all the lilac hills are dashed with gold,
And brown, and green, and rose so faint and pale.
The belfries grey rise solemn in the midst
Of the white hanlets smiling in the sun,
And many a villa—could the stones but speak—
Would tell sad tales of love, and murders done.
While distant Florence sleeps beneath the guard
Of Giotto's tower, whose bells in days of old
Called sober citizens to don their arms
And thus their ancient liberties uphold.

JANET ROSS.



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The Latest Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"We nowadays heap all our luxury on our women. Men have renounced the gold-laced coats, ruffles, and jewellery of their forefathers, but they cover their women with the costliest textures, and with rivers of precious stones. Nothing is too plain or ugly for male attire, nothing too gaudy for woman's, and while the tailor's bill shrinks every year through the invention of rough colourless cloths impossible to wear out, the milliner's expands every season."—GRENVILLE MURRAY.

THE above paragraph is all quite true, and the wares which drapers and milliners have on hand this season are certainly of the most luxurious description; intrinsically beautiful, moreover; and it is of them I propose to treat.

I shall begin with describing to you some of the many pretty articles Messrs. Givry, of Conduit Street, are now showing, some of which are illustrated at the head of this chapter. They are just the dainty trifles to which of necessity a well-dressed woman must turn her attention, while possibly no one else deems them of much consequence. A handsome gown from the best of good dressmakers may be so carelessly put on, and be so wanting in the accompaniments, that it looks dowdy; while a fresh and simple dress, well carried out in all the details, would carry off the palm at a quarter of the cost.

Many women have a great objection to scents, but an almost imperceptible sweetness is desirable, and there are two excellent perfumes worth knowing about—Lilac de Perse, and Eau de Cologne Russe; try either, and you cannot fail to be pleased. The Eau de Cologne Russe I should be inclined to use for toilette

purposes, the Lilac de Perse for handkerchiefs and sachets.

The larger of the two fans in the headpiece, a combination of lace and gauze delicately painted, is one of many varieties which accord with the gowns worn at the time, and while answering the original purpose of the fan, viz., to give a good current of air, is extremely pretty, and a dainty addition to a perfect toilette. The most exquisite Brussels lace is also used, and mother-of-pearl sticks, sometimes elaborately carved. There is, however, one kind more precious still, which is to be found at this same establishment—the really old painted fans of the period when La Pompadour delighted her generation. They are prized because the best artists of the day did not disdain to ornament them, and they are always in fashion. Some of the new fans open square instead of in the arch shape, and others in *crêpe de Chine* have been finely painted with metallic lustre paints. The heart's-ease fan is a charming novelty. These pretty flowers, which suggest thought, and very evidently owe their name to the French verb *penser*, are set close together for the top; the ribs—indeed, all the rest of the fan—being of a lilac tinge. Marguerites laid on

here is another addition. A ball-gown trimmed with either flower would be much improved by such an addition.

The bright vivid borders to handkerchiefs are now out of date, but some colour finds its way to them, and the *fil tir* borders are the newest—hem-stitched, that is, in various fashions. Exquisite Valenciennes lace is often added to the hem. The fineness of the material is the great *sine quâ non*. Stockings are not only open worked, but also, in addition to the open-work, are

the world makes its way to Ascot, plenty of this white Victoria gauze will be seen protecting bonnets and faces from the dust on the journey to and fro.

The illustration below shows another peep at Vanity Fair. The trio are waiting for guests who are slow in coming. It used to be an old-fashioned idea that a hostess, in order not to eclipse her guests, should be very simply dressed in her own house. This, however, is never thought of now, and most entertainers don



NEW DINNER-GOWNS.

elaborately embroidered with Pompadour roses up the front, or sometimes with iris and lilac, while some of the best black hose have Chantilly lace insertion in rows up the front of the foot.

Veils are among the specialities of the Givry firm, and they bring forward the most recent novelties each season. At present these include the spider-web net, with a spot introduced upon it; a clear and beautiful tulle with a black velvet spot, quite one of the prettiest fabrics for the purpose we have had for years; together with the crescents and small spot effects, very finely wrought. These are now sold in the double width. Some of the new borders to veils have a great deal to commend them. Gauze, a capital fabric, which really does protect the complexion, has been brought out in all colours, and very clear, under the name of "Victoria gauze," and is quite the fashion. The white washes well, an uncommon quality in such materials. When

their newest dinner-gown, knowing that everyone will recognise who the wearer is, which would not be so likely to be the case elsewhere. Certainly the three dresses worn by the three dames in the group are very pretty indeed. They are made by Mme. Boulong, of 42, Conduit Street, who is famed for the many admirable robes she makes for the smartest people in the season. The figure seated on the left, with her hand on the table, has one of the printed silks, light of texture, which are being ordered by thousands at this season. The straightness of the simple skirt is relieved by paniers, and it fastens over the bodice. It is arranged so that these said paniers would seem to be part and parcel of the bodice. The sleeves are of lace, and scarves start from the shoulders, encircling the waist, and so form a sash. This garment may be trimmed with passementerie, or may be a simple gown, such as is much needed for daylight dinners during Ascot week, and for

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the many Saturday to Monday parties which the gay world enjoys so much. The centre figure is arrayed in white crepon draped over yellow satin, a good combination much *à la mode*. It opens at the side in a V form on the bodice, and the skirt is slightly draped on the hips; but the sketch will give you a better idea of its graceful outline than any verbal description.

The third is, perhaps, the most important toilette of the three. It is made of maroon satin, elaborately trimmed with embroidered pink silk gauze. This is introduced down the centre of the train, and forms the fichu and cuffs. Mme. Bougong is making some stylish high bodices for evening. The winter's epidemic

embroidered. It blends well with Oriental and other embroidery; for the most exquisite silk and tinsel guipure bands find their way on to the fronts of skirts just above the hem, while narrow front breadths of contrasting material form an excuse for the display of short lengths of almost priceless work.

Mantles are new and distinctive. There is a capital new silk, the Muscovite, brought out for the purpose; but the trimmings are the backbone of the whole covering, and nothing would seem to be considered too magnificent—from turquoise to paste diamonds, which shimmer in among some of the gold passementerie. There is much bead-work employed, and a great deal of passementerie



NEW MANTLES.

has left its marks, and it behoves many to be careful of the treacherous night air. With these, old treasures of lace are turned to the best advantage. Happily, such family heirlooms are beginning to be once more respected.

Cloth is the fashion for evening dresses, and sometimes for the bodices only; it is a soft, velvet-like kind, which stretches to the figure, and occasionally is richly

without beads. Then it takes the form of black silk, wrought in patterns like Spanish or rose point, wonderfully handsome. Another rich design is a guipure of velvet edged with beads. Those women who like long mantles, and those who like short ones, all have their wants met. Young girls will be wearing silk or velvet made like habit-skirts at the back, and like a Zouave jacket in front, with pendent sleeves to the elbow, a high Medicis collar,

and high shoulders. I have selected from Mrs. Nettle ship's pretty models in Wigmore Street one which is



NEW BONNET.

equally elegant, but less conspicuous. It is a silk cape cut up the back, describing a point in front, bordered with jet drops, while lace is carried round the lower portion. There is a yoke at the throat, to which the cape is attached, and it is ruffled at the top, forming long points back and front. It gives importance to a dress, and with the narrow skirts this is needed nowadays.

The centre figure wears a long handsome mantle of heliotrope wool, with a velvet waist-belt, sleeves, and neck-piece. The sleeves, falling in horizontal folds, are quite new, and stand up high on the shoulder. A handsome mother-of-pearl ornament appears on the velvet, and a full front of grey is introduced, which gives fullness and form to a slender figure. The third cloak is one well adapted for making up any fabric of which the dress is composed. The model from which the sketch was made is of ruffled cloth handsomely embroidered. The shape shows the figure well, while protecting the arm. Note how the sleeves are set in, and how much they furnish the front, while giving the necessary height to the shoulders, without which every garment now looks dowdy. It is best described, I think, by calling it a jacket with pendent sleeves and elongated fronts. At the back of the waist, you see, it forms double box pleats.

Although bonnets are so infinitesimal, a great deal may be said about them. Mine, Susanne Weatherley, of

60, Baker Street, W., has many really charming specimens of the novelties which are to be seen in London now, in the parks and at all the fashionable morning reunions. Straw remains in favour, but it is plaited much in fancy designs, and supplemented by crinoline crocheted into lace-like borderings. The first example here illustrated is of a soft pliable chip trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet, and nothing is so generally fashionable for bonnet-strings. The velvet is carried in an easy twist round the brim, and mingles with the marguerites which entirely cover the crown. Many bonnets have no crown at all, the hair being expected to put in an appearance instead; but when there is one, it is hidden either by bows or flowers. The marguerites are some yellow and some white, and look as if they had just been gathered. It would seem to be the great object of milliners now to be as realistic as possible, and many of the headgears might have been put together in the woods during a morning ramble, with no other foundation than rose-twigs, on which the flowers find a resting-place. Strings or ribbons of any kind are not essential. Many women are providing themselves with the rose-stem foundations, and fasten natural flowers as they want them; rose bonnets of natural blooms are fragrant, durable, and pleasing to the eye. The bonnet



BLACK STRAW TOQUE.

in the sketch has a plaiting of black lace beneath the brim. Very few open bonnets are worn. They are nearly all made with the edge resting on the hair.

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The black straw toque (p. 352) is just the class of head-gear that is needed by nearly everyone in London, and can be worn on many occasions. It has a wreath of Parma violets round the brim, and a rouleau of dark

hats are the fashion. They need to be put on with care, for they should be so placed that the tops stand up well far above the face, showing the entire brim. Tinsel of many kinds, especially gold, plays an important part



VISITING-DRESSES.

heliotrope velvet round the crown, which terminates in accentuated points and a cluster of violets.

The hat on p. 354 is more distinctive. It is made entirely of black mousseline de soie, which is drawn to the shape. Quite on the brim there is a close wreath of yellow roses, veiled with the gossamer material. The crown is entirely formed of the mousseline de soie, a bow of black ribbon velvet nestling in the midst, matching the black velvet strings. There are likely to be as many white and light-coloured hats worn in the same materials, and lace

in our summer millinery; and bonnets of gold guipure with open crowns, bordered with close-set pink roses, need little else to complete them, save perhaps a bow of ribbon grass of a spring-like vivid green. This is much in request for millinery, and even finds its way into the natural posy bouquets which are so much carried at Drawing Rooms and other social functions of any importance. The rouleau bonnets, simply three twists of velvet set one above another in a circle, are still a great deal worn. Pompons of flowers blend with

empey, and crepe and plumed brims on hats and bonnets have come to the fore this season. Jet coronets were like crowns set well at the back of the head, with flowers or crepe for the rest of the bonnet, are now largely made in a stronger class of French jet, but they have not before been placed in the same position to millinery. Yellow and ecrué both show to advantage with the jet. The old square befeater crown is another novelty both for hats and bonnets, but principally introduced into the former. Sailor hats are always worn, but now they have been brought out with a narrower brim, and so placed on the head that they slope down towards the nape of the neck, and stand up in front.

Dresses were never more difficult to make, though they are singularly simple in style. I have selected three made by Miss Berthe and Yeo, 26, Somerset Street, Portman Square, in order to give the clearest possible idea of the modes of the year. The first is a grey beige intermixed with grey and white spots. This appears as a kind of yoke on the bodice, attached to the spotted collar band, and also as the tighter lower portion of the sleeve, and the front breadth of the skirt. The bodice is curiously made. There are no darts in front; the deeper seams the more fashionable; but this necessitates the fulness being drawn to the front beneath a couple of waist ornaments. The corner drapery, crossing the spotted skirt diagonally, is, however, a part of the bodice, and coming from the right side is caught together, the ends disappearing on the left. There is a panel on our side, secured by five large buttons—white embroidered in silk. The sleeve is also quite novel, standing up in soft high folds on the shoulder, and gathered into a straight piece at the wrist. This is a useful style for every-day wear.

So is the tan-coloured cloth made *en Princesse*, with white brocade introduced at the side of the skirt, and used for the sleeves. It fastens at the side, on the shoulders, and down to the hem. The sleeves are full, with a wrist-piece; and there is sufficient fulness at the back of the skirt to give a certain necessary flow. The second figure wears a grey cushion gown embroidered with grey silk in points, the silk lighter than the cushion. The embroidery is lined with silk cord in such a manner

that the cloth under-pellicot shows, and it is bordered with a handsome fringe. The bodice is embroidered and trimmed in the same way, but it is made of white cloth, like the under-skirt. It is dressy, and needs no mantle, though it would not look ungraceful if it were found necessary to add one.

In the frontispiece appear three dresses made by Messrs. Copper, of Gracechurch Street. Here we have

a fawn coloured cashmere, bordered with embroidery, and displaying some gathered Bengaline at the side. The bodice is made full on the shoulder, and fastens in a point. The skirt is gathered at the back. The foundation colour shows the green and brown embroidery to the best possible advantage. A new red silk of a perfectly novel shade is blended with the bordered nun's veiling, and it has three French roll hems. The skirt is made very full, and the collar and the plastron on the bodice are edged with the same French hems, and five of them appear on the cuffs. The nun's veiling is cut in battlements at the foot, and the sash is united into one gathered end.

The pretty *révéla* woollen check costume opens over a plain beige at the side, the bodice is gathered on the shoulders, and the vest is formed of folds.

This is a simple, graceful, and very useful robe.

Many woollens are made up with a richer class of silk having cord ribs or with brocades, and for full evening dress some exquisite brocades in tinsels or in lovely colourings of silks are being turned to account. They accord well with the revived Medicis modes, which demand rich stuffs. Velvet and satin in plain colours are being turned to the very best account. White satin is worn by girls and matrons alike. Nothing looks better for the plain soft-falling folds of the untripped skirts of to-day, especially when accompanied by puffed sleeves wired, white guipure ruffs and epaulettes, which carry us back to the time of the Tudors. The long sleeves appertain to the same period also, and so do the puffed sleeves. The narrow front breadths which peeped from beneath the Tudor robes at a period when much wider ones were also worn, have been much seen at the Drawing Rooms this season, and not only elaborately worked with pearls, mother-of-pearl, and beads, but with diamonds also.



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Paris Fashions.

TWO days in April, the first and the last, are social occasions when the prettiest and the newest spring fashions may be seen, worn by the most charming women in Paris. On the first of April takes place the Concours Hippique; the last of April is the Varnishing Day at the Salon.

Varnishing Day at the Salon answers very much to the Private View Day of the London Royal Academy, except that tickets of admission may be bought for the French festivity. There is a great rush for those tickets, for there is nothing so *chic* as to be one of the crowd in the Palais de l'Industrie on Varnishing Day. It is called Varnishing Day in honour of old times, when painters put the last touches to their pictures; now not a trace of varnishing-pot, of palette or brushes, is to be seen on the premises. Everybody is busy looking at the show. It is a wonderful show. The crowd, formed of members from the three worlds of art, literature, and society, is almost more interesting to watch than are the pictures on the walls.

At noon, or soon after, comes the rush to Ledoyin's Restaurant in the Champs Elysées. The celebrities in letters and art assemble to breakfast at Ledoyin's on that day. It is a recognised part of the proceedings. Quadruple rows of tables are placed outside the restaurant, and you feast *al fresco*. If the day be genial, no more delightful interlude to its sight-seeing can be imagined than this meal taken under the dancing shadows of young green leaves bright with the gleam of the white chestnut blossoms. The perfume of the spring flowers comes borne on the breeze, mingling with the sound of laughter and talk. The elegance of the costumes, the delicate flavour of Bohemianism enlivening the pageant, are all elements of a scene to be witnessed in Paris only.

The Concours Hippique heralds in the spring fashions. On the first of April last, it was recognised that Fashion's new whim was narrow skirts clinging to the figure like sheaths; no folds about the hips. The fabric cut on the cross, and wider at the hem, was edged there with a frill of lace, a cascade of small flounces, or bands of velvet or passementerie woven into the stuff. The master-hand of Worth had used the caprice of the moment for its artistic purposes, and had elaborated the most charming arrangements of colour and line from the new ideas.

One gown designed by him was of bronze silk serge, the skirt edged with two little flounces—one blue, of a shade that harmonised delightfully with the prevailing bronze tone, the other bronze—surmounted by a rippling line of foamy lace. The bodice, made with a blue waistcoat, opened over a chemisette of white guipure. The sleeves, which still maintain their importance in giving character to costume, were trimmed with a little band of blue inserted at the shoulder.

Another original narrow-skirted gown was of peony-

red *peau de soie*; the wide sash, the waistcoat, and sleeves were trimmed with incrustations of green velvet of the shade seen in the leaves and stalks of the peony. The design, very original in its character, was outlined with black silk braid.

A pretty effect of colour was obtained in a dress of pale buff cloth, bodice and skirt clinging to the figure, with sleeves of emerald-green velvet set high and wide at the shoulder, tapering down to the wrist. The under-skirt of buff silk was edged with a wide band of the emerald-green velvet, visible only when the wearer moved.

A young girl wore a gown of lead-grey wool, the skirt edged with several rows of fine passementerie composed of tiny tassels of willow-green silk. The fichu bodice, outlined with this passementerie, opened over a waistcoat of willow-green velvet. The sleeves of velvet—wide at the shoulder, dwindling down to the wrist—came down over the hand. A short mantle of willow-green velvet, not reaching down farther than the waist, accompanied the dress. The dainty little cape was gathered into a sort of yoke, and was finished off at the throat with a high Medicis collar. These miniature cloaks are in favour just now. They are very useful during the fickle spring weather when sudden changes of temperature necessitate wraps. They can be made of every sort of supple material, the colour usually repeating the trimming of the dress. Another mantle, more graceful and useful, we think, is the long, ample *Bonne Femme* cloak. Of shot serge silk, trimmed with pinked-out ruches, or heavily fringed and lined with silk, these cloaks may be worn with every sort of light apparel.

For the Varnishing Day at the Salon, numbers of charming gowns were prepared by our great artist couturières. These gowns were of light cloth, of foulard, and of *crêpe de Chine*. The tender colouring of these costumes—silver-grey, malachite-green, silver-blue, light saffron—proclaimed the reign of spring definitely established; all were narrow-skirted, the hem being in almost every case adorned with ruches, tiny flounces, or bands of passementerie. The passementeries glistened with threads of gold, or silver, or with heads of metal. The sleeves were picturesque, elaborately trimmed, and placed high on the shoulders. The bonnets and hats were varied in form; they were either very small or very large. The small bonnets were of the dimensions of a bird's nest, made of lace, trimmed with a knot of ribbon, a single flower, or a delicate aigrette; the large bonnets, with borders of straw or lace, surrounding the head like an aureole; the soft crown composed of velvet. Clusters of feathers, or garlands of exquisite flowers, wreath the hats and bonnets intended especially for gala attire. Violets, lilac, the monthly rose that begins its fragrant reign in May, primroses, hyacinths, heart's-ease (the flower in highest

favour just now, radiant tulle, all the sweet bravery of spring decks in clusters and garlands the head-gears of our Parisian ladies. A very charming *bonnet* was composed of two bands of blue velvet through which the hair was seen. In front was placed a velvet bow forming an *agreste*, and at the back a

buttoned velvet, or garlands and sprays of brilliant-hued flowers placed on the crown, and repeated inside the border, touching the wearer's hair.

The *Chapeau Lamballe*, with its knots of lace, and delicate quillings, its plumes, or garlands of flowers, is the most becoming of head-gears. The *Maison*



BALL DRESS, DESIGNED BY WORTH.

cluster of *héliotrops* to hide the comb. Another was composed of three pieces of gold embroidery, adorned in front with a cluster of sky-blue feathers. These delicately embroidered bonnets will be much worn this season; also the quaint mediæval cap or *béguin*. A graceful example of the latter shape was of white guipure surrounded by a pinked out ruche of maize taffetas; a posy of wild roses placed in front. The large hats were of black lace, laid in soft and capricious billows. The favourite trimmings were ample knots of

Virot displays in its show-rooms hats of fantastic grace that lead the mind back to the days of Marie Antoinette and her bevy of beautiful Court ladies. Our illustration (page 358) shows one of these *Chapeaux Lamballe* from the celebrated house; the jacket, of beige cloth, the cape gathered into a gold-embroidered yoke, comes from the *Maison Guildreau*.

Grey was much worn at the Salon. One costume was of silver-grey cloth, the bodice embroidered with bands of steel braid; clusters of steel beads, imitating a

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necklet, kept the folds of the bodice in place round the throat and bust. The straight skirt opened on one side, displaying a panel embroidered in steel. The bonnet was a dainty little toque bordered with black velvet, trimmed with an aigrette of black and steel: the

large folds of velvet at the shoulder gathered in at the elbow; plain from elbow to wrist, and made of veloutine; the wristbands and the collar were embroidered. The bonnet was a dainty little cap of veloutine, with a large aigrette composed of velvet bows.



MORNING WRAP.

crown was composed of a large butterfly, embroidered in steel. Another pretty silver-grey dress was of crêpe de Chine, trimmed in relief with crimson velvet of the shade known as dahlia-red.

Another dress, made for the opening day of the Salon, was of periwinkle-blue veloutine, with panels of velvet of the same shade, and a tablier embroidered at the corners. The loose-fronted bodice ended in a point in front. The charming sleeves were made with

A picturesque costume which found favour with the elegant women who followed the sunshine at Nice during the grey days of February and March, in town, is now to be seen, with some variation, in the green alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, worn by fair pedestrians. It is of fine light cloth, stone-colour, pale buff, or fawn, and clings to the figure, fitting like a glove. The large black Buffalo hat, and the vast parasol of creamy-white lace, lined with ruby silk, give character and colour to the costume.

The hottest season of Lent commenced inside alone at a fit relaxation. The musical salons presided over by hostesses who are accomplished exponents or composers, attained their highest importance during Lent. Among the leading musical salons is that of the Princesse Brancovan, whose house in the Avenue Hoche is furnished with Oriental splendour. The gifted hostess is a distinguished amateur. Her rendering of genuine

in the daintiest half-mourning apparel, where lanterns and lavender play coquettish harmonies with interludes of black, they assemble to hear the sermon of one of the eloquent preachers at the Madeleine, St. Roch, or Notre Dame. Having so far honoured the season they feel at liberty to enjoy themselves.

Ball-dresses, however, are not suited to the festivities given in Lent. The dress for the musical reception is



THE LAMPREY HAT.

Eastern music is interesting and original. Baronne Legros, known to the general public as Gilbert Desroches, is a composer of talent. The Princesse Alexandre Bibesco, sister-in-law of the Princesse Brancovan, is an enthusiast in music, and her salon is almost exclusively musical. The Vicomtesse de Tredern, who possesses that excellent gift in woman, a voice of surpassing sweetness, is often heard at her own soirées. The Baronne de Castrone, Mesdames de Chambrun, de Saint-Paul, de Saly Stern, have all brought their friends together during the Lenten season, and entertained them with music.

These musical parties are usually preceded by a dinner, for the Lenten season is not one altogether of fast. Our ladies attend church during the day, and

more sober than the ordinary ball dress, more gala than the dinner-dress.

The Maison Lipman has this year been most happily inspired in designing various costumes for these Lenten gatherings. One pearly-white dress was of white crêpe de Chine, of Princess shape, with rounded train. The front breadth was thickly embroidered with fine pearls. The low bodice was bordered with a band of pearls, held at the bust by a pearl ring. Below the waist was placed a girdle, embroidered in pearls. The epaulettes were of pearls; and the sleeves were embroidered in pearls. It is impossible to imagine a gown more purely white, and delicate in effect.

Another dress, fresh as a spring morning, was a lilac lampas, veined with white. The narrow skirt

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opened on either side, over panels of *crêpe de Chine*, embroidered and fringed. The low bodice, prettily draped, was caught into a waistband fastened in front with a high buckle. For a young duchess there was a blue dress of *crêpon de l'Inde*, of the colour of the summer sky. The supple material had been fashioned into folds of perfect grace. A Greek design, wrought in silver, edged the skirt, and was repeated at the bodice. Clusters of creamy roses, lilacs, and orchids were placed high on the shoulders; a wreath of orchids mingled its sweetness with the gleam of a diadem of sapphires and diamonds.

Ball-dresses must always be the poetry of dress. Nothing can be more poetic than the ball-dress of the present spring season. Floral dresses, garlanded and girdled with flowers, strewn with blossoms, are to be worn by young girls and women. From the pretty "firstlings of the year," the gentle snowdrops, to the cultivated splendour of orchids and hot-house blooms, all the paganry of flowers is to adorn those gowns. At the hem of the skirt, nestling in drifts of tulle, spreading over it in clusters of natural wildness, lying in *châtelaines*, formed into girdles and necklaces, repeated in trails on the fans, flowers are to be placed everywhere. Now, a profusion of petals, as if the wearer had stood under a shower of falling leaves, is scattered over the clouds of diaphanous fabric forming the gown. Now, the flowers spread over cream or black net: coming closer and closer as they approach the hem of the skirt, they lie there in a thick flat band. From this edge sprays spring upwards, now climbing up to the waist, now stopping midway up the skirt. It is a revelry of flowers, a dainty carnival, where our ladies appear as genii of the blossoms that deck their hair and their floating draperies.

An elegant dress was of black net, sown with pink roses and sprays of roses springing on the skirt. The bodice and train were of black lampas brocaded with roses. Another, for a young girl, was of white net, interspersed with billows of Indian *crêpe* and scattered over with daisies, and thickly hemmed with garlands of the pretty field flowers.

A third dress, of cream-coloured net, was covered with sprays of mimosa blossoms. The long train of buttercup-gold satin was shot with silver. A graceful bedice of old point lace was held on the shoulders with high tufts of mimosa blossoms.

The illustration on page 356 represents a ball-dress designed by Worth. The skirt, of cream tulle glistening with gold, is partly covered with panels of sulphur-coloured *peau de soie* worked with jet. Chaplets of yellow and black roses on the skirt are repeated in high tufts on the shoulders. The bodice, of *peau de soie*, is knotted in front and opens over a waistcoat of gold-embroidered net. The long train is of the sulphur-coloured silk.

The evening dress worn by Mlle. Caron, in the play

Peu Toupinet, at the Gymnase, is a charming example of the embroidered satin which is coming into vogue for gala occasions. Of Regent-blue satin, the train and front of the skirt are embroidered with a beautiful design of poppies in wood-brown and shrimp-pink mingling with barley. The D'Albarry bodice is very new in style. A delicate chaplet of embroidery edges the low bodice. A collar of embroidered satin clasps the throat, and is joined to the bodice by a slender strip of embroidery springing from the centre. The *bretelles* forming the sleeves are also embroidered. At the waist the embroidery is repeated, and forms a long point such as was worn in the reign of Louis XV. A chaplet of black velvet bows trims the left side of the skirt.

Another embroidered dress was worn by a young stall-holder at Mlle. de MacMahon's bazaar held in aid of the poor. This narrow gown, of electric blue surah, was adorned at the hem with a garland of forget-me-nots worked in silk, in two shades of blue, and brightened with a gleam of silver thread. The gathered bodice was caught into a corslet, entirely covered with embroidered azure flowers, shining with a touch of silver. These corslet bodices are to be much worn, both for morning and evening attire.

Before closing, I may notice that the picturesque paniers are beginning to put in an appearance. A suggestion of the Louis XV. style characterises the spring fashion, with its Pompadour broadened foulards, its fantastic bravery of floating ribbons.

A good example of a Louis XV. dress was made of Indian blue foulard, brocaded with posies of flowers and stars, the front veiled with blue gauze embroidered in silk. On either side were placed two dainty paniers in plain gauze, doubly edged with wood-brown ribbon; the two rows of ribbon were repeated on the bodice, which tapered down to a long point. The sleeves were picturesquely draped high over the shoulders, and were plain and narrow from the elbow to the wrist.

The illustration on page 357 shows a morning wrap, from the Maison Lenvastre, marked by a graceful suggestion of that period's fashions. Of mauve-coloured Persian *crêpon*, the gathered skirt is fastened to the bodice by an interlude of Saxony lace. This lace is repeated above the hem of the dress, on the *fichu*, the ends of which form a jabot, on the pleats of the bodice, on the shoulders and quaint sleeves. A Watteau pleat forms the back. A band of gold braid edges the collar, and, crossing at the throat, is carried round under the arms.

A word concerning the fabrics to be worn during the summer. The lightest wool, thin as muslin, gay with blossoms, laid in wreaths, trails, and posies, is to contest the palm with the Pompadour foulards. We shall see peach blossoms spreading over a pale blue ground; clusters of scarlet flowers over apricot; contrasting in their vivid colouring with more delicate arrangements of soft-hued posies scattered over grounds of tender blues and greens.

MASQUE DE VELOURS.

A Country Cousin at the Private View.



WHAT a glimmer and sheen of silver and grey! What a rustle of richest silks and wafting of choicest perfumes! What a motley odd looking crowd! Birth and art, science and politics, all elbowing their way towards one goal!

What a study of feature and form, of gesture and character, this last so strongly marked and evident! What a triumph of spirit over flesh, shown in the glance of some of the worn and hollow cheeked men of note! What a triumph of living flesh and blood and well-doing over every spiritual beauty, markedly seen in the movement and step of some of the young dames of high degree!—instinct with vitality and enjoyment of life and its pleasures, without one line or furrow produced by care or thought, hardship or restraint (mental or physical), upon the smooth brow.

Is there such a thing as beauty born entirely of food and drink in abundance and of richest quality? I think so. It may not be a spiritual or a very artistic form of loveliness, but it is very attractive; a healthy, living realisation of animal strength and spirits. Down in the great London slummeries we may seek for it vainly. Even a prettily shaped or classical face will not look beautiful there, for it will be spoilt by the wan, pinched look, bred of low feeding and wretched surroundings; as great a scourge to beauty, these, as small-pox.

Being country folk, and unused to anything but the public view of the Royal Academy, we were rather taken aback by the sight of carriages and very beautiful horses which met our eyes, waiting inside the approach. Our country eyes rarely light upon such lovely horses as one always sees in London. The red clothed steps rather suggested a wedding or ball, which fancy the plants of lilies and palms grouped about inside quite realised. The rows of flunkeys drawn up inside the porch had a very impressive appearance, and from the nature of the stare with which they favoured us we felt dimly conscious that we were either not smart enough, or not aristocratic enough in our "get up" to please their educated senses. This again seemed cruelly evident when we reached the vestibule, and an official asked politely, "Have you tickets, ladies?" Upstairs we went, where scarlet-cloaked creations relieved us of our cards, and gave us catalogues, and so in and onward; and for hours most deeply engrossed and interested were we. Such wonderful faces and forms, and such very characteristic dresses! In our far-away cathedral town some of the art devoted dames indulged in quaintnesses of gown and bonnet, much to the distress, and in spite of the reproach, of others of their sex, who living beneath the shadow of the cathedral, look upon a love of art in any form as tending

greatly towards the immoral. But *here* all these little lights would indeed be burning safely beneath a bushel.

Nothing gives one a larger grasp of life than our great London, and such a sight as this. Some of the contrasts in the dresses were quite startling. A lady in a pale blue toilette of richest satin, hung and fringed with gold, stood talking to one clothed in yellow-green moiré, all dangles and bolts, and slashings, revealing peeps of black and white softness of silk and lace beneath.

Again, a heliotrope costume, clothing a beautiful woman of gracious height and form, all clinging and soft, with garniture of the same colouring, the whole shadowed and softened by a big black velvet hat. A maiden clad in sage-green silk had a hat decorated with a bunch of hops. A matron wore a dark blue gown, all hanging with rows of crystal drops, everywhere mingled with gold.

All around us green and white and steel-work, gold braiding on richest yellow-cream, silver-gilt braidings on fawn, palest blue gowns yoked with salmon, stone-grey garnished with coral-pink, until the brightest tones on the picture-hung walls seemed to sink away out of sight. Two elegant black costumes in real Parisian style looked thoroughly well even among such a variety of shades and hues.

The incongruity of styles struck us as very comical: little dainty Spanish coats and hats, among great Salvation-Army-shaped bonnets in fawn-colour and gold, and strong-minded soft felt hats—exactly the shape of a man's rainy-day sort of country head-gear—protecting grey cropped hair. There were gowns of bronzy-greenish-red, all hung with rainbow jingles, formed of marvellous bead-work.

A little girl, looking as beautiful as a typical little fairy queen, wore a sort of grey-steel cap and a lovely little robe; and one much-to-be-admired old lady was clothed with most exquisite taste: a sweet old-fashioned grey bonnet in the Marie Stuart style, so becoming to the pale, calm features and white hair; with the cleverest of graceful mantles, just concealing and revealing, as a veritable mantle should. Grey and white, and silver and steel, we decided were the best combinations of all: every shade and tone of grey—garnished with steel or silver, waistcoated with white—surely the most becoming of all tints to a real English complexion!

As we were leaving the building a perfect little poem-maiden stood in our path. She was clad from head to foot in shimmering pearly-grey satin; not a touch of colour, except that lent by her brilliant cheeks and full red lips; not a garniture of spangles reflecting manifold lights: only the bright glancing of a pair of dark eyes, shadowed by the most quaint and modest little head-gear: quite an old-world maiden, we decided, and good, surely, as she was pretty: far and away

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superior to our nineteenth-century ideal of young maidenhood.

As we passed down the steps and onward, we once again realised that we had not on our wedding garments. We felt almost glad of the fact, however, now that we were nearing the streets, and could pass unnoticed amidst the crowd of commonplace and usual-looking fellow-creatures.

The pictures had proved so far less interesting to us than the crowd, that we had almost forgotten to look at them, so engrossed were we in watching the clever and great and art-loving around us. Like a many-coloured dream of brightness, it seemed, from which we awoke to the rattle of wheels, the rumble of buses, the thousand and one sounds of busy, unpoetical, workaday London.

MILLIE S. GREENE.

About Playthings.



THOSE who realise, as most of us do, the importance of the early years of a child's life, when ideas are formed, and impressions made that never afterwards are obliterated, realise also how important it is that every surrounding of these early years should be, as far as possible, a matter of thought and care, that the influence of these ideas and impressions may "make for rightness" in the full-grown man.

In the first years of childhood, so vast are the facts of which the infant mind grows conscious with such marvellous rapidity, that some have said that the child learns more in the first three years of his life than in many years of after-growth. Thus the little mind is learning and developing at even a greater rate than the wonderful little body; and though, apparently, this growth of mind, unlike that of the body, goes on with very little conscious help from those around, yet, as the plants grow vigorous and develop all their natural beauty only when the soil at their roots is such as Nature demands, when they get their due share of sunshine and warmth, dew and rain, so the little minds only develop fully under like conditions of healthy moral atmosphere and surroundings. Some will say, perhaps, that plants only demand this care when they are made to grow away from the place that Nature designed for them; that in their own native home and surroundings they grow freely and develop all their beauty, without the aid of man at all, with only great Nature to care for them in her own wise and wonderful way.

Thus they argue for this delightful *laissez-aller* process for our children, ignoring the fact that a child's compulsory dependence on others makes in itself a different condition from that of the lower creation, and also the truth, if we like to keep to our plant analogy—and it is a beautiful and suggestive one—that nearly all flowers may be made far more beautiful by cultivation, and that new and richer forms can be evolved by a knowledge of their capabilities, and by constant and loving care to the conditions necessary for perfect development. If these things be granted, it follows naturally that a wise mother or guardian of even the tiniest children has a great work to do, besides seeing that the little bodies are growing strong, straight, and vigorous.

Thus, if every influence be potent for good (if not for good, for ill, for no influence can be negative), even the playthings and toys with which we provide our children should be no longer a matter of indifference or chance, but one of the utmost importance in developing ideas and forming habits. Froebel's great maxim was, "Educate your children while you amuse them," and this has since become the guiding principle of the delightful Kindergartens formed for carrying out his grand ideas on infant culture and development. But happily it does not need a specially organised Kindergarten to do this, for every nursery may be made a healthy and happy "child's garden," if once this great idea is grasped, and we recognise its importance for even the youngest of our little ones.

I know some people object very strongly to this education in amusement. "We are overdone with education as it is," they say; "at least leave our little ones in the nursery alone, and let them have the real old-fashioned play while they can." But an objection of this sort comes from our misuse of the word "education," making it, as we too often do, mean instruction, instead of culture and training.

Before entering upon the subject of the kind of playthings that best carry out this educational idea, I want to say a few words about toys in general, and protest against the vast mass of cheap showy rubbish that is set before the present generation of children, got up for mere effect, and destitute of all the more important qualities of strength and durability. A child, nowadays, can rarely make household gods of its toys—those playthings of years, loved, revered, and cared for as only old and tried friends can be. The toys of thirty years ago were far more costly, and thus children had fewer of them (a desirable thing in itself), nor were they half as beautiful and pretentious in outward appearance as they are now; but they were toys to be played with—carts and engines to be wheeled continually without the wheels breaking or coming off, dolls to be dressed and undressed twenty times a day, and yet keep arms and legs intact—dear old playthings, in fact, that bravely bore the strain of the long years' service, till the little ones had grown too old to care for them; and then strong and good enough to pass on to some younger child, or be hoarded up by a loving mother, and brought out again when the little grandchildren cling round her skirt, or

stroke her whitening hair, begging for "something to do."

I do not mean to say that there are no durable toys now. If we choose to pay for them we can get probably far better, and certainly more beautiful and ingenious ones than we could thirty years ago; but then, like all good things, a fair price must be given for them to ensure sound and thorough workmanship, and few are to do this because they are satisfied with a toy if it looks pretty (but what self-minded child cares long for merely looking at anything!) and therefore never examine it to see that it will stand wear and handling, with long and perhaps rough use. It is not the fault of the tradesman who sells, or even of the manufacturer who makes this rubbish; the one must make and the other sell what the public seek to buy, for the demand creates the supply in this trade, as in others. But I feel in a state of righteous indignation and shame at our narrowness and extravagant economy—for we women are the sinners—when I look round and see every toy-shop filled to overflowing with showy and pretentious rubbish.

When we see a large doll, two feet high, with long fair hair, and pretty (according to doll-standard) wax-like face, exposed for sale for the sum of two shillings, that judging by outward appearance ought to cost twelve; one fifteen inches high, with the same sort of prettiness that once would have cost six shillings, now sold for the same number of pence, a full-dressed doll for one shilling that should be ten; we know, or ought to know, that every quality that makes a doll worth having and playing with is sacrificed to mere show, and that by no possibility could anything but a flimsy gimcrack be produced for the money. Apart from the public waste and immorality in the production of such worthless rubbish, and the vicious such prices call up of "sweating" work done with the very life-blood of the workers, we must all of us consider the bad moral effect it has on the child, in relieving him of all responsibility, of care, or pride in his belongings, and fostering no sense of their value.

If we have little money to spend, as is the case with many of us, let us use it, in this and all else, on things that are worth buying, and not do worse than throw our money into the sea, where, if it did nobody any good, it would do no harm. There are plenty of cheap, but simple and good, toys to be bought; strong wooden and china dolls can be had for sixpence, and dressed at home, or by some poor worker at very little cost, and even a penny can buy many well-made, useful toys—a peg-top, a few marbles—in fact, go into a toyshop and see how many unpretentious, but strong, pleasure-giving articles a penny can buy. Again, give fewer presents, and so have more to spend on them, and thus let them be worthier, and such as afford more enduring pleasure.

But this is a large digression from the point on which I am insisting, that in providing our children with toys and playthings, we should recognise the natural instincts common in all children—the desire to do and to create—and provide them with such as unconsciously develop and train these faculties, knowing how invaluable is this early training of eye and hand, and also how naughtiness,

destructiveness, ill temper and quarrelling disappear as if by magic in nurseries where the little ones are allowed happily to employ themselves, and taught with gentle systematic guidance how to do it, for a little litter, if need be, is far easier to clear away than the effects of an angry blow, or a burst of ill-temper.

All who have watched even little children know that a toy that is a mere toy, to touch or to look at, that gives no scope for the exercise of a child's ingenuity and innate love of "doing," is soon tired of, and thrown carelessly into the toy-box or cupboard, to be rarely fetched out again after the first novelty has worn off. Many a mother who has grasped this fact, and seen it in application, regrets the many shillings spent by loving friends in meaningless trifles that afford no permanent interest or amusement, because they give no opportunity to the child's fancy to develop itself, and are void of anything stimulating to the child's mind; whereas a little forethought and understanding of what children really crave for might surround them with many a simple plaything, capable of indefinite expansion in their hands, and affording them a fund of pleasant and lasting occupation, which at the same time would develop and strengthen the intellect.

Such playthings as these are often the least expensive. I know of no more fascinating amusement than that of using sculptor's clay. What grown-up person does not remember the mud-pies of her childhood, when she could slip away down the garden, where was hidden a big lump of brown, sticky clay, secured where the foundations of a house were being dug out in some clay district, or off a brickfield? It was villainous, sticky stuff, and made a dreadful brown stain on hands and pinafores, or blouses; but still lovely, real things could be made out of it—little fat, podgy men, with very round heads and very fat legs, long rolled-out worms and serpents, and hot cross-buns, with little stones stuck in for currants; while the older children could mould pretty little baskets with handles, and birds' nests with eggs in them, little acorns in their cups, and snails peeping out of their shells. It is true we were not often allowed to play with it because of the nasty mess, and nurse, if we gave her the chance, was very fond of throwing it away altogether. But mothers, and therefore nurses, are wiser now, for Froebel has lived and taught us to reverence this creative faculty, and encourage it by every means in our power.

The sculptor's clay that can replace the old brown loam of our childhood, is easily and cheaply procured in small quantities, and can be preserved for a long time if a little attention is given to keep it moist, by wrapping it in a damp cloth; or if it gets hard, it is readily softened by breaking up the lump, or lumps, into small pieces, and soaking them in water till they are soft, and then beating them up together, like dough, with the hands, or a piece of wood. Then if the children have it on a large tray, and are taught to keep it together, and not play about the room with it, and a dust-sheet is laid on the ground, so that the stray pieces that are occasionally dropped can easily be shaken out when the work is done, the mess that would otherwise be made is entirely avoided. The

children, as a rule, delight in it, even as young as two years old, and will sit by the half-hour together twisting and rolling it with the greatest patience, and making, even the youngest of them, really very creditable forms from the delightfully plastic material. It makes no soil worth mentioning, if slight precautions are taken, and, of course, the child has on a big overall or pinafore kept for the purpose, from which the white marks from the clay readily wash out when they have become so numerous that a clean one is needed. It is a very good plan to put on a long piece of American cloth, shaped like a long fender, with the ends rests resting on the table under the tray, and this prevents the fragments falling on the floor, and also keeps the clothing dry from the dampness of the moist clay. The hands, too, are very readily washed afterwards, for the clay acts like pumice-stone, making stained little hands far cleaner than they were before. Then the articles made, if dried and carefully handled, will last for a long time if desired, or they may be rolled up again and put with the big lump for future use. Just a little guidance occasionally, or a suggestion of something fresh to make, or an easy model pointed out, is all that is needed, and mother or nurse can go on with her occupation, while the children are happy and good because absorbed and busy. For older children, the clay can be utilised in various ways, especially for teaching physical geography. What more delightful map could be devised than, with clay spread out on a flat board, to attempt with it to mould the contour of the country, and trace the courses of rivers, while watersheds and other difficult terms would be readily understood if once seen in miniature, and their action explained.

If clay is objected to on account of the slight attention it needs to keep it moist, and the dampness in the hand, modelling wax can be bought at any artist's colourman's for about two shillings and sixpence or three shillings per pound (the best quality is not needed), which serves almost equally well, though it is not quite so plastic, and therefore not quite so fascinating as the clay. Still, if the little sculptors have never known the one and its possibilities, they are equally delighted with the drier material, which has the advantage of needing no attention to keep it in condition. The only thing that can happen to it is that it may become slightly hard, but the warm little hands soon make it manageable again, or it can be put for a few minutes near a fire or stove.

There is another material called plastine, which is cheaper than wax (one shilling and ninepence per pound), but it is somewhat stiffer to work, and also more difficult to procure, as, so far as I know, it

can only be obtained from the curator of the modelling school at the Royal Academy, and one or two London shops. But perhaps the readiest of all substances to obtain for modelling purposes is ordinary dough, and much can be done with it, but it is inferior in all respects to the other materials mentioned, though useful as a makeshift.

Other inexpensive playthings afford an endless variety of amusement for the little ones: a pound of haricot beans, with a few old tias to divide them into, and tip from one to another; or if old enough, a small pair of scales and weights to teach them in a fascinating way that dreary book-lesson, "Weights and Scales"; and if a little real money be lent to play with, the game is still more delightful, and the lesson more thorough.

A collection of oyster, cockle, and mussel shells will often suggest some wonderful games, especially if silver-sand be added, and a butler's tray or shallow box be provided. The sand of itself is a fascinating plaything, and can be made to serve many ends; and the fact that the children must be tidy with it, and keep it within the limits assigned, is a valuable lesson, which they soon learn if removal is the penalty of rough and careless play.

Many will say that by suggesting that all nurseries should be Kindergartens, where education in its true sense goes hand-in-hand with amusement, I forget that both mothers and nurses have generally other work to do than simply to play with the children; that this they must learn to do by themselves, and thus learn habits of self-dependence, since to devise play for themselves is far healthier than to look to others for it. Just so, and it is because I feel this so strongly that I would have our little ones provided with toys and playthings out of which they *can* devise real and lasting play, and that I would have older people give some care and thought to the subject. A suggestion now and then from an elder is no doubt a great advantage, for little children crave in a marked degree for sympathy, and five minutes' help sometimes makes all the difference to the spirit in which they carry on a game; but this can be given without the children looking to be amused or played with continually, and with little loss of time to the busy mother or nurse. And with regard to the playthings that are given them, surely one that instinctively rouses their marvellous faculty of invention, trains the little fingers into skilful doing, and stirs the artistic sense by the effort of creation, is not only far more fascinating to the child, but of far more ultimate value, than a toy that is merely to be looked at and handled.

Let us do all in our power to increase and develop the "meaning that lieth oft in childish play."

ALICE MULLINS.





THE Oude Waerkerk, Rotterdam.

Over Dutch Waterways without a Yacht.

SO many accounts had been given by those who had visited the canals in Holland in a yacht, that we thought we should like to see if it were not possible to travel on them in a more humble way; and some account of the experience gained with considerable effort in the attempt may perhaps be found useful by others with similar desires.

As a preliminary remark, we may say that Holland is the most difficult place imaginable in which to get any information. People at the hotels and inns know nothing—indeed, worse than nothing, for they assure you there are no boats running, though you may find them down in the *Officiele Reisgids*, with their hours of departure. After some waste of time and the disarrangement of many plans in consequence of this, we discovered the reason. No civilised Dutchman calls anything a boat that is not a special passenger steamer, still less can he imagine that anybody not reduced to poverty will go by water when he can go by rail.

It is only of course on the larger canals and from the most frequented places that the passenger steamers run; on the smaller ones the boats that go are for the conveyance of cattle and goods. They have not, it is true,

the luxury of an Atlantic steamer, but they are quite good enough. This work used to be done by the *Trekschuiten*, or drag-boats, pulled along by a lad on horse-back; but now these have given place to small screw steamers which have always an awning and deck chairs and generally a small cabin. On those which are larger, and more organised for passengers, you can get beer, tea, and coffee, and the inevitable cheese sandwich.

Anyone intending to go as much as possible by the canals and rivers should at once get the *Reisgids* for the month and make a study of the times and days when these traffic-boats go, for that is the chief difficulty; some go only on certain days, or, again, they go at two or three in the morning, or even at night. It takes some careful planning, therefore, if time is limited, to do what one wants, though, with consideration, not a day need pass without one of these canal journeys.

We went straight from London to Dordrecht, one of the most attractive places in the whole of Holland, situated on an island of the Maas. From the balcony of the Hotel Bellevue, near the steamboat pier and overlooking the river, there is an ever-changing scene as boats from Rotterdam, Zwijndrecht, and Gorinchem come up to the

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pier in quick succession, while the many schuyts and local craft of all descriptions, with their bright paint and coloured sails, often picturesquely laden, delight the eye with their novelty. Then one realises how true is the colouring of Wyllie's Dutch pictures. The brilliant fresh green of spring on the trees, the blue of sky and water, and the vivid red of the roofs of Paaspndrecht, the little village just across the Maas, mingle with the changing colour of the big sails, and give a sort of metallic lustre quite unlike anything on this side of the Channel.

Thence we went by a good passenger boat to Rot-

gloomy rooms, where the still gloomier waiter attends on you, without any of the smartness of his French counterpart. Unlike the latter, too, he never tells you what there is, or helps you to make a choice. At no time of the day did we see any of the natives taking a meal in these places. After the tea, rolls, and cheese, which constitute breakfast all over Holland, the Dutchman seems to take little else but beer until the early dinner at five o'clock.

Having been misinformed of the hours of departure of the boat for Delft, we had to pass a couple of hours in the Zoological Gardens close by the pier, and then



HOOEN.

terdam in an hour and a half. My previous recollections of that town as a stopping-place had been very unfavourable, and were only revived on the present occasion. It is dear and dirty, and though the big quays lined with shipping are pleasantly impressive, the same may be seen more agreeably at Amsterdam. The heat was excessive, and one became painfully aware how independent the nation is of all the amenities of life: no attractive cafés or restaurants; one or two large,

embarked on a sort of small carrier steamer for Delft. The first part of the way—as far as the village of Oversdric—is along one of the foulest canals we met with anywhere, a mere narrow drain; and as the boat lay close to the water, typhoid seemed unavoidable, and smoking an instinct of self-preservation.

After about an hour the way widened out considerably, thatched windmills lined the banks at intervals, and schuyts sailing briskly along, or barges being towed,

give life to the second. The sails of these schuyts often extend nearly from bank to bank when the channel is narrow, and have to be pulled in to allow anything to pass. The barges are towed in a way that might give a hint to the Thames oarsman when there is not too much wind and steam; for as there is often no one inside to steer, a stiff pole is fixed in the front part, almost at right angles to the bow, in order to keep the boat from bearing in to the bank. The towing-rope is affixed to this, and so the pull forces the boat from the shore.

A boat like ours performs the office of a carrier's cart, and is at the hail of any passer-by, so all along to Delft we were taking up or setting down passengers. It is a peaceful though not exciting way of travelling—the mind soon adapts itself to the conditions of leisureliness—and the contrast to the normal hurry and pressure of the mode of life at home produces anything but a sense of tediousness.

From Delft we went by steam-tram to the Hague, and here it may be well to note that the traveller intending to go as much as possible by canal or tram, and avoiding railways, should take what can be carried in the hand, or at all events what will go under the seats of the cars, for luggage that does not so conform as to size is a source of difficulty, since passengers stand up outside at either end of the car. It is also well to be able

to transport one's own impedimenta from the boats.

From the Hague we went by train to Gouda, intending to take the boat thence to Amsterdam, but our information had come from too high a source to be accurate. The boat had gone at 2.30 a.m., and we had to contemplate taking the train anew.

The first thing was, however, to get lunch, which there, as elsewhere, except in the large towns, meant always one thing, an omelette—not the French article of that name, alas! but a very different thing—with either coffee or beer.

But it was always thankfully accepted, the only alternative being meat. Now if there is one thing more impossible than another in Holland, it is to eat meat except at a civilised hotel. It is only presented at the country towns in masses of flesh, half raw, and reminding one of nothing so well as of the wheelbarrow that goes round at feeding-time in the Zoo. Two ladies came in while we were lunching, and each consumed one of the meat sandwiches, which is the usual way in which cold

meat is taken—a sight better imagined than described. There is an apothecary's shop at Gouda full of old blue and white pots, such as the curious seek in vain to purchase, as well as old oak chests with brass fittings, that, like everything else brass in the land, shine with a quite exceptional lustre—a charming picture of an old-world shop that has probably remained unaltered for centuries.

Apothecaries' and jewellers' shops abound everywhere, particularly the latter. In the smallest villages there will be six or eight as unattractive as the medicine shops are the reverse, for if they have any old silver, it never

appears in the windows, filled with modern meretricious ware; while the apothecaries, with their old Delft pots, gleaming brass scales, and chests of curious mountings, seem still to belong to the past.

The journey to Amsterdam was made less dull than it might have been by a dark storm-sky which contrasted finely with the rich buttercup meadows through which the train ran. The colouring of the fields at this season is very rich, for in amongst the yellow buttercups there grows a red sorrel, giving a rich, tawny orange-colour that is very effective. It was not much easier to find pleasant quarters at Amsterdam than it was at Rotterdam. The sultry weather had made us feel that air was the most desirable thing, and so we put up at the Amstel, a large barrack

kind of place, overlooking the river, of which there is nothing to be said in favour except its position.

At 9.30 the next day we started for Alkmaar in a passenger steamer. The air had been much lightened by the previous evening's storm, and for the first time we felt the sense of oppression relieved that we had had since landing in the country. Though only the 20th of May when we started, we had by ill-luck happened on an unusually early spell of very hot weather, and Holland is not a country in which that is pleasantly endured, the air being always relaxing except at the north, and wholly without invigorating qualities.

The route along the Zaan is a delightful one. For nearly two-thirds of the way to Alkmaar it is clad on each side with well-to-do houses and gardens. Then there are the numerous windmills so often described, painted green and with two of their four sails stretched with a bright red canvas. The houses are often painted green too, and even the stems of the trees occasionally share in the national love of bright-coloured paint.



A DUTCH FISHERMAN.

The villages of Zaandam, Koog am Zaan, and Zaandijk follow each other in quick succession, hardly disconnected, and at intervals as we steam along, a large bridge uniting the towns on each side is moved noiselessly, often as if by magic, to allow us to pass. The bridges in Holland move in three different ways: either the central part is swung round on a pivot, or the whole thing is reared upright on one end by means of balance weights, or again, opening in the middle, each end is reared aloft by the same means. This last is the most picturesque way, and as the stolid bridge-keeper generally leaves it till the last moment to perform his duty, it is often a most exciting sight to watch this huge structure, apparently self-acting, give way in the middle and slowly upraise itself in two portions, only just in time to let the steamer have an unimpeded course.

The journey to Alkmaar is a very civilised one, and it is only after crossing the Wakermeer that the canal as

short time, but wishing to see the waterway to Purmerend, we were obliged to take the only afternoon boat—a small cattle steamer, in connection with the fair.

The canal now runs through nothing but country—a contrast to the morning's road. The cuckoo is quite loud-voiced, and the fields are pink with the profusion



DEVENTER.

of ragged robin. The teams that draw the barges are variously compounded—sometimes a man or a woman, or both in conjunction, or either one aided by a couple of dogs.

Arrived at Purmerend, not a soul in the place understood a word of any language but their own—a difficulty that often presents itself when once outside the track of Murray or Budgeker. In vain we tried the jewellers' shops, of which there were about a dozen, and which we had often found useful, possibly from their proprietors being in many cases Jews; neither there nor at the inns could we make ourselves "understood of the people." Having just missed the train to Hoorn, the necessity for food was forcing itself upon us, and our search became urgent. At one inn the hostess, pointing significantly to her mouth, ejaculated the word "Bifsteek," but at that we fled precipitately for reasons aforesaid. At last a man, seeing we were on the search for something, sent after us another who spoke a little low German, and to him we easily made known our wants. He took us to a modest little coffee-house, where he explained to the people our needs, and then left us. We had still an hour and a half after tea before we could start for Hoorn, which we spent in looking at the carts drawn by dogs.

it nears the town is narrowed to a country road. The traveller is unfortunate if at one or another of these towns he does not chance upon an open market day or a beast fair. At Alkmaar we found both, and the whole place wore a festive look. The women were in their most gaudy head-dresses, and there were rows of hooded carts with varnished woodwork, slightly ornamental and with the year of building inscribed on them, drawn up in rows along the shaded canals throughout the town.

Alkmaar is one of the prettiest villages in Holland, with curious gabled houses, well worth a visit, and the inn is quite sufficiently good to tempt the traveller to spend a night there. We regretted that we had only a

These fifth animals, often driving the stolid Dutchman himself, are used everywhere in Holland for light carts, something like our covered hakers' carts, and it is surprising to see the swiftness with which they trot along the roads paved with small bricks which run from the towns into the country. They are also greatly in request as guardians of property—no boat or barge but includes

walks and gardens, not to speak of numberless quaint houses, and perhaps on the whole next to Dordrecht it has the most attractive points of view.

From Hoorn we took train to Amsterdam, and thence to Haarlem, as we wished to sleep at the latter place in order to start by the 6.30 boat to Gouda; which canal route Mr. Davis mentions in the account of his yachting cruise as being especially interesting. It being Sunday evening, we were able to hear the organ at Haarlem Cathedral, and also to dine especially well—a thing not to be despised in Holland. The Hôtel Funckler, indeed, vies with the Hague in being the only place where



A TYPICAL CANAL VIEW.

In its family on board one of these protectors of its household gods.

Just outside the town a perfect concert of frogs was going on, and we watched them sitting half out of the ditch by the roadside, making their hideous noise, which was, without exaggeration, as loud as the quacking of ducks and geese, and quite filled the air. In all the country towns, and indeed sometimes in the large ones, the men always raised their hats to us—evidently a mark of homage to the stranger, while on the other hand, the small boys invariably threw gravel and hooted; the older and the younger generation thereby presenting a fine contrast in manners.

Hoorn makes another delightful stopping-place. There are fresh breezes from the Zuyder Zee, and a high leuk runs round the coast part of the town from which to enjoy them. Through the great sluice-gates that shut out the sea there is a picturesque harbour, in which lie all sorts of shipping; there are, besides, plenty of green



DORDRECHT.

it seems possible to get a really civilised meal. So apparently think the University students, for about half way through dinner the room was invaded by some six or eight young men of very dissimilar ages in boating attire, many quite tipsy. One of these took his place with some companions at the upper end of the table, and the room rapidly resounded with shouts and every unearthly form of noise. No one could hear himself speak, and consequently everybody gave themselves up to observation of the revel. The proprietor came to see if it was a case for turning out, and one or two of the more intoxicated were ejected, but the noisiest one, who had firmly seated himself at table, was left, his merriment evidently being considered an extenuating circumstance. No one seemed to mind much, though there were several ladies present, and on inquiry we learnt that it was the

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annual boat race day, and that as it only happened once in the year, it did not seem worth while excluding the students from the hotel. The result of the carouse was that when we got up at five next day to start for Gouda, we had much ado to rouse anybody in the place to give us tea. The diffidently experienced by the waiter in adding up our bill seemed to indicate that the service had shared in the students' revel over-night. After taking pity on him in his task as he sat, his head supported on his hand, audibly endeavouring to get at the sum-total, we set forth on our last canal journey.

Mr. Davis is quite right in mentioning this route as the most attractive; and so well do one's feelings take on the habits of the place, that the eight hours we spent on that journey seemed anything but wearisome. It was quite a large steamer that we went on this time, laden with sacks of flour, sacks of peas, and a miscellaneous cargo—also a baby and perambulator. I think we never went a water-journey without the perambulator coming on board, and its occupant was always noticed by the men, and carefully moved to and fro out of the sun. The Haarlem Canal has a special feature in being beautifully wooded for some little distance outside the town, the trees being full of song-birds, while all along there are willows, except for short distances, where high

sedge and yellow flags take their place. At many places there were fine chestnut-trees in full bloom, and every cottage garden was brilliant with laburnum, may, and lilac.

A busy highway this. Barges bright with their burden of plants being carried from the Haarlem gardens, or piled with rhubarb or other green freight, the largest schuyts we had seen anywhere, gay with the red shirts of the family on board hung out to dry in the morning sun, all contrived to make quite a block at the bridge, so that we had to lay to before we could get room. It is wonderful the skill with which these large unwieldy-looking vessels are manoeuvred within a few inches of each other, and how careful those on board are of everybody's paint besides their own.

This journey came all too quickly to an end. As we approached Gouda, we began to think of the time, and of catching a train to the Hague. The captain helped us with our calculation, and put us on shore just before the town, so that we might make a short cut to the station. And so ended our tour on the canals; one to be strongly recommended to all who have a taste for leisurely travelling, and want to leave far behind for a space the hurry and bustle not only of modern business life, but of modern holiday-making too.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.

In the Pine-Woods.

THE summer wind is whispering
Among the green-topped pines,
The summer sunlight shining
Downward in golden lines,
Between the long dark shadows,
Across the dry, crisp ground:
And all the air is laden
With summer scent and sound.

But fairer than the sunlight
That shines the long day through,
And gayer than the lark's song
That comes from out the blue,
And sweeter than the ling's scent
Borne upward on the breeze,
Is the face of youth and maiden
At their tryst among the trees.

And he is looking downward,
And she has raised her head—
What do you think they came for?
What do you think they said?
The brown bees hum around them,
The streamlet ripples on,
The blackbirds sing unheeding,
In piping antiphon.

If they could speak they'd tell you
'Twas no strange mystic lore,
In mighty words revealing
Truths never heard before.
'Twas just the old, old story—
Old, yet for ever new—
I think he said, "I love you!"
I think she said so too.

ALICE MULLINS.



Love's Defeats.

BY MARJAN BOWEN.

PART I.



WOMAN'S *lover*. Pout! A feather light as air, a toy for a summer day's amusement! Who would have done otherwise?

George Dacre threw his shapely head back, settled himself comfortably into the luxurious ease of his chair, and stared contentedly at the smoke-rings curling from his cigar. On the whole, he thought himself hardly used by Fate.

There was something so aggravating about it. He had done as much as most men, seen as much, flirted quite as fast and furiously, without being any the worse, and now the first time he feels the faintest interest in a woman, it is a woman whom it would be madness for him to marry.

Yes, on the whole, Fate has treated him shabbily — so he muses.

For clearly the thing is impossible. She has not a penny, and he must marry money. It is exactly like the contrariness of things in this world. If a woman has money, she is sure to be plain or uninteresting—perhaps both; if she has not a son, she is more than likely to be the reverse. At least, that is the conclusion he has come to.

Not for one moment does the other side of the question strike him; not for one instant does he think of what it may mean for her. Why should it? Every woman has her fancy, and gets over it, he would say, if he ever gave the matter a thought at all. Who would expect to marry on nothing a year?

And so a woman's heart must be the sport and pastime of a man's idle fancy. Yet how dare he trifle with it, think of it lightly, win it, and then cast it away! What has he to match its quivering sensibility—he who has worn out his own until it is reduced to the merest semblance of what it once was?

He tells himself savagely that he is a fool; which is true enough, though hardly in the way he means. It is exactly when he curses his own folly most that he comes nearest wisdom. But what he thinks is wisdom, is a sorry thing at the best, and very uncertain.

Perhaps—only perhaps, mind—if that horse does pull off the race, he might put love into the scales against money. The thought does come into his head; he even fingers over it for a moment. Well, the cigar is out, and it is time to dress.

It is odd there has been no telegram.

* * * * *

Two or three hours later George Dacre is making his way up the broad staircase in a well-known town house. He is late, and it is crowded. Slowly he passes on, greeting an acquaintance here, paying the required

compliment there and doing generally what Society expects from him in the lazy, graceful fashion that sits so well upon him. But there is a certain air of insistence about him, a steady pursuing of one aim, a disposition to keep straight on until he has reached it. Not that this is very manifest—George Dacre is far too well behaved to seem to be in earnest even in a small thing.

At the top of the stairs he pauses. "Good evening, Mrs. Wintome," he says. A pleasant-looking woman turns towards him; past her youth long ago, certainly, but with a cheery, kindly face, whose owner one feels must be possessed of a good many lovable qualities. "What a crush!" she says good-humouredly, the first salutations over.

"Dreadful! Where are you going?" he replies.

"To refresh exhausted nature with a woman's unflinching remedy—tea," she answers, giving him a bright little nod as she slips her hand back into her escort's arm and passes on.

The slightest tinge of satisfaction has strayed over George Dacre's face. So far so good.

Mrs. Wintome is Guida Seaton's chaperon, and he does not at all mind her being out of the way when they meet.

He does not search far. Indeed, it almost seems as though he knows where to find her.

To glance at her, one could forgive any man for loving her; but looking, one finds it very difficult to forgive any man for trifling with her.

She greets him with a slow, glad smile, which seems to shine softly out of her deep brown eyes and travel gently down to the curves of her mobile lips.

She is dressed, as few young girls would dare to dress, in a white gown of absolute plainness, cut away to show her shapely neck, with the head so proudly poised above it. Her black hair is arranged in heavy masses high over her forehead, and the only ornament she wears is an old-fashioned crescent of diamonds sparkling among the heavy tresses. Altogether, there is something regal about her; and her stately walk as she takes George Dacre's arm, and the trailing satin gown, do much to enhance the effect.

"Come out of the crush," he says with the easy confidence of a man who knows that he will meet with no opposition; "I think I know a place where one may hear oneself speak."

She does not reply; only perhaps he feels the slight quiver that passes through her as he draws her hand through his arm. He leads her to a narrow balcony. A few large plants are standing here and there, a few baskets of trailing flowers hang above their heads. It is dimly lighted by tiny coloured lamps twinkling like stars amid the gloom: through the glass roof the moon's pale rays shine steadily in; below can be heard the hum and noise of the streets.

Apparently they have the place to themselves. He finds her a seat, and notes with a mixture of satisfaction and resentment how graceful, how splendid she looks.

There is a silence—the silence of tension, and neither seems inclined to break it. The girl's breast is gently heaving, and though her eyes are fixed on the ground she knows he is watching her.

As for him, he is seized with a wild desire to take her in his arms, to hold her there, to fling prudence to the winds. He feels it is insanity, but he knows he is terribly near it.

Has he not been asking for her love—daily, hourly for the past few weeks—by look, by touch, by all those subtle indications that go to make up love's vocabulary? She knows it, though she does not know so well the effect of all this upon herself. It seems such a little while since they met; but who measures love by the calendar?

She never questions; she simply drifts in child-like confidence. It never occurs to her to wonder how it will end. She takes her happiness; for, though she dares not reason about it, she knows she is happy—so calmly, so quietly happy, that Mrs. Wintome never sees what is passing under her eyes. She never guesses how the girl's nature is stirred to its depths. Guida simply hides it deep in her heart, and feels it with all the wealth of feeling which is hers to bestow. Never by word or gesture has she let George Dacre see that she understands; but she has not yet learnt how to mask her face, so he finds it all written plainly enough in her glorious eyes.

"Well," he says after a pause, "I wondered if you would remember our dances."

He knew she would, but he wants to make her look at him.

"I never forget promises," she answers in a soft *trémant* voice, raising her dark eyes to his face.

He is almost startled by the passion he sees in them.

Again the desire to make her all his own floods over him. This time it seems less distinctly insane.

If only the telegram had come!

"Guida," he says.

The girl starts. He had never called her by that name before.

"What would you do if you wanted a thing very much, and were too poor to afford it?"

"You are not poor," she replies in astonishment.

Certainly, measured by her standard he is not poor.

"Oh, yes, I am; you can't think how badly off."

"I am so sorry!" she says gently.

If her manner had changed one whit, as more than one young lady's he knew would have done at a similar announcement, he would have hated her for it, have felt as aggrieved as though he were the most disinterested of men; but at the same time it would have given him a kind of savage satisfaction. He could have posed as a victim of a woman's weakness. It would have been very comfortable salve for his conscience, and he might even have begun to believe it in time.

But there was not a trace of any such feeling. The girl's face expressed nothing but sympathy. He knew

he stood as good—nay, even a better—chance of winning her than he did an hour ago.

"You know," he continues, hardly knowing why he keeps to the one subject, "I have squandered no end in my time; it is very wicked, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," the girl replies unwillingly. To blame him even in such an impersonal fashion troubles her.

"It is," he answers; "one always pays dearly for one's follies."

After that truism, there is a silence again—a silence that may mean so much. For the life of him George cannot keep off dangerous ground.

"Guida," he says, coming nearer and bending towards her, "will you forget me directly you leave?—For me," he continues hastily, feeling that he is behaving abominably, "these days will always seem the happiest of my life."

At the idea of parting, the girl's face blanches; but she makes no sign. Like all women, she can suffer and be still.

"I hope that among your pleasant memories you will find a niche for me," he says, letting a tender note steal into his voice.

"I shall never forget this time!" she replies with the slightest strain in her tone. How soon she is learning her lesson!—the lesson that most women learn sooner or later; only it kills some of them ere they have mastered it; and who shall say they are not to be envied?

Her self-control moves him more than any display of emotion would have done. He had thought of her almost as a child; now he perceives all the womanliness that she summons to her aid.

He sees how white her lips have grown, and he can divine (very, very dimly) something of the restraint she is putting upon herself.

Conscience, so long unheeded that it has almost ceased to trouble him, gives him an uneasy prick.

For the first time he thinks of her in the matter. A faint feeling of contrition steals over him; then it is smothered in a rush of irritation. Why has Fate dealt so hardly with him? He knows that she is far too good for him. He knows that she would give him all herself, and hold all the sweetness of her womanhood cheap, as long as he but takes it for his own; yet knowing, he hesitates. Would she were less fair, or not portionless! Still, the impossibilities are growing less and less distinct.

He moves back, as though to gain time. The girl breaks the silence. "What a long time it seems since the water picnic!" she says dreamily.

He does not need to ask her which one.

There they had met; how sweet she looked!

"It does," he assents. "I don't ever remember enjoying myself more."

Any other evening he would have been amused with the inanity of their remarks. To-night, every slightest word seems full of possibilities.

Somewhat conversation persists in languishing.

They are both conscious of a big restraint; he is putting a curb on himself, such as he never had need of before: she is waiting, waiting, she knows not why;

only, without acknowledging it, she is sure that tonight is the great day of her life.

The last notes of the waltz float in through the window.

The girl rises, almost wearily, the orchestra trying her more than she knows. "Had we not better go back?" she says.

The idea somehow fills him with dismay. Whatever may be the danger, he is in no mind to shorten the interview by one second.

"I think I must find cousin Margaret," she continues, and makes a step towards the window.

"Guida!" he cries.

The girl turns suddenly, a great light in her eyes. One moment more, and he will take her into his arms.

She stands before him, trembling. He takes her hand, and she lets it lie passive in his clasp.

"Guida," he says again, "Guida—"

Voices close behind the curtained window arrest the girl's attention.

She makes a shy little gesture.

An exclamation of impatience rises to George Dacre's lips; but ere he can utter it, it dies away.

What are they saying?

With breathless, intensest interest he listens. Every word can be distinctly heard.

"Shocking thing! Fred Pinto told me as I came in. Has a friend in the Embassy, and they know how to get the news across. Jockey killed tight out, horse rolled clean over him. Poor brute! it broke its neck too."

George Dacre feels as though he were standing at the edge of a precipice.

He never for one moment doubts that it is the horse which carried his money—and he is right.

Self, that had almost gone down before love, plays the master again. This news makes a marriage for money twenty times more of a necessity than before.

His first sensation is one of intense personal disappointment; then he gives a quick gasp of relief that the announcement has not come a few minutes later. How nearly he has been making a fool of himself! The thing was impossible—impossible before, doubly impossible now, he hurriedly tells himself.

For one minute Guida stands bewildered. Then, as he makes no attempt to speak, she says in a voice that has grown deadly calm, "Take me back to cousin Margaret, please."

"Guida," he answers, "I am the unluckiest beggar in all the world."

He would have taken her hand, but she proudly draws it away; there is even a touch of scorn in the movement.

"Take me back to Mrs. Wintone," she says, still in the same calm voice.

Without another word he offers her his arm.

Guida Seaton had entered the balcony a girl, she passes out a woman, with a woman's burden of suffering upon her. She knew she had not given her love unsought, but that did not lessen the pain. She had given him her all, and now the idol lay crumbled in the dust. Would she had died ere he had fallen so low! He whom

she had thought of as a king among men, as very little lower than the angels, to be so poor, so pitiful!

With all her anguish was mingled a protest, none the less passionate because wholly unexpressed, against this seeming waste of human love. The mystery of pain seemed so unfathomable, only its presence was very real.

What she went through, no one around her ever dreamed. Perhaps she was a little gayier than before; one heard her laugh a little oftener; only once or twice the strange light in her eyes gave Mrs. Wintone an uneasy feeling.

They met again—George Dacre twenty times more bored, more listless than before, with a wife who is reported to be enormously rich; and Guida Seaton, now Lady Cheriton.

She meets him coolly enough, smiles the old slow smile he remembers so well, but with what a difference!

Outwardly she is the least changed—a little more poised perhaps in style, that is all. Just as beautiful, just as regal as ever.

He looks at her, and feels himself stirred with a throbb of fiercest pain. Has he been wise after all, he wonders. Has she forgotten those summer days! Not by the faintest sign can he tell.

The eyes meet his gaze steadily enough, the ghost of a smile is still flickering on her lips; she answers him calmly; asks with just the requisite amount of insistence where he has been since they last met. Nothing more.

Her husband comes up; she turns to him quite as impassively.

What does it mean? Only a woman's heart broken.

Pouf! A woman's heart is as a feather, light as air. Who told you so, my friend!

PART II.

A YEAR ago! Am I the same girl! In appearance—yes. Improved perhaps a little, since being well gown'd counts for something, even with a beauty.

I am not a beauty; but, since it is as well to be candid even to oneself, I have a style of my own. Last year, when new frocks were an event, people used to turn and ask, "Who is that distinguished-looking girl?" This year, faultlessly attired, I get more than a fair share of admiration.

How little it all matters!

Last year—last year again; it is always last year—it filled me with delight, it seemed a *cachet* to Wilfred's choice; now it moves me not at all.

Then I was of no account, now I am someone; then I was a slave, now I am the mistress; then I was tyrannised over, now I tyrannise. In brief, then I was poor, now I am rich.

Ah! but then I had Wilfred, now I am alone.

"Thank you, Clementine; I am ready!"

It is just as well the carriage came then. Retrospection is dangerous at the best; still, I can't help it. Generally I keep myself in such good control; to-night I

must live in the past—that happy past—summed up in the one word "Wilfred."

If I live to be a hundred (the thought makes one shudder), I know life will never mean the same to me again. The dreamy happiness of those days, the blissful moments when Wilfred's hand touched mine, when Wilfred's voice poured into my ears all his tale of hope and longing, when we lived together in a dream of what his future should be—he to strive, I more than content to cheer and watch! All the unending variations of life's great song! Never again!

Bah! how weak I am! If one must moan over one's own folly, at least let it be in the solitude of one's own room; even then it is dangerous. Tear-traces are not easy to efface, and sleepless nights are apt to leave circles round one's eyes. Now it is sheer madness.

The carriage stops. In another moment we are in the centre of the brilliant crowd. Half a dozen men declare they are waiting for me, and beg for a dance. Why not! As well they as any others; only I stipulate for good dancers—not from any personal motive, but because it is less trouble to waltz with a good dancer than a bad one.

I am perfectly conscious that I make an imposing picture, standing at the top of the big staircase. One learns a good deal from Experience, and one of her useful little lessons is how to gown oneself. Therefore I wear black—soft clinging black—with a curious moonlight effect of steel and silver over it, such as only a first-rate *modiste* would dare to turn out.

I am equally conscious that Lord Longford is watching me with most undisguised admiration. I shall have to make up my mind soon. I hope it won't be to-night—after all he is rich, young, not absolutely brainless, a little in love with me, and will give me a title—can any well-regulated young woman require more? I never pretend to any feeling for him; but is that necessary? When you have feasted on sugar-plums, dry bread is very unpalatable; and I have had my sugar-plums, you see.

Suddenly I turn to find a pair of deep grey eyes fastened on me with a look that is almost hungry, wholly wistful. Mechanically I bow. Then the room dances before me, and through a mist I hear Wilfred's voice asking me for a dance. Something in his tone tells me that he is scarcely less moved than I am.

Even then I know that I should be wiser to refuse. I have a hundred excuses. Ah, no! what can a dance matter! We make no great attempt to talk; he pencils his initials on my programme, and bows himself away. Programme, I have you yet!

I find what it is to live again. Every nerve is strained to the utmost. I feel as though I must laugh aloud, or cry, or do something—but being a civilised young person I do nothing; only listen to inanities with a polite smile, and count the minutes to Wilfred's dance.

Wilfred is another woman's husband; last year we were engaged. Not formally—oh, no! Have I not said I was poor! But I have not said that I ate the bitter bread of dependence. It is just the old story over again. Wilfred had nothing but his pay, and I was a coward; and when my uncle railed at me for my folly in wanting

to marry the man I loved, I weakly gave way. Now that he has made me all the reparation possible by leaving me his money, I can't feel an atom of gratitude. The sting of those insults will last for ever.

The band strikes up the first bar of the ninth waltz, and immediately Wilfred stands by my side.

"Come away," he says, almost roughly. Again I know I should be wiser to resist; again I am too weak. One poor little attempt I do make. "Won't you introduce me to your wife?" I say.

The stab that I give myself does me good. Women somehow seem to thrive on pain; but it is agony to call another woman his wife.

I know, were I a good woman, I should have lived down my love ere this. Believe me, I tried to think I had. I have told myself so often enough. Still, it is not much use telling oneself a lie. Once for all I will write it down. I love Wilfred Ruthven—love him, have loved him, and shall love him till my life's end.

I steal a glance at him. His lips are closed firmly; he gives an impatient tug at his moustache—just the gesture I remember so well.

A minute later we are standing in front of his wife.

His face tells—the dear face I can read so easily—that the ordeal is as painful to him as to me.

My first impulse is one of pity for the wife who has so little share in her husband's heart; my second glance tells me I need not trouble myself. Mrs. Ruthven is far too self-satisfied to need any pity from me. As long as her husband is decently polite she will never feel the want of anything more; she is just the kind of woman whose mental horizon is bounded by the delinquencies of her servants.

And Wilfred is chained to this woman! Fancy his pouring out the wealth of his imagination to her! Fancy his trusting her to appreciate all the subtle lights and shades he finds in existence! Why, it would be the veriest casting of pearls before swine.

And yet I have heard him say that the only perfect joy life held was that of soul-companionship between a man and the woman he called wife.

"Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart.
You must be just before, in fine;
See, and make me see for your part,
New depths of the divine."

After a few formal phrases he leads me away, out of the ball-room, down the corridor to a curtained alcove at the far end. He and I have been there together before. Once more I know it is wrong, once again I have no strength to battle.

We neither of us speak, but our silence is a thousand times more significant than words. I sink into a chair, and he stands opposite me. I dare not raise my eyes to his, I dare not read what is written in them.

Does he remember, last time we were here, how he stooped and kissed my arm?

"Marguerite!" he murmurs under his breath—"Marguerite!"

Oh! I love him, and he is so miserable! God knows

I would take all the pain and have it willingly enough, could he but go free.

He passes up and down the little room. Not a word has passed between us; yet we both know. We have never met since the day when I told him I could never be his wife. "You did me no wrong, Wilfred," I say inwardly. "I made you free as air. How could you know I loved you? All the vehemence was but a weak nature trying to fortify itself against itself; but how could you know?" Then he pauses in front of me.

"I never even guessed," he says hoarsely: "fool that I was!"

Not with one word, not with a gesture does he reproach me. I could bear it better if he had; his magnanimity scorches me.

Yet I have only done what thousands of girls have done before me. I have only committed moral suicide.

How long will "to marry well" be considered the chief end of a woman's existence? To marry well is a comprehensive phrase. It may mean youth and good looks; it may mean middle age and stately bearing; it may mean old age and a title, but it *must* mean money. Money is the one thing indispensable; the rest are merely adjuncts.

As for the man himself, Society will pardon pretty well anything as long as he keeps a moderately decent exterior. "Agnes Merton has done uncommonly well for herself. Has anyone seen her seat in 8—shire? Finest place in the county. Every young man must sow a few wild oats, my dear." Well, it may be so, yet if it be true that he who sows to the wind, reaps the whirlwind, must it not be uncommonly nice for the young girl his wife! After that, the only wonder is that so few of us become reckless. But how many of us go through life with a great heartache! At any rate, we hide our wounds from the world's eyes. It may suspect, but it never knows.

Something like this flashes through my brain as Wilfred stands beside me.

Again we are silent. It may be for a minute, it may be for years. I know nothing, see nothing but Wilfred and Wilfred's eyes.

The world fades away, time and place change, Mrs. Ruthven is utterly forgotten, only we two are together again, only—

I don't know how it came about, what happened next, only I awake to find myself in Wilfred's arms; his voice, low, passionate, intense, is whispering a hundred endearing words in my ears, his lips are taking long, passionate kisses from my face.

And I! I forget everything, save that I love him and that he loves me.

The bliss of that moment will compensate for years of pain, for, as I lie in his arms, I realise how intense our love is—I forget how hopeless.

I come to my senses first; a woman always does. I remember that he has a wife. Quietly I draw myself from his arms; but pain makes him mad. It is only women who suffer and make no sign.

"Marguerite," he says, and bends over me again, "come!"

He stretches out his hands as though to draw me nearer to him. "Come, my darling, and never leave me again."

Just for one moment I hesitate. Is it no excuse that he is miserable and that I love him?

"Darling," he continues eagerly, "come; my love shall protect you. He who dares to say one word shall answer to me. Trust me, Marguerite. Together we will defy the world."

Defy the world! The horror of it breaks over me. Has our love led us to this?

I start back. A bitter reproach rushes to my lips, but, ere I can utter it, it is silenced. Did I not wrong him first? Did he not give me all his love, a strong man's firm devotion? and did not I first accept it, and then throw it back?

If he is now sinning, have not I sinned too! My hands fall! Wilfred has never moved. Suddenly he raises his head.

"My God!" he says brokenly, and I see his face is ghastly pale. "Marguerite, forgive! That I should be the one to snare your honour—I who would die rather than one word of reproach should touch you! I was mad—forgive me!"

There can be no talk of forgiveness between us. Only pain, bitter pain.

After a little while he turns to me again.

The passion has died from his face. A great light shines in his eyes. I know the end has come.

Once more he folds his arms round me, once more his lips touch mine—slowly, reverently, as one kisses the face of the dead. A bitter anguish surges up in my heart. The burden of life seems too heavy to be borne.

"Would that we might die!" I cry wildly.

He holds me a little closer, as though to ward off the pain. "Amen," he answers in a dull voice, so different from his ordinary musical tones that even then I notice it.

For a minute longer I lie in his arms, too weary, too spent to do anything but remain passive.

At last—in reality, it has hardly been a moment—in seeming, it might have been a lifetime—he holds me a little from him, slowly his gaze travels over me, lingeringly his hand touches my hair, then he lifts my face to his.

To my dying hour Wilfred's face will haunt me—white drawn with the throes of a great agony, yet ennobled by a brave determination.

"Good-bye," he says unsteadily—"good-bye, my Marguerite." His voice lingers over my name. How true it is I am his, by that love which neither time nor death can change!

Then he bends down, and kisses me again.

"For ever!" he murmurs brokenly.

For us, Wilfred and me, the bitterness of death is passed. Henceforth we shall look on it as the Bright Angel that will unite us.

He loosens his embrace, unfastens my arms from round his neck; then, without turning, passes through the curtain, and I know that, unless chance shall order otherwise, I shall never in this life look on Wilfred Ruthven's face again.

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Silk-weaving in the East-End.



AT the time of the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife, last year, a paragraph which caused some surprise was to the effect that the finest length of silk in her trousseau had been woven in Bethnal Green. The present generation seems to have forgotten how some of the best silks and satins were produced at Spitalfields, and it was somewhat astonishing, therefore, to hear that the craft had not entirely died out. Certainly it is a tiny trade compared with what it used to be, but still, in the very heart of crowded Bethnal Green, a little colony of silk-weavers still exists. Many of them are direct descendants of the old Huguenot refugees who fled here for shelter after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and brought over with them the secrets of the loom. From father to son the traditions have been handed down, and in the last thirty years very few outsiders have come into the trade. There is a kind of exclusiveness and pride about these old weavers in their beautiful technical art, and well there may be, for in all its branches it is very skilled labour, requiring a correct eye and a delicate touch.

In order to understand the present condition of the silk trade in the East-end, it is necessary to go back to the year 1860, when the practically prohibitive duty on foreign manufactured silk goods was removed. The immediate result was an English market flooded with cheap showy wares, produced under conditions of cheaper labour and lower rents than either Spitalfields or Coventry could command, to say nothing of tricks of adulteration unknown to our own manufacturers. For a time these two centres struggled on against the heavy drawbacks imposed upon them by French and Italian rivals, only to be beaten in the end, and to lose the commercial greatness they once enjoyed. That the trade is actually and relatively but a shadow of what it formerly was, will be judged best from the fact that in 1828 there were 25,000 looms at work in Spitalfields alone, giving occupation to 60,000 workmen and 2,000 dyers, while at the present moment scarcely 800 looms exist, and many of these are not in constant use. From as accurate a calculation as could be made last year, it is believed that there are not more than about 1,100 weavers and 90 dyers concerned in it at the present moment. When one considers the growth of population, and the present demand for really high-class dress fabrics, the diminution is a startling one indeed.

Without any exaggeration it may be said that everything adverse has fought against the industry for the past thirty years. In former days most of the work was done by the weavers in their own homes, when they were assisted by their families, brought their sons up to

follow the craft, and took numerous apprentices to teach. As the old tenements and cottages are condemned in the onward march of municipal improvements, and "model dwellings" and railway stations and factories are reared in their stead, no place is found for the old looms. They require far more space than could be given in the prim squareness of an "artisan set," and so the two or three firms who have had the foresight and courage to keep the industry from perishing from utter inanition, have been forced to build factories for the accommodation of their workers. The old people grow attached to their looms, and it is quite pathetic to hear how they come and ask their employers to purchase them, when they find it impossible to erect them elsewhere for themselves. Many of these looms are so old that their woodwork will not even bear removal, but, with tender regard for faithful old servants, their owners cannot bear the idea of their being broken up as mere lumber.

It is hardly necessary to say that all the weaving is done by hand-machinery, and no steam-power whatever is used for it. The looms are what are known now as "Jacquard," though considerable modifications have been wrought in them in the ninety years that have elapsed since Napoleon publicly rewarded the clever inventor before the Conservatoire des Arts et M^{ét}iers of Paris. To the onlooker it appears the clumsiest and most complex bit of mechanism ever produced. An elaborate design in brocade frequently requires several weeks to prepare before the actual weaving can be commenced. The factory that I visited belongs to Messrs. Warner and Ram, and besides being the largest one, may also be regarded as quite typical of the others, and here an old man is employed to "read" the pattern.

A handsome design for a furniture brocade, drawn by Mr. Owen Jones, illustrates the first process in the hand-weaving of any figured silk. It has been magnified to what one might term heroic proportions, with the position of every thread shown like a small rope, and the colours indicated in most glaring contrasts of orange, green, blue, and violet. The man stands before an intricate web of strings, every one of which represents a coloured strand of the design, and of these he chooses with marvellous and unerring accuracy the ones he wants, lacing into them horizontal strings. As soon as he has gone right across, he pulls a bar, and as the tightened cords communicate with corresponding metal pegs over his head, they are forced through a strip of card, the holes in which represent a fraction of the whole pattern. Very few brochés or brocatelles need less than 18,000 of these slips of card, and an elaborate one requires from 43,000 to 47,000 of them. One design in the possession of this firm takes upwards of 50,000, and they weigh a ton and a half.

They are next joined in proper order, and this is usually done by boys. Every single thread of the horizontal warp is passed through a tiny oval glass bead, technically called

"The pick, and so tedious is this part of the work that it takes two girls fully two days to accomplish it in even the dress width of silk. These strands are strained over two rollers as tightly as the strings of a violin at concert pitch, by means of weights attached to the rollers. Nothing perhaps impresses the visitor with a greater idea of the primitiveness of the mechanism which produces results

rosebuds, tied with pale blue ribbons, upon a lovely "oyster-white" ground, it indicates the possession of a good memory to reproduce it, as I saw one man doing, absolutely by heart.

There is, however, a greater complication still, should the pattern contain any velvet, whether cut or *frieze*, and some even have both. To explain how these are produced



A BETHNAL GREEN WEAVER AT WORK AT THE LOOM.

so artistically lovely than the appliance for the weights. It is nothing but a long wooden trough tied by ropes to the rollers, and filled with paving-stones, bits of old iron, fragments of lead-piping, and other such rough material.

The preliminaries thus gone through for the arrangement or "setting" of a loom, more elaborate machinery of hooks and threads has to be set working in order to drop through its proper hole in the card every thread required to produce the pattern. When that is done, the weaver fills his shuttles with the exquisitely fine strands of colour required in the pattern, and with his foot sets his machine in motion. By a further clever device, practically automatic in action, a tiny bell rings whenever he has to take up a new shuttle full of colours; and when he has been over his pattern once or twice, he needs no chart or fixed order of his shades, but his hand takes up the right one with unflinching certainty, so perfectly developed is his memory. In a self-coloured brocade or damask, the shuttle shoots to and fro with no change, but where several tints are employed, as in the instance of an exquisite Empire design of many-hued

would require elaborate technical details, very difficult to make clear upon paper. I was shown several designs of which, with the best industry in the world, a man could not produce a yard a day. Little wonder, then, is it if we have to pay from thirty to forty shillings a yard for the magnificent damascs of a Court train. But I think it was in the department which belongs in this factory to one very old man exclusively that I felt the greatest amazement.

I have alluded previously to the exceeding monotony of "necking" the warp threads on to a loom, and whenever this can be avoided, it is done. Suppose that a piece of brocade having a pale yellow warp was last woven, and the next one is to have it of delicate pink, it is cheaper in that case to waste a yard and a half of the threads to join them, but to do this is not in everyone's power. This old man has devoted himself to it, and there he sits, hour after hour, in the very midst of countless strands of silk, not one of them coarser than a human hair, taking up one thread at a time of either colour, and giving it one deft twist with his thick bent

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old fingers to form a knot neither to be pulled apart nor unravelled.

It is perfectly marvellous to watch him. He never makes a mistake in the order in which he takes either the old or the new strands, and the quick dexterous motions of his fingers are only to be compared to the movements of a virtuoso's hand on the violin in a *prestissimo* passage of *arpeggios*. But every worker employed seemed a perfect master of the technique of his art, from the man who read the cards to the young girls engaged over the simple though tedious process of "necking."

Nothing but the richest brocades and figured silks are woven here, and in many instances, the retail prices of the silks used for panellings or portières would be from £3 to £5 a yard. The furniture silks are of extraordinary thickness and richness, and perfectly pure unweighted material is employed for them throughout. On one of the looms was a magnificent crimson damask of a design which has been in possession of the firm some forty-five years. "That," remarked Mr. Warner, my courteous and well-informed guide, "is a Government

telles and damassés to suit every style of furniture upon the looms. For the bright gilding and ornament of the Louis Quinze period, were roses and ribbons upon white or Rose du Barri, and for the Empire were tiny garlands and forget-me-nots scattered over golden satin or quaint rayé grounds. In exquisite taste was one intended for a Chippendale room of dull gold and pale brown, and a beautiful brocade of shades of réséda would have harmonised with any "fitments." "It may surprise you to hear," said Mr. Warner, "that America is buying these silks very largely now. They see how unique and essentially artistic they are, and even the prohibitive duties on manufactured goods are no barrier to them."

And the dress silks! But no descriptions could do them justice. One loom was employed upon a white broché, not of very elaborate design, but specially pointed out to me as the most absolutely perfect and snowy white that the modern chemists' resources could give. One's linen cuffs, and a sheet of clean letter paper, certainly assumed the most "grubby" tint beside the clear dazzling purity of this ideal bridal robe. Empire designs are in



JOINING THE WARP.

order, and is intended for one of the foreign embassies." He then turned the gas upon it, and it assumed a yet more lovely hue, with high lights and shades playing across it. "Now," he said, "imagine what a beaming background that will be for handsome dresses and fair faces. Red and rich blue are almost invariably chosen for Government orders of that kind." There were broca-

great request still, and likely to continue so. Many of the best are correct reproductions of the patterns of this epoch. The most elaborate piece of weaving-silk in hand on this occasion had a highly raised ground of *Armure royale*, in colour a delicate mignonette. Over this was a many-hued running design of small flowers, sometimes of satin, at other times of *frisé* weaving. It will

government idea of the competition of this piece of work if I say that a skilled hand employed upon it for a full working day, could not produce nearly one yard of it. Several specimens of these beautiful goods were exhibited in the Paris Exhibition, where they were declared by the judges to be fully equal to the products of the best French and Italian firms, and were duly awarded prizes and medals. When, however, the moment came for the actual bestowal of the awards, they were withheld upon the mean and quibbling ground that they were exhibited in the name of Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, and not of the actual manufacturers. This was a sore disappointment to the poor weavers themselves, who would have been entitled to a bronze medal, which, with their true artists' pride in their work, they would have valued very highly.

It is hoped that the exhibition of English silks, deferred unfortunately until next year, may result in the establishment of a technical school of silk-weaving. This would be a useful step towards bringing more hands into the craft. But this ought not to be too long delayed. We must catch and crystallise all those fine traditions of thoroughness of work which these clever old artist-craftsmen still display. Then, too, we want a little more patriotism

on the part of Englishwomen to help their own industries. They should be more like the Countess of Bective, who a few years since exerted herself so successfully to bring the claims of Bradford woolen manufacturers into fashionable repute. It is, to a thoughtful woman, saddening and heartbreaking to see the squalor and poverty of this teeming East-end district, and then to think that a splendid industry such as this might be allowed to languish and decay. This is no question of choosing ugly or inferior goods for the sake of a cause. They are in all respects equal to the foreign goods so largely bought. Possibly it may give a needed impetus to the trade when it is known that the Princess of Wales, with that same unerring taste which has taught her the beauties of Irish lace, is a regular and constant purchaser and wearer of the Bethnal Green silks. What she does, it is to be hoped other ladies will also do, for a steady request for these lovely wares will develop a branch of artistic commerce capable of giving competence to thousands. "Create the demand, the supply will come," is an economic axiom which sensible women would do well to remember with regard to the silk-weaving industry of the East-end.

M. F. BILLINGTON.

How to Make Fancy Sleeves.

FOR convenience of explanation I will speak first of loose or full sleeves, then of plain or close-fitting ones; but, as a rule, the sleeves are made on a close-fitting lining, however their outward appearance may differ.

Instructions for cutting and fitting the close sleeve (or sleeve lining) by measure were given in the January number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, but any sleeve pattern that fits nicely will serve the same purpose. My first sleeve shall be the "Florentine," a close-fitting lining, with long close cuff of velvet or plush reaching nearly up to the elbow; the upper part of the sleeve loose, much gathered into the armhole, and hanging loosely down over the cuff at a turn below the elbow. Hard or springy materials, such as serge or alpaca, are not at all suitable for these sleeves, in my opinion, though loose sleeves almost similar in cut are so often put to sailor-blouses or dresses of serge, that I almost hesitate to say so. Still, it is a fact that hard stuffs do not fall prettily or lie so close to the arm as soft ones; I should, therefore, advise the quantity of fulness to be diminished one half when they are used.

Let us suppose we are using a soft nun's-veiling, which will range from 22 to 24 inches wide. Lay the length of stuff open before you, and on one end lay the upper part of the sleeve pattern, with the top about two inches below the edge, as shown by Diagram I. You will first mark on your pattern (or, if you prefer it, on the lining of the sleeves by which you may cut the stuff if you do not wish to mark the pattern) the height you

intend the cuff to come up the arm; this cuff line should not go straight across the sleeve, but should follow the same slope as the wrist of the sleeve, and I think the upper part is prettier if the cuff does not reach quite up to the elbow. The cuff line is shown shadowed in on the diagram. The upper sleeve is laid with two inches of material above it (more if the sleeve is desired high), and the inside line, as far down as the cuff line, laid close to the selvedge. Pin this pattern down into place, and then lay the under sleeve to the opposite selvedge, taking care that point X on each sleeve is exactly the same distance down from the top of the material. Next measure the space of material left between the two linings (O to A). This should not exceed the width of the upper sleeve from X to O, and in many materials is better only a half or even a quarter of that quantity.

As a rule, a single width of soft silk is put in a lady's blouse sleeve, without much regard to the quantity left by the lining, and if there is an inch or two more or less width in the material, it is not necessary to cut away or add, unless a special effect is desired or the bulk is an objection. For instance, in little velvetene frocks with full sleeves to the elbow I consider two inches of space between the upper parts of the pattern sufficient—the width increases between the elbows, and makes the little sleeve full enough to hang prettily, without punishing the child by packing the armhole of the frock full of thick velvet gathers.

This being explained, we are ready to mark off the sleeve. From the upper sleeve X to A, touching the top

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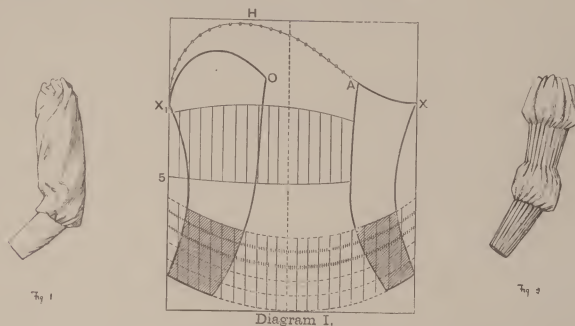
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of the cloth midway (as H), mark the shape of the head of an upper sleeve much exaggerated, as dotted lines show it; then from the one cuff-line to the other also sweep a round dotted line. Cut out by the lines from X to A, and thence by H round to the opposite X, also cut by the cuff-lines from one to the other by the round line just dotted in, but do not shape the material down from X to the cuffs—leave it perfectly straight. To mark the pattern, use a bit of tailor's chalk; it is a very handy thing to have for home dressmaking, as it makes a clear thin line and dusts off quickly and easily.

After cutting out the material, proceed to make the sleeve by tacking the velvet for the cuff to each piece of

by a few stitches. When it is considered desirable to keep the stuff close to the arm at the inside seam, the turnings of the seam X to the cuff may be caught down in two or three places to the seam of the close-fitting lining. This will keep it close to the arm, without spoiling the loose look of the sleeve as a shaped sleeve would.

When the same sleeve is used for sailor-dresses of serge or material, where a velvet trimming would be unsuitable, the cuff is usually of the dress material, prettily braided; but for smocked, gathered, or tucked blouse sleeves, the cuff is cut in one with the upper part, and drawn in to the size of the wrist by the tucks or ornamental sewing.



the sleeve-lining—quite raw-edged—and then putting the sleeve together, and making it up as if it were a properly covered close-fitting sleeve. Nesten the inside seams by whipping, and finish the cuff end as you would in the usual way; then take the lengths of material and machine them together from X to X to the bottom, taking narrow turnings. Press the seams, but keep the pieces wrong side out, and fold them so that the curve of the under sleeve (X to A) lies uppermost. The sleeve-lining, with the velvet cuff mounted on it, should be right side out, and laid out, also with the under sleeve uppermost. If the cuff of the sleeve is now slipped into the end of the sleeve material, and the latter gathered round the bottom, raw-edged, and sewn through velvet and lining at the cuff-line, it can then be turned over to the upper part of the sleeve, and will be found finished in the neatest and strongest possible way to the top of the velvet cuff, over which the gathers now hang prettily. The under sleeve curve X to A is to be tacked without gathering to the curve of the under sleeve (fulness under the arm would be uncomfortable and unsightly), but the exaggerated sleeve-head of the stuff should be gathered to the lining, the major portion of the fullness being, however, gently graduated towards the backward part of the lining between H and O. The sleeve is set into the armhole in the usual way, and is generally a favourite, but a little novelty may be added by tying it midway with a ribbon and bows, which are, of course, secured in place

To cut the sleeve with cuff and full top in one, lay the pattern on the cloth with the line from X to the wrist down the selvedge, just the same as on the fall to the elbow you put the line from X to the cuff-line down; excepting for this difference, mark off the curve of the under sleeve and the exaggerated sleeve-head precisely as before, but take (at the bottom) the round from each wrist-line instead of from the cuff-lines. From this wrist-curve draw lines either half an inch or an inch apart, according to fancy; if the sleeve is wanted with a deep-gathered cuff, about eight lines of gathering, an inch apart, give a pretty cuff; or the curves may be marked for smocking or honeycombing, if that method of drawing it in is preferred. The inside seam must, of course, be machined down before the cuff is started, but the marking is best done whilst the pieces are open and together. The end of the material should be hemmed or frilled, and the lining of the sleeve faced with the dress material, and neatly lined up before the gathered sleeve is put to it; the upper part is arranged as previously explained. When, however, the sleeve is made without lining, as for flannel boating-blouses or other easy wear, the end is gathered once only, and set into a loose cuff. Of this kind of loose, easy, unlined sleeve I shall have more to say when I come to the "Gigot" sleeve, now so strenuously fighting its way into public favour.

Before leaving the present diagram I must speak of the serge sailor-blouse sleeves tucked up the back of the

are to see up the surplus fabric as they work. The cut of the stuff is the same, but O and A should not be more than four inches apart, unless it is desired to carry the tucks up quite to the top of the sleeve. The best rule to

find. The sleeve is lined and sewn in the same way as the others. In this one diagram then I find I have given—

1. The Florentine sleeve; loose top and close cuff.



make for the tucks is to put a line all down the sleeve, to mark the centre of the cloth (see dotted centre line); each side of this, rule perpendicular lines an inch apart. Let the tops of these lines touch the cuff-lines, and the bottoms the wrist-curve, and when all are drawn take up each line for a tuck, machining a quarter of an inch down from it. By this plan each tuck is made half an inch apart, and each tuck uses up half an inch of material; it is, therefore, easy to ascertain if your material is wide enough to tuck all the way round the wrist. If it is not, the back of the sleeve only may be tucked (this is most usual for children's dresses); but if there is enough to go all the way round, the sleeve must be made loose enough to admit the hand, and to fit the thick part of the arm below the elbow. Make it large enough for the latter, and when putting into the cuffs, put the tucks rather close together, to draw the bottom in to the wrist.

The tucked sleeve is exceedingly graceful tucked again across the arm above the elbow. To mark off the shape for the tucks, go 1 inch down from X on the outer sleeve, and then 5 below 1. From 1 draw a slightly up-curved line across as far as the under sleeve, then from 5 a line curving slightly down the same distance across. Between these two lines rule the tucks an inch apart, and take up the tucks a quarter of an inch on each side of the line, exactly as explained for cuffs. If you have plenty of width in the sleeve-piece, you may carry the tucks further round under the arm; but be careful not to make the sleeve too small, or even very tight, for the arm, and if the material is very narrow, take up less in each tuck. Be careful to mark in all the guide-lines, and tack them through the stuff so that they show on the right side, and be extremely careful when machining the tucks to end them *exactly* on the guide-lines. Nothing is more disheartening than to find the ends of the tucks irregular after the work has been done; there is nothing for it but to go over them again and shorten the long ones or lengthen the short ones, and anything more tedious and wearying than that it would be difficult to

2. Blouse sleeve, with gathered or smocked cuff.

3. Blouse sleeve; unlined, and gathered cuff.

4. Tucked sleeve; tucked at wrist only, or across the arm as well.

But this does not give one tithe of the fancy sleeves that can be arranged from this one cut. Once, however, the cut is understood it will easily be seen how many variations can be made upon it.

The next sleeve we come to is the "Gigot," or old-fashioned leg-of-mutton sleeve, which is certainly being revived, though not exactly in its old form. Three varieties of gigot sleeve are being placed before the public, and as the cut is distinctly novel, I shall describe them in turn. The true or full gigot is obtained by laying the under sleeve on the cloth, with the back line from top to elbow, down the straight of the thread in the usual manner. The upper sleeve is laid against it from the wrist up to the elbow, fitting line and fitting line, with the result that the wrist-line of the upper sleeve is quite straight across the material, and the head thrown on the cross of it. From X to X (Diagram II.) a new and very much exaggerated sleeve-head is dotted up; and we have the full leg-of-mutton sleeve, fitting close to the wrist and arm as far up as the elbow, and falling loose above it. The sleeve is put together by the inner seam lines being tacked to the stuff just as they lie on the diagram; the back seam is then closed in the lining only, after which the inner seam is closed and sewn—stuff and lining together—the large head of the cloth being gathered to the lining in the same way as the blouse sleeves already described. The gigot sleeves have naturally a very baggy look from armhole to elbow, which is their chief characteristic, and it is supposed they will be the very height of fashion this year; though, as far as my experience goes amongst my students, they are objected to by reason of this very bagginess. The "Demi-gigot" sleeve is consequently more liked, as the bagginess is less marked: this is got by laying the under sleeve on the lining in the same way as the larger one,

and putting the upper to it so that the elbows touch, but the wrists and tops are about equal distances apart. A tiny diagram showing the cut is laid in the corner of the full gigot diagram. This demi-gigot sleeve must have a seam from the elbow down, which must be put in the material itself, separate from the lining, to look well. The sleeve is tacked to the cloth by the inner seams, and the back seam of the lining closed separately, as explained for the full gigot, when it is desired to have the lower part of the sleeve quite plain; but I like this cut exceedingly for loose boating-blouses, or any use where a loose, easy, unlined sleeve is wanted, without the very baggy look at the elbow which an unlined blouse sleeve always has to my eye. By cutting a demi-gigot an inch apart at the elbow and gathering the surplus into a cuff at the wrist, a sleeve is got sufficiently loose to look smart, and yet close enough at the elbow not to fill out with the wind, or with the movements of the wearer.

The third class of gigot sleeve to which I have referred is, in appearance, rather like the long gloves ruffled artistically down the arms which were fashionable for evening wear some seasons back. These are prettiest when they fit the arm almost like a glove—as far as the width is concerned—till they come quite close to the top, but the back should be entirely seamless.

Indeed, they are much prettier if the seam is made quite out of sight; and this can be accomplished by taking a length of lining on the cross, as long as the intended sleeve is to be from the top of the shoulder to the wrist (about 23 inches is a fair proportion), and on this arranging a length of stuff about 2 to 4 inches longer, and also on the cross, in the desired ruckles or wrinkles; and then close the seam and machine it down in a slightly slanting direction, making it about 9 inches wide (on the double) at the top, and about half that width at the other or wrist end. The seam is to be pressed flat, and then the whole thing pulled into the shape of a sleeve, the seam being kept quite where the middle of the under sleeve would be. This shaping, when both material and lining are on the cross, can be more easily accomplished than the amateur would suppose, especially when it is remembered that the chief charm of the sleeve is its wrinkles. These, however, must be in the right place, and not all in the inside bend of the arm. After being shaped, the sleeve must be cut to the shape of the head and cuff, &c., by an ordinary pattern, care being taken to allow good turnings all round. The seam would show less if stuff and lining were each joined separately, the lining first shaped, and then the stuff arranged upon it; or going still further, would the amateur dare trying to arrange the cross stuff on an ordinary lining, the seams of which have been closed as usual? I particularly give this unique sleeve and these different ways of dealing

with it, because it is sure to become popular; but I feel I must warn the innocent amateur that material on the cross is easier to write about than it is to handle, as in inexperienced hands it has an ugly knack of yielding in the wrong places and sticking in the right ones, and, in short, of getting generally pulled and unmanageable. For this reason I should advise the amateur who fancies this sleeve to try the first method given, and trust to her elbow and the yielding nature of the cross of the material to give her ease. The wrinkles or ruckles are carefully arranged to the lining and pinned down, the stuff is then caught to the lining with very minute stitches between the wrinkles, the latter being pushed close together to hide the sewing.

In the sleeve in Diagram II. is a little drafting showing the cut of the particular modern gigot sleeve which

will, I think, take first place in popular favour this year. The lining is cut as for an ordinary sleeve, and the material for the under sleeve is cut to it as usual, but the material for the upper sleeve is better cut fairly on the bias (or cross) of the material, and should be shaped as the little drawing shows it, namely, 2 inches wider at each X, and 2 inches higher in the sleeve-head itself. From the 2 outside each X the stuff is cut back to the usual sleeve-line at about 3 inches down.

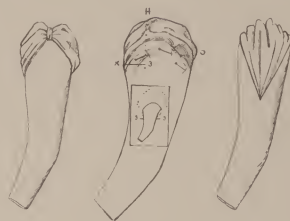


Fig. 1

Diagram III.

Fig. 2.

The lining is wadded with cotton wool, which is put in at the top, the thickness of an unopened sheet, and tacked down to the fitting line of the head. The wadding is then cut round to shape about 2 inches below the fitting line, and below that the cut edge is drawn down and gradually thinned away at the edge, till at the end it is about 4 inches below the top and graduated down to nothing at the thickest part of the arm. The material is then tacked up each side of the sleeve as far as the 2 outside each X, and the surplus fullness of the top gathered and set to the fitting line, the wadding filling out the difference in size between stuff and lining.

These sleeves, to fit well, should cling close to the arm, and if at all slack it is a good plan to curve the back seam, taking it in half an inch on the seam (after the two parts are tacked together) half-way between the top and the elbow, and from the half-inch tapering the curve out to meet the usual fitting line both at the top, X, of the back seam and at the elbow itself. Fig. 2 (page 380) gives a view of the wadded gigot sleeve when it is completed.

I wish particularly to mention that although in the instructions I have given so far I have spoken of the sleeve-lining as being in two separate pieces (upper and under), it is quite as well, indeed better, to have the lining in one piece, with the back seam down from the elbow only. This kind of sleeve can easily be made from any pattern by pinning together the fitting lines of the back seam from the top down to the elbow, and then

Using out a new pattern from it. The only difference inspired is to make it *equally lower* than the original, as this seamless cut of lining above the elbow makes the lining gathered bag at the elbow (always put into sleeves with back seams) an impossibility, and the lack of this would make the sleeves very tight if made up on quite the original lines.

I hope the instructions I have given for getting the pattern are clear; but if not, a good plan would be to take an old sleeve, and open the inner seam, and also the back seam up to the elbow. Lay this out flat, without opening the back lining any higher, and it will give quite a clear idea of the shape the lining without a seam up the back should be. As a rule for laying it on the lining, after cutting the pattern put the two points X and X, the tops of the inner seam, together, and fold and crease down the back of the sleeve; this crease should be laid down the straight of the lining, the other parts taking the lay this gives them.

The third class of fancy sleeves are those which are perfectly tight-fitting, and, in fact, are quite as usual, excepting that the top material is made high and full in various ways on an ordinary lining. The "Butterfly" is one of the prettiest of these sleeves, and this I shall proceed to explain. Diagram III. shows the plan of cutting the stuff for the upper sleeve (the under is as usual in an ordinary close-fitting sleeve). The material is cut according to the tiny drawing in the larger one. The upper sleeve is laid with the inner seams (point X) about 1 or 1½ inches in from the selvedge of the cloth, and a distance down from the top varying with the thickness of the material and the height of sleeve desired. For cloth 4 or 4 inches are sufficient, whilst silk or grenadine will easily use 10. The little drawing shows it laid about 6 inches from the top. The material is allowed about 3 inches wider than the sleeve-top, and from the cuff up to about 3 inches below X and O respectively the material is cut to quite fit the sleeve-pattern. From this it branches out to the corners, as the dotted lines show the corners themselves being rounded off to shape to make the large exaggerated sleeve-head, with which I am sure you can see almost all the fancy sleeves are arranged. From 3 upwards gather each side of the stuff as far as the beginning of the big head, and then drawing the thread down, tack the fulness to the fitting line of the sleeve itself at X and O. Now refer to the big diagram. The gathering is supposed to be tacked down to the material, and the surplus pushed up to about an inch below the proper fitting line, where the stuff is shown fastened to the lining with three pins. The stuff is to be secured to the lining by tiny stitches where the pins are placed, or the butterfly will flutter down the arm instead of remaining settled on the shoulder—we must trust to the fulness falling a little, and the minuteness of the stitches themselves, to keep them from showing.

We must next settle the highest point where the gathering, which is to throw out the wings, is to come. Amateurs generally make this point half-way across the sleeve, but this is too far back, and generally puts their ornamentation behind the shoulder instead of level with

the end of it. The highest point should be about 3 or 3½ inches in from X, and then square up from it. Here put a pin or mark, then bring the exaggerated head of the stuff down, and catch it on the pin. One inch each side of this, tack the material quite plainly to the fitting line, then from X and O respectively, but mostly close up to the inch on each side of the highest point, gather up the surplus size of the material to fit it to the fitting line of the lining. Now from the centre pin at the highest point either gather down in the direction of 3 or pinch the stuff together as tightly as possible, and draw it quite close up to the top fitting line, where sew it to the lining, and lay over it a very narrow band of trimming, which by a stretch of imagination we may suppose to be the body of the butterfly, and which may, therefore, be very appropriately made of a bright clasp or anything glittering. The material each side of the centre is then pulled out as loose and high as it will stand, and gives us the pretty sleeve shown by Fig. 1, Diagram III. The sleeve is put in by ordinary rules, but I think it wisest not to pull the butterfly wings out till the sewing in and neatening is completed. This sleeve, though the description reads rather terrifying, is really quite simple and easy to make, and is a very pretty and attractive one.

The same cut as the Butterfly may be varied to a wonderful extent simply by different arrangement. If the gathering of the large head is all brought together into a space of 2 inches at the highest point, instead of being separated there as it is in the Butterfly, it will stand high on the shoulder-top, and have quite a different effect. All the other parts of the arrangements are exactly the same as the Butterfly top; but it would be wise to catch the stuff between the folds to the lining here and there, keeping the stitches very small, and pushing the stuff close to help to keep them from view. And again, if this is considered to stand too high when finished, take the very extreme top of the part which stands up on the end of a needle, and sew it on the shoulder nearly up to the neck-band, straining it well up towards the latter to keep it a sharp point.

Fig. 2 (page 381) shows another style of sleeve-top made by splitting down the sleeve at the line of the highest point nearly to the elbow, and folding or cutting the stuff away nearly as far across as to X and O. The V-shaped opening thus made is to be filled in with a portion of velvet or silk or, indeed, of any trimming, the upper part of which is shaped like the now familiar exaggerated sleeve-head, and gathered into the fitting line of the sleeve. From the widest part it is shaped off to the end of the opening of the V, and the material is then turned under on the edges of it and sewn down. Sometimes it is slip-stitched, but it is more usual to outline the opening with braiding or a band of jet or some other ornamental trimming, or to put a fancy ornament to the point of the V as a finish. Again, the V opening is filled in with two or three box-pleats of the trimming pushed up high to stand well above the shoulder-point. Again, the top of the sleeve is filled with a pulling of soft fine material, and the sleeve itself is slashed into two or three points, each caught up to

the puffing with an ornament of some description. I must not begin to describe the numerous varieties of this style of sleeve, or I shall never reach the end.

I shall finish with a hint or two about trimming plain sleeves already in the dress. The one way is by adding a puff across, which is simple enough and very pretty if properly shaped, but very common-looking otherwise. Let the piece of stuff be twice as wide as the upper sleeve, 4 inches deep at H, and half an inch deep at X and O respectively. X may be about 3 inches below the level of H, and O about 2. Cut such a piece of stuff and gather the top. Then set the gathered piece wrong side up round the armhole as far as the seams. Then throw the piece of stuff down so that it hangs down the arm, and the top at the shoulder

will be found neat and full. The raw-edged lower part can then be gathered to the sleeve, and a folded band of the material sewn over it to hide it, or a narrow ribbon brought from each seam and tied in a bow half-way across.

Another pretty and closer fashion is to take a length of stuff quite unshaped, about 9 inches long and 6 wide. Sew one side, raw-edged and wrong side up, to the armhole seams, letting the ends go a little under the arm each way. Turn it over to hang down the arm, hem the other side and pleat it about three times, so that the hem is brought up to the top of the shoulder something after the style of the Butterfly, but without the fulness; from the pleats draw the ends down into broader pleats, and finish them neatly against the sleeve under the arm where the ends will not show.

J. E. DAVIS.

The Grievances of Barmaids.

THERE are two ways of considering the condition of any class of workers. One is to compare it with the condition which the observer would think fairly comfortable for himself; the other to compare it with the average condition of workers in other departments. The ordinary onlooker usually measures by the first standard; the employer almost invariably by the second. But to arrive at anything like a just estimate, we need, I think, to look at the facts in both aspects. It is well to insist very strongly upon the wrongfulness of insufficient pay, unduly long hours, and unhealthy conditions in any occupation whatever; but we need to realise at the same time the practical difficulty of maintaining in any particular employment a greatly better level of conditions than prevails in other employments of about the same description. In considering, for instance, the conditions under which young women work in the refreshment trade, we must most assuredly consider whether those conditions are fit for any young women whatever, but we must also take into account the conditions of other young women behind counters and at clerks' and bookkeepers' desks. In bars, as in shops, there is a very wide range indeed of difference between the position of those employed by some firms and those employed by others. In both occupations there are many instances in which the hours are terribly long, the pay very low, the food and sleeping accommodation very bad, and in which the girls are compelled to stand through the whole of their working hours. In both callings they are obliged to present a good appearance, however poor their earnings, and in both are generally liable to instant dismissal. Few shop-girls, however, have any Sunday duty, and at the end of her long day's work the shop-girl seldom or never has to face the midnight streets on her way to rest, as many and many a girl working in the refreshment trade has to do.

Barmaids, including under that name "young ladies

at the bar, young ladies at the refreshment counter," and waitresses, work under very varying conditions. In some cases they are boarded and lodged, and their food and quarters may range from very good indeed to very bad indeed, according to the character of the firm which employs them, and of the individual manager or manageress who has charge of these departments. I know of a firm where several young women are engaged under conditions in which it would be almost impossible to suggest an improvement. They live in what is virtually a separate house under the care of a competent housekeeper; they have comfortable bedrooms; their meals are excellent, and, what is almost as important, regular; their hours are not excessive, for their work ends early in the evening and their time afterwards is at their own disposal. For these girls there is no washing up of glasses after closing time, no scrubbing of floors, no housemaid's work to be done in their own rooms. They are free to sit down when they have time, and to do needlework in the slack morning hours when customers are few. These details I had from one of themselves, and her appearance of radiant health confirmed her story.

There may be other firms equally good, but I cannot say that I know of them. In many and many instances girls seem to be shamefully underfed and overcrowded. I have heard of six sharing one not very large bedroom, and have been assured by more than one that they habitually went out to buy food at other restaurants because that served to them was so bad they could not eat it. Now, girls whose weekly earnings are barely enough for their needs would not spend in food if they could have good food for nothing. The testimony as to bad food in certain places is practically unanimous. Sometimes these girls who are boarded and lodged do not live close at hand, but in a house provided by the employer at some distance, and then they have to go home very late, often after all trains or omnibuses

have caused roping. Where there is a considerable party of them, this, though disagreeable, is not really dangerous; but where one alone or even two are obliged to walk home, they may be subjected to alarm, annoyance, and sometimes serious threat. This risk is, of course, increased by the fact that girls in this trade are chosen partly for their height and good looks. That many of them take their midnight walk with great terror is the testimony of all of them, and there are plenty of stories of the annoyance to which they are subjected by men who hang about bars and get to know the hours at which they go home. It is easy to imagine the strain on the nerves of a timid girl already worn out by a fourteen-hours' working-day, during thirteen of which she has not been permitted to sit down. I am assured by a young woman who has lived there that in one of these houses the inmates are furnished with no food before going out to work or after coming home, and that they could only have a cup of tea by paying 2d. for it. I felt, I must say, some curiosity to know whether the employers knew of this circumstance, or whether it was a private stroke of business on the housekeeper's part.

The most crying scandal, however, in regard to the lodging of girls in this trade, is at one of the metropolitan stations where, as has been repeatedly said, and never contradicted, the girls spend not only their days, but also their nights underground. We are beginning to be tender about the wrongs of horses in mines where they are kept for weeks from the upper daylight, and surely public opinion ought to make it impossible for a firm to lodge the young women in its service in cellars. General conditions seem to differ slightly at different stations. At one, according to the statement, made to me personally, of a girl who worked there, she and her companions at the counter received nominally ten shillings a week, and not being waitresses, added very little to it by "tips." They were expected to have clean collars and cuffs every day, and they paid for the washing. As they worked on Sundays every other week, that would make their washing alternately one shilling and one and twopence a week. They were also subject to a deduction for breakages or for articles missing; this she said was often two shillings, and sometimes three. These breakages, we must remember, are admittedly not only those of the girls themselves, and they complain bitterly that they do not know what they are actually made to pay for. I am inclined to believe that these deductions are not only unjust, but also illegal, and that our single application to the law on the part of an employee might put an end to the tax for ever. It is admitted that the average deduction at one of these London stations is one and sevenpence halfpenny a week. Taking this figure and adding one shilling and a penny for the weekly washing bill, we have to subtract two shillings and eightpence halfpenny from the nominal ten shillings, which leaves seven shillings and threepence halfpenny as the weekly wage, out of which clothes, the washing of linen, and every personal expense except food and lodging have to be met. As a matter of fact some of it, I am assured, goes in needless extra food. These

young women work, on a rough average, twelve hours a day, which, with the alternate Sunday, gives seventy-eight hours a week for their eighty-seven and a half pence; and they are employed by a company which pays a good dividend.

The barmaid, properly so called, that is the young woman employed in a public-house, is generally well fed and well housed; but her hours are inordinately long; and after closing time—eleven at night—she often has to scrub out the bar and wash up all the glasses. In some houses she has to be in the bar again at six in the morning, and she generally is not allowed to sit down at all. The temptation to keep up her energies by drink is enormous, and hundreds of girls succumb to it.

The wages, I imagine, vary a good deal. The one girl who actually told me hers receives fifteen pounds a year, and I am informed that at another public-house, near Charing Cross, ten shillings a week is given without any deduction. In the various tea, coffee, and dining-rooms scattered over London the girls do not as a rule live on the premises; in some instances a certain amount of food is given to them, in others none. The Aërated Bread Company gives them their tea, but leaves them to provide their own dinner. At Lockhart's no food is given; but they can buy anything at half-price. In many other establishments they have neither food nor a reduced tariff. The hours generally compare very favourably with those of large restaurants, railway stations, and public-houses. At Lockhart's the girls work in two shifts overlapping during the busy mid-day hours. The Aërated Bread Company's girls work sixty hours or less a week. I cannot give the hours definitely in other places, but imagine that in the majority they are not very different. I have not heard of breakages being charged to the girls, but I cannot say certainly that they never are. The wages of waitresses seem to vary from about six to twelve shillings; of girls at the counter from ten to twenty shillings; and of managersess from about twenty to thirty. Nearly all waitresses have to provide themselves with aprons and to pay for washing them. In some places they have to provide not only aprons of a special pattern, but also caps; and in one instance, at least, not only these but also collars and cuffs of special pattern, and ribbons. The wage in this place is seven shillings, and there is nothing given in the way of food. It is no doubt true that these girls, being waitresses, do add to their seven shillings by the gratuities of customers; but it takes a great many pennies to eke out seven shillings a week into a reasonable living wage when you have to provide out of it a stock of caps, aprons, and collars, and to pay for their washing; and my own conviction, from personal observation, is that these particular girls do not succeed in making a reasonable living wage. In some places the young women at the counter also wear a uniform, and, no doubt, provide it themselves. In all these places, however, the girls are free from temptation to drink, and from the presence of drunken men.

And here I must speak with the very strongest reprobation of the allowance made by one firm of high

commercial repute to their employees—not of tenpence a day to spend as they like, but of tenpennyworth of drink a day. The girl who does not drink her full allowance feels that she has lost something. And we must remember that the girls to whom this temptation is offered are jaded by long hours of standing, and by the harassing coming and going, and bandying of words all day long, and that they are expected as part of their trade to be always lively and ready to talk and smile. A different and far better plan prevails, or did prevail, at the Crystal Palace. There everyone is provided with a daily credit note for eightpence, which she can either use in part or wholly for drink, or add to her wages at the week's end. In this case she feels that she gains something by not drinking.

To sum up, then. The particular grievances of barmaids as a class are these:—They work very long hours—longer even as a rule than those of girls in shops, and this especially is the case with girls working in public-houses. When they work at railway buffets and big restaurants they not infrequently have to walk home at very late hours, which does not happen to shop-girls. They are exposed to great temptation in the matter of drink, in a way that other girls are not; and they are also, unless their employers are careful, apt to be exposed, hardly perhaps to actual insult, but certainly to disrespect at the hands of some classes of customers; and they are certainly also more or less exposed to advances and attentions of a most undesirable character. In public-houses they are, I think, seldom or never left to deal unassisted with drunken men; but there is a cabman's bar in a railway arch at one station—and for all I know there may be others—where two young women without any male helper at all have to wait upon and keep order among a crowd of cabmen, some of whom we may assume without uncharitableness to be not always sober. I do not myself think that these young women run any actual danger; the bar seems by the account I have heard to be pretty nearly always fairly full, and the good feeling of a majority even among cabmen would be pretty sure to protect them. At the same time their position is one which no man would willingly choose for his own young daughter, and one in which their employers would not, I think, willingly be known to have placed them. Again, many girls are subjected to deductions for breakages which naturally arise in the course of business, and which are as much ordinary trade expenses as the outlay on fuel for cooking. I do not say that even on this point they are much worse off than many shop-girls, who also are often most unfairly and even unlawfully fined; but I do say, and I am sure my readers will agree with me, that such fines should in all cases be abolished. In regard to Sunday duty the barmaid generally is worse off than her sister of the shop. She often has to work almost as hard on Sunday as on week-days; in one

instance a girl assured a lady known to me that at the provincial station where she worked she had not a whole Sunday off during her six months' stay. In some cases there is, however, no Sunday duty; and in one such we are assured that it is the rule to send the girls out at ten on Sunday morning and not to allow them to return till midnight. The writer of a leader in the *Daily Telegraph* expresses some incredulity as to this statement. He is evidently unaware that there are large shops which, while professing to board and lodge their assistants, turn them out not only from Sunday morning to Sunday evening, but from Saturday evening to Monday morning, without any consideration as to whether they have friends to whom they can go. I myself know the mother of a young woman thus employed in a southern suburb, who was compelled to come up every Saturday night to her mother's lodgings in London, though she could ill afford the railway fare. I know also of a large shop in a big thoroughfare, the proprietor of which (a churchwarden if I remember rightly) incidentally mentioned to a lady connected with the church the absence of his "young people" on Sundays, and was quite offended at her remonstrances.

As to the girls in dining-rooms and tea-rooms, their hours are not apparently so long as those of girls in shops; and a considerable proportion, at any rate, of them are permitted to sit down. Their pay is low—too low; but I am afraid it is not proportionately lower than that of other young women of the same class. They, too, have a special hardship—that of having to supply aprons and sometimes other articles of dress, not to please themselves, but as a condition of work. These articles, like glass and crockery, are stock-in-trade of the employer, and should as such be provided, and their washing paid for by him.

And now, how are these things to be bettered? I, for my part, see only one way, and that way is combination among the girls themselves. But their long hours make the work particularly difficult. Here is an opportunity for some leisured woman who really desires to do lasting good and to avoid the dangers of alms-giving. If any such woman will devote herself for six months to organising a strong trade union among barmaids of all sorts, they will be able to put right at least the most crying wrongs from which they suffer. I venture to say that if there were to-day an old-established and strong trade union, no girl belonging to it would need to sleep in an underground station, or to pay an average fine of one and sevenpence halfpenny for broken glass. Without a trade union behind it, I am afraid that legislation in the matter of these girls' hours will remain practically inoperative; and I do most earnestly hope that the discussion which has lately taken place will have for its practical outcome the establishment of such a union.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Reviews and Notices.

MISS BLINDS last volume of poems consists of a longer poem, "The Ascent of Man," and two series of shorter poems, the "Poems of the Open Air" and "Love in Exile." The thought which underlies "The Ascent of Man" is, briefly, the passage of man to a higher condition through love. Miss Blind declines from nothing that is horrible in life as it *now is*, but she believes or hopes that in love the unknown possibilities which may ultimately work the redemption of the human race up to the limits which the necessary constitution of the universe imposes. No man can expect to live without finding some solution of the one eternal problem. Furthermore, the solution must be sought, not in what we call civilisation, nor even in science, but in that other-mindedness of which the Founder of Christianity was the first definite teacher. The idea is one which is naturally poetical. In fact, there can be no nobler poetical subject, and Miss Blind has clothed it with verse, scarcely ever halting, varied in its harmonies, and above everything sincere. This in fact is its chief charm, at least to those persons who demand that underneath all melody there shall be a meaning, and that the word which the poet speaks shall not be falsetto trilling, but depth appealing to depth.

Many persons, however, will think that Miss Blind is at her best in her shorter efforts, and more particularly in the "Poems of the Open Air." The better we appreciate poetical excellence, the more highly shall we rate some of these songs. They have one distinguishing merit. The true function of poetry, or at any rate one of its truest functions, is the investiture of ordinary life with a certain grace and completeness which are lacking in the facts as they stand actually before us. Thereby poetry enables us to look upon life with an interest which we could otherwise never know.

So shall the drudge in dusty frock
Sper behind the city clock
Robes of airy kings,
Skirts of angels, starry wings,
His fathers shining in bright fables,
His children fed at heavenly tables.¹

Very often the merest touch is all that is necessary to effect the transformation, but it must be the touch of an artist. In some of the "Poems of the Open Air," Miss Blind has taken common subjects, and under her skilful hand they are transfigured. She draws no moral, and therein is she singularly excellent, for no moral is *adder than* the change which the poet has wrought. The turns in which we live are antagonistic to a temper of this kind, and much of our poetry is either preaching, or the simple and useless expression of a pessimism which is corroding all our courage. All the more welcome, therefore, is an author who can write anything like Miss Blind's "Reapers."

Sun tanned men and women, holding them together.
Seven I count on all, in your hand of wheat
Where the rich ripe ears in the harvest wreath
Give an orange gold through the sandstone soil.

Birds have hushed their singing in the loudest trees-tops,
Not a single cloud near the dew-laden
Not a shadow moves on the mountain's ridge.

In the glossy shallows that no hawk remembers
Chestnut-coloured eels in the yellow flock
Stand like eels of bronze, save when they flick the trailing
Flies with switch of tail from each outcropping flank.

Nature takes a rest: even her bees are sleeping,
And the silent wood seems a church that's shut.
But these human creatures cease not from their reaping
While the corn stands high, waiting to be put."

A series of short poems called "Love in Exile" concludes the volume. In one or two of these a passion of remarkable intensity has been expressed with a simplicity which can hardly be surpassed.

To be beautiful is no doubt the end of every woman's desire. And, if we may believe Mrs. Teresa H. Dean, there is none who may not hope to attain this desirable end. Mrs. Dean is an American, and has published a book "for every woman," entitled "How to be Beautiful. Nature Unmasked" (London: Tredner & Co.). Like most books which reach us from the other side of the Atlantic, this little work has a moral. In the first chapter we are told the story of a Senator's wife who was in danger of losing her husband's affections. She had striven, says Mrs. Dean, to make her home beautiful, but had forgotten to cultivate her own attractiveness. And then she discovered that to retain her place in her husband's heart she should neglect the furniture and see what bathing and exercise could do for a torpid skin. She became beautiful, the unfortunate estrangement ceased, and the Senator and his wife lived happy ever after. Of course it is the obvious duty of everybody to emulate the Senator's wife. According to Mrs. Dean, the task is not difficult. Beauty is only another word for individuality, and by the aid of Turkish baths, cycling exercise, cold cream, aloe, borax, benzated lard, and various other materials, which are to be purchased of all chemists and druggists, the plainest woman may become individual. Surely here we have the solution of the great woman's question. Mrs. Teresa H. Dean should supersede Ibsen as the prophet of female emancipation. She who learns to remove wrinkles, to improve the hands, to wear warts, to be agreeable and fascinating, to prepare toilet-waters and hair-washes (and Mrs. Dean teaches all these accomplishments), should have no difficulty in gaining a complete ascendancy over the most autocratic husband, and keeping it.

It takes more than thick paper, rough edges, and bold type to make a blank-verse play, and *The New Pandora*, by Harriet H. Robinson (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), though printer and publisher have done their best for it, is a sad performance. The author has only travestied the Greek drama, and from beginning to end there is not a line which breathes the classical spirit. The verse has neither rhythm nor character; it is the baldest of prose cut up into lengths.

IX "Greek Lays, Idylls, Legends" (London: Tribner & Co.) Mrs. Edmonds has given us a selection from recent and contemporary Greek poets. The translations are all from Mrs. Edmonds' own hand, and though they are made with taste and some literary sense, few of them display any distinction of style. The translator has in most cases adhered to the metre of the original, and this restraint perhaps explains the harshness and difficulty of many of the rhymes. The modern Greeks have neither deserved nor obtained poetical renown. They have made no attempt to carry on the splendid tradition of their forefathers, and it is with a feeling of regret that we read the lame lyrics and tame tragedy of the descendants of Homer and Sophocles. The best-known poet of modern Greece is Aristotle Valerites, and several of his pieces find a place in Mrs. Edmonds' volume; but in her versions they are not impressive, and they no doubt owe much of their popularity to the spirit of political freedom with which they are informed. Far more Greek, and therefore far nearer to literature, are the folk-songs of George Drosinés. It is pleasant to read that though the inheritors of the speech of Æschylus have lost the feeling for art and beauty, which was once their own, they have not forgotten their old mythology, and that a belief in Nereids still lurks among the peasantry.

To the same author we are indebted for "Rhigas Pheraios: a Biographical Sketch" (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.). Hitherto there has been no accessible account of Rhigas, one of the first to sacrifice himself in the cause of Greek Independence. Yet materials were not lacking, for the hero had a Boswell in a friend and colleague named Perraios, who, when his leader perished, escaped with his life. Mrs. Edmonds has done her work with intelligence and restraint, and her little book may be recommended to all who desire to inform themselves upon a little-known period of history and a career of singular nobility.

To be eminent has doubtless its advantages. There is something original, individual, in being an eminent statesman, lawyer, divine, philosopher, scientist, artist, actor, and so on; but the attributes of a lover or a husband seem common to all men, eminent or otherwise. After reading Mr. T. F. Thistleton-Dyer's two imposing volumes entitled "The Loves and Marriages of some Eminent Persons" (Ward & Downey), it becomes evident that the loves and marriages of distinguished men and women are very much like those of ordinary

folk. We have the prudent man who marries £100,000, of course with love thrown in, the foolish man who marries his landlady's daughter, the sentimental man who marries a woman he has known since she was as high as the table, and the unconventional man who marries "by consent," whatever that may mean—the phrase is Mr. Thistleton-Dyer's, not ours. Surely no one ever married by dissent!

Among the eminent, as with less distinguished people, widowers and widows commonly marry again as soon as is decently possible—sometimes even before; and the man usually contracts a second marriage in order to provide himself with a hostess to entertain his guests. Most of Mr. Thistleton-Dyer's stories are well known, and some of them it would have been better not to re-tell. All the persons mentioned belong to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and their living representatives can hardly relish the unflattering manner in which their private affairs are brought into publicity. Then, again, to give the complete history of the early or, as far as that goes, of the late flirtations of any man or woman is surely unnecessary. A flirtation, like a love-letter, is hardly interesting except to the persons actually engaged in that exciting pastime, and the details are much the same in every case, so that a whole list of them soon becomes monotonous.

Judging from the examples that have come to light, a woman should avoid marrying a genius. If, however, she has courage enough to venture on such a step, let her choose a genius with a balance at his banker's. It is interesting to note that genius in a woman is as often as not extinguished by marriage, especially if she takes for her husband a man of intellectual powers superior to her own. In marriage or close companionship, the greater genius will always absorb the less; this was clearly the case with Mary Shelley and Jane Welsh Carlyle. Had both these women remained unmarried, the one would undoubtedly have produced greater work, and the other, in all probability, would have added her name to the roll of English authors. Rarely does marriage develop a woman's intellectual powers. There are, of course, exceptions; most people are agreed that we owe George Eliot's novels to her connection with George Henry Lewes, for the qualities of his mind filled up the gaps in hers.

Among the most amusing stories in the book is the one of Lord Chancellor Campbell, who was so much engaged in work that he had no time to go a-courting. Yet he managed to get married nevertheless. Astley Cooper, the surgeon, fell in love with the daughter of one of his patients. In consequence of the death of his intended father-in-law the wedding had to take place very quietly, the couple joining a christening party on its way to church, getting married, and then retiring as if they had been merely witnesses of the christening ceremony. In the evening Mr. Cooper delivered his surgical lecture, his pupils not having the slightest suspicion of what had occurred. The wedding took place in December, but the honeymoon was postponed till the following June. It is characteristic, too, of Abernethy that he did

not allow the occasion of his marriage to interfere with his lecture at the hospital. It is told of a professor of mathematics, who was, alas! too early removed from the scene of his labours, that one day he informed his pupils that he should have to miss the next lecture, because he was going away on a matter of business not likely to occur again!

All who desire more information on the love affairs of the eminent can satisfy their curiosity by reading Mr. Thinstelton-Dyer's book. Those who are interested in biography would do better to read the lives of these persons in the many well written volumes that exist for a man's marriage is but a part of the whole.

People who scoff at the notion that women can benefit the human race by their interest in public questions, and their participation in public affairs, must allow that their advocacy of the abolition of slavery had no slight effect on the ultimate issue of the question. So long ago as 1825, a young, handsome, and wealthy Scotchwoman, Frances Wright, put into practice certain theories she held on the matter, and actually established in Tennessee a kind of Utopian colony on the principle of co-operative labour, for the benefit of the slaves. To this end Miss Wright spent her money and ruined her health. Unfortunately, this Utopia went the way of all Utopias since the world began. But a great poet, lately gone from among us, taught us that persons are to be admired for what they have attempted, even more than for what they have accomplished. A little more than a quarter of a century later, an American lady, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, published a novel called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and no one would be rash enough to controvert the immense influence of that book on the cause it was written to advocate.

Some biographies tell us too much, others too little. Perhaps Charles Edward Stowe's life of his mother (Sampson Low & Co.) errs on the latter side. This, however, may be more the mother's fault than the son's. She was singularly shy and modest, even when at the zenith of her fame. An earnest Christian, she was devoted to her husband and children, and wedded to the cause to which she gave her best energies throughout her life. A characteristic letter sent to Mrs. Follen in 1853 gives us some interesting autobiographical details. "To begin then, I am a little bit of a woman, somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff . . . I was married when I was twenty-five years old to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and, alas! rich in nothing else." She took to writing little sketches for the *Annals* in order to provide the household with the necessary new carpets and mattresses. The early years of her married life brought her many trials and much poverty. We get an amusing picture of her on one occasion, writing one of her little tales, nursing and generally looking after three babies, and superintending an inexperienced cook in the manufacture of puddings and pies, at one and the same time.

Mrs. Stowe's literary talent showed itself early. At the age of twelve she wrote a wonderfully thoughtful

school essay on "Can the Immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?" Her appreciation of social intercourse, the love and interest she always showed for all that affected her fellow-creatures, also comes out in her as a young girl: "I am trying to cultivate a general spirit of kindness towards everybody . . . In this way I find society full of interest and pleasure . . . The kind words and looks and smiles I call forth by looking and smiling, are not much by themselves, but they form a very pretty flower border to the way of life."¹

The subject of slavery was first brought to her personal notice in 1833, the very year in which the English Parliament passed the Bill for the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. Mrs. Edward Beecher, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Stowe, horrified by the effects of the enforcing of the Fugitive Slave Act, wrote to her, "If I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." Here we have the origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe determined that she would indeed write something, with what great result the world well knows. Within a year of the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," over 300,000 copies had been sold in America. The aggregate number of copies circulated in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half millions. This successful author makes some sage remarks on the enormous power of fiction for good or evil, and clearly foresees how great an agency it was to become. Some of us who care for literature as literature, however, regret a little that our novel should partake of the tract and the pamphlet; such books certainly do great good in bringing home to people questions they would otherwise know nothing of, but it must always be remembered that they are great in their effects, and not in themselves. They are books for an age, not for all time.

During her visits to this country, where Mrs. Stowe had a triumphal progress, she became acquainted with Lady Byron, and heard from her those facts which, ever ready to defend the miserable and wretched, Mrs. Stowe afterwards made use of in the famous Byron controversy. If Mrs. Stowe was ill advised in taking part in the controversy at all, let it be remembered that she was actuated by the purest motives of friendship and regard.

In 1886 Mrs. Stowe lost her husband. She is still among us, though greatly weakened in intellect. With no more fitting words than those written by her in October, 1887, can we conclude our brief notice of this great and good woman:—"I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in an hotel, after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed . . . but what of it! I am going home soon."

Among the reprints we have received, are Charles Kingsley's "General and Literary Lectures," and "The Hermits," in the three-and-sixpenny edition, and the sixpenny "Two Years Ago," in all of which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. maintain the high standard of excellence set by the early numbers of the respective series.

Notes and Comments.

THE question raised for the first time by the paper on "Frost and Food," which appeared in the March number of this magazine, is seen to have an important bearing on agricultural depression, and Mrs. Stopes has in consequence been asked to appear as a witness before the Parliamentary Commission for inquiring into the causes of such depression.

It is a little amusing to find the American dress-makers gravely assuring us of their intention to bring the crinoline into fashion again. We have borrowed much from our cousins in the States in their language, their journalism, their literature, and their commercial products, but, so far, their dress has been entirely adopted from us, and trans-Atlantic influence in raiment has been a non-existent thing. She would be rash who ventured to say that the crinoline will never come back, but fashion is very mysterious, and in its uncertainty may be compared to the roulette table. Its turn has not come up yet, nor is there any indication that it is a number speculated upon at present. If anything could have brought it back, it would have been the recent revival of Sardon's *La Famille Benoiton* in Paris, with its thirty-five-years-ago styles, but "realistic" dressing was somewhat shirked perhaps in the mounting of the piece. Certainly, it would be a great calamity if it were to make its reappearance; but we may console ourselves by thinking that it is not within a very measurable distance.

THE report of the Herkomer Art School at Bushey is always gratifying to lady artists, as it shows how good a place the sex can win when taught under the same conditions as men. Last season the girl-students of the popular Slade Professor exhibited at the Academy, the Institutes of Water Colours and of Oil Colours, the Grosvenor, the New Gallery, and the Society of Lady Artists, not to mention all the leading provincial galleries. The school is in the most flourishing condition, and the Council have now decided to increase the number of students to seventy, owing to the numerous applications for admission.

THE artists' and sculptors' studios have been lively of late. "Private views" are quite an institution, and much good work is promised for the coming "Academy." In the studio of Mr. William Tylor, Hereford Square, is a beautiful bust of the late Miss Constance Naden, to be presented by Dr. Lewins to the Mason College, Birmingham, in connection with the Constance Naden Nursery, as a perpetual remembrance of a gifted and distinguished student.

ANXIOUS as we are to see women treated with fairness in all spheres of work, we cannot see much ground for grievance in the refusal to admit female reporters to the Gallery of the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms was careful to point out that there is no specific rule against the admission of a lady, and he based his negative answer to the journal which applied for it upon the ground—a true one—that in the unlikely event of a

vacancy, there were many other and larger papers with a prior claim. After all, reporting is the most mechanical part of the journalist's profession, and we think that women might find many far better and more worthy openings in the craft. It is already desperately overcrowded with men, as any editor who advertises for a reporter knows, and very pathetic are many of the letters, which such a want is certain to bring. Not long since, nearly 150 applicants wrote offering themselves at all wages, from 17s. to 50s. a week, when a new evening paper was starting in a provincial town. Women have very little chance in so full a calling, save by underselling men, which is quite contrary to the best interests of the sex.

M. DE VILMORIN drew attention to an important subject the other day in his interesting lecture on "Plants grown for Salads." In the ordinary sense of the term, a salad is supposed to consist of nothing but green or bleached uncoked leaves. There is, however, no reason why any wholesome vegetable should not enter into this little-understood *plat*. Bleaching is an operation of some moment to salad-growers, as, "intelligently applied, vegetables almost uneatable for salads were by it rendered palatable and pleasant." Winter salads, too, are not sufficiently appreciated in England, while such delicious compounds as a well-made *Salade à la Russe*, or à l'*Adeline*, are never heard of in a middle-class kitchen. We referred in these pages not long ago to horticulture as a profession for women. Possibly some lady with enterprise and originality might make a valuable *spécialité* out of salad-growing and selling. There is a legend of a mysterious French Count known in certain sections of Society as a compounder of salads at a fabulous fee for the dinners of *gourmets*. Why should not some clever woman devote herself to the subject, and provide daintily arranged luxuries of this kind, just as ices or fruit are sent in for dinners? The dressing and serving of the average so-called salad, with its basis of flabby lettuce, is generally a shame and a disgrace to the British housekeeper.

THAT women can succeed in out-of-the-way branches of horticulture is proved by the extraordinarily happy results which have attended Miss Sprules' practical lavender gardening at Wallington in Surrey. This energetic lady not only grows quantities of lavender herself, but encourages her neighbours to do so also, and purchases all that they can raise for distillation by the simple old-fashioned methods of our grandmothers into essential oil and lavender-water. The Queen herself is known to have an intense dislike for the ordinary and overpowering scents of the trade, but she is a constant and regular purchaser of Miss Sprules' delicately refreshing perfume. It is not generally known how the once famous industry of Mitoham and its neighbourhood has declined, and how America and even Japan have lately been supplying our markets. There is no need for all women to make a mere servile imitation of Miss Sprules, and enter into competition with her in her own branch of enterprise. Let them rather catch her spirit and strike out as she has done an original line for themselves.

All theological differences quite apart, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new *Toyables* Hall is a very remarkable instance of a woman's influence for practical religion. To quote from a kind of preliminary sketch of the scheme, the hall is to be a centre for a school of thought, making them of any given religious body, and is intended "to provide a fresh rallying-point and enlarged means of serious religious action for all those to whom Christianity, whether by inheritance or process of thought, has become a system of practical conduct based on faith in God." This has set before them who become members of the Society its "to live their lives in the faith and fear of God, and in the memory of His noblest servants upon earth."

At 888, the ladies co-operating with Mrs. Ward are the Countess Russell and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. The headquarters of the undertaking will be University Hall, Gordon Square, and there will be room there for about fifteen residents, who will devote themselves to social, educational, and kindred labours among the poor. The objection has been raised that the centre is somewhat far from the most densely populated quarters, but it is certainly within easy reach both of Clekenwell on the east, and of the very squallid streets that lie off Tottenham Court Road and Euston Road on the west and north. There is already valuable precedent in the labours both of Toyables Hall and of the Women's University Settlement in South London to guide the committee, but we may expect to see original and striking developments as the new venture proceeds. All efforts to improve the outward life and inward thought of our talking houses must command sympathy, no matter from what inspiration or school of thinkers they proceed.

SURELY there is something significant in the fact that the two new clubs—namely, the Hurst Park and the Albany—have made special provision for ladies' wants. The sex are not admissible to the first as actual members, but special and excellent accommodation has been made for those whom the members will be privileged to invite, while the most stringent rules to prevent the introduction of persons not "in Society" have been framed. This point of good taste was considerably neglected last year by the "gentlemen" members of one or two similar social and sporting clubs, but at Hurst Park a lady need not fear meeting society which she could not admit to her own drawing-room. At the Albany ladies of accredited social position become members on terms precisely equal with those of men; and a due proportion will be invited to join the committee which will arrange for the garden parties, evening fêtes, &c., that are to constitute some of the summer attractions. These pleasant concessions of the long and jealously guarded "club rights" of men are evidences of the "companionableness" of the modern woman, who does not, when she is reasonable and sensible, clamour that she must have "equality or nothing."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S remarks on the excellence of Birmingham jewellery were more calculated to please the fellow-townsmen than women of artistic tastes. Unquestionably there are one or two firms who turn out work after good antique and Renaissance designs, but the majority of us see in our minds' eyes visions of light gold linings of unmeaning pattern, huge silver cables and warring tin buckles, such as Arriet greatly loves to put outside her jacket when she goes out with 'Arry on a bank holiday. Birmingham does

not display originality over its jewellers' wares as Paris, Venice, or Vienna does. Why does it not give us some quaint fanciful charm for luck, some quaint novelty that no one has ever seen before? It will be remembered how a year or so ago it petitioned the Princess of Wales to revive a fashion in jewellery. There was something almost ludicrous in the request, and the Princess must have smiled to think how impotent even her gracious example would be to bring in a demand for ugly things.

Among the criticisms which such a speech naturally provoked was one which pointed out how quickly jewellery loses its value. It said this certainly thoughtful observer in place of the present clumsy system of hall-marking, which so cripples the goldsmith's craft, every article of jewellery had an exchangeable value, and was practically equivalent to coin, as it is in the East, vastly more brooches and bangles would be purchased. At the present time the most lovely article when sold as out of fashion is simply worth the intrinsic value of the gold or silver in it. It is certainly difficult to see how this is to be altered, for our tastes now do not run in favour of barbaric massiveness, but of delicacy of workmanship. If we could be content to wear, say, plain heavy rings round our arms, the suggestion would be practicable. As it is, the metal is regarded as a mere ground for artistic treatment; and it is precisely because Birmingham fails to realise this that her wares have gone down in estimation. Only as they become more essentially beautiful will any considerable demand arise for them.

MRS. KENDAL has originated some novel ideas in stage dress. She desires to preserve her individuality, and does not permit herself to be lost in the character whom she represents. All the dresses in her company are designed by her as far as possible to harmonise with the scenery. While acting in *The White Lie*, with Miss Vanbrugh, Mrs. Kendal's gown was of bronze and faded green, the exact tints found in a withered leaf, while Miss Vanbrugh's was made in three shades, the darkest forming the skirt, a lighter one the drapery, while the bodice was still lighter; the colours were taken from three roses, and flowers of the precise hues were arranged on her shoulders and in her hair. The contrast was considered startling, but Mrs. Kendal is an acknowledged artist in matters of dress. The perfect fit for which she has been so much admired, she gains by clasping her hands above her head during the "trying on" of her bodices.

THE gradual diminution of the prejudices against negroes in America is shown by the increased facilities for their obtaining work, and their admission into higher and more responsible positions. An example of this is the case of Mary G. Garret, a negro girl who was educated with white girls at Springfield, where Lincoln practised as a lawyer. She passed through the primary and higher schools, and it was expected that she would go south as a teacher at negro schools. Instead, however, she has remained at Springfield, and has been accepted as a teacher of white girls. The introduction of negro women into kindergartens is a question worthy of consideration. Their known qualities as nurses and guardians of the young seem to recommend them to the position of instructors, and it is probable that Mary Garret will open a new path of usefulness for the women of her race.

SOME of the reviewers have been a little mystified by the name of "Katherine Carnarthen," which appears on the title-page of a recent novel. In "Miss" Carnarthen we have another addition to the ranks of noble authors, for the authoress of "A Lover of the Beautiful" is the Marchioness of Carnarthen, a sister of the present Earl of Durham. Lady Katherine Frances Lambton was born in 1862. Her mother was the daughter of the Duke of Abercorn; her father was the second Earl of Durham. In 1884 she married the Marquess of Carnarthen, the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, and is the mother of three little girls. The members of the ancient family of Lambton, to which she belongs, whilst not undistinguished in other ways, have hitherto refrained from literature.

At the conference of the National Dress Society and its friends in Queen's Gate Hall, Kensington, held under the presidency of Mrs. Oscar Wilde, to consult upon the best style of walking-dress, a letter was read from some ladies in America who wished to co-operate in the movement; and another from Russia, from Mme. Ananief, a member of the International Congress of Women, held at Paris last July. This lady said, "On behalf of some Russian friends of the Dress Reform movement, I write to know if you would kindly help us in our efforts to forward that movement in Russia. In a short time a great Hygienic Exhibition will take place in Raguai, and we should much like to have in the section of 'Dress,' a pattern of the divided skirt which was exhibited in the British Section on the Champs de Mars in last year's Paris Exhibition." The room was crowded, and great interest was shown in the question discussed, but no very practical result was arrived at.

THE Women's Trades Association, finding that that name did not explain itself to the general public, has resolved to call itself henceforth the Women's Trade Union Association. With this title its aims can hardly fail of being understood; and no one will for the future suppose it to be an Employers' Protection Society. The Association has now taken two rooms at 128, Mile End Road, where the different Unions can meet to transact their business. This office is open from 11 to 2 on every day but Saturday, from 11 to 4 on Saturday, and from 8 to 10 on the first five evenings of the week. The rooms, though plain, are pleasant-looking. Their panelled walls are painted a warm terra-cotta, the three tables have dull green covers, there are pretty muslin blinds to the windows, and plants in pots. Some ladies have promised to send flowers on regular fixed dates once a month, and it is hoped that others who take in various magazines will send these. The East-end working woman seldom sees such a thing as a magazine or an illustrated paper other than the *Police News*, and it is difficult to measure the amount of gratification, and of education too, which might be given in this way by those who would take the trouble to pass on their periodicals.

MRS. BRIANT, the secretary of the cigar-makers of Nottingham, who related to the audience at Prince's Hall how she and her fellow working women there had organised themselves, is now in London, where for the last month she has been working for the Women's Trade Union Association. Her own Union—that of Women Cigar-makers—virtually includes all in the trade in Nottingham, and has branches in Leicester and Liverpool. The women pay 3d. a week, and in the course of

the two years and a half that the society has existed, it has paid close on £800 in dispute and out-of-work pay. It is calculated that since the resistance to the first reduction (in November, 1887) the Union has been able to prevent reductions of wages which would amount to between £2,000 and £3,000.

THE London Trades Council has unanimously resolved to admit delegates from Women's Unions. Mrs. Hicks, secretary of the Rope-makers' Union, has been elected by that society to represent them, and will hold the proud position of being the first female delegate.

THE latest addition to the Women's Trade Unions in London is that of the Umbrella and Parasol Machinists and Finishers. This is one more example of the value of assistance from the organised men, and of their willingness to help the women. At a meeting held by the men employed in stick and cane dressing, some of whom work on umbrellas, one of the men urged upon a member of the Women's Trade Union Association the need for a society among the women. He followed up his suggestion by the practical step of giving a list of factories in which women worked. The Association arranged for a meeting, and various ladies distributed hundreds of bills at these factories. But when the time for the meeting arrived only six women appeared. From these six, however, much valuable information was gleaned. It was found that the best hour had not been chosen, and another meeting was fixed. Another and yet another followed. By slow degrees the knowledge spread. The Union was started with about thirty members, and has slowly increased in membership every week since.

IN her paper on the registration of nurses, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who is herself a fully trained nurse, advocates that registration be made compulsory on all who embrace the profession. The great argument in favour of the idea is that it would prevent any woman proclaiming herself a trained nurse when she had no right to do so. Though some 3,000 nurses belong to the British Nursing Association, formed to secure a charter giving them legal status, it must be admitted that registration does not commend itself to the ladies deservedly regarded as the heads of their noble calling. Miss Luckes, the well-known matron of the great school of nursing at the London Hospital, has written a weighty pamphlet against it, as she is of opinion that any such system would stifle the growth of nursing work, and lead to a dull dead level of mediocrity. Almost all the matrons and senior sisters in the leading London hospitals have signed a protest against it, in company with the best-known doctors, who are much opposed to it in the case of general nurses; though in midwifery, in which a more definite standard of knowledge may be set up, it is more generally approved. At present we regard it as an unsettled question of too great moment to be decided without the fullest argument on both sides, and are glad to see it in the hands of such excellent champions.

ON the subject of nursing we may express our unbounded satisfaction at the progress—without precedent in the annals of insurance—made by the National Pension Fund for Nurses. With a little thrift and a little foresight, no woman now who has devoted her health and strength to the care of others need fear an old age of poverty, or even dread a long illness for the destitution

is too often being. Every day some more joining the fund, while the £10,000 required for a really substantial income fund is almost raised. The Princess of Wales has kindly promised to sign the petition warrants of the first thousand names, who join, and will receive as many of these ladies as can attend at Marlborough House to be presented with the warrants. The actual date of the ceremony is not yet fixed, but it will probably take place about the end of June. This royal recognition will certainly give great satisfaction to the farming world.

The tastes change which has come over our tastes in tea is more marked than ever this year when several of the leading importers have announced that they will not take the trouble to send buyers to China at all, so completely have the products of India and Ceylon won their way into favour. The Chinese, perhaps, have only themselves to blame for this loss of their trade, as they gave a somewhat excessive encouragement to our ignorant liking for a heavily pointed and dyed leaf. When we learnt what a delicate and beautiful thing tea was in its pristine purity, we naturally turned to buy it from those who supplied it free from adulteration. Of late we have made great progress in our appreciation of tea, and the afternoon meal, beloved so much of women that they have given it a gown specially for itself, is now, with its dainty sandwiches and delicate sweetmeats, scarcely second in importance to lunch.

"SHAKESPEARE'S Treatment of his Originals" formed the subject of a paper read by Mrs. Stopes before the March meeting of the New Shakespeare Society, under the presidency of Dr. Furnivall. Mrs. Stopes urged that in his work Shakespeare had to observe four limitations:—(1) the public taste (including the censor), (2) the acting capabilities of his company, (3) the lines of his originals, and (4) the satisfaction of his own feeling and critical judgment. In the course of her remarks she pointed out how he fought against the sensationalism of his day, and changed the prevailing taste of the public for horror and bloodshed in tragedy by steadily excluding such elements from his plays. In the treatment of historical material he had careful regard to truth, although, of course, at times this had to a certain extent to be sacrificed, but when selecting his originals from other sources, such as tales and pre-existing dramas, he had a larger field for originality and took full advantage of it. Mrs. Stopes's paper displayed a careful study of the poet's works, and can hardly fail to add to her already great reputation as a Shakespearean scholar. We may add that a long article of hers on the new edition of *Shakespeare's Sonnets* is to appear in the next issue of the *German Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*.

At this season of the year, when the return of spring and the expectation of summer are making many hearts glad, we venture to put forward a plea for those who never leave the region of bricks and mortar, who have never seen "all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves" of tenderest green, who know not the golden buttercups covering the meadows, nor the sapphire bluebells of the woodlands. Is there not some possibility of bringing at least a reflection of this joy and brightness to those whose lives are passed amidst dreary and unlovely scenes? Unquestionable testimony is borne by those who work among the poorest and

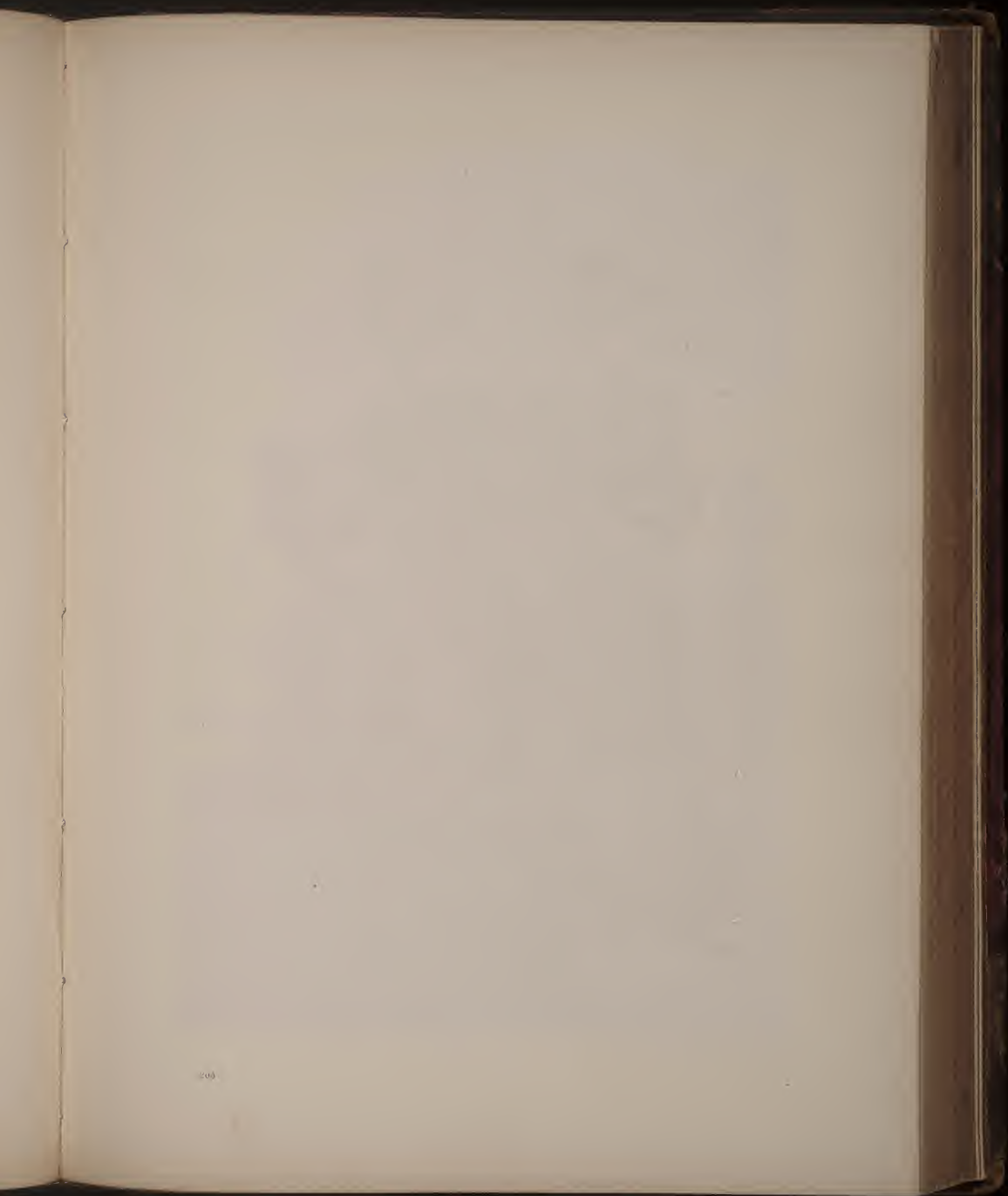
roughest of town populations to the surprisingly refining and softening influence of flowers. In many cases the gift of a tiny bunch has proved not only a source of pleasure but a "stepping-stone to higher things," and has brought seemingly untamed and unapproachable natures within the range of better influences.

The Flower Mission, in connection with the "Factory Helpers Union," gratefully receives weekly or occasional gifts of flowers for distribution in factories during the dinner hour, and in evening homes and clubs for working girls. Those who organise it would earnestly plead its cause at this season. There is no limit to the amount of flowers that can be utilised. The Rochester Institute—in South London—alone would gladly make use of 2,000 bunches weekly, so also would the "Welcome" in Jewin Street, Whitechapel. The secretary—Miss Alice Evans, 78, West Cromwell Road—makes arrangements by which the flowers are forwarded direct to the workers in the factories, and the empty hamper or boxes returned at once to the senders.

SINCE Miss Billington's article upon the English silk industry was in type, we learn with pleasure that Lady Egerton of Tatton has lent the beautiful ball-room of her house in St. James's Square for the purpose of holding a small exhibition of English-woven silks. The display will open on the 6th of May, and remain on view for a fortnight, and the lovely fabrics will certainly be seen to advantage under such surroundings. The Duchess of Teck, as president of the Ladies' Silk Association, makes the patriotic proposal that English women should form a League, whose pledge of membership should be that they will at least ask for and compare fairly the products of our British looms with those of other lands before purchasing; and it is probable that this will be founded. Under the royal and aristocratic patronage that such a union would have, it should result in a valuable impetus to our home trade.

It is probable that the movement for erecting a statue to the Princess of Wales at the Royal College of Music, as a companion to the one already there of her royal husband, will meet with unqualified support. It is true that the best possible monument of the Princess's kindly thought exists already in Alexandra House, but all who know how hard both she and the Prince of Wales worked to establish the college, will feel that it is but fitting they should stand together in marble effigy upon its threshold. The suggestion that the Princess should wear the robes to which her Dublin degree as a "Doctor of Music" entitles her, is very happy, and would be a graceful tribute, well deserved, to her proficiency alike as a performer and a critic.

The latest "fad" at the "Ladies' Luncheons" which are so popular an institution in America is a dish of stewed lilacs, which we are told it is as important to say are "delicious" as it is in *parena* circles here to eat turtle soup and caviar. Some who have commented on the subject appear to think the employment of flowers in cookery is a complete novelty. But one need not be very old to remember the importance of primrose vinegar and cowslip wine in the store cupboards of old-fashioned farmers' wives. Crystallised violets and rose-leaves are perhaps an overrated daintiness, but nothing gives custards and such dishes a more delicate flavour than orange-flowers, either distilled or candied.





NEW MANTLES.

(See p. 416.)

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Lady Monekton at Home.

IT was only in the early part of this spring that Lady Monekton took possession of the house in Montpelier Square, Knightsbridge, which is now her home. When my call was made, her ladyship reminded me that she

the bright satins and light cretonnes of the upholstery and curtaining. In Montpelier Square the houses are all bijou residences—to use the language of auctioneers' circulars—and in Lady Monekton's drawing-room there



LADY MONEKTON.

(From a Photograph by Watson and Gower.)

was hardly yet accustomed to her surroundings, which could, of course, have for the visitor none of the interest of old associations. And yet, having entered the drawing-room, I was soon brought into touch with her tastes and pursuits. In its general effect the room seemed a mosaic of cleverly blended colours. The house has a southerly aspect, and the mid-day sun which irradiated the fresh red paint of the exterior cast its gleams, softened by the intervention of muslin and lace, upon

is no superfluity of space to tax the art and ingenuity of modern furnishing. Yet nothing could be more pleasing to the eye than the *tout ensemble*, with the æsthetic in moderation and the simple in *excelsis*, the quaint old china and the fresh spring flowers. It all tells of the true woman of taste and culture, without any of the exaggerations of fashion or the extravagances of plutocracy.

Before I can proceed from the general to the par-

reader, however—before one's impressions can be analysed—I obey Lady Monckton's command to descend to her "den." For a moment I marvel at the word, wondering to what use a fashionable actress can put a "den," if it is to be understood as the prison-house of authorship. Then I remember that Lady Monckton at home, whatever she may be in the world, is not only the fashionable actress—I remember her literary bent and bookish tendencies. Glancing for a second at an autograph-photograph of Mr. Brookfield as Captain Redwood in *Jim the Penman*, which stands on the grand piano, close to one of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, and another of Mr. Wilson Barrett as Hamlet, we descend the staircase and enter a small apartment, one side of which is almost entirely occupied by a well-filled bookcase. It is not of books, however, that we first speak, for Mr. Brookfield's photograph has suggested some questioning on my part respecting Sir Charles Young's famous play.

"At the Haymarket I played the part of Mrs. Ralston two hundred times without tiring of it in the least, and it was a pleasure to play it again at Easter in the new theatre at Richmond. But there is really nothing fresh that I can tell you about *Jim the Penman*. It is now such an old story. You know how, through my friendship, I was partly responsible for its production, and how it was really the cause of my going on the stage. You know how for years we hawked the play about among the managers, and how at last, at a *matinee*, in March, 1886, it got its chance and made a great hit."

"You found your beau idéal of a part, I suppose, in Mrs. Ralston?"

"As a matter of fact, since joining the profession, I have had no experience of any other kind of parts. My scope has been so limited that comparison is impossible, although as an amateur I had a strong preference for comedy. In *The Red Lamp* and in *Captain Swift* I was well suited, and I believe I should have got to like my part very much in *The Panel Picture* had the piece obtained a long run. It was the accident of friendship, not any choice of my own, that settled my destiny as an emotional actress. On the stage nowadays, when the all-round actor and actresses are dying out, precedent is all-important. In casting a play, managers seem to have one settled practice. They say, 'Oh, Miss —, she will very well as So-and-so in Such-and-such a piece. This part is similar, so she must take this.' This is all very well for the manager, and it may reduce his risks, but it is very hard upon those actresses whose inclinations lie another way."

"But specialism is a feature of the time, is it not?"

"Yes, very true, of the stage as of everything else. And as I shall never have a theatre of my own—"

"What! You have no thought of undertaking the cares of management?"

"No, I shall never be equal to them; the business capacity is wanting, and so I suppose I shall not be able to indulge my predilections for comedy, fate having marked me out for the emotional drama."

"Comedy! Do you mean old English?"

"Oh, as an amateur I played all kinds, all of Tom Taylor's, and many of Byron's. Of Tom Taylor's I was particularly fond. I never cared for *The Rivals*—Lydia Languish had no attraction for me. But in *The School for Scandal* I played several times, and Kate Harcastle in Goldsmith's play was always a favourite character."

"You will pardon the expression, Lady Monckton, but how were you first stage-struck?"

"Oh, there was no great moment of inspiration," her ladyship replies, laughing; "there was always a passion for acting, and at some time or other I suppose it was bound to come out. As a little girl the theatre was the greatest delight of a visit to London, but it was not congenial to my family, and I don't know how I inherited my love of the drama, unless it was from a great grandmother, a Frenchwoman, not an actress, but a born player of the most vivacious disposition. My friends would never let me act, and it was not until after my marriage that I formed my amateur company."

With animation and merriment does Lady Monckton speak of her amateur days, which only ended with the production of *Jim the Penman* four years ago. From small beginnings on the improvised stage of the small drawing-room to the big triumphs of the private theatre, the glamour of the footlights was ever an unfailing pleasure. The company she in course of time got together visited very many provincial towns, sometimes undertaking short tours, and always dedicating their talents to the cause of charity in some form or another. In London, St. George's Hall was frequently the scene of their success, while philanthropic bazaars and fancy fairs owed much to their prestige in Society. In those days Lady Monckton was also a frequent visitor to the late Sir Percy Shelley's house at Boscombe, near Bournemouth, where there was a theatre not inferior to the better-known one which the Baronet built in Chelsea. "The histrionic enthusiasm of poor Sir Percy," remarks Lady Monckton, her voice softening as she speaks of the friend whose death was recently recorded, "was simply wonderful to behold. It was the ruling passion of his life. He prided himself upon having the most perfect private theatre in the kingdom, the finest scenery, the best limelight, and the most comfortable green-room."

Although speaking with evident pleasure of these halcyon days, Lady Monckton makes it clear that from the first she regarded the art of acting in the spirit of the true artist, and played her parts with nothing of the dilettante's purpose in speeding the heavy hours. In passing out of the drawing-room I had noticed Knight's edition of Shakespeare occupying the whole of a small revolving bookcase, and also the Handy Volume-Shakespeare, with Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance. Lady Monckton described the volumes as chief among her treasures, and asking her whether as an amateur she played Shakespeare, I am told that she had never been guilty of such sacrifice.

"Very often my friends said to me, 'Why don't you do *Rosalind* or *Juliet*?' but I always resolutely refused. It seemed to me terrible presumption for our amateur company to hazard a Shakespearian production. I had

the reverence of a humble disciple for a great master, and I must say that all my amateur friends shared this feeling."

The high ideal of Lady Monckton was, indeed, loyally observed by her histrionic companions. With her the drama was superior to all social pleasures, predominant over all feminine diversions—it was the Alpha and Omega of life, compared with which dancing and tennis were as trifles light as air. Extreme nervousness, which found vent even at rehearsals, and to which on "first nights"

avocation, if it is to be successfully and faithfully followed, probably gives it the *coup de grâce*. On the other hand, if it is the genuine outgrowth of real talent and earnest purpose, they are encouraged and reassured by Lady Monckton's account of the sympathy, kindness, and womanliness with which she has always met in the profession. It is Lady Monckton's tribute to her brothers and sisters in art that never for one moment has she regretted having become one of their number. And apart from the success and reputation achieved, Lady Monckton



LADY MONCKTON'S STUDY.

Lady Monckton is still a martyr, only testified to the sincerity and conscientiousness by which she was inspired. With such an example so prominently set before them, Lady Monckton's associates in these Thespian trials of strength could not but exhibit equal diligence in the study of art. Those whose ardour failed when tried by so severe a code fell away from the company, but the backsliders were comparatively few.

Of this company, however, the professional stage has gained only Lady Monckton, and with her the transition from the amateur sphere was difficult to accomplish. In point of fact, she was already an artist, and yet before Lady Monckton could take her place in the profession a heavy penalty had to be paid, in the shape of family estrangement. Since she took the decisive step, more than one actress has she met whom she knew as an amateur. Constantly is her advice sought by young ladies aspiring to dramatic honours, but hesitating on the brink. Should their enthusiasm be only skin-deep, Lady Monckton's insistence upon the arduous nature of the

might find reward for years of devotion to the drama in having contributed something to the greater esteem with which Society regards it.

Lady Monckton now counts, of course, among her warmest friends some of the most gifted actors and actresses of our time, although in speaking of the status of the stage she was careful not to make personal references. Incidentally alluding to Mrs. Kendal, however, she made it clear how in years gone by that actress had been the heroine of her thoughts. Of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, both as stage-manager and actor, Lady Monckton could not conceal her high admiration; to all intents and purposes she regards him as the coming Irving. An allusion on my part to Mary Anderson's marriage called forth a generous mood of kindly reminiscence of the occasional hours it had been Lady Monckton's pleasure to spend in her companionship. Than Lady Monckton, Mary Anderson has no sincerer well-wisher for her marital happiness, although, like the rest of us, she laments the loss to the stage of so much beauty and genius.

When Lady Monckton resolved to go on the stage, some of her friends strongly urged her to adopt a professional pseudonym. Had she done so, her path would probably have been somewhat smoother. Lady Monckton was honorable in her determination, however, to appear as Lady Monckton, and no one else. "I am doing nothing that I need be ashamed of, and why should I take an alias?" she petulantly exclaims. "Yet her frank and open nature the practice of taking a *pseudonyme*, prevalent among authors and artists, is most objectionable."

But although Lady Monckton in her love of the profession breathes not a word in derogation of it, she apparently does not regard with unmixed feelings the general tendency of amateurs to become professional players. She has some apprehensive thoughts for those to whom the stage is as the staff of life. "There is little doubt that the profession is greatly overcrowded," her ladyship remarks. "I am often brought into contact with cases in which good actors and actresses cannot succeed in obtaining engagements."

"But is it more overcrowded than the other professions?"

"I cannot say that," Lady Monckton replied to my interpolation. "For instance, I don't know that there are more unemployed actors than briefless barristers."

I have referred incidentally to Lady Monckton's literary tastes, which are of a more pronounced type than is usual among ladies who profess little sympathy with "the woman movement," and who, as in other things, are conservative on questions concerning their sex. As a matter of fact, we spent much time in talking of books. In literature, Lady Monckton's first love is, of course, the dramatic, and of her studies of the French drama there was the evidence in a number

of well-read volumes of more or less famous authors from the time of Corneille. Nevertheless, Lady Monckton's taste is catholic enough to canonise Miss Braddon as well as George Eliot, George Meredith as well as Baring Gould, David Christie Murray as well as Robert Louis Stevenson. Fresh from the perusal of "The Master of Ballantrae," she was very warm in her praise of this work of the last-named author. "Robert Elsmere," Lady Monckton boldly confesses, she could not read—partly because of her antipathy to controversy in respect to matters of faith. An equal candour and little less courage characterise her statement that now and again she has a turn at the triviality and trash of the circulating library; but the confession is qualified by Lady Monckton's assertion that it is only because she may enjoy the really good things of literature with the greater zest.

In art and music her interest is less earnest, although she is frequently to be seen in the painters' studios, and is a sympathetic friend of Mrs. Jophing, the lady artist of light and leading, and it is as a promising musician that much motherly pride is aroused in her son Lionel.

In the play of her mobile features, in the changing glances of her dark eyes, in the electric influence of her conversation, Lady Monckton is the born actress; but in manner she is the personification of ingenuous frankness. Attired as she was in black silk, with black lace trimmings, Lady Monckton's brightness and vivacity—which it will surely take many years to impair—put completely out of one's thoughts the somewhat sombre vestments, and one is inclined to think that, although it is as Mrs. Ralston that she is familiar to playgoers, her insight is not at fault in seeking kinship with the spirit of comedy.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Ebb and Flow.

LOVE is aflame like sunrise on the sea,
Love is at rest like sunset on the sea;
Sunrise or sunset, say which shall it be?

Sunrise is glad with glow of love's increase,
Sunset is sad, cold hues of love's decay;
Till cometh night, with love and death at peace.

Wild the embrace of billows on the strand,
Gentle the lap of wavelets on the sand,
But sweeter still the kiss of sea and land.

Out of my hate my love goes forth to thee,
Out of thy love, O sweet, kill hate for me;
Hatred or love, say, Love, which it must be!

E. MATTHEY.

How Women Shop.

ARTHEMUS WARD remarks that "there is a lot of human nature about a man." There is more about a woman; and it is never more conspicuous than when she is out shopping. Then it is that not only the general qualities distributed vagariously throughout mankind, but the special degrees of individual temperaments and eccentricities are displayed, and then it is, I regret to say, that she not infrequently merits the designation—the *unfair sex*.

A woman out for a day's shopping lays bare her inmost soul to the polite young man in a black necktie and scrupulously clean shirt-front, who stands behind the counter, talks of his employer as "we," and wishes to know "what is the next article." Worse still; she frequently exposes the skeleton in the domestic cupboard, and as he regretfully puts by on the shelf that magnificent poult de soie which he has so much confidence in recommending, in favour of the more frugal sarsenet, he knows quite well that things are not so flourishing in the City as they were last season, when his customer did not intermittently sigh and reluctantly refuse the richest of patterns with a fond and lingering touch of the fingers. If he knows his business—as he does undoubtedly, for we would scorn to discuss inferior young persons—he is equal to the occasion and belauds his "second qualities" and last year's modes—coming in again, of course, according to the latest advices from Paris—until madame is made happy and contented at half the money she expended when the rise in copper shares had made her husband as generous as he was jubilant. Still, her heart was in the brocade if her dainty person must needs be enveloped in the cashmere, and doubtless it will be most becoming when made up with that exquisite fringe of which only a remnant at a reduced price can be obtained.

Mr. Shopman is fully aware before he has disposed of his customer, and entered up his mystic figures in the fly-leaf of his book, that the outlook in Russell Square is not so brilliant as it was. He is not deceived, bless you! and he has no time to be sorry, except so far as change of circumstances has reduced the amount of his commission on the transactions. There is another customer to be attended, another victim ready for his scalpel, another subject for the abstruse philosophy of this Westbourne Grove psychologist. With her also he will be merciful, for a young maiden does not often come alone to select white silk gowns with long trains, and ask the obliging gentleman to fetch her a sprig of orange blossoms from the adjoining department, that she may see how the yellow and green wreath looks on the shimmering ivory. With her he must be gentle and soothing as well as encouraging. As a family man, he may not approve of young ladies marrying dashing dragoons in opposition to their parents' wishes; but as a salesman in a drapery establishment, he pulls down light barèges and spotted gauzes, assuring

the blushing buyer that they are eminently "suited for India." How could he guess that she was going abroad? What right had he to assume that she would call "to be tried on" when it was her habit to be attended at her own house? Why should he suggest that the purchases be entered in her own name, and not as usual to "mamma"? My dear, timorous, loving girl, you told him all this yourself! Not in so many words perhaps; but an experienced fellow who has had dealings with your sweet sex for the last score of years can read your eyes, and the tips of your delicate fingers; he will follow your calculations when you will hardly confess to yourself that you are making any, and can fix the date of the ceremony that is going to make you happy; though you carelessly observe that "any time before the end of next week will do." He will not be late, even if the young ladies in the "making-up" department are not ready within a fortnight of that date; and before then, let us hope that papa will have relented, mamma will have descended from her lofty ambitions, and that the "subsequent reception" numerous and fashionably attended will be held at the "town" residence of the bride's parents. Only let us remember that the young man who so temptingly displayed the stuff of which the wedding garment is to be composed, and so seductively gathered it up to exhibit its sheen to the fullest advantage, will eagerly scan the first column of the daily papers to satisfy himself that his original diagnosis of the situation was correct. A secret from your guardians you may have kept, but the gentleman behind the counter, despite his business-like bearing, read it in two minutes.

But if he be sympathetic in his voice, respectfully cajoling in his manners, confidently pleasant in his demeanour towards the customer in search of the wedding garment, he must change all this when a lady accompanied by her mamma appears to look over the fine cumbries and valenciennes edgings. There must be no tempting, no forcing of goods on this market. He must be serious and matter-of-fact. This is a strictly business transaction, free from romance, and requiring no prophetic eye. The elder of the two ladies has evidently plenty of time at her disposal, and through her spectacles critically examines the web of the gossamer material which is by-and-by to adorn her grandchild. Worse than this, she compares the goods with patterns from rival establishments, and though her daughter, who gets easily fatigued just now, would purchase the finest and most expensive material, insists on cutting off a little bit of this, and a little bit of that, in order that she may make up her mind finally, after she has occupied the time of half a dozen more attendants at other shops. To look casually at our friend the shopman, he seems to have aged considerably; he has grown, under the torture of this new client, demure and sedate; he might be a doctor engaged in a grave

operation, or the prosounding counsel for the Treasury in a murder case. So, to his visitors—at present they are not customers—deputised, he heaves a sigh of relief, and while he is replacing the many articles that have been examined and pulled about, he feels a deep sentiment of pity for the husband of the younger lady. May Providence spare his greatest enemies from such a mother-in-law!

And so the day passes for the assistant at a draper's. He is grave or gay according to the goods he displays; in accord with the joys of the bride, in sympathy with the apprehensions of the mother, and respectful of the grief that occasionally gives way in the mourning department. Yet his lot, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is "not a happy one." True, he may have the privilege of waiting on the Duchess who rolls up in her carriage, or of a confidential chat with her Grace's lady's-maid, without whose taste and judgment no important purchases are completed; and he may, for he is a kind-hearted and unsophisticated creature *à fond*, assist the customer with a limited purse and unlimited family to lay out her money to the best advantage. But he is at the beck and call of all, he gets alternately badgered, bullied, and backbitered, and occasionally cheated. He is expected to have at his fingers' ends a perfect encyclopædia of millinery and drapery, and to know every article by whatever ambiguous term ancient or modern custom, English or foreign tongue, may for the moment describe it. He must be gentle to the squalling child—at home the dear thing is as good as gold—who is brought to try on a new hat, and humble to the American millionairess who turns over the whole stock, and buying nothing, promises to call again "if she sees nothing cheaper lower down town."

Nor do his woes end here. We do not wish to importunately inquire into his private affairs; but we may assume that, even if he feels himself "passing rich," by being able to supply his necessities, he is not affluent, and his rise in the future is by no means assured, since his salary and commission leave no margin for the accumulation of capital. He is an honest, obliging fellow, polite and straightforward, and possessing a temper that cannot be ruffled, in spite of daily, hourly trials, which must make a man or woman, untrained in the cult of the boomer, long for the comparative peace of the casual world. So mistaking his self-command for lowliness, his loyalty to his employers for self-humiliation, we women who go shopping are apt to disregard his finer feelings, to treat him as an inferior to be snubbed, and whose labour may be needlessly doubted. I do not suggest that any sex are wilfully cruel, but they are often thoughtless of others when they are shopping for themselves.

Women have a natural passion for shopping, though really there are very few of them that excel in this, their pet pastime. For example, look at the senseless way they will occasionally enter a bonnet shop, where there are bonnets to the right of them, bonnets to the left of them, and bonnets all round them, and vacuously inquire, "Have you any bonnets?" Some of them will go into a vast emporium and turn over valuable goods without

the slightest intention of buying. In search of a yard of tape, they will examine rich satins and rare embroideries, they will price this or that, try on fascinating hats, and wonder how their eldest girl will look in them; they will take up an hour's valuable time and spend a shilling, totally forgetting that what is fun to them is simply dishonesty towards the tradesman and his assistant they pretend to be patronising. Occasionally they do even worse; few women have the moral courage to confess that they are on what might be called a "millinery prow!" (else they might be requested to take their custom elsewhere), and so they order goods to be sent home—a mantle, a tea-gown, a bonnet. When the parcel arrives it is sent back with the message that Mrs. So-and-so has altered her mind and prefers the green, and will call again—which she carefully abstains from doing. Look at the injustice of this! Think of the entries, the assistant's time wasted, the messenger's time wasted, and even possibly the loss of sale when the article in question has been out of the show-room for perhaps two or three days.

An anecdote is told of a tradesman who, standing one day at his shop-door, was asked by a timid person who had surveyed the window, "May I come in and look round?" "You may, sir, with pleasure, if you want to buy anything," was the reply; "*but I don't keep a museum.*" With what pointed application might many ladies take this story to heart! What worry, trouble, disappointment, and money a shopkeeper would save if he dared to act upon this principle! I do not, of course, insist that a person should buy all that is shown, or, being in want of a jacket, should decline to look at a skirt. But I protest against the wilful misleading of the would-be vendor, and the treating of big drapery establishments as though they were museums, "entrance and attendance free."

There are various methods by which this and analogous sins are committed. No doubt a fine display, of wearing apparel, for instance, is dazzling and confusing, as well as tempting, and the woman who can immediately make up her mind on such an important subject as the choice of a ball gown is a paragon rarely to be encountered. But some people make up their mind not to make up their mind. They will stay an hour or two in a show-room and leave it as they entered, with a false excuse upon their lips. "I was looking over these things for a friend, and I'll let you know about the heliotrope plush," is a well-known formula. And this sort of thing leads to other petty dishonesty, such as asking for made-up goods to be sent home "on approval," and having their style and fashions copied by the inexpensive sempstress, who works for two shillings a day, her meals, and a pint of beer. One great firm of dress-makers in Paris have been so often defrauded in this and similar manners, that they refuse to show their goods to a customer accompanied by her maid, and will not allow the maid to be present at a "trying-on."

Petty prevarication is very prevalent in shopping. "I must ask my husband," says a lady, speaking of a meek individual who dares not say his soul is his own, let alone offer an opinion as to his wife's dress. "I had

one that colour last year," remarks another, in default of some more honest excuse for not spending twice as much as she intended. But the worst case I ever heard of—and I should be sorry to give it as a type; it is merely an incident—occurred to a certain well-known West-end man-milliner. A lady, after much selection and waste of time, ordered several costly and magnificent gowns. She gave her name and address at a certain hotel, and though she was not a permanent resident in England, was well known, and believed to be trustworthy. She attended to try on, and spent more than half a day in the process, and was particular that the whole collection should be finished and delivered on a day named. This was punctually done; but on arrival at the hotel the messenger was informed that Miss Threestars had sailed for America on the previous day; address unknown. Here was a pretty loss for the shopkeeper. Dresses made for one lady specially are not easily sold to another; in any case, the ready-made goods were not, under the circumstances, of more than half the value at which they had been priced. Time went on. Three or four months after this transaction a stranger called at the same shop. She turned over nearly the whole stock, and then said, "Did not you make some things for my friend, Miss Threestars, when she was over here?" The milliner ruefully admitted that he had, and further told the circumstances of the case, and asked the present address of his fugitive client. "I don't know where she is, I am sure," was the reply; "but I am about her size. What will you take for the whole lot?" Being glad of any reasonable offer, the shopkeeper sold; but it is his firm opinion that this was a conspiracy by Miss Threestars and her friend to cheapen the goods,

and certainly it seems to be a fair deduction from the facts.

Stupidity and carelessness on the part of customers and inquirers frequently waste valuable time, and thereby inflict an injury on the shopkeeper and his assistant. Mothers are so proud of the progress of their progeny that they will order goods for a child of five years old, intending them to be worn by one of three years. They forget that other mothers also possess "fine boys of their age," and so the things have to be exchanged. Mothers also are too fond of pleasing anecdotes, and frequently inform the submissive, if not interested, shopman of little Willie's latest saying, or the state of Ethel's gums. I also heard a lady once consulting a bland gentleman behind the counter as to whether, after a certain forthcoming event, she had better have a red or a blue "sitting up dress." The puzzled person very discreetly replied, "You could sit up in either, madam." Gossip and chatter are most entertaining in the bondoir; they are out of place in a shop, which should be a purely mercantile concern, to be considered by the customer, as it is by the proprietor, a place of buying and selling only. To use it for any other purpose is unfair—occasionally, as I have shown, it becomes even more unworthy of ladies, who, in all positions of life, should inspire honour and respect. Some of us cannot afford to do so much shopping as others, but we can all afford to act with rectitude, mercy, and liberality, and be straightforward and honourable in spirit as well as in deed. We must remember that it is no more honest to steal a man's time than it is to pick his pockets, and that the petty subterfuges of shopping are as highly immoral and degrading as many of the punishable swindles that swell the police-court reports.

E. ARIA.

Equal Love.

"LOVES die!" they say. Love, so say we,
Of all the loves mere chance inspired.
Joy's shadow is satiety;
Too soon the unequal hands are free,
The drooped hand loosed—the raised hand tired.

How soon made free—grown sad too soon;
These from their several valley-plains
Wonder why life is out of tune,
And why of all the wealth of June
Only some withered rose remains.

But we, who free and equal stand
Upon our mountain, and are still,
With level eyes and steadfast hand—
We see the old loves and understand
Why they died and this never will.

E. NESBIT.

To Brittany with a Native.



YOU wish to go to Brittany? and my greatest desire is to take you there. Which of us should be the more grateful of the two? Is it you who are going to be introduced by an enthusiast and a true Breton to the only land in the midst of the most civilised part of the world which has preserved its habits, its costumes, its tongue as intact as they were several hundred years ago, and whose natural beauties, far from having lost any of their attractiveness, have only been increased by time and science? Or is it I who love my Brittany as only a Breton can love his country, whose delight is to talk about it, whose pride is to exhibit to appreciative eyes its loveliness, its grandeur, its bold and rugged coasts, its forests which enshrine mysterious pages of ancient history, those wonderful Druidic remains (if indeed Druidic they be); its exquisite rivers, now flowing leisurely through peaceful pastures where graze the pretty and prolific Brittany cows, now rushing like wild torrents over and under huge boulders ensconced between the highest and boldest of rocky banks; its creeks with their innumerable deep caves and natural aquaria replete with specimens of the zoophyte world; its bays where fleets of hundreds of fishing-boats start twice daily, devoutly raising their main-sails only after having passed a little chapel devoted to the "Mother of God;" its ruins telling of the disastrous wars waged between the English and the French in the fourteenth century, the former supporting the cause of Jean de Montfort, the latter that of Charles de Blois; its picturesque towns with their splendid churches, its still more picturesque villages with still more splendid churches, some of them built by your ancestors during their sojourn in the country; its even still more astounding ruined town Pennmarch, which was almost laid bare in one day by Fontenelle le Ligneux; its chapels, built as high as the eagle perches its eyrie, in fulfilment of some vow made in a moment of dire distress and peril; its peasants with their rich and varied costumes, the women hiding their hair, the men letting it flow long over their backs under wide sombreros; its "Pardons" originating centuries ago; its countless legends, the Christian ones grafted on those of Druidic times, even as the sign of our redemption has been cut on the Druidic stones or implanted on the summit in order to induce this highly conservative Breton people to accept Christianity! To my question, Who is the more indebted to the other, I unhesitatingly reply, I am the one, for he who gives experiences double the pleasure of him who receives.

And now I propose to take you at once to one of the most perfect spots I know even in Brittany.

It is Quimperlé, called most deservedly with its neighbourhood the Arcadia of Brittany. We shall go there either through Paris and Nantes or through Rennes, or if you are a good sailor by St. Malo, and still through

Rennes. But I must not omit to tell you first of all that the country is divided into Upper and Lower Brittany, and it is the latter to which I intend to introduce you, comprising Finistère, the only part where the old customs have been preserved, and the Morbihan, where most of the Druidic remains are to be found, although more than you will ever see are scattered all over the Finistère also. The Finistère is the highland of Brittany; but it must be remarked that "haute et basse Bretagne" have not the same significance as "higher and lower" in England, for the highest hills are to be found in Lower Brittany. The inhabitants are conservatives to the backbone, and to any proposed innovation, whether designed for their personal or general improvement or comfort, they have only one answer to give: "My father used to do so, and what my father did was right."

To this and to their extreme obstinacy it is that we owe the preservation of their Celtic language, and of all the customs and ways so dear to the inquisitive and philosophic traveller.

But, I warn you, lose no time in visiting the country, for civilisation with her truchant weapon blindly destroys what she will never be able to restore. I am happy to say in all the country places the peasants still speak Celtic, and have sermons preached to them in that language; and even in the towns, besides the sermons in French, there are also some delivered in Celtic. Many books also are now printed in Celtic, and at Brest a newspaper is being published in that tongue.

One of my reasons for choosing Quimperlé for our headquarters is that from there you can most easily visit the whole of Finistère and the Morbihan. Before entering the little town let me quote what was said of it by a competent authority who had to report to Government on the subject of Brittany nearly a century ago:—

"After an excited life of long travels to China, Bengal, and the West Indies, when the system is exhausted and wants real refreshment, how many navigators settle in Quimperlé for the rest of their lives! The blood is purified in the midst of the groves, woods, and forests which surround it; sorrows are forgotten in the intercourse of a pleasant, cultivated, and intellectual society; a small income allows you to live most comfortably. Fishing, hunting, shooting, picturesque walks, the most delicate fare, and most perfect repose procure a happy existence to him who is wise enough to prefer the calm of a peaceful life, the pure air of the woods and rivers, and the pleasures of nature, to the display and excitement of large towns. If the god of rest, if the god of peace had chosen a retreat it would have been on the borders of the Ellé."

Every word of this stands good now; the few changes that have taken place have all been improvements.

Quimperlé is built at the confluence of two lovely

rivers, the names of which might vie with the most harmonious of Greek names. One is the Ellé, and the other the Izole, now running leisurely amidat pleasant meadows on a silver sand, and now rushing with impetuosity through gigantic rocks (rocks which I missed so much on the Rhine and in the Black Forest), and

those very rocks which now stand proudly in the midst of this lovely river, having on each side very high banks, but quite different in aspect the one from the other, one side being so weird and sombre that it has been called "Le Palais du Diable," and the other so white, so silvery, so poetical, with such lovely silver beeches scattered about like young plants, and overrun with



RIVER SCENE AT QUIMPERLÉ.

amidst the most romantic sites, some so difficult of access that the intrepid alone will undertake the hardships necessary to reach them. These rivers meet in the very middle of the town, where they exchange their sweet names for one still sweeter, the Laita!—all three full of promise for the fisherman, as trout and salmon abound in all. This coalition forms the Port of Quimperlé, and all the houses built on the quay enjoy the life and movement of the stream, while the other houses have either the Izole or the Ellé running at the end of their gardens, where the inhabitants can fish and bathe most comfortably. The Ellé, however, is not navigable in all its length; it is too rapid and rocky. But in olden times, before the huge rocks had filled its bed in certain places, there is a legend of a Roman galley having sailed very far up its course, and been crushed to pieces under

squirrels, that it has obtained the name of "La Maison de la Vierge."

The Laita runs quietly between banks of most varied aspects, through woods bathing their trees in its clear waters (all the rivers in Brittany are very clear), then made wild by the rocks hanging over it—splendid rocks, sometimes covered with moss and lichens, and affording most comfortable seats; then through the Forest of Carnoët, then passing the ancient Abbey of St. Maurice, to go finally and mix its waters with those of the Bay of Biscay at the Pouldu—the Pouldu, surrounded by rocks of all hues, offering you excellent shelter for a bathe on its silvery beach, where you need not fear any intrusion, and where you may spend delightful hours in your bathing costume, taking your bath in the sun, or eating your luncheon under the shelter of some of the



QUIMPERLÉ CATHEDRAL.

numerous caves formed by the granite rocks.

This lovely town of Quimperlé is built not only in the valley, it also spreads itself upon the flanks of the hill called "La Montagne St. Michel," and is thus divided into the upper and the lower town. Of course, the lower town is the better and pleasanter to inhabit, and our first duty is to visit the curious and interesting church of Sainte-Croix. Its shape presents the extraordinary combination of a circular church and that of a cross, and offers some similarity to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The chancel is perfectly circular, and stands very high in the middle of the nave; it is reached on four sides by numerous steps on which, during the services, the peasants kneel, sit, or stand in their divers picturesque costumes. The grandeur of the service is wonderfully enhanced by this elevated position of the high altar, and the effect is most impressive. One of the most

remarkable features is the crypt, which is built under the chancel. It contains the tomb of St. Guroc, the first abbot of the abbey, and is the oldest part of that edifice. This subterranean chapel has three aisles, divided by a double row of short pillars, to one of which is fixed an ancient iron ring, by means of which the pilgrims used to torture themselves by twisting a lock of their long hair round it and tearing it off violently, either as a self-imposed penance, or in order to obtain some favour from the saint. This unusually interesting church having been regarded as a historical

building, the late Imperial Government resolved to repair it at its own expense, at which all the inhabitants of Quimperlé were very happy. The Parisian architect sent by the Emperor promised and did wonderful things; the works were progressing rapidly, when one day (forunately while the workmen were away at their dinner) the dome fell in suddenly, and in falling demolished the greater part of the church, unhappily killing a man and two young girls. Great was the consternation, deep the sorrow of the Department, but the authorities obtained from the Emperor the promise to have the church entirely rebuilt just as it was before; and now under the supervision of my friend M. Bigot, the architect of the Department of the Finistère, it stands as strong and firm

as ever it was. M. Bigot had, at a previous date, been intrusted with the building of the beautiful spires of the Cathedral of Quimper, which had never been built, and the original plans of which had been lost. M. Bigot's design was a complete success. Owing to some unaccountable mistake these spires have latterly been ascribed, both by some English and French writers, to Viollet le Duc, who really had nothing whatever to do with them beyond approving of their beauty very highly when he saw them.

The "Ville haute" as it is called, with the high square tower of its church of St. Michel, its convents, houses, gardens and orchards, is also highly interesting. Every Friday there is a fair full of amusing incidents to the spectator, but on the first Friday of the month

this market or fair is on an unusually extensive scale, and this forms one of the great features of Quimperlé, seeing that it brings there an immense concourse of peasants with their different costumes, whose buying, selling, and bargaining it is highly interesting to watch.



A BRETON WOMAN.

The fair or market is held on the "Place," which, although of a considerable size, is too small for the enormous traffic going on pretty nearly all the day. But I must not omit to tell you that in order to reach the "Ville haute" you must ascend steep streets with wide and regular stone steps; and on both sides of these very narrow streets are old half-wooden houses with gables, each storey overlapping the others, so that from the uppermost you may almost shake hands with your opposite neighbours. As you emerge into the Market Place you are so perfectly bewildered with the clatter of the wooden shoes, and the high key of the voices of those who buy and sell, and by the extraordinary sight presented to your unaccustomed eyes, that you do not know what to look at first; everything seems to demand your immediate attention. But by degrees your eyes become more steady, and if a kind friend takes you under his protection you will presently distinguish one thing from another, and be able to take in all the details of this extraordinary assemblage.

First of all you will watch how their strange bargaining is carried on, but as a bargain generally takes two hours to bring to a conclusion, you must proceed from one couple who are commencing operations to another who have reached the next stage, and so on, till you come to the end. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—Suppose a

buyer appears who is in want of a heifer; whilst asking her price and seeming disposed to accept it he strikes her back with his "penn-baz," a peculiar walking-stick he carries. This is the usual prelude. Then he takes her by the tail, then shakes her foot, then pulls the skin to see if it adheres to the ribs, which if it does is considered a good sign. This preliminary examination over, he takes the seller's hand, strikes it as hard as he can with his own, and demands the real price. The seller in his turn takes the other's hand, and striking it equally roughly, abates a little of his original price, and then pulling three or four hairs from the heifer, declares that he will not be beaten down any more, not even the value of what he holds in his fingers. During all these preliminaries one of the buyer's servants scrutinises the mouth of the animal to ascertain its age; then, when the bargain has come to this point, after at least two hours of debate (for a good seller must ask much more than he means to take, and a good buyer must beat him down very much), they go to one of the wine-houses on the "Place," and there, while discussing a bottle without sitting down, they take hold of each other's hand and release it ten, twenty, thirty times without striking it. These repeated stretchings out and holdings back of the hands are accompanied by endless bids



A BRETON PEASANT.

and refusals, with digressions and prolonged talking requiring a true Breton patience to put up with. If finally they cannot agree the bottle is paid for by the one who first made the offer; if on the contrary they come to terms, which is shown by dealing a great blow

on the hand and shaking it very slightly, the seller pays for the drink, and this is the last seal of the bargain. They then go back to the animal, a closer examination is made, and for every defect now discovered a reduction of twenty-five centimes (2½d.) is made. Of course this gives rise to new difficulties, which cannot be settled without another great flow of words, generally useless, for as soon as the hands have been struck and shaken it is solemn, and nothing can break the bargain. It is almost unheard of that a Breton having thus engaged his word should break it. Vainly would better terms be offered to him by another, vainly would anyone even offer him an extra bottle, that greatest of temptations! he would sturdily resist all and keep to his promise, in the hand-shaking he has given a pledge.

A very striking feature is the presence of the beggar during all this bargaining, who always receives his little share, for no bargain is ever concluded without this thoroughly characteristic Breton clause. The poor is never forgotten even in the poorest cottages; if he comes he has the best place at the fireside given to him, together with a meal and a sleeping-place for one night; he never asks for more.

Now that you have patiently (I hope) "assisted" at the conclusion of a real Breton mercantile transaction, let us turn round and examine the curious and picturesque costumes worn by all these peasants. The women wear thick black cloth dresses, some trimmed with velvet, some embroidered very finely with rich colours. The bodice is of a very curious cut, a sort of double breasted front trimmed equally with velvet, and a collarette over it. Round the arm-holes there is also a band of velvet. A very wide and long apron of woollen material with a woven pattern in it is generally worn, and their "coiffes" vary according to their different parishes. These are the usual and daily costumes, for as their gala costumes are very rich and showy, they are not often worn to come to market in, but are reserved for the "Pardons," a characteristic Breton fête.

The men wear breeches of different material and shapes, some of immense width and others very scanty, in fact fitting quite tight. These latter are most elaborately gathered at the top; the former are usually made of brown woollen material closely plaited, or of a thick white calico for gala days. They are called "bragou-braz."

Their waistcoats vary according to their parishes, and they frequently wear three or four, each one shorter than the other, the longest having a fringe. These

waistcoats have most elaborate deep embroideries of all colours worked on them round the neck, and are double-breasted; unmarried men wear sleeves to their waistcoats, which are generally made of a very good turquoise-blue cloth, and the jacket, called "jupen," is sleeveless, and is made of a much darker-coloured cloth, most elaborately embroidered in fine bright colours, and having two rows of brass buttons sewn so closely together that one overlaps the other. Married men also wear the waistcoat, but in their case the sleeves are on the "jupen," and by the dark colour of these the girls can see there will be no sweethearts for them among the wearers. They also wear gaiters of a very coarse woollen black cloth, but most finely embroidered. The "bragou-braz" are tied below the knee with worsted garters of the same bright colours as the embroideries, terminated gracefully with thick tassels. Their head is covered with a large-brimmed black felt hat with several rows of chenille of divers hues round the crown; and that which completes this unique and striking costume is the "penn-baz," a stick with a thick rugged end, which is held, however, by the thin end.

Whilst we have been contemplating these costumes the bargaining has been going on most energetically, the excitement is at its height, the voices, sharpened by the final libations, seem louder than ever, the clatter of the sabots, the reiterated demands and refusals of the buyers and sellers, the loud ejaculations on the sudden discovery of some defect in the innocent cause of the discussion, the louder denial of the supposed defects, the reiterated clapping of the hands, the apparent quarrelling of the engaged parties—for when a Breton peasant buys or sells he always seems to be quarrelling—the women trying hard to sell their wares, all this is as deafening as the roaring of the sea, when suddenly a little silvery bell is heard from the church tower, and at its sound all the hubbub ceases, the hand which was about to strike pauses in its descent, the "penn-baz" which was descending on the back of the animal remains suspended in the air, not one more drop in the glass which is touching the lips is absorbed, the broad hats are reverently taken off, the men bend their brows, the women kneel down, and for three or four minutes the most solemn silence succeeds to the hitherto deafening noise; for the Breton is truly religious, and this little bell has sounded the Angelus, and to join in this simple prayer he forsakes for the moment the interests dearest to his heart. Nothing can be more striking or a more impressive sight in its way than this spontaneous act of simple and unaffected piety.

EMILIE LEBOUR-FANSETT.



"Plantagenet's Well:" A True Story of Eastwell Park.

BY LADY CONSTANCE HOWARD.



THE old house at Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, which, in common with "Kirby Hall," belonged to my lamented father, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, was commenced by Sir Thomas Moyle in the early part of the reign of Henry VII.

On the wet and stiff clays, at the top of the high range of hills which intersect the park, rightly said to be one of the most beautiful in lovely England, lies a wood of gigantic beeches—the trees are quite three hundred and fifty years old—cut into eight avenues, and known far and wide as the "Star Walk." Very large oaks are also the growth of this locality, though, alas! few of any size now remain; and from the top of the "Star Walk" Dungeness can be plainly discerned on a clear day, fifteen miles as the crow flies, while the white sails of many

"———stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill."

It is at Eastwell Park and this special part of it that fern flourishes in fields of many acres, and attains a height unknown to other places; not only have specimens been gathered measuring fourteen feet odd inches, but in favourable years the crop will reach to a man's shoulders on horseback, completely concealing fallow deer, which can only be traced by their bounds, or the undulations caused in their endeavours to escape, and even reaching to the point of a red deer's horns when on his feet. There is no such mass of fern as this to be found elsewhere in England, and to it may be in a great measure attributed the wild nature of the red deer belonging to this park, which much exceeds that of any other private herd. They consist of golden dun, the sooty dun, the nut-coloured, black, white, the memel or Manilla deer (spotted), the fallow, the skew or blue deer, and the bald-faced, originally from Bosworth Park. The red deer came originally from Powis Castle and Ashridge Park.

To this fair place, whose then owner was Sir Thomas Moyle, came, one summer's evening in the year of grace 1485, a weary, travel-worn wayfarer. In appearance he was about sixteen, slight and tall. He had a frank open countenance, deep blue eyes, which gazed at the world fearlessly, a very straight nose, a complexion sun-burnt from exposure to all weathers, and a mouth and chin whose expression showed an amount of firmness and perseverance rarely seen in one of his age. Very small feet and hands gave evidence of gentle, perhaps noble birth. He applied for work to Sir Thomas Moyle, a

most benevolent man, who at once took him into his employment, and as chief bricklayer he lived for many years at Eastwell Park in Sir Thomas's service.

In 1546 Sir Thomas gave him a piece of ground in the paddock on the garden side of the house of Eastwell, with permission to build himself a dwelling thereon. This he accordingly did.

The well which bears his name and gives the title to this true story is there to this day, empty of water now and surrounded by trees. From it there is a lovely view of the beautiful park and grounds. The ruins of his dwelling are there still.

One day Sir Thomas came upon him sitting by the side of the well, while the others had gone to dinner. He was then a man of seventy-seven, and he was occupied in reading so intently that at first he did not hear his benefactor's approach.

Sir Thomas gently took the book from him, and was surprised to see that it was written in Latin, and "Richard Plantagenet" was inscribed on the fly-leaf.

Then said Sir Thomas, "My suspicions were indeed well founded. All my doubts are now removed. You ought not to be clothed in this poor manner and occupy a dependent's place. Drudgery and toil do not belong to your position; need only can have brought you to this, not your birth or blood. I feel I am right. I read the answer in your blushing cheek, your down-cast eye; you need not resort to speech. Often have I watched you when you deemed yourself unobserved, when the evening bell summoned the workmen from their tasks. You avoided your unlearned companions, and with slow step and musing eye betook yourself to some secluded nook. Your attention seemed to rove; you appeared lost to all outward sounds; and if anyone came by, your book was instantly hidden for fear someone should descry the subject of your meditations. Often have I thought Greek and Roman page were no sealed secrets to you. Much have I wished to know your history. But now no longer keep your story in painful secrecy, but tell with simple truth, not to your master, but to your friend, the story of your youth; for you are getting on in life; it is time your labours ceased; here you shall find rest and a quite home, with every comfort in my power to give, to endure it to you. Have you a wish, a hope, a higher bliss in my power to bestow? Is there in your breast any aching void? Tell me all your longings, so that I may help you. In return all I ask is your history. Confide that to me."

Thus spoke Sir Thomas Moyle, and at his sympathetic words Richard raised his drooping head, and with a grateful glance at his benefactor and friend, he began his sad and eventful tale in the words that follow:

"It was the close of a day in early summer. The last

rays of the setting sun made the forest trees shine like furnished gold, reflecting them in the depths of still calm pools, which here and there diversified the scene.

"The green trees whispered low and wild,
It was a sound of joy."

"Sheep and deer were browsing on the short velvet grass, making with the sweet notes of forest birds, and the ever-lazy hum of bees and insects, a perfect picture of happy, peaceful English life. Two people were walking quietly along, one a priest, the other a youth of some thirteen years. The priest was a benevolent-looking man between fifty and sixty, tall and slender. He had earnest grey eyes, a Roman nose, a broad intellectual forehead, a tender mouth, and hair of snowy whiteness. His character for charity was borne out by his deeds. He was a constant and kind friend to the poor; none who sought his willing aid went away with their griefs unlightened; if he lacked the power to help, his poor friends took the will for the deed, and departed cheered and solaced. Father John, the people called him; one and all blessed and revered him. He was the sincere friend, guardian, and preceptor of the fine boy whose hand was so confidently placed in his. As they sauntered along, they were engaged in a conversation which appeared engrossing to both, and well it might be, as the subject discussed was none other than Homer. As they discoursed of the glorious poetry of the grand old bard, and Father John related to his pupil the brave deeds of the warriors there described, the boy's eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed, and clasping his hands he exclaimed—

"Oh! that I may live to be a man, then will I be a soldier, and by God's grace will strive to imitate these heroic deeds."

"Yes, Richard," said the kind priest, smiling at his pupil's boyish enthusiasm, 'so you shall; and, meantime, by much study during these precious years of your boyhood, and many acts of charity, you will earn a crown of immortal glory, far better than all the perishable ones of this world.'"

"By such conversations did Father John strive to sow in his young charge's mind the seed of good works, which should make his name blessed in many a humble abode, looked up to and blessed even as his own was; and the boy gave promise of repaying him richly for all his trouble and unceasing care.

"Thus, in loving converse, the two arrived at a large, rambling old house, situated in the heart of the forest. It consisted of two wings, one entirely covered with ivy, which clung to its grey, time-stained walls, twining itself in and out of the quaint casements, making the home of many a sparrow and starling. The other side of the house was built of grey stone, and terminated in a square tower, where the curfew rang, bidding all put out their fires and lights. A characteristic old porch, with a massive oak door curiously studded in a conventional pattern with steel nails, opened into a good-sized hall, strewn with fresh-gathered rushes, a fire of huge logs of wood shedding, though it was summer, a warm glow over everything. High-backed chairs, the

legs of carved wood, and the seats of old leather, were placed round the hall, in the centre of which stood an immense oak table. Trophies of the chase—stags' heads with noble antlers, spears, banners, and 'martial shields,' with other implements of use and war, adorned the walls.

"It was the 10th day of June, in the year of grace 1481. Here, in this lonely forest retreat, Richard had spent all his life, as far as he could recollect, with no companion save Father John, ignorant whose son he was, or even if his parents were living. Richard was the only name by which he knew himself. His leisure was spent in the forest in summer; in winter, when the weather was too severe for going out to be much profit or pleasure, he read for hours, curled up in the deep window-seats of the old hall. It was a happy life, free from care and sorrow. His little room opened into Father John's, and his in turn into the hall. None of the numerous other apartments were ever used, except the kitchen and a little room where old Allan, the one servant of the establishment, grumbled and slept. He was a quaint old fellow, in keeping with his surroundings. He had a hooked nose like a parrot's, small black eyes like beads, set very near together—so keen was their expression that he looked as if he could read the thoughts of all those he met—and grey hair, which hung in locks down his back from under his black velvet cap. He was very active, in spite of his seventy years, and really willing, but he had a tongue like the clapper of a bell. Such were Richard's companions and life at the age of twelve. Money was supplied by a stranger, who paid them brief visits. The days passed swiftly and without events, until the following October.

"One day early in the month, when the leaves lay rotting in heaps, making a mournful picture, and the trees were changing fast, every hour seeming to deepen and alter the beauty of their tints, the stranger came and took Richard away with him. After traversing many miles of country, and stopping often to repose, they came at last to a very large city, with hundreds of houses, thousands of men, women, and children thronging the streets, where the noise and tumult seemed to bewilder Richard. Presently they stopped at a large house like a palace, and the stranger led the boy into a lofty hall, where state and magnificence seemed paramount. Passing through the hall they came to a range of rooms, each more pleasant than the previous one, with sculptured arches, painted roofs, matchless hangings on the walls, the floor carpeted with rushes, in marked contrast to the rest of the place. At last Richard's guide left him, and he remained alone in suspense and fear, although he did not know of what he was afraid. To his astonishment a man of stately bearing presently appeared in his presence. Richard felt awed. As he advanced his penetrating eyes fixed upon the boy's face. His vest was studded with thick ribs of gold, a purple velvet robe hung in folds around him, jewels glittered on his breast, with the Order of the Garter prominent among them, and on his head a crimson velvet cap, richly bordered with ermine, and adorned with a white feather kept in its place by a brooch of diamonds. Richard

tried to make obeisance to him, but his limbs refused their office; so he stood there quiet and still, with a sort of doubtful happiness in his heart.

"Seeing Richard's fear, the great man strove to mitigate the harshness of his brow, and with kind speeches cheered his aching heart. He questioned Richard closely on his manner of life, asked what his amusements and occupations were, and stroked his sunny curls. Yet while he talked he seemed to be always keeping something back; his looks implied much more than his speeches said. He kindly pressed Richard's hand and gave him an embroidered purse heavily filled with gold. For some time did they stand thus, the man of stately bearing looking deeply into Richard's face, his bosom swelling with emotion as though he wished to speak. But suddenly he started forward, and, without a word, abruptly left the room.

"Richard's guide returned and found him, as well he might be, dazed and startled by the interview. They mounted their horses again and began their homeward journey. Richard's guide seemed a kind man, so he thought he would speak to him and unburden his mind by a few questions.

"'Oh! sir,' said Richard, 'tell me, I pray you, why you show such care for me, why you employ your time on my behalf. Tell me, I implore, who is that man of pride and dignity who deigns to notice so kindly a stranger-boy like me!'

"Richard's question embarrassed his companion, but he did not seem displeased; although he seemed to know much, he told him nothing, merely replying—

"'Youth, you owe me no obligation; I only do my duty. You have no kindred blood with mine; but, hard to say, your birth must still to you remain a secret. Ask me no more.'

"Thus he reproved Richard, doing it, however, as if he pitied him; so Richard bowed to his mild rebuke and promised obedience.

"Arrived at the old hall, his guide consigned him to his faithful guardian's care, and blessing him by the 'Holy Cross,' departed. After he was gone Richard's heart waxed sad; he felt as if had sustained some heavy loss; but in the company of Father John all tumultuous thoughts gave way, his words and looks alike softened sorrow. Unruly care was far distant from him. Grief's wildest ravings ceased in his presence, and by his blameless life well did he prove that 'the House of Goodness is the House of Peace.' Here for some months Richard's life flowed on evenly, quietly, with nothing special to mark the days. By degrees he realised that perhaps it was well for him that he was ignorant of his parentage, and that his wisest plan was not to try and find out that which Fate appeared to wish concealed. But soon things changed. His visionary hopes passed away, leaving a future dark and drear. As in March the sunshine seems to give promise of a fine day, but with that treachery which belongs to the time, as the day wears on the sun disappears, leaving everything damp and gloomy—this was the case with Richard's life.

"One day his guide arrived, not as usual quiet and

calm, but possessed with a wild impatience; care and thought were written on his face.

"'Rise, youth,' said he to Richard, 'and mount this steed.'

"Richard obeyed, and bidding farewell to Father John, mounted the richly caparisoned horse which was standing at the door. They rode on in silence at the utmost speed, and only tarrying a few moments for rest and food, kept on until their panting coursers brought them to Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Here they stopped but did not dismount. Richard gazed around him with astonishment, and his heart began to beat fast. Far as the eye could see stretched a wilderness of tents, with banners floating in the air, prancing steeds everywhere, and archers trimly dressed. The sun was just setting in a cloud like burnished gold, tipping the points of the spears until they shone like fire. The hum of many voices resounded on the evening air, and sounds of martial music from time to time came floating down the breeze.

"Twilight crept on swiftly; the chieftains were all in their tents, and sentinels were posted around. Richard and his guide moved on towards the tents with weary face, and then dismounting, befriended by the stars which shone now with a bright light, they walked quickly on, answering the challenge of the sentinels, until they came to a stately form who barred their further progress. He seemed to be listening, his face muffled in his cloak. Suddenly throwing it back, he seized Richard's hand, and leading him with swift steps, never slackened his pace until he came to a splendid tent. The pavilion was hung with glowing crimson, the shade deepened by brilliant lights. A royal couch was in the centre, and beside it lay a suit of armour, bright and ready for its owner's use.

"The crown was there, glittering in the light, graced with many splendid gems; and close by, as though to guard its safety and dignity, lay a weighty 'curtelax' unsheathed. The chief took off his cap and gazed at Richard. Wrapt in gloom, his face appeared like a clouded sky ere the tempest breaks. Revenge, impatience, despair, and frenzy—all that maddens the soul—were revealed there, and his eyes shone like burnished coals.

"Richard felt that this martial form and the man of stately mien whom he had seen the last time his guide had fetched him were one and the same person. Richard's companion tried to control his emotion; he seemed to be fighting with himself, holding himself proudly. Richard stood pale and trembling, like an attentive priest who awaits the revelations of the mystic oak. At length his companion spoke.

"'No longer wonder, O youth,' said he, 'why you are brought here; the secret of your birth shall now be revealed. Know that you are Imperial Richard's son! I who hold you in these arms am thy father, and as soon as my power has quenched these alarms you shall be known, be honoured, and be great. To-morrow, boy, I combat for my crown. Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown and on my ruin raise his name. He leads a renegade band, strangers to war, and against the chieftains of the land

means to try his strength. As even kings cannot command the chances of war, to-morrow's setting sun will see me conqueror or find me among the dead, for Richard will never grace the sinner's ear, but glorious win the day or glorious die. But you, my son, hear me and obey my voice. Do not seek to mingle in the coming fray; but far from winged shaft and gleaming sword wait in patience the decision of the fight. North of the camp there is a rising mound, your guile is ready to take you there. From this spot you can see every chance and movement of the battle. If righteous fate gives me the conquest, then shall your noble birth be known to all; you may boldly come to the centre of the field, and amidst my nobles I will own my son. But if I am robbed of kingdom and renown, then you may be sure your father's eyes will be closed in eternal night, for life without victory were dishonour and disgrace. Should proud Richmond gain the day, which Heaven forefend, then no means will be left you but instant speedy flight; you must veil your head and seek concealment. For on Richard's friends, far more than on his son, Richard's foes will wreak their vengeance, even when Richard himself shall be no more. So go, my son; one more embrace, and Heaven keep you. Some short reflections claim this awful night, before a glimmering in the east heralds the approach of day, when my knights attend to arm me for the fight.

"Richard knelt, and his father blessed him, then struggling to check his rising tears, he led him forth, overwhelmed with grief.

"This was on Sunday evening, August 21st, 1485. The morning of Monday, the 22nd, rose dark and gloomy, a fitting emblem of what was to follow. The two armies were so near each other that during the night many deserted Richard and joined Richmond's army. When the day broke the forces were drawn up in line of battle. The fray began, but no vigour was displayed in the royal army until Lord Stanley suddenly turned and attacked it in flank; then Richard saw that all was lost, and exclaiming, 'Treason! treason! treason!' rushed into the midst of the enemy, and made his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing down all before him. The King's valour was astonishingly great. The Earl of Richmond shrank back at the sight of such a desperate antagonist, but his attendants gathered round him, and at last Richard, who fought like a lion, with the energy and courage of despair, overpowered by sheer force of numbers, fell covered with wounds. His helmet was so beaten in by blows that its form was quite destroyed. He fell near a brook which runs through Bosworth Field, the water of which long remained stained with blood.



"Thus died Richard III. The battle only lasted two hours. Young Richard witnessed his father's sad fate from the mound, and a great desire came over him to take one last look at his parent. But remembering

his father's wishes with respect to him in the event of the battle going in Richmond's favour, with a deep sigh, and feeling stunned and bewildered with the revelations of the night before and the terrible events of the day, he turned away, and with one farewell look at the place where his father lay, he departed.

"After a long weary journey he found himself in the heart of the forest, at the door of the old house where all his happy childhood had been spent, and as the thought came into his mind that good Father John still remained to him, he felt almost comforted. But, alas! he was doomed to disappointment. Going into the old hall he saw Father John, as he thought, asleep in his chair; but approaching nearer he perceived, to his intense sorrow, that the good old man had passed away to God, whose precepts he had so well inculcated in the mind of his young pupil, whose commandments he had so religiously kept, whose Holy Word he had so loved to obey. Richard's grief was very deep at being deprived in a few short hours of his father, whom he had only found to lose for ever, and of the kind old man who had been a father to him in every sense of the word. After paying in company with old Allan, the last sad respects to his beloved preceptor, Richard quitted the old house in the forest for ever, with a sincere prayer that the God of the fatherless would lead him to some safe retreat, where daily toil might give him bread and teach him content and true peace. For days he wandered on until he came to Eastwell Park, in Kent.

"This," said Richard to Sir Thomas, "is my real history. I feel sure my secret is safe with you."

Sir Thomas listened with deep attention, and at the close, after assuring him of his good-will, he left him to repose.

In his comfortable house Richard Plantagenet lived some years after this discovery, dying at the ripe old age of eighty-one, in the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign; and he was buried in the parish church of Eastwell, inside the park, on the 22nd of December, 1550. The record of his burial is still to be found in the register of Eastwell Church as follows:—"Richard Plantagenet, buried the 22nd daye of December, 1550." To the transcript of the register is subjoined, "It is observable that in the old register there is prefixed to the name of every person of noble blood such a mark as this . At the name of Richard Plantagenet there is the same mark (and it is the first that is so distinguished), only with this difference, that there is a line running across it thus  (the Bar of Bastardy)." Richard Plantagenet's tomb, in the wall of Eastwell Church, inside the communion rails on the left, appears to be of much later date.

By the dried-up well, called to this day "Plantagenet's Well," Sir Thomas Moyle found him, and heard his strange, eventful, and true history.



The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"Fannes
The wit of women we might praise
For finding out so great an ease.
* * * * *
Seeing they are still in hand,
In house, in field, in church, in street,
In summer, winter, water, land,
In cold, in heat, in drier, in weete."

Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Gentlemen, —1596.

YOU know who it is that quotes everything to suit his own teaching, and I have taken just so much of Gossen's words, and no more, as accords with my own view of thinking; for that ancient writer goes on to say, still speaking of fans,

"I judge they are for wives such tooles,
As bables are in plays for foolcs."

But twenty or thirty years later they were not confined to women's use, for Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit, as it was called, with one of the prodigiously large fans then used, the handles half a yard long; and the Earl of Manchester also patronised one. They were articles of varied utility then; the handles served to correct troublesome daughters, while the fan itself kept off the heat of the fire. These handles were often made in silver, and studded with precious stones. The shapes were like those now carried. But in 1631 an Italian fan, formed like a flag, was *à la mode*. A fan, however, brought out some hundred years ago ought to be resuscitated in these degenerate times, when conversation is apt to verge on dulness. A fortune-telling scheme was sketched upon it, "that enabled its owner to give an answer to any question, without under-

standing either the one or the other." What a boon it would be! and to what useful purpose would it turn the art of fortune-telling!

The fans sketched in our heading from Mr. Fred Penberthy's, 390, Oxford Street, pretty as they are, are not endued with such useful qualities. Great efforts have been made to shape fans in some novel style, and both these are quite uncommon. The one is made with wooden ribs of a walnut tone, concealed in the upper part with *crêpe de Chine*; painted at the top with a large bird, the fan following the outline of the outstretched wings, a gaily fluttering below. The other is also gauze, the ribs on one side considerably longer than the other; it is in a combination of black, painted with white and gold; some little birds nestle in the midst of huge caladium leaves; a bow of ribbon is introduced on the corner. When held in the hand it is certainly most graceful.

The gloves are altogether new in idea, for they are made in Russia leather of a red tone, and have a delightful perfume, as is the manner of such leather; they are most useful for driving and for hard wear. What a revolution it will make in the glove trade if we return once more to one-button gloves! There is a probability

that we shall do so, for long gloves will become an impossibility if the leg-of-mutton sleeve holds its own, tight as it is at the wrist.

Luckily, as far as our happiness is concerned, there are always children to be catered for; and the three small dresses sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's illustrate some of the latest fashions in the make of

cut in four pieces—back, front, and two sides, but frequently now the stuff is employed lengthways, when only one join is needed. In this instance the skirt is embroidered in points, with white floss silk. There are many thick muslin and guipure embroideries, which are sewn on in the same fashion. The bodice is quite full back and front, and is attached to the skirt, which is a



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

children's garments. I have, however, said "small" dresses inadvertently, for in making my selection I rather tried to find what was best suited to girls who have not emerged from the school-room, and are yet too big to be reckoned quite as children; happy folks with all their troubles before them. In shop parlance, human beings at this stage of existence are known as "Misses." The central figure is a girl of fourteen, the others are younger; but all the three garments I am about to describe would be suitable for that age. The frock worn by the older girl is made in a grey soft woollen, but would do equally well in fawn or in foulard. The skirt, you see, is quite plain. It has a foundation, but many such frocks have not; certainly they set better when they have. It is

saving of trouble. It has an embroidered band round the neck, and the pointed trimming surrounds the armholes, giving the semblance of a zouave jacket. The sleeves form a puff from shoulder to elbow, and then become quite tight to the wrist. I had several points in my mind in choosing this frock, for I have strong opinions as to what children of this age should wear. It is a time of life when girls are peculiarly sensitive, both to praise and blame, and it is unkind and unfair that they should be badly dressed. But it is equally a mistake that their clothes should indicate marked changes of fashion. One of the greatest adjuncts to good dressing is neatness; the art of putting raiment on well has stood many a woman in good stead, when in

subsequent years she has rejoiced in a full purse, or was troubled with a light one. Mothers and teachers could more easily now than earlier or later inculcate this neatness, without allowing undue thought to be bestowed on dress. Among the higher grades of society daughters are kept much in the background, as far as dress is concerned, before they leave the school-room; but this is not so always in middle-class life, some girls making their *début* in society dressed much as they have been

the shoulder, but are somewhat of the coat form, with an ornament at the wrist.

The next illustration is of some pretty dresses from the Patent Shapely Skirt Association, 85, Cromwell Road. They are peculiarly well suited to the requirements of the London season in the "leafy month of June." Skirts now are scanty and unimportant; all the attention is concentrated on the bodice, though, unless the narrow skirt be really well cut, it is most unsightly.



NEW GOWNS.

for two or three years, while they are far too much women of the world in other respects. It is quite unnecessary for "Miss in her teens," hard at work at necessary education, to have her sleeves standing up to her ears, or to totter in high-heeled shoes, or to have no covering to her youthful head but a crown of roses.

The other frock is simple, as it should be, and is made in figured poplinette with terra-cotta sleeves, belt, and neck-band, a model which commends itself from its simplicity. The cloak is new, comfortable, and uncommon. It is made of a fawn-coloured cloth, but other colours, plain and brocaded, could be employed. The back fits the figure. There are double fronts; the outer one has a turn-down collar, with revers braided or embroidered. The under portion is full, confined at the waist by a belt. The sleeves are slightly gathered on

The first figure wears a navy-blue woollen serge or soft cashmere; indeed, any of the light summer woollens would be suitable. The skirt is made perfectly plain. The front of the foundation is twenty-two inches at the hem, the back twenty-six, the sides half a yard wide and not gored. The bodice has a velvet yoke and velvet sleeves, but the distinctive feature is a very deep buckle extending from the bust to the waist. This is a revival from Directoire times. It is a stylish gown, the more so for its entire simplicity, and is easily produced at home, always provided the amateur dress-maker understands cut and fit, which, by-the-by, very few women do. If I were advising a small outfit for the London season, I should counsel just such a dress as this, which is fit for almost any occasion. It would never be over-smart, never dowdy, *if it were well made*. An ill-made dress is in bad style always.

The other gown is decidedly more stylish, arranged as a new polonaise. It is made in canvas with graduated stripes, a novel style of material, the stripes being horizontal. It opens at the side to show a black silk panel, otherwise the arrangement is quite simple. But it is draped above the panel with a jet-tasselled girdle, having the ends at the sides. The sleeves are made of black silk, standing up high and secured by handsome jet epaulettes. The material is draped diagonally

and sleeves and trimmings of this on a black dress are most becoming.

"A buske, a mask, a fan, a monstrous ruff," were the fopperies of A. D. 1611; ruffs and monstrous sleeves may be reckoned among those of 1890. But the ruff in this particular dress is close and pretty, composed of jet, standing up well at the back.

It was at Messrs. James Spence and Co.'s, St. Paul's Churchyard, that the three accompanying hats were



NEW HAT.

across the figure, showing it to the utmost perfection, and leaving the upper portion of silk visible. The jet trimming introduced upon it shows to great advantage. In or out of mourning, this would be a useful gown; but for mourning it meets a great want, viz., a dressy garment suitable for fêtes, races, and other season functions. The lady starting for her dinner party has arrayed herself in a pretty gown of black lace over silk, with interwoven stripes in the lace. It opens up the back and shows the full skirt beneath. The black lace with which the bodice is trimmed is drawn in a mitre-form at the waist, where it is outlined by a belt. The sleeves of black lace are secured by upstanding epaulettes; the sleeves as seen from the back stand exceedingly high. These handsome wire epaulettes are the making of the gown, as far as style is concerned, and necessarily add greatly to its cost. Each season some one point distinguishes fashionable raiment; this year it is sleeves. Low black dresses are frequently lightened by high upstanding sleeves of some colour, the same hue being carried out on the bodice with bands of ribbon or a belt perhaps. Cerise is an old-fashioned tone revived,

sketched. The first of those on page 416 is a black straw, the brim cloven in front and lined with velvet. Bows of eau de Nil, with feathers to match, ornament the outside; the second has a black jet crown, with black lace and roses. The one on this page is of brown aerophane, drawn and turned up at the side, the brown intermingled with pink. The firm have some distinctive novelties in millinery; among them a toque composed of ostrich feathers alone, to be had in any colour. Their mantles also show some novelties, especially a cloth crossover with braided revers, and some with triple capes. The dust-cloaks fit the shoulders well, and fall gracefully about the skirts. The many mantles in silk and woollen brocade meet the difficulty of a pretty outdoor covering at a really reasonable price, suited to people who desire to dress well, though their means are moderate. The show of ready-made dresses is a large one, and the house excels in braiding, which now is much used for the ornamentation of dresses.

But for many years this firm have established their reputation for dress fabrics of every kind. Any one would be hard to please who could not discover here the desired material. Judging from a large col-

lection, Amazon cloth is the fashion, in tans, browns which merge into terra-cottas, greens, greys, and navy and china blues. In a commoner kind, at less than half price, the range of colours is extended, and many pretty dresses are made in a bright tone of red. The colours in cashmere are delightful; tender greys, stones, and heliotrope. The Indian cloth commands a larger selection, and is of the nature of Indian cashmere, with a herringbone twill; the Chuddah cloths being diagonal; in Drap Saxony the tones are darker—a well-wearing fabric; cashmere serge is cheaper far, and there is a long range of beiges, plain and check; these and vicuna are always worn. The novelties that appeal to the eye are chiefly checks. The knicker suitings have checks and stripes of rough irregular threads in contrast, and make most fashionable dresses. There is a range of these pretty stuffs which have a large double line check and the knicker dots in addition—in heliotrope, or light lettuce-green, or in terra-cotta; and there are others on the same plan with finer line checks. There are a dozen varieties at least in suitings, embracing the finest shepherd plaids, well-covering check, single checks, and a few stripes on chevron grounds. The ingenuity of

The three pretty bonnets below are the latest designs of Messrs. Walker and Milton, who have now taken up a new abode at 103, New Bond Street. You will note that nestling in front of the one on the right are two sweet little birds; the brim is of dark green velvet, the crown of black lace; Austrian grass, a natural and most fashionable adjunct in millinery, blends with a pink aigrette; the string comes from the back; it looks small in the hand, but adapts itself to the shape of the head in most becoming fashion. The centre figure wears a soft crêpe bonnet of a fashionable tone of reddish brown, the crown encircled by a plait of the material; the crown is round, and covered with buttercups, or violets if preferred. The other is a toque bonnet of Watteau colours, viz., a light tender green lined with pale blue silk, and trimmed with a chiffon rosette of pale pink; it is trimmed with forget-me-nots and roses. This is one of the most stylish class of headgear this season.

There is a complete transformation in millinery this season, and yet it is difficult to describe the items verbally. A fantastic element asserts itself, and the headgear no longer exactly matches the dress, although



NEW BONNETS.

the designer must be sorely puzzled to plan so many varieties. The chief novelty now is the cloudy, misty stripes and checks. A new brocaded mohair is a wonderfully effective cheap stuff, with a floral broché all over in white, of a creamy tone, on almost any very light colour. The revival of tartans has been more successful than usual this year, and some capital soft fabrics in fancy tartans are to the fore.

it should accord with it. Flat hats placed at the back of the head are made mostly in black lace, and the brims are frequently edged with a hard line of leafless blooms, such as Neapolitan violets. Veils are worn now to cover the mouth; and spider nets and Russian spotted nets, and tulle with velvet patches, have quite superseded the small spots in which women of fashion have delighted so long. Crownless bonnets and crown-

best hats are made to display the waves and twists of hair, which frequently are permanently attached to the bonnet-crown and not to the head; so the headgears are not quite so dainty as they appear.



NEW HAT.

Mantles (and now are an all-important item in dress, and the three selected for our frontispiece from Messrs. Redmayne's multitudinous store in New Bond Street show the latest fashions on the racecourse.

The first is a dust-cloak made in black and red tartan silk. It rejoices in the name of the "Allion," and is what such overalls seldom are—a graceful mantle of soft becoming silk. It fits closely to the waist at the back, and is gathered in front, the fulness confined by a sash starting from beneath the arm. The sleeves are set very high on the shoulders, the silk very full. The cuffs and collar are of pleated silk; the collar turns down from the throat—indeed, the bodice portion of this cloak crosses in what is now called surplice fashion. It is rain-proof. No. 2 is after the order of quite the most popular mantle of the season, the "Aubé." It comes under the designation of a mantelette; the portion that covers the shoulders is of velvet richly embroidered in jet, and cut in points. The sleeves stand up high, a strongly accentuated point falling on the outside of the arm, from which hangs a rich pendant fringe of jet. There is a high jetted collar, and the rest covering the front and back of the bodice is lace gathered into a pointed ribbon band.

No. 3 is made of a thin black woollen material, with velvet sleeves and a Medici collar, trimmed with lace, jet, and ribbon. The ribbon which falls in front is edged with jet, and the back is liberally trimmed with the same. Indeed, though the foundation is wool and not silk, this is a rich and handsome class of mantle, and velvet is worn all the year round in our climate. Wool certainly has come much to the fore this year, especially for long mantles, but they need *distingue* figures, with no squareness or hardness of bust. It is not an easy matter for women who have lost their figures to dress *à la mode*, but where the waist is no longer small, the figure broad and stout, the shoulders square, high sleeves should be foregone, the drapery should end at the bust, and the space from bust to waist be left plain, and perfectly tight-fitting.

Before concluding I want to draw attention to a new invention for children, the Victor carriage, which hails from Messrs. Marris and Cooke, Grimsby. It is a perambulator and toy-cart in one. I notice that of all toys nothing seems to delight young boys better than anything approaching to a go-cart. This particular cart will amuse three little people for while one is seated at the back, another in front, a third can draw the two. A reversible back-to-front seat can be fitted. It has wheels, and in its way is as yet unrivalled. It is to be had painted in three colours and lined, and is inexpen-



NEW HAT.

sive, considering its merits. Hygienic garments are great adjuncts to health; but if we would keep our children healthy, we must not neglect to see that their amusements are not only harmless but healthful.

Paris Fashions.

IN the bright spring mornings, when the summer is just touching into deeper colour foliage and sky, when a delicate breeze stirs and the scents of young blossoms mingle in its breath, there is nothing to my thinking so enchanting as a ride in the Bois de Bou-

logne, on to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, to the alley bordered on either side by the fragrant acacia-trees. In the afternoon, between three and five, the same society, mingling with one of a less select kind, wends its way in carriages instead of on horseback. Then may be



COIFFURE DESIGNED BY THE MAISON LENTHERIC.

seen the pretty pageant of fashionable life in Paris at its best. You have your Hyde Park, we have our Bois. The Bois has its three periods in the pleasant summer weather. In the early morning Society rides there; in the afternoon it drives there; in the evening Society abandons it, but its alleys are none the less lively, for they have become the resort of the working classes.

The morning ride is the delight of our fair equestrians, and not a few of our Parisian ladies are admirable horsewomen. It is now the fashion in our best families to teach girls horsemanship at an early age. The ladies of the Orleans family, during their long exile in England, became imbued with that taste for outdoor life and sports which distinguishes the daughters of Albion. In the fresh morning cavalcades may now be seen riding down the Champs Elysées, past the Arc de Triomphe,

seen the pretty pageant of fashionable life in Paris at its best.

Carriage bonnets are this season delicate and fantastic headgears. The heads of ladies seem covered with flowers as they drive past. The tiny capote, *Fin du Siècle*, is very graceful and delicate in its slowness. Designed by Virot, it is apparently a little trifle, composed of a few flowers fastened on to a slight foundation, and now and then enriched with a gleam of gold, or a sparkle of gems. A young bride wore with a dress of lilac and white foulard one of these miniature capotes. It was formed of a handful of Parma violets, fastened by four slender chaplets of violets to a *caches-peigne* of gold network, encrusted with fine seed pearls. The hair escaped through the bands of flowers. Nothing can be prettier

or more pure) than those bonnets, fashioned of primrose, lilac, heliotrope, or wild pansies.

Another bonnet, also of the same Elysian dimensions, in which the face is scarcely covered, was composed of a tiny gold tulle, surmounted by a delicate wreath of roses. Just over the forehead was placed a light butterfly bow of cream guipure.

A dainty gold bonnet was trimmed with blue feathers of the shade of the summer sky.

The size of the hats contrasts with that of the bonnets. They are large and picturesque. All have wide borders, low crowns, garlanded with the season's flowers, those of early summer replacing the frail charm of the spring blossoms. A very pretty hat was of black lacechair lace, the border edged with blue cornflowers, the crown surrounded with a wide velvet, matching the cornflower blue and fastened in front with a knot of cream guipure.

There is something very original in the ornamentation of some of these hats. One of beige-coloured paille de riz was lined with chestnut-brown straw, and bordered with velvet of the delicate shade of green seen in the young shoots. Tufts of roses without foliage were placed on the wide border, while round the crown crested a wide ribbon of vieux rose, brocaded with green, fastened in front with a wide knot. Another very becoming hat was of yellow straw, trimmed with green ribbon and a cluster of coral pink feathers. Hats of guipure and lace are to be seen in every shape, some charming, some eccentric, and all becoming. There are the Récamier hats, the Marie Antoinette hats, the Directoire hats. A certain audacity in hosing the trimming and in mingling opposing colours is very noticeable. Thus a Récamier hat, which might well have adorned the head of the beautiful recluse of Abbaye aux Bois, was of fine white paille de riz, the straw fluted, richly lined and edged with a border of straw lace; a wide knot of maize-coloured satin, embroidered in gold, a large spray of roses on one side, a chou of crimson and a single rose tossed on the other side, lay piled in artistic confusion.

As to dress, the fashion of it varies as much as does that of the hats and bonnets. Some gowns are models of simplicity, others are almost fantastic in their picturesque and splendour of trimming. A mediæval quaintness distinguishes some charming costumes which can be worn effectively by slender figures only. The Joan of Arc costume, which Sarah Bernhardt has brought into favour, has inspired one of the most picturesque of gowns. A young leader of fashion, slender as a willow, wore such a dress of the colour of a parchment: it was embroidered on the bodice and on the sheath-like skirt in silver and steel with coats of arms and armorial bearings of the time of Charles VII. Who would have been so astonished as the shepherd-girl of Domrémy on beholding this magnificent travesty of her humble flock of russet wool? A magnificent gown worn by a Duchess at one of her receptions was of purple cloth, worked with three bands of gold embroidery; a gold cord at the waist hung in long ends to the hem of the skirt, an embroidered yoke repeated

the gold work on the skirt; the sleeves were very long and gathered into little puffs. Accompanying this dress was a small pilgrim cape surmounted by a high embroidered frill. The description of the costume may seem extravagant; on the wearer its elegance was more noticeable than its extreme richness—this was due to the delicate charm of the needlework and the tone of purple, which harmonised with the gold.

Contrasting with magnificent indoor apparel, beautified with costly embroideries, with lavish use of trimmings, and with quaintness of design verging upon eccentricity, are the simple, sober, outdoor walking costumes. The true art of dressmaking is often best seen in these dresses. The cunning of a master hand is as evident in stamping with elegance these simple gowns as in designing more elaborate dresses. At a gala gathering I remember noticing the tall young Baronne de Bourgoing, wearing a simple black wool dress, clinging to her slender form and draping it with classic flow of line. Slender women may well rejoice in the fashion of to-day. The long scant skirts, the straight draperies, suit slight figures. If it requires more art to make a simple gown look beautiful, it may be said also that it requires more style to wear it effectively. The abundance of ornamentation tends to extinguish personality. The simpler the costume, the more it becomes animated, as it were, by the individuality of the wearer.

Some of our best houses have been making up travelling-dresses that are models of style. A dress intended for an American lady to wear at the "Passion Play" at Ober Ammergau, is of the finest ash coloured camel's hair cloth, worked about an inch above the hem with beautiful embroidery in a deeper shade. The pocket, the sleeveless jacket, the corset band, the high collar and cuffs, are worked in the same fine embroidery. The large travelling-hat, from the Maison Virot, of ash-coloured straw, is lifted on one side and edged with straw lace of the deeper shade, trimmed with soft silk ribbon knotted into loops, as only the fairy fingers that work for Virot can twist and turn ribbon; a single wing, shimmering with azure and gold, plucked from some tropic bird, brightens the sober harmony of a costume which is the ideal of a travelling-dress.

Redfern is held in high esteem by our Parisian ladies. He has introduced those fancy tweeds that are now so fashionable for early summer wear. Our illustration gives the model of such a costume lately made by that eminent firm. It is composed of the light woollen fabric, of a pleasant nut-brown shade. The bodice, of redingote shape behind, forms a Figaro vest in front, trimmed with black silk tassels. The waistcoat and the front of the skirt are entirely covered with a rich Renaissance pattern of black braid mixed with silk embroidery. The hat is of gathered black lace, the left side slightly lifted; a cluster of thistles nestles in the loops of a large knot of willow-green ribbon velvet.

Lilac is growing in favour, there is "Persian," a new, deep shade of that beautiful colour; and "iris," copied from the petals of the flower that carries the banner of spring into our gardens. Then comes heliotrope in a number of poetic shades, the prettiest and newest of which is

"cloves." Our great dyeing manufacturers have exactly matched in this new tint the delicate sweetness of the honey flower, that casts its rosy flash athwart our meadows. Two shades of darker heliotrope are also fashionable. Among the greys a new silver-drab, a perfect dove-grey, and a bluish grey are the newest tints. There is a revival of pinks. The old-fashioned blue-pink with its pretty bloom, so becoming to young complexions, is to be seen in summer fabrics. A charming new pink is the "chestnut," matching the soft rose of the pink chestnut blossoms. To the melody of pinks must be added the bass notes of reds. "Lava," a very vivid red with a flame of gold radiating through its crimson, and "purple-red," a deep richly shaded scarlet, are the new tones added to the gamut of crimsons, in which cardinal retains its place as the tonic note. Greens and browns play their part in the summer melodies of colour; a light brown called "automne," and willow-green, seem to be the favourite tints.

As for the stuffs that are worn, they are infinite in their variety. There are silks woven in our incomparable Lyons looms, brocaded with patterns, picturesque and beautiful enough to be handed down as heirlooms in their possessors' families. The painters of to-day need not envy the marvellous stuffs in which Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry sat for their portraits. Their palettes can find as worthy splendours of tint and design to reproduce on canvas, in the silks and satins worn to-day. There are Empire patterns of many-coloured posies in subdued colours, as if faded by age, thrown upon cream and ivory grounds. There are delicately sentimental patterns of tiny nosegays tied with true lovers' knots, such as would have delighted Mlle. de Scudery, the witty authoress of *La Carte du Pays Tendre*. Grape stripes like hoar-frost give an added lustre to the floral sprays scattered over some of the newest fabrics. Bold patterns of palms and grasses in pure tones of grey, pink, yellow, and green, sometimes cover the ground, which can be guessed at only by the peeps of simple colour.

The foulards, which are as popular this season as they were last year, are as beautiful in design as are the richer silks. Upon some the patterns are more eccentric than beautiful. Wriggling lines like serpents in a frenzy, sheaves of rockets, &c., may be seen flung all over the surface of the fabric. Then come all sorts of diaphanous materials, intended to soften the austerity of the straight-falling garments. A lovely gauze that seems woven of sunbeams is the latest novelty. It is made of silk so fine that yards of it might pass through a ring. It is wrought in every shade of rose, yellow, blue, lilac. Every tint seems to catch a peculiar shimmer of light when it is reproduced in that poetic fabric. Crêpe de Chine continues to hold its own in the esteem of those ladies who value the supple grace of the lines into which this charming stuff so easily falls. It is often embroidered. An ideal ball-dress for a young girl was of ivory crêpe de Chine embroidered with Parma violets laid in clusters and chaplets on the bodice and on the train of the skirt. The Empire bodice was embroidered. The sash was of mauve ribbon.

A picturesque lilac crêpe de Chine dress, an adapta-

tion from the fashions of the time of Henry II., was a good example of our semi-medieval costumes. The narrow skirt was edged with a narrow flounce embroidered in gold. The long-waisted bodice was entirely covered in front with embroidery; the high collar was finished off with a collar of silk muslin of the same shade. A quaint cape, wide and short, of velvet of a slightly deeper tone, outlined with gold embroidery, and a miniature bonnet entirely composed of heather, fastened by narrow black velvet strings, completed a costume that attracted a good deal of attention at the open-air fête where it was worn.

The new summer dresses that are not extremely simple are charming and fantastic. In the lightest colours, the thinnest textures, they are be-ribboned, be-laced, or wreathed with flowers. These gowns, with their grace of furbelows, their frilled laces, their fichus, have a touch of the Louis XVI. style, which probably will replace the severe classicism of to-day. The soft silk serges, the supple crêpons, the silk muslins, some of which are beautified with printed designs of flowers, beautiful as pictures by Van Huisen, are heralding the approach of that Frou-frou grace which Fashion has of late expelled from feminine costume.

Before passing on to ball and dinner gowns I will give my readers the description of a few light wool dresses made for early summer wear.

The Maison Day-Fallette, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, takes a first place among the houses that make Paris the chosen city from which emanate the decrees of "la Mode," a sovereign whose rule extends over the civilised feminine world. From this house came a dress of willow-green cashmere, worked with a rich and exquisitely wrought embroidery of azure-tinted iris blossoms detached against sober green foliage. The needlework was as beautiful as a painting, the flowers were scattered in clusters of unconventional grace over the dress. Another dress from the same house was of the new fabric called "laine lavée." On a ground of a tender washed-out blue spread posies of cornflowers worked in silk and silver. The daisies and the ears of wheat were embroidered in silver thread; the poppies, the blue cornflowers, the stalks and leaves, were in shaded silk brightened with silver. These two dresses were among the most stylish that were seen at a gathering at which some of the most fashionable women in Paris assisted.

Another embroidered dress was of grey Indian cashmere, worked with a design of lilac, in blossoms with foliage—a specimen of needlework, of which the grace and finish cannot be exaggerated. On one side of the skirt the embroidery simply covered the pocket, on the other it spread in a long chaplet. The skirt opened at the back over a trained under-skirt of deep lilac cashmere; the bodice, cut back and front in a point, disclosed an under-bodice, also of lilac cashmere. The Sarah Bernhardt sleeves, wide and puffed at the shoulder and tapering down to the wrist, covered half the hand. The grey horsehair bonnet was wreathed with lilac sprays and tender green foliage.

Some charming fancy tweeds, grey, beige, nut-brown, or blue, are made with white waistcoats or button over

the shoulder. A simple summer gown, the charm of which lay in the grace of its lines, was of pale blue crepon; the skirt absolutely simple, the bodice, opening over a chemisette of guipure gathered at the waist into a sash of darker blue velvet. A little blue cape and a bonnet where every shade of blue cornflower nestled in loops of blue velvet, completed a costume blue as a June morning.

Then there was a wavy gown, also of crepon, sprinkled over with satin spots. The heart-shaped bodice displaying a lace chemisette was made with folds disposed like a fichu, gathered into a sash of the new iridescent blue, known as "punch flame."

For more gala attire, two dinner-gowns were lately made by one of our great dressmakers. One was a narrow sheath of light raspberry velvet, the front of the skirt all embroidered in jet. The hem of the dress was edged with a thick pinked-out ruche of raspberry silk. The sash was a high band of jet embroidery of fine workmanship. Epanettes of jet formed the sleeves, and fell in long dark cascades of beads over the bare arms. A diamond crescent was placed well back in the waved hair.

The other dress was of pale rose silk brocaded with a pattern of green reeds, the half sleeves and guimpe being of that fine "sunbeam" gauze which I have described above, and which in this case was tinted like the dawn. The same pale roseate gauze was twisted into a small turban round the head and fastened by an emerald clasp.

As for ball-dresses they remain floral poems, as they have been through a season that gave all its allegiance to the blossoms of Mother Earth. The Maison Lipman is known for its exquisite creations—especially in ball-dresses. One in delicate rose-colored crêpe de Chine fell in graceful undulations about the wearer's figure. The skirt was outlined with roses stripped of their foliage. Roses lay on the hem, and

crept up to the side of the skirt and up to the waist. The draped bodice was edged round the neck with roses shimmering with dew drops in diamonds. A *câche-peigne* of roses bright with dew-drops formed the head-dress.

This dress would be equally effective in pale sulphur with garlands of yellow roses, or in white with white roses.

Another elegant ball-dress was in pink satin of the tone of the moss rose, with incrustations of purple iris wrought in velvet, the stalk and long pointed leaves in shaded silks. The effect of the rich flowers on the delicate ground was full of happy originality.

At a select gathering in one of the houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Duchesse d'Uzès wore a dress of tender stalk green, covered with painted roses. These roses were admirable as brush work, and spread in clusters of perfect grace over the verdant ground. The train of green brocade was lined with pink satin. The ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The Comtesse de Waluay wore black net, bright with gold beads, and a train of lampas, Louis XV. style. A little crown of diamonds formed the head-dress. The Princesse de Broglie wore vieux rose satin, covered with Alençon lace, the bodice starred with diamonds; in the hair, diamond stars.

As for cloaks and outdoor wraps, jackets and redingotes are almost extinct. The wide *Mante*

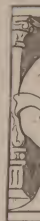
Bonne Femme, with ample hood, and the graceful Watteau cloak, trimmed with silk rucher, are the garments most in favour. Picturesque little capes of mediæval quaintness are also much worn.

A word before we close concerning the artistic coronet introduced by M. Lenthéric, and illustrated on page 417. It is made in lilac and other flowers, and in orange blossom for brides. It is ideally pretty, the flowers nesting amid the waved tresses in a graceful, informal manner.

MAURICE DE VÉLOURS.



CHIFFON FROM THE MAISON RUDOLPH. HAT FROM THE MAISON VIROT.



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Ladies' Work among Working Men and Boys.



VERY great deal is being written and said about woman's work, and the question "What shall we do with our girls?" is asked over and over again, and answered in the most diverse manners. There is one field of woman's work, however, which is not so much spoken of and thought of as it might be, and this is the field of a cultivated lady's in-

fluence over working men and boys. Ladies are doing noble work in the way of teaching soldiers and sailors, in well-appointed institutes, and in holding meetings for dock labourers and navvies; but few have taken upon them the task of bringing their gracious and up-lifting influence to bear upon the labouring man, the farm-boy, the small artisan and his apprentice, in country villages and country towns.

This work of influencing, and teaching, and elevating the mass of working men and lads is, as it were, a great mine, containing rich and precious ore, which is culling out for ladies' industry to come and work upon it. It has one special advantage over many of the other fields of work that are being now opened to women: a woman may engage in it without leaving her home, and can carry it on side by side with home duties. A girl can go and set about it on her father's estate, or in her father's parish, or in the back street of the country town which she can see from her bedroom window under her father's roof, and while she is putting her heart into it, can be at the same time the star and flower of her home. If all the highly educated girls throughout the length and breadth of the land were occupied in work of this sort, what an immense power they would be in the country! how wondrous in a few years would be the story of what such woman's work had done in England!

It may perhaps seem a strange anomaly to bring into close contact with each other the most refined culture and the most unpolished ignorance, but it is just because the highly educated lady and the average working man in rural districts are so far asunder in the social scale, that both are benefited by being brought close together. No words can describe the marvels wrought by the influence of a cultivated lady among a band of country workmen, no words can tell the happiness which is brought home to the lady's heart and life, who has carried on for a while work of this kind. It may seem hard, perhaps, at first, but then what work is not hard at the beginning? There are many difficulties, no doubt, at the outset to be overcome, but the writer of this article thinks that no woman who commences such work can labour under greater difficulties and disadvantages than

she did herself when she first undertook it, and so for the encouragement of beginners she will narrate briefly some of her own personal and practical experiences in teaching and influencing rough working men and boys.

I was still quite a girl, when the idea that I should like to do something for the lifting up and the enlightenment of the working men and lads around me began to shape itself in my mind. The difficulties, however, which rose up around me like high walls on every side, seeming irrevocably to keep me from the undertaking, made me for a time hesitate. The place in which I lived was an extremely retired country village among the hills, where old-world notions prevailed to a degree which can hardly be imagined by dwellers in more civilised regions, and where the simplicity and ignorance of the population appeared to carry us back into the middle of the last century. It was a parish where a steam whistle had never been heard, a parish where strange, quaint superstitions were as much believed in as are the common laws of nature among ordinary folk. The people seemed crystallised into their old ways, and were evidently by no means disposed to be got out of them. There was not a single gentleman's family in the place, except that of the clergyman, to help with advice, or sympathy, or money. Moreover I myself was blind, and had been so since my early childhood; still, at length, I determined to make at least an effort for the instruction of our working men and boys.

I began by opening a Bible class, to which for some little time about three or four youths came, and came with an awkward, somewhat sulky air, as though they were doing me a favour by coming. Gradually, however, a ray of intelligence began to dawn here and there in their faces; gradually, too, their manners grew to have a touch of courtesy in them, and they learned to lift their hats to me and the other ladies of our family. The class grew larger and larger through the good report which its members carried to others; middle-aged married men came with the lads, and seemed to like and value it quite as much as they did. They would even walk two or three miles to come to it in the grey, chill winter mornings, and along lanes which were little better than streams of liquid red mud. This Bible class increased and increased, until there were no less than seventy members belonging to it, varying in age from grandfathers of three-score years and ten to merry lads just stepping into their teens.

My position in the midst of this class was, to say the least of it, a singular one. Half the men could not read at all, and those who could read treated the Queen's English in a most remarkable, not to say barbarous manner. I had often the greatest difficulty in making out what was being read by them, for of course my loss of sight prevented my following them with the printed text; I had entirely to trust to my ear, and to memory. These, however, served me so well that I

children, if ever, read over a Sunday's lesson beforehand. My teaching had to be put into the simplest, most homely language, or my listeners would not have understood a word; I had, moreover, to speak with extreme slowness and distinctness, as if I had been talking in a foreign tongue. The strangest questions were sometimes asked me about what I said, and the most commonplace remarks were interpreted in the most original and unexpected fashion; yet notwithstanding all this the connection between myself and my class strengthened week by week. The contrast between them and me, caused by the comparative helplessness of my blindness, and my education and training, and their rude physical strength and unpolished ignorance, seemed, by some strange, subtle magic, to draw us closer together. My weakness woke up their chivalry, my higher cultivation made them look to me for comfort, and help, and advice; my influence over them increased rapidly, and soon extended far beyond the walls of the class-room. They grew to have a habit of coming to me in any difficulty, and of holding with me long, familiar conversations that gave me full light on their various characters, and enabled me to do more and more for their mental elevation.

No one who has not engaged in such work can imagine the stores of shrewd wit, of manly truth and tenderness which personal contact with a lady brings out in the natures of these rough men and boys. Strangers who came to the parish remarked the courteous bearing of the working men and lads. Every year I gave them and their families a large Christmas party, and those who came as spectators always said that the behaviour of the men, both young and old, might have done honour to any drawing-room in the land. Yet those were the men who, but a few years before, were regarded as the roughest and most untamable fellows in the neighbourhood, the forlorn hope of the clergyman, the despair of the magistrate.

I resolved that my men should not be without rational and healthy recreation for both body and mind in their leisure hours. My first care was to open a reading-room for them. There were no funds to build them a stately people's palace, and many letters, which were no small tax on my time in the midst of literary

work, had to be written before money sufficient could be collected from non-resident landowners to turn an old cottage-room into a fairly comfortable place of evening resort. At length the room was ready; the walls were bright with coloured prints and texts, a stock of games stood on the table, there was a book-case well filled by the kindness of literary friends who had all sent some of their own books, the fire burned with a ruddy glow, the lamps gleamed cheerily. But on the first evening not a single man came!

I was disappointed, but not cast down. I now formed a reading-room committee out of the most intelligent of my men, and got them to take a personal interest in the matter. This was a very successful move; these men soon brought their companions to the reading-room. The members all paid a small subscription, and we were soon able to add daily papers and magazines to the other attractions of our room.

I was not satisfied with nothing but a reading-room, though the men, if left to themselves, doubtless would have been, for the working men in country districts are generally somewhat wanting in energy, and one of the things a lady may do for them is to rouse them up. I established a cricket club for them, and entered deeply into all the mysteries of the game, and learned its technicalities, though my loss of sight of course prevented my understanding it as I might otherwise have done. It was quite enough for my lads, however, if I, and any lady who might happen to be with me, went and sat in the cricket-field; our presence was a spell which put life into the sport.

A brass band was another amusement which I provided for my men with considerable expense and trouble. Many of them developed musical taste and talent, but at times the harmony was disturbed by their tempers being much less in tune than their instruments. When this was the case, my personal intervention was the only thing which could mend the rift in the lute, or rather the split between the cornet and trombone.

Such is a short history of what can be done among the roughest and most ignorant working men and boys. If every unoccupied lady would use her mental gifts in such work, what a mighty power for good would be abroad in the land!

ALICE KING.



Something about Curries.

A BADLY made curry is an abomination, but oh! how rarely one has the good fortune to meet with one that is really well compounded; and yet it is nevertheless the fact that it is a favourite dish in most houses, and one is called on to eat and pass an opinion on the most inferior concoctions because "you've been in India, dear, and you must know how a curry ought to taste," and your hostess after a pause, during which you are mentally consigning that said curry to—oblivion, or anywhere so that you may never be asked to partake of it again, presses the question as to how you like it, adding, it is more than likely, "I am always so praised for my curries." So handicapped, you are obliged to tell a polite society story, unless you are one of those people who think it praiseworthy to blurt out objectionable truths without regard to other people's feelings.

Since my return from India, I have discovered that on no point are housekeepers more touchy than on the curry subject—that is, those ladies who do their own housekeeping, and pride themselves on certain dishes in which they have personally interested themselves. After all, curry-making does not present insuperable difficulties, given a certain aptitude for cooking and a little experience gained in India. I do not say that it is necessary to have been in the East to make a good curry; but I do say that an English curry and an Indian curry are two widely different things; as far apart as the poles.

As set on the table in this country, a curry is too often a perfectly indigestible mess of meat toughened by rapid boiling, frightfully hot from the too liberal use of ill-compounded curry powder—too frequently the only seasoning matter in the dish—and accompanied by a sodden uninviting-looking mass of rice, served in the same dish as the curry.

It is only in England that one sees rice so badly sent to table as it generally is with curry. French, Italian, Spanish, and native, that is Indian, cooks dress rice to perfection, with every grain distinct.

Perhaps I am a trifle hard on English curries, because there are exceptions I can cite, but alas! they only prove the rule. I shall never, however, forget one curry. The impression it made on my mind was lasting; so, too, in its degree was the compound itself, for that same curry appeared at table for three, yes, three consecutive days without its character being in the least degree altered; though, as a sort of apology for its continued appearance, my hostess said playfully, "Curry is always better for warming up; don't you think so?" Naturally I said, "Yes"—what else could I say!—and saved my conscience by reflecting that a good curry certainly is.

It is only fair to picture the other side of the question. I dined a few days afterwards with an Anglo-Indian, an old general, and met (I write "met" advisedly; it is a distinct adventure to make the acquaintance of a well-thought-out dish) a curry. I always taste my pet dish, unless a mere glance, as is often the

case, is sufficient to tell me that it is impossible. I ventured to ask how my host could get his cook to make in England a curry so closely resembling those made in India, as I felt certain I detected some of the ingredients therein which are most difficult to procure here. He said laconically, "Parcel post," adding, as a rider, that he had himself taught his cook how to make curry, and—putting it with somewhat of a wail in his voice—"She's going to be married next month." I grasped the situation at once. Would he be able to teach another cook to make curry? It was a serious question to answer. Tableau—peppery old Indian general in kitchen, with bib apron round him to protect his clothes, flourishing a spoon on high, pointing to a stew-pan on range, and holding forth energetically to a red-faced perturbed-looking female, evidently wrath at her master's intrusion into the sacred precincts of her domain. To return to that particular curry, it proved the truth of the old adage, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself"—or else show your servants how to do it. Moreover the general told me that he had his curry powder sent over from India, fresh and fresh, by parcel post; then I understood why it had the correct taste. Next to having the ingredients sent over, if that is too much trouble, get the very best curry powder you can procure from an Anglo-Indian house. I find Edmunds' "Empress curry powder" (gold medal) and "Empress paste" far and away the best of the many kinds I have tried, and I am by no means alone in my opinion.

Curries are made of meat, fish, or vegetables, which must first be dressed until tender, and then mixed with the flavouring matter—the curry powder and paste, spices, fresh fruit, &c. &c.—the rice served with it being sent to table in a separate dish; but of this presently. There is no special difficulty in the actual cooking; any cook who has mastered the art of slow and gentle simmering will succeed, if she will "take telling" with regard to the knotty points.

The first necessary is really good powder and paste. There are so many good recipes for making curry powder that a choice is not easy. I submit one well tried—this of course for real Indian curry powder as made in the country:—One pound two ounces each of turmeric (pounded) and cummin seed (dried and ground), one pound each of coriander seed (roasted), ginger (dried and cleaned), and black pepper; twelve ounces each of dried chillies and poppy seed; eight ounces each of cardamoms and cinnamon (both pounded); four ounces each of mustard seed (dried and freed from husk) and fenugreek (roasted).

The coriander seed and fenugreek must be roasted very carefully before use; dry and clean separately the other ingredients, pound and sift them. When all are prepared, weigh and then mix all the powders together, and fill small wide-mouthed bottles with the

mixture, stirring tightly with one cork and waxing away. Fresh flavouring must be added to the curry when in process of cooking, such as onions, garlic, spices, salt, green leaves, almonds, green ginger, cocoa-nut &c. &c.

A difficulty will be found here in the matter of green leaves. Those used in India are *bajee*, *muytha*, and *baringspook*: substitutes for them bay-leaves, fennel, and lemon-grass.

The use of cocoa-nut is much resorted to in England in curry-making, but for cold curries it is specially to be recommended as a good ingredient. Prepare it thus:—Grate the inside of a ripe cocoa-nut, having previously drained off the milk and strained it. Place the grated nut in a basin and pour on it about half a pint of boiling water, let it stand five minutes without stirring, then strain off and set on one side, adding the pure milk from the nut if it seems quite fresh. Put the grated nut back into the basin and pour on it a little more boiling water than the first time, stir it up and allow to stand for ten minutes; strain into the stew pan used for the curry. It is better in this country to grate and thus use the kernel of a cocoa-nut than to rely on the real milk found in the inside, as this is very rarely fresh enough; at least it must be always tasted first of all to test its fitness.

Mutton Curry.—Cut two pounds of lean mutton into neat pieces about an inch square, set on one side; melt in a stew-pan four ounces of butter over a brisk fire; throw in, when the butter boils, six medium sized onions cut in slices lengthwise, and an ounce of sliced garlic; fry to a rich brown colour when ready take out the onions and garlic and put on one side. Mix a dessert-spoonful of Edmunds' "Empress" curry powder and a dessert-spoonful of the same maker's curry paste with a spoon, using a little lemon-juice and cocoa-nut extract to moisten it; put into the stew-pan and fry until the mixture is dark brown in colour; then add a teaspoonful of salt and the pieces of mutton. Mix thoroughly and stir till the mutton is well browned; add a cupful of the heated cocoa-nut extract (prepared as above), the fried onions and garlic, the strained juice of a lemon, a small cupful of good stock, and a table-spoonful of "Empress" mango chutney. Cover the stew-pan closely and simmer gently for two hours. Season according to taste, before simmering, with spice—either mace, ginger, or cinnamon—and two chopped bay-leaves. Serve when cooked, as hot as possible, with plain boiled rice on a separate dish.

If home-made curry powder and paste are used, the same proportions can be observed.

Chicken Curry.—Cut a chicken weighing about one pound and a half into neat joints and wash in water, sprinkle over them a teaspoonful of salt; slice up two onions and fry them with two ounces of butter in a stew-pan until brown; add the chicken and fry from ten to fifteen minutes longer; mix a dessert-spoonful of curry powder and one of curry paste together with either cocoa-nut extract or veal stock, until smooth, adding a little lemon-juice; put into the stew-pan with the addition of a cupful of good veal stock, and simmer

gently for half an hour. Serve with rice. Any sort of game can be used instead of chicken, or veal.

Rabbit Curry. A rabbit makes an excellent curry, either treated as above, or in this way.—Cut a rabbit weighing about two pounds into neat pieces about two inches square, removing the bones. Stew these down with trimmings for broth. Put four ounces of butter into a frying-pan, slice two ounces of onions and fry till brown, then add the pieces of rabbit and fry five minutes. Put in a dessert-spoonful of flour and stir together; pour into a heated saucepan; mix a dessert-spoonful of good curry powder with the same quantity of curry paste into a smooth paste with lemon-juice and a little water; add to the contents of the stew-pan, with a pint of veal stock, or broth from rabbit bones, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir on the fire until at boiling point, then draw back and simmer for thirty minutes. Serve in a hot dish, sending hot well-boiled rice to table with it.

Salmon Curry.—This is a dish to be highly recommended. Slice a large onion and fry in an ounce of butter until browned slightly, put into a stew-pan, with a table-spoonful of curry powder, or a dessert-spoonful each of powder and paste, a dessert-spoonful of chutney, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the juice of a small lemon, strained, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Simmer all the ingredients gently together till the onion is quite tender. Have ready some small square pieces of boiled salmon, from which all skin and bones have been removed, put them carefully into the stew-pan and heat gradually through, but on no account boil. Serve very hot with rice. Slices of fresh salmon can be dressed in the same way, only a longer time must be allowed for the simmering.

Fish curries are greatly used in India, and might well be added to an English menu. The chief aim of a cook in making them should be to cook the pieces of fish as whole as possible; to secure which result the fish requires to be well washed in several changes of salt and water before being cooked, to be wiped quite dry afterwards, and when in process of cooking to be very gradually simmered, or the pieces will break into fragments and make the curry uninviting-looking.

Some cooks fry the fish very lightly in a *sauté*-pan before adding to the curry. Cod curries admirably, so do turbot, filets of sole or plaice; and well-curried mackerel is a delicious dish, but rather errs on the side of richness.

Mackerel Curry.—Heat a saucepan, pour into it two ounces of good mustard oil: directly it boils add curry powder, a dessert-spoonful mixed into a paste with a little vinegar, a table-spoonful of mashed onions, and a little mashed garlic. Prepare about two pounds of mackerel in nice pieces (the fish should be well washed previously in salt and water). Semi-fry the pieces in a little oil; then put them into the curry mixture, and let them fry in it until cooked but still firm. Then add a cupful of cocoa-nut extract, or milk, the same amount of fresh milk, a dessert-spoonful of moist sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Cover the saucepan closely and simmer the contents gently for a quarter of an hour:

add a dessert-spoonful of lemon juice, simmer for another five minutes or so, and serve very carefully, removing each bit of fish separately on to a hot dish and pouring the gravy over. Serve rice with it as a matter of course.

The variety of Indian curries is great; fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, vegetables—all are curried in various ways. I have no space to go into detail, but merely repeat that curry-making only requires care and intelligence on the part of a cook—careful incorporation of the ingredients, gentle simmering and quick serving, with the accompanying rice done to perfection.

How to Boil Rice.—Few cooks understand this art, for art it is; the following are good methods, Indian fashion:

(1) Spread out the rice on a cloth, pick out all gravel and stones, then wash in three changes of water, rub the rice well with the hands, and add a little lemon-juice to whiten it; drain and throw into a large quantity of water; boil gently until tender; put into a cullender to drain; return it to the sauce-pan, which set near the fire so that it may steam dry, covering over the top with a cloth.

(2) Place a pound of well-washed rice in a stew-pan with cold water to cover it and a little salt, boil up,

strain off, and wash in cold water: then put it into about three quarts of boiling water, and cook from a quarter of an hour to twenty-five minutes, strain off in a cullender, pour a little hot water over the rice, set a cloth over the cullender and dry by the fire for one hour or more. Every grain will then be thoroughly well cooked yet distinct. Heat up before serving. Some cooks colour the rice slightly with saffron, or garnish with little heaps of rice, white and yellow alternately, and send more rice to table separately. Well-boiled rice is a test of good curry-making, for without it a curry can only be considered a half-finished dish.

In conclusion I may just mention that a spoon and fork only should be used in eating curry, the knife never called into requisition; this is why the meat—game, fish, &c.—is dressed in small pieces free from bone, instead of in larger joints, which would render a knife necessary.

It is a good plan to make a curry the day before it is wanted, setting it on one side in a china dish, and reheating when required, the flavour being thereby greatly improved. Rice, on the contrary, should be freshly made, as it deteriorates if cooked too long before use.

A. G. F. ELIOT-JAMES.

The End.

HUSH! They are ended;
Ended for aye;
All things that blended
Into her day.

Hush! She is sleeping
Calm at the last,
Laughter and weeping
Over and past.

Vain to recall now
Words that were said
Ended is all now;
Gladys is dead.

Whisper! Above her,
Hovering near,
Angels who love her
Watch o'er the bier.

Peace! We must leave her
Calmly to go;
Peace! It would grieve her
Seeing our woe.

Heap earth, and cover
Two lives that blend;
I was her lover:
This is the end.

EDITH H. CROSS.



Carrie Singleton's Bets.

BY G. P. MACKENZIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE great faith," said Carrie Singleton, "in the top half of my thumb."

The three cousins were together on the lawn; broken lights and shadows through the big sycamore flickering on the girls' summer dresses and on the man's upturned face. The girls were leaning against the trunk of the tree; the man, with head thrown back, and straw hat low on his forehead, was stretched lazily at their feet.

And Carrie, just arrived that afternoon, and fresh from a London season, had been rattling through a long list of her dances.

"Mary"—a little shadow had come into Mary Stanley's eyes; not of envy, the eyes were too gentle for that, but certainly of wistfulness—"Mary, what did you mean by writing that you had not had one dance here since you left school?"

"We can't, Car; that old idea of father's about late hours, you know."

"But, my dear Molly," and Carrie sat straight up in her eagerness, "you should make him, you and Bertie. Why, I believe I could. Look here, Molly, I'll ask it as a last request before I go to India—that most horrid India!" ended Carrie, with a quick change in her voice.

But Mary had only shaken her head with a quiet conclusiveness more expressive than words.

And then Carrie had held out a pretty, little, white hand, and had made the above given confession of faith as to the top half of her thumb.

Mary Stanley looked up from her work:—"Your what, Car?"

"The top half of my thumb, dear. Why! don't you know, Mary?—extra length of the top half—will: of the lower half—judgment. My dear Mary, just look at your judgment half—what a length! Now let us measure our will parts—ah, Miss Molly, I've the best of it there."

"My dear Carrie! And you believe all that?"

Carrie laughed. "How wisely she says it!—there's the judgment coming out. But about this dance, Mary—my will *versus* your judgment. Bertie, which will you back?"

"A pair of gloves on the judgment!" said Herbert Stanley composedly.

"Done!" said Carrie promptly, "foolish of you, Bertie—I and my thumb always got whatever we want."

Bertie settled his head a little more to one side, then observed with equal parts of composure and precision—

"Remarkable how the feminine mind invariably gravitates towards gross exaggeration!"

"My dear Bertie!" and Carrie's earnestness was quite unfeigned, "for heaven's sake don't take to long words—you are long enough getting out the short ones. And the feminine mind does not do anything of the kind, sir."

"No?" with languid interrogation, "then why don't

you and your thumb both say you will neither of you go to India?"

"Oh, but a thing of that kind—" began Carrie.

"Yes, my child, but you said 'always.' But never mind, my dear Carrie, the exaggerating tendency is no fault of yours individually—it's a part of your nature by virtue of your sex."

Patronage from Bertie, Carrie cannot stand. Which Bertie knows. He knows, too, that by using it he can make her play into his hands to a quite astounding degree. As now. First, a pretty little flash of defiance in the grey eyes. Then—

"Prove your tendency in the present case, Mr. Herbert Stanley."

Bertie's eyebrows raised themselves just a shade.

"Yes! You make a statement. I suggest a test. You withdraw."

"I beg your pardon."

"Will you do it then?"

"Yes."

"Say that you and your thumb won't go to India?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's pause. Then from Bertie's parted lips fell a suggestive murmur.

"And back yourself this time, too, with a bet, of course!"

Carrie got up from the grass. "Well, really! Mary, do you see! he is pretty sure he'll lose that first bet, so he thinks he'll hedge with a safe one; and he has had the meanness to deliberately lead up to it. Never mind, I'll do it. Bertie—a pair of gloves that I don't go to India."

CHAPTER II.

"UNCLE EDWARD, I'm Socrates, and you're a disciple." And Carrie Singleton knelt down on the rug by her uncle's chair, and slipped the newspaper out of his hand.

Mr. Stanley looked first helplessly after his vanishing *Times*, and then benevolently at the upturned face.

"Well, Carrie?"

"Yes;—well, you see, Uncle Ted, I asked you yesterday evening, as a special favour, if we might have a dance here before I went to India."

"You did," returned Mr. Stanley composedly; "and I replied—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Carrie, with a pretty little pout. "I remember perfectly. In fact," with a mischievous gleam under the dark eyelashes, "do you know, Uncle Ted, I was so struck with the way those sentences were turned, that I believe I could repeat them word for word. You said that this subject of balls was one on which you felt strongly—very strongly indeed. That it was your firm belief that many a young woman's constitution is undermined by that system of late hours,

night after night. That on account of the principle involved, you had long ago determined that no dance should ever be given in your house. In fact, that to do so would be to act against your deliberate judgment—you might say your conscientious conviction."

There was a touch of amusement about the corners of Mr. Stanley's lips; even to himself the perfection of the delicate mimicry was so apparent.

"And those last four big words?" he said reflectively, "they did not——"

"Crush me!" interposed Carrie promptly. "They did—as Carrie, they crushed me completely. But to-day I'm Socrates, and you're going to be a nice reasonable Uncle Ted, and to remember how you always say that the perfection of argument was the way Socrates used to put one question after another, and get one admission after another, until he had driven his opponent right up into a corner."

"So far the court is with Socrates," said Mr. Stanley placidly.

"That is very sweet of the court," said Carrie; "but now, Uncle Ted, look here, and remember just to answer yes or no. Do you object to a dance in itself?"

"No," said Mr. Stanley, with a look of patient obedience.

"But you object because of the late hours?"

"Yes."

"Consequently, you would not object if it could be had without the late hours? Ah, Uncle Ted!" and Carrie clapped her hands triumphantly; "you really are in the corner now."

"My dear child, I am in no corner. I have not the slightest objection to answering no; but what you gain by it I confess I don't see."

"Why, Uncle Edward, just the whole point. May we have that dance if we engage that it shall end at twelve o'clock?"

"End at twelve o'clock! My dear Carrie, as a rule balls have not much more than begun at that hour."

"Then ours shall be an exception to the rule, Uncle Ted."

"But, my dear child, don't you yourself see the difficulty? Do you mean to go up to your guests at twelve o'clock and tell them to go?"

"That they should know beforehand, Uncle Edward; the hours should be on the cards—'8 to 12.'"

"And half the people will not be in the room till ten or eleven," said Mr. Stanley.

"Then half the people will have to be content with one or two hours' dancing instead of four," said Carrie.

"But would they be content?—that's just it. My dear Carrie, these things sound very well in theory, but they don't work. At twelve your guests would be in the full swing of the dancing, and they would just go on."

Carrie put her hand on the arm of the chair, and looked straight into her uncle's face.

"They should not go on one minute after the clock struck twelve—not one single minute," she said slowly and impressively. Then with a sudden change to pretty pleading, "Oh, Uncle Ted, will you just let us try?"

Mr. Stanley stooped for his paper. "Well, take *carte blanche*, Carrie. I know what the result will be; but I suppose you will not be satisfied without trying."

Carrie sprang delightedly to her feet. Crossing the hall, with a half smile on her lips, she opened the drawing-room door and went in. Her two cousins were standing by the window. Carrie drew in a chair to the table, and produced a pencil and piece of paper.

"Mary, if you will just dictate the names, I will write them down."

"What names, dear?"

"The names of the people to be asked to this dance."

And, Bertie, I may casually remark that my number is six and a half, and that I'm rather fond of a light grey."

CHAPTER III.

A PRETTY little morning room, bright with sunshine and flowers. Two people at breakfast—mother and son.

"Arthur, what do you think of that writing?" And Mrs. Ensor pushed a card of invitation across the table. Her son, who had come to a simultaneous close of his breakfast and his letters, took it up, and surveyed it leisurely.

"The 'Elms' people, I see."

"Yes; and do look at that emphatic '8 to 12' in the corner—that's Mr. Stanley's doing, of course. But about the writing, Arthur?"

Arthur Ensor had put the card down on the table, and was looking at it steadily; but the next moment he glanced up.

"Hardly a test of my powers, whatever I may say."

"No!" said his mother—"Why?"

Ensor raised his eyebrows. "Why, because this is a lady's writing, and there is no Mrs. Stanley, and only one Miss Stanley."

Mrs. Ensor had stooped down to give the big Persian cat his saucer of milk. "Ah!" she said quietly, "I see. Well, but just judging from the writing itself—not that I believe in you, my dear boy, don't flatter yourself."

Arthur Ensor looked amused. For a moment, however, he studied the writing silently; then he glanced up.

"A pity I knew who the writer was, mother! It has lost you the pleasure of hearing me commit myself hopelessly."

Mrs. Ensor looked curious. "Yes!" she said, "how!"

"Simply because the writing is totally different from what I should have expected—different all along the line. Mary Stanley, I should call a quiet sort of girl; shy, rather silent. Now regarding this hand," and Ensor took up the card, "I should have said that the writer was brimming over with vitality; full of spirit; animated, bright, lively; and, as to talking——"

Mrs. Ensor had been listening demurely; but there was a comical look in her eyes. "Arthur, I shall have to begin to believe in you."

Her son looked at her with genuine surprise:—"Why, you don't think that is like Mary Stanley?"

"But this does not happen to be Mary Stanley's writing."

"Not Miss Stanley's! whose is it, then?" and Ensor turned to the card for the third time.

Mrs. Ensor took up the empty envelope. "Well, it must be a Miss Carrie Singleton's, a niece of Mr. Stanley's. She has just come to 'The Elms,' and from what Mary Stanley was telling me about her, you seem to have hit her off exactly. She's an orphan, poor child!" went on Mrs. Ensor pityingly, "lost both her parents when she was a child. She is going out to India next month, but she hates the idea, Mary says: only by her father's will she was to go out to her half-brother when she was nineteen, if she were not married or engaged by that time. Anything else in the writing, Arthur?"

Ensor held the card at arm's length for a moment.

"A will of her own, for one thing; yes, no doubt about that; quick, clever, frank, open; no nonsense of any kind; she could flirt if she were to try very hard."

"You absurd boy! As if you could possibly see that!"

"It happens, my dear mother, to be one of the points that always come out the most clearly. Let me see now—quick-tempered, is she? No, on the whole, I think not; excitable, possibly. Well, there's your card, mother—I like that writing," ended Arthur graciously.

"Flirting to the contrary," laughed Mrs. Ensor.

"Flirting to the contrary," repeated her son; "there's flirting and flirting, you know; and a little of the right kind doesn't do you women any harm."

"Because it amuses you men," said Mrs. Ensor; "my dear Arthur, you do amuse me when you speak of women—the calm, critical tone. Wait till you are in love yourself, my dear boy, just wait a little."

"With much pleasure, my dear mother; may I add—with still greater pleasure, had you requested me to wait a long while!"

But Mrs. Ensor only laughed. "*Qui prima cerra*," she said. "But about this dance; we have no engagement for the 5th, I think."

"I have none."

"Nor I. Then we accept. Arthur, it will be rather amusing seeing Miss Singleton after all this."

CHAPTER IV.

"MARY, I want to know who someone is;—there, under Raphael's cartoon," said Carrie Singleton.

It was the night of the "Elms" dance, and the two cousins had found themselves standing for a moment side by side.

"Under Raphael's cartoon! Oh, that's a Mr. Ensor; he lives near here with his mother. And do you know, Carrie," added Mary demurely, "I had just been thinking that you must have made an impression; he has been contemplating you ever since he came in. Ah, here he comes."

And the next moment Mr. Ensor had put down his name for Miss Singleton's first disengaged dance. An hour later the two stood up together.

"This is not my first introduction to you, Miss Singleton." The dancing-room was hot and crowded,

and Carrie and her partner had just turned into the conservatory.

She looked up, puzzled. No, she had no recollection of that dark, grave face, and those keen, steady eyes.

"You must be mistaking me for someone else," she said slowly; "I have never seen you before."

"Nor I you," returned Ensor quietly; "but I think you were tired; this seems a comfortable ottoman; may I give you one of these ices?"

The two had seated themselves, and for a moment there was a pause. But on Carrie's side the silence was distinctly expectant, and suddenly Ensor looked straight at her.

"Miss Singleton, are you of an exceptionally forgiving temperament? The plain truth is—I have been studying your character from your handwriting."

"May I ask where you have seen my writing?"

"On the card of invitation to my mother."

A big tropical fern stood just opposite. For a moment Carrie looked straight across into the long, drooping leaves. Then—

"I will grant the forgiveness on one condition," she said slowly.

"And that is——?"

"That you tell me some of the conclusions you arrived at. The faults, of course," with a pretty little emphasis, the decision of which was quite unmistakable—"nothing else, please." And Carrie put down the spoon on her plate, and looked straight at her partner.

Ensor had her fan in his hand. He smoothed out one of the long ostrich feathers, thoughtfully.

"Faults? Well, I did fancy I detected a certain degree of self-trust that——"

But Carrie struck in swiftly, "In plain English, that I am vain and conceited."

"Excuse me, Miss Singleton"—Ensor's gravity was absolute—"I think if you analyse both sentences you will find none the plainer English of the two. 'Vain' and 'conceited' come straight from the foreign Latin element in our language; 'self' and 'trust' are, I imagine, purely Teutonic."

"Shall we go on to the next point?" said Carrie quietly.

"Certainly. I had doubts—please remember you have laid your commands on me to speak plainly—doubts as to your temper. On the whole I concluded favourably. And rightly, I should say," ended Ensor reflectively; "I have been purposely aggravating to settle the point."

Carrie waited till the sentence was quite finished. Then she looked up: "Thank you, Mr. Ensor; that last point was conclusive. It so happens that I have a shocking temper."

If there was a gleam of amusement in Arthur Ensor's eyes, it was gone in a moment, and there was only a quiet interrogation in his answering "Yes!" Then after a pause he said slowly, "Would you contradict me, too, if I said that I saw in your writing that you had—yes, if you will allow me, I will give the very words I used—'a will of your own'?"

A quick change crossed Carrie's face; a look half surprised, half caught. But the next moment she had rallied.

"Yes!" she said lightly; then, after a moment's hesitation, "well, I suppose I must own that that is a hit. It must be—it came home so painfully."

Carrie's ice was still unfinished, but she put the plate down on the ottoman and sat up straight.

"Mr. Ensor, at this moment I am distinctly getting my own way, and equally at this moment I am in a state of subject terror."

"Indeed!" and Ensor's tone was quite sympathetic; under the intentional exaggeration of the words the strong under-current of discomfort had been so apparent.

"Yes," and Carrie drew a long breath; "it's this dreadful dance. It was all my doing, and I promised my uncle—promised him most faithfully—that we should break up at twelve."

"Yes," said Ensor, "but that is quite understood, isn't it? It was on the cards."

"Yes, only—" and then Carrie hesitated and broke off—"Oh, it's nothing; I'm only silly; I don't quite know how it will turn out—that's all."

"Could I possibly be of any use?" The under-current of discomfort had been still there, and Ensor had a quick ear.

"Thank you—I really don't see how."

Ensor pulled his moustache thoughtfully.

"The lawn! Three minutes to twelve—a quarter of a minute, indeed, would do—three loud cries of 'Fire!'"

Carrie laughed. "But our dresses—imagine the crushing! No, I think my plan is the best."

"You have a plan?"

"Oh, yes, from the first!"

"Is it a secret?"

Carrie hesitated. "It has been. My cousin Mary would not have enjoyed herself one bit if she had known what was impending over her. It is just this. I have given private orders to the band—in fact, I took the first violin into my confidence, and put him on his honour!—that the instant they hear the first stroke of twelve from the clock in the hall, then and there, even in the very midst of a waltz, whatever *anyone* says—if I myself were to come and say that I had changed my mind—they are to stop short, and not play one note more on any consideration whatsoever."

"Bravo!" said Ensor concisely.

Carrie looked up quickly. "Do you really think that, Mr. Ensor? You are not just saying it out of kindness?" At which point the earnestness of her own voice suddenly striking on her ear, Carrie broke off with a little laugh.

"How silly of me! It is too foolish. I really think I must be nervous—actually nervous! What o'clock is it? Eleven! Oh, dreadful! But I'm afraid I must be getting into disgrace with some partner, Mr. Ensor."

"My mother is just inside the conservatory," said Ensor, as they rose. "May I introduce her?"

And Carrie came to the conclusion that Mrs. Ensor

was very nice. Also that she would rather have expected that Mr. Ensor's mother would be nice. And Mrs. Ensor thought that there was something particularly taking about that girl; an opinion which her son received later with absolutely not one word of comment.

Half-past eleven. Supper over. Carrie and Arthur Ensor in different parts of the room now, but more than once a look of mutual understanding passing between them; wholly amused on his side; half-comic, half-pathetic on hers.

A quarter to twelve. Carrie, whose nervousness was momentarily increasing, had just despatched a partner for an ice, and had seated herself on a chair near.

"Carrie!" quietly behind her.

"Yes, Uncle Ted," with a sudden access of alacrity.

"A quarter to twelve."

"Yes; only a quarter of an hour more. Confess now, Uncle Edward, shan't you be quite sorry to have the thing end so soon?"

Mr. Stanley smiled quietly. "Not likely to have my philosophy tried, Miss Carrie; it will be precisely as I thought. Look round the room—not a soul is thinking of going. However, dance away and enjoy yourself; it doesn't matter for once."

Ten minutes to twelve. Carrie and Arthur Ensor together again. Carrie, in spite of her nervousness, really enjoying that waltz.

One minute to twelve. The band just striking up. Carrie dropped her partner's arm.

"Good night, Mr. Ensor," with extreme decision.

"Good night?" with dismayed interrogation.

"I cannot stay in this room one minute longer. But, Mr. Ensor, just let me know afterwards how everyone takes it. Mary will be too bewildered to notice. Will you?"

"Yes, certainly. But, Miss Singleton, pray wait; why should you run away?"

But Carrie was already half-way across the room.

Mary was standing near to the door with a partner. "Mary!" Carrie had stopped short a few paces off, and Mary first looked up, and then moved towards her.

"Yes, dear."

"Mary, I'm going to bed."

"To bed! Are you ill, Car?"

"No. And, Mary, look here—say to everyone that it's all me." And Carrie was gone.

The next moment the great clock in the hall had struck out the first stroke of twelve, and into the very midst of the rapid notes of the waltz there fell a sudden silence.

Carrie had hardly over-rated the result. A confused crowd of dancers, perplexed looks, bewildered inquiries. People near the band pressing on to inquire; people at a distance straining forward to see. The Stanleys as much in the dark as anyone. The only quite composed person, Mr. Arthur Ensor, standing in a far corner taking notes.

Bertie, hot and annoyed, was already pressing his way through the crowd, and reached the band just as the more timid of the performers had caught up their

instruments, and were seeking safety in flight. The scariest, a shy young man, with sandy hair and arched eyebrows, was already disappearing out of a side door.

"What's the matter?" and Bertie turned upon the first violin, who was valiantly standing his ground. "Anything broken? anyone ill? or—" Bertie paused—he had been going to add "drunk."

"We're obeying orders, sir; I assure you, sir, merely obeying orders," said the first violin, bowing deferentially.

"Obeying orders! Mary, what is all this?"

"I know nothing, Bertie," said poor Mary helplessly, "it must be some mistake. Unless," with sudden inspiration, "unless it's Carrie."

"Carrie!"

"Yes; but never mind, Bertie dear—they had better just go on again."

"Half the fellows are gone!" said Bertie irritably.

"But those that are left!" and Mary looked appealingly at the first violin.

"I'm very sorry, miss, really very sorry, but I'm afraid it's impossible. I have passed my word, sir, you see, to the other young lady—your sister, miss, I presume—and I'm sure you understand, sir, that being on my honour—on my honour, sir—" and the first violin turned deprecatingly from the one to the other.

"It's all right, Miss Stanley." Arthur Ensor was standing beside her; leaving his corner, he had passed up the room, dropping explanatory words as he went. "It's all right—" involuntarily Ensor's voice was adopting a soothing tone—poor Mary was looking so helpless and bewildered—"it's all right, indeed; everyone understands now, and everyone thinks it's a first-rate joke."

Mary looked round the room, relieved. Yes, every expression was good-humoured, and only laughing remarks met her ear. And when she suddenly caught sight of her father, standing a little back against a pillar, and looking on with an exceedingly amused expression, Mary's own lips relaxed into a sympathetic smile.

"Bertie, isn't this Carrie all over?"

But Bertie was cross. Poor fellow! he had been particularly looking forward to that dance with a certain pretty little Miss Cissie Denton.

"Where is Carrie, I should like to know?"

Mary laughed. "Oh! she's gone to bed. She said I was to say it was all her doing."

And Mary did. The guests were all on the move now, and nearly identical scenes occurred as each separate group passed. On the one hand, there was Mary, blushing and apologetic;—it really was too bad; she had known nothing about it; nor her father; nor Bertie; it was all her cousin's doing; she would have to give her such a scolding: it really was very good of everyone not being angry: her father's dislike to late hours was the reason, you know:—still, it was too bad of Carrie—end so forth.

And on the other side, laughing protestations—not at all: it really was most amusing: such a good idea: so original, too: where was Miss Singleton? she ought

to be congratulated. Until, finally, the last farewells had been said, and the last carriage had driven away.

CHAPTER V.

A PICNIC two days later to Langley Woods. A most successful picnic. Carrie, at any rate, thought it the very nicest she had ever been at. But then Mr. Arthur Ensor certainly did lay himself out to make the time pass pleasantly to Miss Carrie Singleton. He sat beside her: he walked beside her: he looked at her: and he talked to her: not merely occasionally, or even frequently, but with a quiet, unswerving, pointed determination.

And so the long summer afternoon and evening wore to their close. Until at last the gates of "The Elms" were reached, and mutual "Good-nights" interchanged. Then Arthur Ensor walked straight home, and leaving his hat in the hall, turned at once into the drawing-room. And Mrs. Ensor, who had been kept at home with a cold, wanted to know what he had been doing with himself all day. And her son, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, and resting his head on his hand, looked at her steadily for a moment, and then answered slowly and deliberately—

"I have been falling in love with Carrie Singleton."

And Carrie! She was standing at her bedroom window, gazing fixedly out at the lawn below, with its heavy masses of evergreens darkening in the growing dusk. But there was a dreamy far-away look in her eyes. And when at length she turned, it was with a sudden effort, as if rousing from deep thought.

Several boxes, corded and labelled for Calcutta, were standing against the wall. Carrie's eyes rested on them for a moment; then, with a quick movement, almost as of physical pain, she turned her head away, and hastily opening the door, went down-stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

"A NOTE for you, Car."

It was the evening of the next day.

The note was not a long one. The writer's hand was small and clear, and he had said all that he had to say down one side of the first page.

But with the very first lines, Mary saw a sudden glow of colour rush up to the very roots of her cousin's hair.

At the same moment there was a sound of footsteps in the hall. The next instant Carrie had fled from the room by an opposite door; and a second later, Bertie, strolling leisurely in, found his sister standing in the middle of the room, her lips apart, her face bewildered.

"Anything up, Molly?"

Mary picked up the fallen envelope. "Whose writing is that, Bertie?"

"That? Arthur Ensor's. Why?"

"Bertie, I do believe he has proposed to Carrie." And Mary sat down on the nearest chair, and looked at her brother with an expression of awed solemnity.

Whereat Bertie irreverently laughed outright.
 "Proposed to Carrie! My dear child, he's only seen the girl twice."

"But, Bertie, if you had just seen her face:—I'm certain he's asked her."

Bertie sat down, and whistled the last opera air straight through.

"Well, if he has—which I don't believe, Molly, mind that—of all the pieces of cool cheek——"

"Well, I don't see that," said Mary.

"You don't! A man asking a girl to marry him that he's only seen twice!"

"Four times, Bertie; he has called twice since the dance. And that picnic—why, in one day like that one sees more of a person than in six weeks of ordinary calling. And besides"—with growing confidence with each fresh point—"this is a special case; Carrie is going to India in two days."

At that moment the front door opened, and Mr. Stanley crossed the hall and came into the room.

Walking to the fireplace, he stood for a moment musing on the rug, then asked abruptly—

"Mary, do you know whether Carrie got a note this evening?"

Mary was eager instantly:—"Yes, from Mr. Ensor. Father, do you know anything about it?"

"You seem to, at any rate," said Mr. Stanley.

Mary hesitated. "It's only guessing," she said shyly, "only—well, father, I did think it was a proposal."

"A very good imitation of one," said Mr. Stanley; "Ensor spoke to me in the town this afternoon."

Bertie sat up in his chair:—"Well, I say again that of all the cool impertinence——"

Mr. Stanley half smiled: "I must say that just at first I took the same view myself," he remarked a little drily; "still—well, circumstances do alter cases. The man did the thing rather well, too," continued Mr. Stanley, pulling in a chair, and seating himself comfortably; "made quite a good case of it; acknowledged the precipitation, but pleaded the necessity; was perfectly clear as to his own feelings, but would not think of pressing Miss Singleton for a definite answer now; his one hope was that she would consent to wait for a few weeks, and let him—well, in short, let him try what he could do."

"But her passage is taken," said Bertie.

"Ah, well, if she thinks she likes him well enough now to make it worth her while to see if she may not like him better still, she must give up her passage, that's all," and Mr. Stanley leaned back in his chair, and took a newspaper out of his pocket.

An hour passed, and no sign of Carrie. Suddenly Mr. Stanley pushed back his chair and stood up.

"If that girl decides on not going, there are letters to be written at once. Mary, run up, and ask her to speak to me in the study."

And Mary, after a moment's shy hesitation, ran quickly up the stairs, and knocked at her cousin's door.

"Car, dear, father wants to speak to you for a minute in his study." And, retreating, Mary took refuge with Bertie in the drawing-room.

Ten minutes passed. Mary was hovering about the hall, watching with eager eyes the closed study-door.

At last it opened, and Carrie came out.

One look in her cousin's face, and then both Mary's arms were round her neck.

"Carrie, darling, I think I know. I shall have to congratulate you, dear." And then there was a warm, close kiss.

For a moment the two cousins stood silently by one of the narrow hall-windows. Then Carrie said in a low tone—

"Uncle Edward was so kind, so very kind. If he had been my own father——" and Carrie stopped short, warned by the cloying feeling in her voice.

Mary put her hand inside her cousin's arm silently. Then, after a pause, Carrie whispered again—

"Mary."

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, Mary, it does feel so sudden and strange, as if it must all be a dream."

Mary's hand tightened sympathetically on the arm she held. "But you are quite happy about it, darling?"

And there was no need for Carrie to answer in words; the sweet, softened look on her face spoke for her.

Until, with a sudden recollection of Bertie in the drawing-room, Mary whispered—

"Car, dear, Bertie's in there; shall we go in? He knows," she added, as for a moment the usually fearless Carrie hung shyly back.

"It's time to say good night, at any rate, Car," urged Mary, as she drew her cousin forward.

Bertie was standing at the table. He turned as the two girls came in. Carrie with an effort had gathered her courage again, yet it was with a somewhat lame attempt at her usual ease of tone and manner that she remarked—

"We've come to say good night, Bertie."

But Bertie kept the proffered hand in his while he said deliberately—

"Is that *all* you've come in to say, Car?"

Conscious though she was of her hot cheeks, Carrie bravely held her little head erect, and met her cousin's eyes as she answered slowly—

"Well, partly that; partly to say that—that those last gloves at six and a half were just a thought too large, Bertie. *This* pair had better be six and a quarter."

"And," added Mary demurely, as she drew her cousin's arm again through her own—"And, Bertie, *this* pair had better be *white*."

Reversible Embroidery.

PATIENT and conscientious workers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the art of embroidery was at its zenith, were not always satisfied with making the front of their work as perfect as possible, but often arranged the stitches so that they presented as complete a pattern on the wrong side as on the right. The amount of labour involved to produce this result was, of course, confined to those objects, such as towels, coverlets, altar-cloths, and sacramental linen, of which the back was, at times, visible as well as the front. When a lining was introduced, it was of little or no consequence

be lost sight of. It stands to reason that some amount of concentration is necessary on the part of a beginner, though after a time, in a set pattern, the method of laying the stitches becomes purely mechanical, and they follow one another in regular sequence without the slightest trouble.

One of the chief difficulties rests in beginning a new thread and fastening off an old one neatly. To avoid having to do this very often, it is advisable, where the pattern will allow, to use as long a needleful as possible. In working a straight line along the length of the mate-

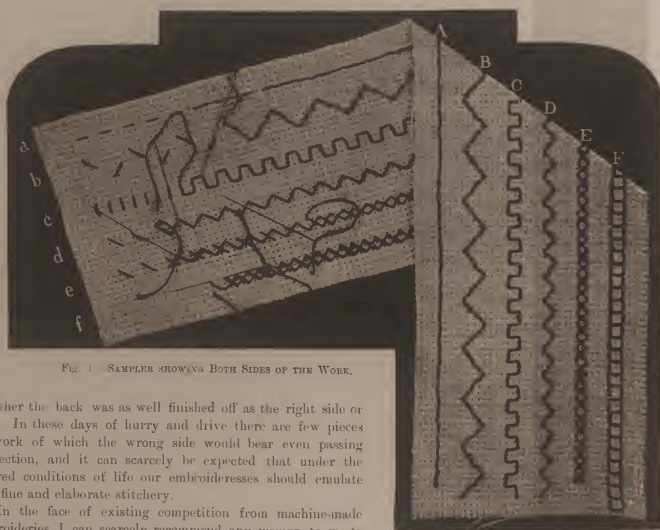


FIG. 1. SAMPLER SHOWING BOTH SIDES OF THE WORK.

whether the back was as well finished off as the right side or not. In these days of hurry and drive there are few pieces of work of which the wrong side would bear even passing inspection, and it can scarcely be expected that under the altered conditions of life our embroideresses should emulate this fine and elaborate stitchery.

In the face of existing competition from machine-made embroideries, I can scarcely recommend any woman to waste her eyesight on very complicated needlework of this sort, but to confine her attention to the preparation of narrow borders for towels, small table-napkins, tea-cloths, doyleys, tray-cloths, and various other minor articles of household linen. There are several simple stitches which, after a little practice, may be as easily worked to present a good appearance on both sides as on one only. The worker must be prepared to take a little trouble just at first, in order that the general principle upon which the stitches are formed may be fully grasped. The fact that what the needle does upon the under side of the linen is as important as what it does upon the right side must never

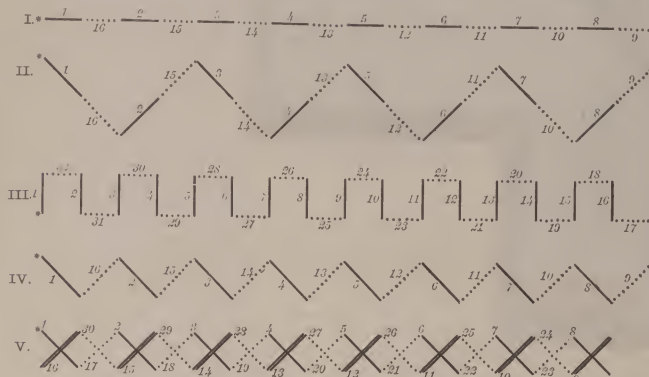
be lost sight of. It stands to reason that some amount of concentration is necessary on the part of a beginner, though after a time, in a set pattern, the method of laying the stitches becomes purely mechanical, and they follow one another in regular sequence without the slightest trouble. One of the chief difficulties rests in beginning a new thread and fastening off an old one neatly. To avoid having to do this very often, it is advisable, where the pattern will allow, to use as long a needleful as possible. In working a straight line along the length of the mate-

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the stitch which lies nearest to it. For this reason it is better to leave an inch or two of the cotton loose when beginning work, and to run these ends in with a needle after a fair proportion of the work is done, than to attempt

canvas, either single or double. The canvas is tacked upon the cloth, satin, or whatever is chosen, and the stitches are taken through both fabrics at once. Care must be taken to draw the stitches rather tightly, or,



DIAGRAMS OF FIG. 1.

to darn them in just at first, when there are but few stitches in which they may be hidden. If the beginning and fastening off are skilfully managed, it should be possible for few people to detect them except by the slight

thickening of a stitch or two here and there on the surface of the work. When the embroidery is executed upon tolerably thick canvas, this is often so substantial that the ends may be darned invisibly in between the upper and lower

when the threads of the canvas are drawn away after the work is finished, they will set too loosely to look well.

In some few of Holbein's pictures is painted an embroidered table-cloth or similar piece of work, and special

care has been taken by the artist to show that the needle-work is alike on both sides. Hence the name of Holbein embroidery is generally applied to any work executed in that fine "line" or "stroke" stitch which is shown

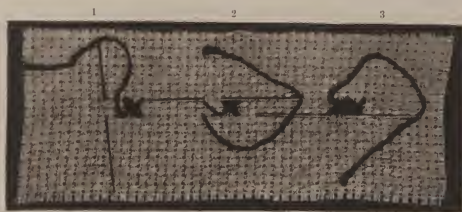


FIG. 2.—SHOWING HOW TO WORK CROSS-STITCH IN SQUARES ON WRONG SIDE.

surface of the material, but it is rarely that a fabric thick enough to allow of this is chosen for the purposes to which this embroidery is adapted. Linen canvas, either single or double, may be used for the severely geometric patterns that can alone be worked in this manner. Java canvas, which is woven in a series of small squares, is also convenient, and the stitches illustrated here have all been worked on this material. The stitches have in most cases been taken over two squares of the canvas instead of over one, in order to secure as clear an effect as possible, in explanation of the plan of working. It is quite possible to work these reversible stitches upon materials that are not woven in straight and cross-threads by the use of

in Fig. 1, and in many of the small patterns given here, and which is one of the simplest stitches to make reversible. As the first step is to learn to work it in the form of straight lines, I have given a detail of such a line at a in Fig. 1. The reverse side of the same line when completed is shown at A. Two distinct sets of stitches are required. When the thread is in position on the canvas, pass the needle over and under two squares alternately in darning fashion, for the length of the line. These stitches are shown at one end of the row, at a. The needle is then turned, and takes up the squares that were left before, also in darning fashion. The small Diagram I explains this, the dotted lines showing the stitches made on the

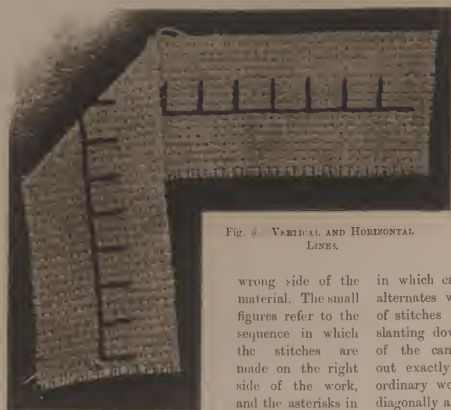


FIG. 4. VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL LINES.

wrong side of the material. The small figures refer to the sequence in which the stitches are made on the right side of the work, and the asterisks in these diagrams show from which end the first stitch is begun. In returning along the first worked line, some care is necessary to avoid splitting the thread of the stitches made in the first part of the row; therefore, to prevent this, the needle must be passed at one side or the other of the first stitches. Good workers will soon see in which way their stitches set most flatly, and will arrange accordingly.

Vandyked lines are worked on much the same principle also in two rows. As shown at b in Fig. 1, the first stitch on the right side slants downwards from left to right over two squares of the canvas. The needle passes diagonally across the next two squares on the wrong side, according to the dotted line (No. 16 at 11.) in the diagram. The next stitch on the right side slants upwards from left to right (No. 2 in diagram), the third being again like the first stitch. When the end of the line is reached, the needle is turned and brought back over the spaces left uncovered on the right and wrong sides, and thus the vandykes are completed.

The battlemented pattern C is a particularly easy one to work. It will be noticed that the stitches in the first row (c) are upright. Turning to the corresponding diagram, the first stitch will be seen to point from below upwards across two squares as usual. The dotted line No. 32 shows the direction taken by the needle on the wrong side. The next straight stitch on the right side is made from above downwards, so that the needle is then in position to make No. 31 on the wrong side. At the end of the line, the vertical stitches on the right side are connected by horizontal ones worked alternately above and below them. The needle in c (Fig. 1) shows how it should be placed under each vertical stitch, with its point alternately downwards and upwards. In the first journey from left to

right, the vertical stitches are made on the right side, and the horizontal stitches on the wrong side. Of course, in returning from right to left this is exactly reversed.

After the more elaborate vandykes given at B, the simple one D should require no explanation, but it is given here as being identical with the first row of stitches required for cross-stitch.

At E is given a row of cross-stitch, to perfect which four journeys to and fro are required. Simple cross-stitch, with a space between each stitch, may be worked in two rows,

in which case the completed stitch on the wrong side alternates with that on the right. To work the line of stitches as shown at e, begin by making a stitch slanting downwards from left to right across a square of the canvas, but instead of bringing the needle out exactly below the place where it went in, as in ordinary work, make it cross a square of the canvas diagonally at the back, just as in the first row of the vandykes at d. When the row is finished, instead of passing the needle on to make another stitch, bring it up through the middle of the one just made, pass it down through the lower right-hand hole of the same square, bring it up again in the middle of the stitch, then finish the stitch in the usual way, and continue to work the second half of the cross-stitches exactly as the first was done. In making the last stitch of this journey, draw the needle up through the hole at which it came out before making this stitch; work the third row just as the first was done, of course putting the stitches into the spaces left for them between those already made. In diagram V, the thick lines are the stitches made in the first row, with the dotted ones; the double lines which cross them belong to the second journey, those of the third and fourth being represented by the dotted strokes, which in these two journeys are repeated on the right side.



DIAGRAM OF FIG. 3.

This kind of cross-stitch cannot be used for marking, or for isolated patterns, but must be worked in straight rows of various lengths. Great attention must be paid to working the last stitch in every row, in which the thread has to be brought up in the middle of the stitch. No confused effect must be given on the wrong side, and the cross must be as perfect on the right side as any of the others. Cross-stitch used for working letters in marking, is worked much on the principle of these extra stitches.

The second row of cross-stitch is unlike all the other stitches in the sampler, in forming a different

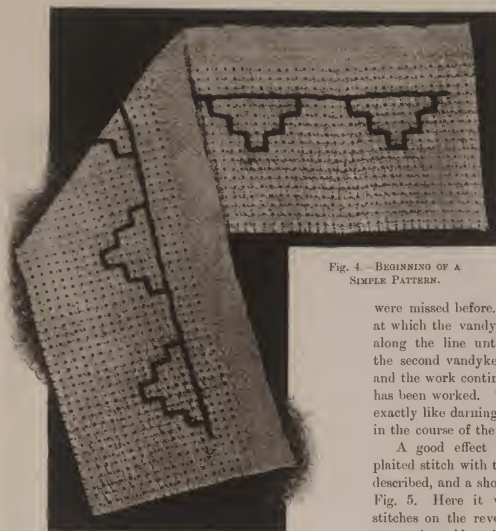


FIG. 4.—BEGINNING OF A SIMPLE PATTERN.

pattern on the wrong side. This is a series of squares, as shown at F. This method of working cross-stitch



DIAGRAM OF FIG. 4.

is very frequently met with in old samplers and in examples of antique marking, and is a particularly neat arrangement. In Fig. 2 are given the details of thus working the stitch, in which it will be seen that the crosses are made up of three diagonal stitches instead of two as in the usual way. In No. 1 the needle is inserted vertically to form the left-hand side of the square, in No. 2 it forms the top, and in No. 3 the bottom. The right-hand side was made by the first cross-stitch, but if the stitch is to stand alone the right-hand side of the square must be made before the first diagonal stitch is worked.

Fig. 3 and the diagram below it show how vertical and horizontal lines of Holbein stitch may be worked so as to be reversible. This arrangement is most conveniently worked from right to left instead of from left to right, as are most of the others. It will be noticed that in the key two numbers are put against the second vertical stitch. The reason of this is that the needle passes first under this stitch, and is then turned and brought

back over it and under the next down to the horizontal line. The dotted stitches in this line are covered in the return journey, as already detailed for A in Fig. 1.

The beginning of a simple pattern is given in Fig. 4, and the key in the accompanying diagram. Here the alternate stitches of the first vandyke are worked after the first stitch of the straight line. When the last stitch of the vandyke reaches the line, the needle is turned, and those stitches are covered which were missed before. When the needle gets to the place at which the vandyke was begun, the darning is carried along the line until the sixteenth stitch, after which the second vandyke is made. The line is then darned and the work continued thus until enough of the pattern has been worked. The return journey along the line is exactly like darning, the vandykes having all been made in the course of the first journey.

A good effect may often be obtained by mixing plaited stitch with the straight and cross-stitches already described, and a short piece of such a stitch is given in Fig. 5. Here it will be noticed that, although the stitches on the reverse side are quite presentable, they cannot be said to be exactly the same as those on the right side, as they are slanted rather more sharply. This is an extremely easy stitch to work, and gives a proportionately bold effect.

The reversible border shown on page 436 is about as

elaborate a pattern as can be successfully attempted by the average worker, and few would care probably to devote the time and attention necessary to produce anything more complicated. Even this, poor though it be in comparison with some of the older work, would be an at-



FIG. 5.—REVERSIBLE PLAITED STITCH.

tractive finish to many articles made of linen or canvas. It is well to begin such a pattern as this with the four straight lines, that is, to trace the outer and larger zigzags which enclose the battlemented squares. These zigzags are worked without a break along the whole length of the pattern, in two journeys. The square within these is put in next, and the cotton fastened off invisibly as each is finished. The crosses are worked to form squares on the reverse side, and have been already described. The battlemented pattern at the edges is almost the same as that in Fig. 4, and is worked on exactly the same principle.

Until they give a little attention to the subject, few workers would notice how very many stitches they use in their embroideries with which it is possible to make the wrong side as complete as the right. The "feather" stitch now used for most kinds of thickly filled-in embroidery is a noteworthy example of this. Satin stitch, too, is reversible when well worked, and there can be no reason why the initials and monograms embroidered on pocket-handkerchiefs and house-linen should not be perfectly open to inspection on the wrong side as well as on the right. Then there is the fashionable embroidery on canvas, which is also capable of being made quite presentable on the wrong side—satin stitch, or varieties of it, being largely used. In these three classes of embroidery, the task is made far easier than when Holbein or stroke stitch is used, by the facility with which the ends of the threads may be run and hidden between the stitches and the canvas.

The worker who cares to take a little extra trouble may, with the help of appliqué, arrange a portière, which will need no lining when hung over an arch or an open doorway. The same design, in such a case as this, must be traced upon both sides of the foundation material, and the applied fabric tacked in place upon both patterns. Then, if the embroideress chooses either satin, feather, or buttonhole stitch, she will find, provided of course that the execution is good, that her curtain will be a thoroughly conscientious piece of work. Buttonhole stitch is not quite the same on both sides, but the back will be found to resemble satin stitch. The stitches will, however, not

look well unless they are laid tolerably close together. It is said that when appliqué was first invented, one of the advantages claimed for it was that it was alike on both sides, and hence that it was particularly appropriated

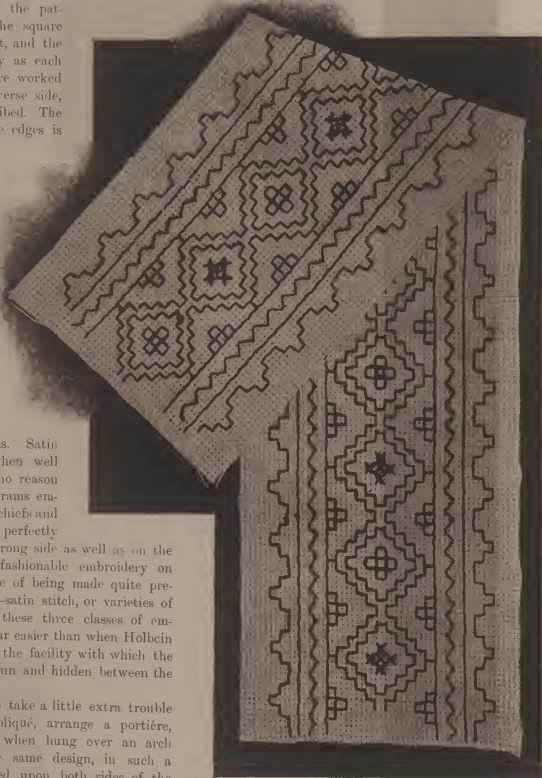


Fig. 6.—BORDER FOR TOWEL.

for standards and banners. Here is a chance for the modern worker to revive this antique appliqué, and once the manner of thus rendering it reversible is understood, a large field is open for the energies of the embroideress in the production of handsome curtains, portières, and screens.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

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Sarah Siddons.

IN 1775, when Garrick, in the fulness of his fame, and meditating retirement, was lord of Drury Lane, and Mrs. Yates, cold, elegant and exquisite, queened it there in tragedy by his side, a new actress from Cheltenham, announced simply as "a young lady whose performances had met with great applause," appeared at the National Theatre in the part of Portia: a pale, slender girl, evidently fragile in health, with a face like that of a Fate on an antique gem, and the graceful lines of her figure concealed by the ill-fitting and unbecoming sacque of a faded salmon-colour, which was her habit. She tottered rather than walked on to the stage, trembling with stage fright, which paralysed rather than stimulated her powers; her acting was nervous and laborious, albeit intelligent; and her voice, unaccustomed to the vast area of the London playhouse, was indistinct and sank at times to a "horrid whisper." The audience, remembering the buoyant charm of Wollington, the majesty of Mrs. Pritchard, and the piercing pathos of Mrs. Cibber's voice, and accustomed to the stately grace of Mrs. Crawford, and the statuesque beauty of Mrs. Yates, could see little promise in this novice, who literally shook in her shoes at treading for the first time the august boards of old Drury; and as she made her first exit, a whisper ran round the house, "She certainly is very pretty, but how awkward, and what a shocking dresser!"

This was the first appearance of Sarah Siddons on the stage of which, in the future, she was to be for so many years the choicest ornament; and the season which followed must have been sufficient to daunt a stronger spirit than one could have imagined enshrined in that frail, suffering girl of twenty, already a wife and the mother of two children. Garrick seems personally to have admired and liked her, but never to have foreseen her future greatness. He was retiring at the end of the season, and promised to recommend her to the new managers; whether he did so is not known but her engagement was not renewed, and her last night at Drury Lane in the season of 1775 was a signal failure. She played Lady Anne to Garrick's Richard III., and having forgotten to obey his injunction of keeping her back turned to the audience, so that he might achieve the fullest effect, she met with a fiery glance of anger from Richard's eyes which completely unnerved her, and is perhaps to blame for her performance being briefly summed up as lamentable by a contemporary critic. She returned to the provinces, heart-sick and humbled, her courage daunted though not destroyed; and few could have dreamed that the delicate, nervous, pathetically unsuccessful Portia of 1775 would return to London and to Drury Lane in seven years' time, to be "the head of the corner" of that historic playhouse, where in so many of her kin were also to find an honoured place.

Yet, when all things are considered, it is no wonder

that the power of the young actress had failed to make itself felt. Still a girl in years, she had certainly been trained to the stage from her childhood at Brecon, where her father was the manager of the theatre, but the tiny playhouses of Brecon and at Cheltenham, where she had acted after her marriage, were but poor training for the huge area of Drury Lane, and for what she afterwards described as "the awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect."

She was the eldest child of Roger Kemble and his wife Sarah. Her father, though a strolling player, claimed to be a scion of a good old Catholic family, the Kembles of Wyddell, whose faith he held; and this family pride had its result in his children being far more carefully brought up than was the wont with the sons and daughters of men in his position, especially where children were as numerous as they were with him and his wife. The girls, indeed, were trained in the religion of their mother, and had little regular education, beyond needlework and music; but the boys were sent one after another to the Jesuit College at Donai, and to that fact may be in part ascribed the stately dignity and the ineffable elegance which to this day are linked in our minds respectively with the names of John Philip Kemble and his brother Charles. Sarah, the eldest daughter, had married, at eighteen, Henry Siddons, a poor actor in her father's company.

The gift of beauty all Roger Kemble's children possessed; it was and is the family heritage, even as it was that of the Sheridans; but of all the daughters, Sarah was the most beautiful and the most gifted. We are too apt to form our ideas of Mrs. Siddons in her youth from the portraits by a painter who coarsened most things he touched, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and who painted her "in the autumn of her beauty, large, august, and matronly." But from Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of her as the Tragic Muse, from the beautiful portrait by Gainsborough, in the National Gallery, and the many charming little prints of her in different parts, we gain quite a different conception of her beauty. It is delicate, serious, and refined, and enables us to understand the dislike of her family and friends to Lawrence's full-length portrait. In early maidenhood she must have possessed an ethereal, almost hectic charm, ere the aquiline nose and the "lip of scorn" grew more pronounced, and robbed the countenance of sweetness, while they gave it power; but the deer-like poise of her head, the soft, dusky richness of her hair, the wide forehead with its chiselled brows, were only part of her beauty; its spirit was enthroned in those marvellous eyes, which flashed and pleaded, melted and defied, and the spell of which has been so often recorded. The magic of Sarah Siddons, for all the loveliness of her youth, the splendour of her prime, lay in the power of her gaze and the terrible or tender sweetness of her voice. No

actress, say both of her biographers, were sweetened and softened tragically in the same way.

From London she went to York Theatre, then under the management of Tate Wilkinson. He was clever enough to foresee her future, but feared her wretched health would be against her achieving it. From York she went to Bath and Bristol, playing at both towns on alternate days, and remained there as leading lady till 1782. These were years of hard work and narrow means, but otherwise pleasant and tranquil, devoted to the study of her art and the careful training of her three children, Henry, Maria, and Sarah, the two girls whose love for Sir Thomas Lawrence wrought such havoc with their brief lives, and whose loveliness his sketch of them records. And so the time passed on, until in 1782 she received the offer longed for and yet dreaded, for her reappearance at Drury Lane, and took leave of the Bath audience, who had grown as friends to her, in some lines of her own composition, not very poetical, it is true, but simple, sincere, and in parts forcible.

The story of her reappearance at Drury Lane, in Southern's tragedy *Isabella*, and of her magnificent triumph therein, has been often enough recounted; but her own account thereof is touching in its frankness and simplicity. How she dreaded this fiery trial, as she calls it, and how intensely she feared failure, may be read in every line. She records how she dressed, not uttering a single word, but often sighing profoundly, her awe of the great house, and the sensation of holding that vast concourse spellbound by her power, "never to be described, and by her never to be forgotten;" and she tells how, when the play was over and her success assured, she, with her husband and father, sat down at their lodgings to a "frugal neat supper" in silence, only interrupted by Mr. Siddons' exclamations of delight, and her father's laying down his knife and fork from time to time and lifting his eyes to heaven with a devout ejaculation of thankfulness.

From henceforth her path was one long triumph. Her detractors, nay, her critics, were few, and their voices were drowned in the general enthusiasm, whereof the echoes linger to this day. "The art itself is nature" was the general verdict of her audiences, amongst whom, in the orchestra, were frequently numbered Burke, Gibbon, and Windham, Sheridan, and Fox. Johnson was too infirm to witness her performances, but he expressed a desire to become known to her, and when she called on him in compliance with his wish he found her, as he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "leaving nothing behind her to be censured or despised; neither praise nor money, the two great corruptors of mankind, seems to have deprived her." "I shall be glad," he added, "to see her again."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was among her warmest admirers, and his pretty, playful, reverent courtesy to women found its outlet with her, as with so many others, on the occasion of her sitting to him for her portrait as the Tragic Muse. On her entering the studio in Leicester Square, he took her by the hand, and leading her up the steps of his dais for sitters, said, "Ascend your undisputed throne and graciously bestow

upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse." Her first and instantaneous pose struck him so that he begged her to remain thus; and his name rests recorded, as he said, for posterity on the hem of her garment, in testimony of his homage and his belief that this picture at least would not suffer from the ravages of time. This hope has been falsified; both copies of the portrait at Dulwich and at Grosvenor House are sadly cracked and spoiled. Sir Joshua had intended to add a touch more vermeil to the cheeks, but his model, with fine taste and sense, begged him with deference to refrain, pleading that Melpomene should surely be pale.

George III. was among her votaries also, and showed more discrimination in his criticisms of dramatic art to her, and his wish to see her and John Kemble in *King John*, than he did in his remarks on literature during his first interview with Miss Burney. He especially praised her total repose in certain situations, saying that that was where Garrick failed, "he never could stand still; he was a great fidget." His Majesty, having heard a false report that she used white paint, sent her a message, warning her of the danger thereof. "I cannot imagine," says Mrs. Siddons hotly, "how I came to be suspected of this disgusting practice." One of the earliest proofs the King gave of his insanity was on the occasion of a visit of Mrs. Siddons to Windsor, when he handed her a sheet of paper, blank of all but his signature. She rightly concluded from this that he was not in his proper senses, and instantly took the paper to the Queen, without mentioning the fact to anyone else.

Her brother, John Kemble joined her at Drury Lane in 1783, and henceforth she was worthily supported. Cold actor as he was, his great sister's acting thrilled him when he was on the stage with her, and he told Croker that in playing the last scene of *The Stranger* with her, her pathos always overcame him. In this, he was not alone among the actors who played with her. Macready has recorded how strong an impression she made on him when they were together on the stage; and Young, as Beverley in *The Gamester*, was so affected by the piercing grief of her exclamation to Jarvis, "'Tis false, old man!" that his throat swelled and he could neither speak nor move, till Mrs. Siddons came up to him, and touching him on the shoulder, said in an undertone, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself." So too the poor super in *Henry VIII.*, dismayed by her scornful anger and disdain, came off trembling and vowing she had looked him so through with her large black eyes, he would not face her again for anything.

It was her complete absorption in her art which thus swayed her companions on the stage, as well as her audiences; and she herself characterises abstraction as the quality most necessary to a young actor aiming at success. She carried this abstraction with her into her daily life, so that it often resulted in the ludicrous; as when, buying calico at a small draper's in Bath, she inquired, "But will it wash?" with so tragic a look and tone as to fairly affright the poor shopman; and when, after playing Lady Macbeth, she stood in her dressing-room endeavouring to recall the appropriate look and action to the words "There's the smell of blood still,"

till her alarmed dresser exclaimed, "Dear me, ma'am, how very hysterical you are to-night! I vow and protest, ma'am, it isn't blood, but rose-pink and water, for I saw the property man mix it with my own eyes."

A glimpse is given us of the sensitive and imaginative side of her nature and her art, in her account of the fine terror which seized her while studying the murder scene of *Macbeth* alone at midnight; her hurried flight upstairs, not daring to look behind, frightened even at the silken rustle of her own gown, and her flinging herself down on her bed without undressing or even putting out the candle. Another instance of somewhat the same kind was her habit of preparing herself for the part of Constance by meditation and silence, and by placing herself at the wings, holding the child, who played Arthur, by the hand as the procession in honour of Louis and Blanche's betrothal, with its gay festal rhythm of march and music, passed across the scene; and the music made start to her eyes hot tears of passionate resentment, of betrayed trust, of wronged queenhood and motherhood, which might have been those of the true Constance herself.

The best testimony to Sarah Siddons' worth, both as woman and as player, is that adulation, prosperity, assurance of applause, never for a moment destroyed this serious, exalted, consuming devotion to her art. It is the fashion nowadays to decry that art, and to question whether, if Sir Joshua's *Melpomene* was restored to us now, she would move us at all. We have grown to imagine her stumpy, stilted, ranting, all that is most opposed to our modern ideals of histrionic art; yet it is difficult to say on what ground such notions are founded. They are certainly contradicted by those most valuable and thoughtful notes on her acting by Professor Bell, which were edited and published for us by Professor Fleeming Jenkin.

Mrs. Siddons' contemporaries praised her above all things for her truth to nature, her avoidance of the false and the affected, of the conventional strut and high-pitched voice of her predecessors. Till then tragic actresses had adhered to a prescribed method of art, about as rational as the code then in force of the unities of the drama. A queen was a queen with them, and should queen it with lofty brow and defiant mien, albeit shamed and humbled to the dust; and Jane Shore, as a tragic heroine, should plead for food and shelter in a voice whose strength gave comfortable assurance that cold and hunger had not greatly affected her. Lady Macbeth should keep fast hold of her candlestick while washing her hands in that ghastly midnight-dream of her past guilt, because, forsooth, Madam Barry, and Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Pritchard had done so, and therefore it became all Lady Macbeths in future to uphold the tradition thus established, although the lady whose example was quoted in its favour, Mrs. Pritchard, frankly owned she had never read the play of *Macbeth* through, and was characterised by Johnson as being, off the stage, a vulgar idiot, who said *gown* for *gown*.

But here came an actress who disregarded tradition, whose one idea was to gain and to render as true a con-

ception as possible of the characters she represented. This "trumpet set for Shakespeare's lips to blow," had no intention of sounding his music as a simple echo of the feebler instruments who had been before her. It is amusing now to read of the commotion excited in the theatre when it was first rumoured that Mrs. Siddons, then about to enact Lady Macbeth for the first time, intended in the sleep-walking scene to set down that Palladium of her predecessors in the part, that precious and jealously guarded candlestick. Sheridan, pale with fear, rushed into her dressing-room to prophesy ruin from the rash innovation, and to implore her to pause; but the young actress, fixed in her purpose, held to it; and on her entrance in the scene in question, set down the light ere she advanced forward, with her wide, solemn eyes, ghastly and awful, looking through the audience, through space, through the past, back, back, into her inward hell of crime.

Her notes on the character of Lady Macbeth show how closely she studied her parts, and there is subtlety both in her idea that Banquo's ghost is visible to Macbeth's wife as well as to himself, but that the woman's nerve, and her fear for her husband, enable her to conquer her own dread of the apparition; and her conception of Lady Macbeth as a small, blue-eyed, fair-haired woman, the type which, as she says, has always had most influence over men. Another proof of her power of reflection is Mrs. Jameson's account how, "in her impersonation of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons adopted successively three different intonations in giving the words *We fail*. At first a quick, contemptuous interrogation—'*We fail?*' Afterwards with the note of admiration and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the *we*—'*We fail!*'" Lastly she fixed on "what I am convinced," says Mrs. Jameson, "is the true reading—'*We fail*,' with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once, as though she said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the character, and the sense of the line following, and the effect was sublime, almost awful."

From the moment of her London success she was the fashionable idol of society, both on and off the stage, yet she was never generally popular. Joanna Baillie, in some eloquent lines addressed to her, speaks of how

"— in crowded room or rich saloon,
Thy stately presence recognised, how soon
On thee the glance of many an eye is cast!"

and bids her, when she had quitted the stage,

"— with becoming grace
Take, as befits thee well, an honoured place
Among the virtuous matrons of our land."

But the truth is that in society she did not shine. The secret of the charm and power of many actresses seems to have been that they were *plus femme que les autres femmes*, but the great actress whose name was for so many years the synonym of tragedy among us, owed little of her fame or her sway to this cause. Beautiful she was, but it was with a pale and lofty beauty, which

rather inspired awe than passion; and little sweetness or expansion of manner was born at any time. Steady and absorbed, she was the Tragic Muse in private life, and in society she was shy, understanding and in our modern phrase, "lumpy in front." She had few good friends; Miss Boyle, afterwards Mrs. O'Neil, and Mrs. Fitzhugh were the most intimate among them, and their devotion to her proves that to them at least she was lovable. The general opinion seems to have been that she was stupid.

Year after year of a singularly unchequered career passed over her head, gently, not smiting it, and it was not till 1812 that she took her final leave of the stage. Even after that she reappeared once or twice on special occasions, and besides gave readings with great success. Rivals she had none till almost the close of her stage life, when Miss O'Neil's facile pathos and girlish grace caused her for a little while to be accepted, not indeed as Mrs. Siddons equal, but as possessing that imperious charm of tender-appealing weakness which had not belonged to the elder actress. But the public never wearied of the queen of tragedy who had ruled them so

long, and some of her greatest triumphs were in the years associated with her later years. The august mission of her Volumnia, the royal and touching pathos of her Queen Katherine, the outraged queenhood of her Hermione were fully equal to "her heroic loveliness" as Euphrasia and the fire of her Zola, in which part Goldwin declared "it was worth the trouble of a day's journey to see her but walk down the stage."

In her later life the art of modelling occupied much of her leisure, and she seems to have discovered untamable if amateurish talent, and much energy, in this direction. Sculpture indeed, had always had a fascination for her. When, in the days of her first success, she was sitting for her portrait to Hamilton, he and his wife accompanying her down the stairs of their house, pointed out an antique bust of Ariadne on the staircase, asking her if she perceived its likeness to herself. She clasped her hands with delight, exclaiming, "Yes, it is very —"

like," she would have added, had not modesty here got the better of candour, and made her correct her words to "very beautiful; so very beautiful, I fear you must be flattering me." Then, with evident pleasure, she sat down on the staircase to gaze at the marble, repeating "so beautiful, you must be flattering me."

In the Louvre her admiration of the Apollo Belvedere found vent in the simple and reverent reflection, "How

great an idea it gave one of God that He should have made man capable of creating such beauty!" And Mrs. Jameson tells an anecdote of how, when with her in a sculpture gallery, Mrs. Siddons paused, struck by the statue of Antinous with the rigid body and arms dropped straight on either side, by which the ancients signified the idea of death; and said she wished she had seen it before she left the stage. That intense quietude seemed to her the natural poise and expression of a moment of supreme and overwhelming passion; and in reciting the curse in *Lear* she kept this fixed rigidity of attitude with astounding effect.

All memories of those long years, during which she had swayed men's and women's feelings, as the moon

rules the tides, all recollections of her first defeat, her after-triumphs, must have been present to herself and her audience that June night when, with the fire of her eye still unquenched, the "sweet thunder" of her voice yet potent to stir the heart as with the sound of a trumpet, she bade her audience and the stage a long farewell. Life had wrought its changes to her; parents, husband, and her two elder daughters were dead, and despite the love of her friends and her remaining children she felt herself alone amid a new generation. Deprived of the strong stimulus and excitement of the stage-existence which had grown to be her real life, her days were devoid of interest, and she gradually sank into a blank vacuity of aim. In 1831, nineteen years after her farewell of the stage, Death came to her and made the past and present one, leaving only the memory of her name and fame to the generation to whom her power was already but a tradition of the past.

ETHEL EARL.



MISS SIDDONS.

(From the engraving by Kneller, and the drawing by H. Bosc, A.R.C.)

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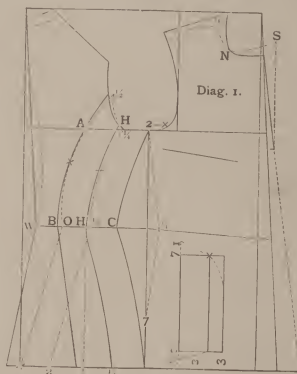
The Making of Loose Jackers.

TO cut a close-fitting jacket is a comparatively easy thing, to cut a loose one is quite another. If the close-fitting garment does not lie quite close to the figure it can be nipped in and cut away, but the loose-fitting garment must *hang* well, and a very difficult task the amateur sometimes finds it to cut it so. Inexperienced beginners will cut from an ordinary close-fitting bodice pattern, making an extra allowance on the fronts for the looseness, and will then finish the garment with a ribbon at the waist, with which to tie it and so hold it in to the figure. Many of them, too, fondly imagine that a garment so cut will pass muster, and say, "The only bother about it is that the waist-ribbon shows in front." Others, more critical, notice how every portion of the jacket bulges out above the sharp tying-in at the waist, and notice also that good tailor-cut jackets of this class fit to the figure without any tying-in at the waist at all. Careful observation will reveal that the pieces are cut to fit in to the hollow of the back as carefully as the fronts of close-fitting jackets are cut to fit to the hollow of the waist under the bust, with this difference, that in the fronts the surplus material is taken out *between* the seams, whereas with the backs it is taken out *in* the seams, and therefore does not betray itself.

Diagram II. will explain my meaning. The firm lines give the shape of each piece in an ordinary French-cut dress bodice, the dotted lines show the alterations which are required to make them lie close to the figure. It will be observed that in this set of pieces the small one next to the front is a curved side-piece, shaped almost exactly like the ordinary curved side-piece next to the back; this is not actually indispensable, but is certainly desirable, as it is found in practice that loose coats fit much better if cut with two curved side-pieces instead of the ordinary square side-piece under the arm.

To produce the jacket by measure I must revert to the instructions for fitting by measure given in "Amateur Dressmaking" in the numbers of *THE WOMAN'S WORLD* for December, 1889, and January, February, and March, 1890. Ladies who have followed out these instructions will find it easy enough to vary for the loose coat according to Diagram I. Take the set of measures exactly as for a dress, and draft a pattern as far as the completion of the armhole, with the one difference only that the hollowing of the back (Diagram I.) should be one inch instead of half an inch only as in the dress pattern. From this proceed according to Diagram I., to obtain the two curved side-pieces, which are to replace the ordinary curve and square of the pattern previously given. From the star on the armhole, which indicates the inset of the sleeve, measure back 2 inches (2), and from it square a line down the length of the pattern. From this line 2 measure along the side-line to the back curve (which has been already drawn), and put a dot half-way across the space between them. Thus, in the average pattern, the

generally comes out somewhere between 5 and 6 inches, according to the carefulness of the worker and the thickness of the pencil used—on the Diagram I have therefore made the half-way dot at H. I do not like these divisions large; except for very large figures I should not allow them to be more than three inches wide, and if the measures make them come out wider I should prefer the 2 line placed a little further in from the inset. Supposing, however, that the pieces have checked



out very nicely to $2\frac{1}{2}$, we must next measure from B at the bottom of the curve towards the front (C), the same space as there is between A and 2 (the 5 or $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 inches, according to circumstances), and put a mark half-way. Thus from B to C on the waist is the same as A to 2 on the side-line, and in each case the H marks the half-way, which is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches from each point respectively.

Having settled the size of the pieces, draw the firm curve from H to H, and then the second one from C to 2. Next put the X on the curve H to A, half-way between the waist and the side-line. From this put the dotted curve to $\frac{1}{2}$, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch down from the firm line, and the same out into the armhole, as explained in the previous drafting instructions. The dotted curve is to run smoothly into the firm one at X, and from it is to run down in an almost straight line to O, which is half an inch nearer to H than B on the waist line. From O finish the lower line of the piece to the X at the bottom of the back as usual. Put your square to H on the waist and to just below it on the line that goes across the paper; 10 inches down from the waist lightly dot in a line; from this line put a mark $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches towards the front ($1\frac{1}{2}$)

and draw it from H to complete the curved side-piece nearest the back. To trace this piece out, go up from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to H, then up to H by the armhole, round to $\frac{1}{2}$ and down the dotted curve to X, from X down the dotted line to O, and thence down the lower line to the bottom X. Be very careful in tracing these pieces to mark the waist line in each one.

To make the second curved side-piece, put a mark on the armhole a quarter of an inch from H towards 2, also another on the waist half an inch from H towards C, also a dash on the curve opposite the X on the other curve. From $\frac{1}{2}$ to — dot down, and thence from the dash to the $\frac{1}{2}$ on the waist dot also. To put in the lower lines of this second piece, put a mark 2 inches towards the back from the dotted line from H (2) and draw to it from the dotted line at $\frac{1}{2}$. Then from C draw to bottom of the 2 line to complete. To trace this piece go up the line from the bottom of the 2 line to C, thence up to the top of the 2 line and round the armhole to $\frac{1}{2}$, down the dotted line to the dash and on to the $\frac{1}{2}$, and from that the lower line to the back 2, not forgetting to mark on the waist line. Next observe the hollowed back line dotted in opposite the X, where it is fully half an inch. This back hollowing is very important—it carries off the fullness that the waist shaping has thrown into the back seam, which would be loose and baggy without the hollowing.

We next turn our attention to the front. Place your square in the line from the neck to the bust, and from it continue the slope of the line down (as shown by the dotted line) as long as you desire the jacket itself to be, which is generally from eight to ten inches long below the waist. A "lift" is necessary to make the fronts hang well forward; this is got by taking half an inch from the neck end of the front shoulder only, the dotted line running from $\frac{1}{2}$ to meet the firm shoulder line at the armhole end of it. At the seam under the arm, too, some of the surplus fullness must be cleared away. At the waist mark three-quarters of an inch inside the 2 line (7) and seven inches down from the waist put a mark (7). Dot in from the top of the 2 line to 7 and then out to the 2 line at 7. This seam must be nearly straight, consequently the amount of hip-spring below the waist is very little compared with that usually allowed on a close-fitting dress bodice. It is generally safe in these jackets to lower the neck an inch.

So far we have got the fitting lines of the pattern, which, if properly treated, should fit well into the back and sides and hang nicely forward at the front without creases or wrinkles. There is another cut with a still looser front—long than this, which is sometimes used for thick cloths, but I think what I have given here will suffice for the ambitious amateur's first attempt. The back, below the waist, is now generally finished with the little lappet shown on the back piece (Diagram II.). The lappet is cut on both pieces of the back and is made $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches outside the fitting line, beginning one inch below the waist. The fronts are finished in an endless variety of styles, sometimes double-breasted, turning down and open at

the neck with revers and collar, as the now familiar reefer jackets; made double-breasted with a standing collar that they may be worn either closed or open (a quiet and lady-like cut); single-breasted and fastening aslant from one shoulder; single-breasted and slightly open at the neck with collar and revers—it would be impossible, indeed, to enumerate a quarter of the styles in which these jackets can be cut. The double-breasted reefer is cut according to the lines on Diagram II. The extra part of each front is from two and a half to three inches wider than the front line, and the point of the revers is carried as high as the level of the shoulder. Two different revers are shown—the lower one from A gives an open neck, the dotted one from N (the turn of the neck) fits higher and closer up. In either case the revers is turned over from the turn of the neck to a point about two inches above the bust line as shown by the line marked "revers line" in Diagram II. Consequently when this revers is to be turned back it must be faced in at least an inch behind the turning line, and it is always better if the facing is much deeper.

The revers for the single-breasted jacket is shown by the line from S down to the bust (Diagram I.), the top part of it taking the high dotted line from N. Pretty little jackets in this style, made of cream cricketing flannel, will be much worn this year with the "shirt" blouses, which is the latest development in style for these loose and easy bodies. Of wide cricketing flannel two and a half to two and three-quarter yards will be needed; of cloth, if single width, the same; or if double-width, one and three-eighth yards will serve. I should never advise beginners to make these jackets of serge or any loose-woven stuff that frays or stretches when cut—it will give endless trouble and be a failure in the end.

Each piece of the pattern should be cut out to the fitting line and laid on the doubled flannel or cloth, care being taken to leave the space for the collar and lengths sufficient to face on the front if it is not faced with silk or some other trimming material. It is best to leave this surplus for facing on the front if it can be managed, as it saves joining it on afterwards, and so leaves the edge true and firm as well as saving trouble. I feel sure I need not inform the intelligent reader that there is *no seam* down the front of a double-breasted reefer coat. The whole front, surplus facing and all, should be cut in one if the cloth is wide enough to yield it (the surplus must come quite as far back as N at the neck, but may be narrower lower down), though it is wiser to tack the front fitting line down the cloth to make the fitting on easier afterwards, when it is tacked together, and it is also advisable to mark the line on which the buttons are to be sewn. These lines may be obtained by folding back the pattern when marking it on the cloth. When the pattern has been carefully spaced out on the cloth or flannel it should be pinned down to it, and each piece cut out, with a due allowance for turnings.

The next step is to mark the fitting lines upon it, but as woollen stuffs do not show the lines of the tracing wheel it is necessary to mark with tailors' chalk

or tacking out. The chalking should be done round the outline of the pattern, and care should be taken to keep the line as thin and as clear as possible, which is best done by marking firmly, but at the same time keeping the edges of the chalk sharp and thin—a thick edge to the chalk always gives a thick, poor line. The chalk does not go through both pieces at once as the tracing wheel does, so when the top piece has been marked the lines have to be transferred to the under one, which is done by laying the chalked piece carefully on it, chalking the lines down, and tapping gently along with the palm to transfer some of the chalk from the upper piece to the lower one. Each piece of the pattern should be chalked and transferred, and then the outline tacked through the cloth before the chalk has rubbed off, which it does very quickly. In spite of this, however, care should be taken never to put chalk-marks on the right side of the cloth, as, though the outline goes only too quickly, a dustiness remains which spreads over the surface of the cloth, and takes much time and brushing to finally drive it away. This does not so much signify in flannel, which it leaves in the washing, though even with these most young ladies would prefer to wear them before washing. When all the pieces are tacked out and tacked together the jacket should be tried on inside out, and, if the fit is good, machined on the lines; if it is a little slack at the waist (as may happen if the chalking has been careless) it may be made a trifle tighter at each seam, and of course if it fits too closely it should be let off a little at each seam. The back seam should be sewn down quite to the commencement of the little laplet, but not a bit lower.

If the jacket is to be lined through with silk, the next step is the snipping of the waist seams and the pressing; but if it is not lined, the seams will need neatening and hindling before they are pressed, unless the cloth or flannel is thick enough to allow the binding to be lightly caught to the back of it, when it should certainly be done. Good pressing and flat inside finishing help the fit of loose jackets wonderfully. If the seams are bound they should be snipped at the waist and bound before pressing, care being taken not to stretch the edges of the turnings, and so make them lie "frilly" inside the coat. Each seam should then have a cloth wrung out of warm water laid on it, and be pressed (turnings and bindings and as far into the material as the sewing line of each seam) with a fairly hot iron. Each side of each seam should be pressed in this way, and be left a little damp. Next a piece of common kitchen soap, damp but not wet, should be rubbed down the line of sewing on each side of each seam, after which they may be laid open and ironed with a cooler iron, all parts of the turnings being thoroughly dried and flattened, as if the turnings do not lie quite flat and close to the jacket they will prevent it coming close to the body when it is put on, and so make it appear a misfit. After pressing the edges should be finished, and the fronts turned in if they do not need facing. All the edges should be turned up and tacked into shape and position, and the top of the revers and facing turned in to each other as far as the front fitting line. The neck turnings must be snipped there as far

as the fitting lines to allow this to be done; behind this front fitting line the turnings of the neck stand ready to receive the collar.

It is usual to finish the edges of these jackets with two or three rows of machine stitching; above this the edges which have been turned up are trimmed nicely to shape and neatly pinked. The inside edge of the facing, which should always be a selvedge if possible, is either pinked or bound, or left as it is, and caught here and there with a catch-stitch to the cloth of the jacket, but should never be fairly machined or sewn down to it all the way. Beginners find the tops of the back laplets very troublesome to manage. On Diagram II. is shown a little dotted line coming to the beginning of the laplet in a slanting direction; this dotted line indicates the way the snipping of the turnings inside the jacket should go; if they are cut on the slant, the end of the snip to exactly meet the end of the sewing of the seam, they can be turned and finished with very little trouble. They should then be tacked into place, the right laplet over the left one, and the seam damped and pressed from the inside to make it lie quite flat and smooth. When all the edges are finished, the sleeves should be set in and the collar put on.

To draft the collar, refer to the little Diagram in the front of Diagram I. Form a square and mark the corner O. From O go down 2 inches (2) and square a line across, and then go down another inch (3) and square a line across. From O square across half the neck measure and 1 inch (7 for a 12 inch neck measure), and square a little line down. Now from 3 to the 2 line below 7, dot in a curve very much curved at the front. Put a dot 1 inch outside 7, and from the curve continue up to it. At the back go half an inch outside O ($\frac{1}{2}$), and from it dot down to the 2 line. This cut of collar may be used to any dress or jacket with revers, whether loose or close-fitting, or double or single-breasted. To make it up, cut it to the fitting lines, from 3, round the bottom curve up to 1, along past 7 and O to $\frac{1}{2}$, and down the dotted line by 2, on to 3 again. Lay this on the doubled cloth and cut and chalk it round, leaving fair turnings all the way round. There is a seam down the back (from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3) where turnings must also be allowed. If the jacket is of flannel or thin cloth, cut the lining of the collar from the same; but if thick, use Italian cloth or silk, with a canvas stiffening. Machine the back seams of both lining and collar, and press them. Then lay them together face to face, and machine the ends from X to 1, along the top, and over the back seam to the other end down to X again. Press the sewing well and snip the turnings at X quite up to the sewing line; then turn the collar right side out, and press the edges from the back to make them smooth and firm.

The collar will now be found finished except on the curved bottom edge (3 to X each way). This is to be put on the jacket in a very different manner from the dress collar. Take the collar in your hand and put it inside the jacket neck, the right side of the collar to the inside of the jacket, with the middle seam (3) to the back centre seam. Pin the

edge of the cloth to the neck of the coat as far round as the X; *be wary* perpendicular to set all the curved part of the collar on the jacket neck, or it will not lie well. The X should just come to the front fitting line, where the revers has been neatly finished; but if it should be a trifle longer it may be caught to the facing of the revers itself without detriment to the latter. After pinning, tack and machine it into place, and press the seam flat, then bring the edge of the lining over it and hem neatly down. If you now put the jacket on

snipped, or banded, or troubled with in any way. A lining, of course, has the same advantage, with the additional one of looking extremely nice when it is taken off, which an unlined jacket seldom does.

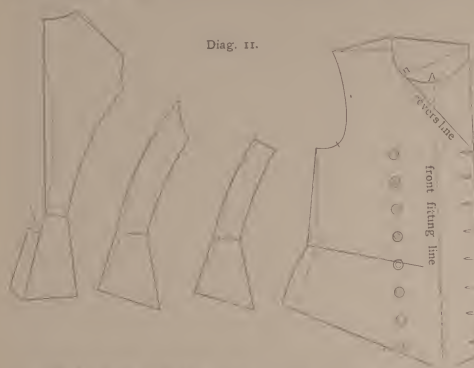
To line a jacket, 2½ to 3 yards of silk are needed, and all the pieces of the lining should be put together and machined except the fronts, which should be left quite separate. The cloth should be machined, fitted, snipped, and pressed open, and all the edges turned in and tacked into place; then the lining as far as it is

joined should be machined, snipped, and pressed: care, however, being taken to make it looser in fit than the cloth. The centre back seam of the lining should be laid to the centre of the jacket in such a way that the raw-edged turnings are between them, and will not be seen either from the outside or from the inside when the jacket is completed. The waists should be put together, but the length of the lining should be allowed to run easy for the length of the cloth, and the turnings at each side should be lightly caught together once or twice. The lining should then be smoothed over to the next seam, letting the lining be loose for the cloth as before, and the turnings again caught to each other. The lining should be loose in the width as well as in the length, and

should be fitted in this way to each seam till the side seams are reached, where they should be tacked flat down to the cloth. The front lining should be laid face to face with the front cloth and machined down a little outside the fitting line, then pressed and smoothed loosely over to be hemmed down over the raw edge of the other silk at each side seam. The lining should be hemmed to the cloth about half an inch inside all the edges which have been previously turned up, then tacked to the armhole lines and the cloth of the sleeve set in to it, and the silk sleeve lining hemmed over the turnings to make all neat there. The silk should also be loose across the shoulders, the neck line being half an inch below the neck line of the cloth; the setting on of the collar will make everything neat and clear inside.

When the jacket is cut double-breasted by the neck line A (Diagram II.), and finished with an ordinary standing collar, the fronts from the fitting line, if nicely faced, may be turned back and buttoned on their own buttons as a change from being worn double-breasted. The button-holes in this case should be very nicely worked as they are to show both sides, or it is a pretty and easier plan to use barrel buttons where the ordinary buttons go, and loops of thin fine cord sewn between the cloth and facing where the button-holes would come to fasten over them. In conclusion, I would advise the reader never to make a loose jacket of soft or thin material unless it is lined, if she wishes it to be a success.

J. E. DAVIS.



Diag. II.

and bring the collar up to the throat you will find the cloth inside and the lining outside, but turn the collar over at 2 (at the back of the neck) and the front of the jacket in the revers line, and you will find you have a pretty reefer collar neatly put on, sitting high to the neck at the back, and showing some of the sewing on to the revers at the front, where it will lie back like a gentleman's collar. The folding line of collar and revers should be pressed from the inside of the jacket. If the collar and jacket are machine-stitched round it should be done after the collar is put on, or there will be an ugly break in the lines of stitching at each revers. With braiding the same; neither braiding nor stitching should be joined anywhere about the neck. The collar should be set on, and then the ornamentation started from one of the back lappets at the waist, and carried right round again without a break anywhere.

Braiding is perhaps one of the best and quickest ways of finishing one of these little jackets; it is smart and easy, if only attention is given to one small but important item, namely, *never* to pass a corner without having both edges of the braid turned down and fitted to it. If this is not done—if only one side of the braid is put on—the worker almost invariably finds it is too short to turn nicely over the ends of the points and corners, and all the work has to come out. Nicely done, it finishes the edges very neatly, as it goes on clear over the raw edges without leaving any turnings to be

Notes and Comments.

MANY of our readers will be interested to learn that Mrs. D'Este-Keeling's "In Thoughtland and in Dreamland," reviewed in a recent number of this Magazine, has been bought by Baron Tauchnitz for reproduction in his "British Authors" series.

THE "Literary Ladies' Dinner" is to be repeated this year, owing to its great success last year. Miss Honor Morten is acting as honorary secretary, and it is fixed to take place on the 30th of May. It seems that there was considerable difference of opinion among the committee as to whether any ladies known to contribute to or belong to any newspapers should be admitted, and it was wisely decided that they should be. It would have been impossible to prevent details from leaking out, and it was far better that these should be given correctly and good-naturedly than with spiteful inaccuracy. Many well-known ladies have promised to be present, and it bids fair to be an amusing and interesting gathering.

AMONG the many tributes of respect paid to Lady Reay on her departure from Bombay, probably none pleased her better than the valedictory address of the Mahomedan ladies, who thanked her especially for her kindly efforts to bring them into contact and touch with their European sisters. It seems that Lady Reay had been in the habit of giving "Purdah Parties," at which the two races met, and it is not easy to over-estimate the importance of such a step in broadening the interests of the one and the sympathies of the other. The fact of such an address being presented is a remarkable proof of how caste prejudices and barriers are falling down before advancing civilisation. Fancy, even ten years ago, a young Indian lady standing up to address a meeting in the Princes Hall! But Miss Cornelia Sorabji, India's equivalent in learning to Mrs. Butler, did so last month, and made an excellent speech on behalf of one of the Zenana Missions.

THE production of a new play from the pungent pen of our most popular playwright, Mr. Pinero, is always one of the events of the season, and as such it naturally attracts a large and distinguished audience. The initial performance of *The Cabinet Minister* at the Court Theatre was no exception to this rule. It was quite a typical "first night," and notabilities were to be seen in every part of the auditorium. A theatrical "first night" of any importance has now come to be included among the functions at which it is necessary to be seen, if one would be regarded as a social "somebody," and therefore nearly every face that did not belong to a real "celebrity" was more or less familiar, while its ubiquity may be found recorded in the pages of the less exclusive Society journals. But the real celebrities present were quite of the first water, and Royalty itself was there in the persons of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The Cabinet Minister should appeal particularly to the fair sex, for of its eighteen characters no less than

eight are women, while one is an inarticulate baby. Besides, the satirising of certain feminine fads and foibles is an important element of its interest. Mrs. John Wood has rendered the play specially attractive by offering a perfect feast of costume—not the costume of the regular theatrical costumier, but of Bond Street at its best. What true woman could fail to find fascination in the prospect of seeing a play which is interpreted by the wearers of thirty new and costly gowns from the designs of such an eminent artist as Mr. Joyce, the manager at Messrs. Russell and Allen's! One is as much struck with the dramatic consistency as with the taste of the costumes, every dress fitting its wearer and the occasion as perfectly as Mr. Pinero's brilliant dialogue fits the character that speaks it, and the moment at which it is spoken, thus giving the impression of harmony essential to all art.

For instance, Mrs. John Wood's magnificent Court dress of yellow brocade, with a panel of white kid embroidered with silver, contrasts characteristically with the simplicity of the dove-grey corded silk of the guileless Highland "mither" of the Macphail. Again, Mrs. John Wood, as the Cabinet Minister's wife, distracted by her monetary troubles, and the limp-like hold the vulgar blackmailers have upon her, mourns her peace of mind in a dress of black and white, and, later on, plays havoc with her husband's official papers in suggestive scarlet. Miss Florence Tanner is refreshingly childish in a heliotrope frock suitably made with a baby-sash, and is ultimately given to the arms of her lover in a most perfect Empire gown, symbolical of her future sovereignty over her husband's heart; while Miss Isabel Ellissen is a charming embodiment of aristocratic elegance and refinement in a drab tweed, trimmed with corduroy, and artistically relieved with yellow. Miss Rosina Filippi realises the milliner's vulgarity in a glaring costume of green plaid, and Miss Le Thiere in violet velvet is a perfect picture of a "grande dame."

MR. PINERO'S satire, however deep, is never spiteful, and although it unearths eccentric absurdities, it always moulds them into forms as kindly as they are humorous. Even the most sensitive of lady milliners can view *The Cabinet Minister* with unmitigated pleasure and enjoyment, for assuredly "is there no offence in it."

THE Shakespeare Memorial Plays generally include one or two rarely represented dramas. This year *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was acted, the first time for forty years. This light comedy shows the early faults of Shakespeare, nor did the actors in Mr. Tearle's company rise to the possibilities that lay in the characterisation. Launce's dog acted his part only too well, so as to induce irreverent comparisons with his betters. The gem of the play was the beautiful scene, painted by Mr. Hall, of the Piazza at Milan; and Mr. Callaway's rendering therein, by night-lights, of the serenade "Who is Sylvia, what is she?" was most effective. King John is not an interesting character, yet Mr. Tearle played him well. Mrs. Tearle scolded a little too much for the fine character of Constance, and Miss Bessie Hutton was

plectic (and so Truism Anchor: In *Offshore*, however, Mrs. Temple made a fine Emily and Mr. Temple earned his audience so fittingly. But his best part was King Lear. His representation of the old man growing rapidly older through grief, privation, suffering, and sadness was very fine indeed, and did justice to the part.

The Conference of the Rational Dress Society, which was interrupted last month at Queen's Gate Hall by the rapid advance of time, was resumed in Lady Harberton's drawing-room. One or two ladies brought forward improvements in walking-dresses, chiefly in the matter of lightness in weight, shortness so as to avoid mud and dust, and equal distribution of warmth. Several dress-makers expressed themselves as willing to design and make improved dresses, and there seems some hope that after the correspondence and illustrations in the *Daily Graphic* and elsewhere, and the discussion of the latter during the summer, there may be something clearly defined before next winter, that may obviate at least the chief difficulties in women's clothing.

At 35, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea, there is a "Family Home for Working Girls," which was begun for rescue purposes, but of which the promoters have gradually somewhat changed the character. The sixth Annual Report contains one or two striking paragraphs, which we reproduce for the sake of readers whom the report is not likely to have reached. Very significant is the conclusion:—"The existence of our fallen class is due in a stupendous degree to badly paid girl-labour, exacted under physical conditions which even the constitutions of bullocks would succumb to in time. . . . We say deliberately, years of active rescue work has convinced us that those other evil forces are as nothing to this one. We are, then, leaving rescue work to take up preventive work, and to take it up by trying to grapple at the most powerful of all the factors that combine to make the ghastly equation of the social evil in our life of today." The effort has taken the shape of healthy and pleasant workrooms where dressmaking is carried on, the girls receiving all extra profits, and paying for their board and lodging at full cost price. It is clear enough that to give board and lodging as a charity is no solution of the problem. Those who desire to encourage the effort may best do so by giving—not money, but work

Mrs. Hicks, who represents the Ropemakers' Union, took her seat on the London Trades' Council without any demonstration or speech-making, and the members of the Council received her, we hear, in the same spirit, cordially, but without commotion, accepting as natural the presence among them of one who was working as they themselves were. She was elected as one of the representatives of the London trades upon the committee of workers and employers who are discussing, under the auspices of the London Chamber of Commerce, the formation of a series of Conciliation Boards; but we hear that she is too busy to be able to fulfil this additional duty. She was one of the speakers upon the platforms of the London Trades' Council on the occasion of the Great Labour Demonstration in Hyde Park on the 4th of May, and was the only woman speaking for the London Trades' Council, though several ladies spoke from other platforms, including Mrs. Besant, who seemed, after Mr. Burns, to be the most popular speaker on that side of the park. Women were not largely represented in the procession,

The Laundresses' Union, who were fortunate enough to arrive early, and the Ropemakers, who were delayed by the crowd on the march, so that their red banner only put in an appearance after the speaking had begun, made, however, a good show.

The trade of stay-making, for some mysterious reasons of which we have not been able to find any explanation, has its headquarters in Portsmouth, where hundreds of women work at it in factories and at home. The prices are very low. Measurements of work taken from one of the best-paying factories show that stitchers have to do fourteen yards of machine-work for a penny upon some sorts of work. There are many exactions in the factories. The women have to pay, in some factories, as much as sixpence a week for steam-power, twopence a week for cleaning the room, and twopence for tea, whether they have it or not. In most of them they have to pay for the cotton and needles, which they must buy of the employer, and some employers charge them a higher price than they would have to pay for these articles at other places.

Some years ago some of the women struck, and a Trade Union was formed, under the guidance of the late Mrs. Paterson. The society, however, did not go on and prosper as it should, and the evils have been in no degree remedied, but have rather grown worse and worse. A few months back some working men belonging to the Dockyard Unions resolved to try and help the women to make a Union. They responded fairly well, meetings were held, a good deal of public interest was aroused, and the society was put into working order. A public meeting was held in the last week of April, and was largely attended by women. Within a few days several of the masters discharged the girls who collected the Union contributions. In one instance the collector's sister also was dismissed. In two factories all the girls threatened to stop work unless the collectors were reinstated, and they carried their point. In another they did come out, to the number of thirty-eight. A new factory was just starting, at which nearly all were taken on, and at our last information the firm which had previously employed them had only three or four experienced women and several learners at work. The Union meanwhile goes on growing and strengthening.

The picture shows are now open, and, speaking generally, the lady-artists may feel very satisfied with the places they occupy at all three. After an absence far too long, Lady Butler reappears at the Academy, and has left the red-coats and the smoke of battle for the pathos of an eviction scene in Ireland, upon which she has placed the high value of two thousand pounds. Lady Butler has spent some months over it in Ireland, and was on the spot at some of the saddest of these conflicts. Mrs. Lea Merritt sends a delightful study of a child, fresh and beautiful in modelling and colour, under the title of "Love Locked out;" and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is strong and realistic, as the wife of the chief of the Newlyn School should be. Miss Hilda Montalba retains her usual characteristics in her "Venetian Market Boat, laden with bright spoils and glowing in golden sunshine." Mrs. Normand (Henrietta Rae) contributes a white-robed and demented-looking Ophelia offering flowers to the King and Queen, under the title "There's Rue for you;" and Mrs. Ward's tiny study of a waddling duckling, "Shut out," is dainty and clever. Mrs.

Seymour Lucas's contribution is called "The Conquering Hero," and is a bright laughing head of a mandolin-player, with his instrument upon his shoulder; and the powerful portrait of Miss Mamie Parker by Miss Jessie Macgregor is a painstaking piece of work.

SPACE forbids even a brief mention of the many other pictures to notice here. But a flying visit to the New Gallery reveals the almost unique circumstance that Mr., Mrs., and Miss Alma-Tadema are all three represented on its walls, Mrs. Alma-Tadema sending a bright little scene of "Battledore and Shuttlecock," and her talented daughter a very clever piece, called "Longing." Mrs. Swynnerton's grouped portraits of the "Sons of Mr. Herringham" show great force and boldness, and Miss Montalba, too, contributes to this exhibition. There is not much to remark at the Grosvenor, where the hanging is exciting grave discontent among artists and critics alike. At the Old Royal Water-Colour Society, Mrs. Allingham and Miss Clara Montalba send some of the most noteworthy works on view. But the art-sensation of the season is undoubtedly Mr. Burne Jones's series, illustrative of the legend of the Briar Rose, with their lovely ideal types of female beauty.

THE Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is quite up to its average standard, and contains some very meritorious work. Miss Kate Maculay sends six characteristic works, of which "Battersea Reach" and "The Old Bridge at Putney" are excellent examples of her low tone of colouring and painstaking finish. In "A Welsh Lane" she has left her favourite subject of fishing boats and water, and in "Coming up with the Tide" she has exaggerated her distinctive features into mannerisms. Miss Rose Barton is one of the few women artists who have an eye for the beauties and artistic possibilities of our most every-day scenes in London, and her study of "Piccadilly, looking towards St. George's Hospital" will be almost a revelation to many. This is a preferable bit of work to her sketchy "Cornfield at Sonning," into which the poppies of the foreground have been evidently peppered to secure some colour effect, for no one ever saw in nature such luxuriant floral growth upon fresh-cut stubble. The place of honour is given to Miss E. M. Osborn for a large figure subject called "A Pause in the Dance;" and close by it is hung a sketch in oils by Miss Alice Havers of roses and violets, somewhat too suggestive of a Christmas card, and not up to her usual mark.

Mrs. NORMAND (Henrietta Rae) sends a delightful little head of a child, which is one of the daintiest bits in the Exhibition; Mrs. Jopling Rowe, generally a more extensive exhibitor here, only contributes a chalk drawing. Miss Ellen Partridge worthily maintains the best traditions of miniature painting, and Mrs. Nafel sends some pleasing landscapes. A word must be spared for Miss Henrietta Cockran's clever "Convalescent," and two very pleasing flower studies are those by Miss C. M. Wood. Among the pastels may be especially noted Mrs. Earnshaw's portraits of "May and Sherard, Children of Capt. Meller," in their dainty fur-trimmed white frocks, and Miss E. M. Osborn's soft and beautiful study of St. George's, Venice. Mrs. Marable, the popular President and Trustee of the Society, is most adequately represented in some South of France landscapes, into which her strong sense of colour enters with admirable effect.

ATTENTION may be well directed here to the very valuable scholarships which the Royal Holloway College, Egham, will offer in open competition during July. Ten will be worth £75 a year, two £60, and four £50, and all will be tenable for three years. Full particulars of these educational prizes may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE multiplication of free libraries may be said to have opened a new career to women, and all thanks are due from the sex to Sir Edmund Hay Currie and the rest of the Committee of the People's Palace for starting it. They began, certainly, with a singularly admirable model of what a lady librarian should be, in Miss Constance Black, now Mrs. Garnett, a sister of that energetic worker in women's interests, Miss Clementina Black, and to this good beginning much of the present success of the library of the People's Palace may be attributed. Now we see that the Commissioners of the Battersea Free Library movement have appointed three young ladies to be assistants in their central and cheerful interest in the work, it cannot but be an opportunity for girls; and in the present difficulty which educated women find in discovering congenial occupation, no opening is to be despised.

THE Exhibition of English-woven Silks excited a great amount of interest, and has resulted, we are glad to learn, in a highly satisfactory demand for the British manufactures. Messrs. Warner and Ramm, Messrs. Collinson and Lock, Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, and Messrs. Debenham and Freebody were among the chief exhibitors of costly fabrics of the types described in these pages last month, and all sent some lovely examples. Scarcely less instructive were the cheaper makes, however, showing how Manchester, Macclesfield, and Nottingham are ready to compete with foreign rivals in the lighter corais, sarais, and hosiery. Some perfect black nerveilleux and seal plush from Messrs. Leaf and Co. were much admired, the latter being made from the thick pliable strands peculiar to the wild Indian tussor silks, which alone produce a really good imitation of sealskin. Mr. Goodyear showed that our own makes of silk lend themselves well to cushion, photograph frames, and other decorative novelties, while the shot and figured plushes from Messrs. Robertshaw, of Bradford, are ideal hangings for a dining-room.

THE embroidery twists and sewing silks sent as the collective exhibit of the Leek Chamber of Commerce were very even in texture and weight, and Messrs. Joshua Wardle placed their exquisitely tinted skeins against precious stones for comparison, and in purity and translucency the silks bore it excellently. It was to be regretted that more of the silks actually made up for wear, or placed upon furniture, could not be shown, for the least satisfactory exhibits were the minute dresses of the dolls, and the model house. Still, those who were able to be present on the opening day, when the Princess of Wales and her two daughters, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, and Princess Victoria were present, had the opportunity of seeing English silk in wear, for almost all the ladies of the committee had lovely dresses of it—Lady Knutsford's, of heliotrope figured satin, being especially admired. A more comprehensive display could not have been brought together, and it gives ample encouragement to hope

that the tendency is now on a fair way to recover its ancient practice.

Who shall dare to say that self-deception is doing any among women, when we read of the female officers that some of them are making with regard to the nursing of leprosy? A Roman Catholic lady, and two or three of her friends of the same faith, have offered their services to Government for the new hospital now being built on Robben Island. They point out the advantages there would be in having the services of a band of highly trained women—for all these ladies are fully qualified general nurses, and, if their noble offer be accepted, would specially study leprosy—asking nothing but the barest necessities, and bound by life vows to their work. Then we have Sister Kate Marsden, who took advantage of the favour she received at the hands of the Empress to ask permission to make full investigation into the existence, extent, and condition of the dire disease in Russia. It almost reads like an old poem to hear of a lady demanding such a privilege when so many pleasanter things might have been asked at royal hands. Let us feel thankful that so many women, having no thought of self, are working to make the world brighter and better.

The annual meeting of the Contested National Society for Women's Suffrage passed off brightly and cheerily. It took place on the 23rd of April, at the Westminster Town Hall, with that most efficient of "chairwomen," Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, presiding. Every one seemed animated by a hope that the long-anticipated resolution on the subject would be brought the next evening before the House of Commons by Mr. Macdonald. But "dried froits," in the hands of Mr. Provand, blocked the way, and by a most unfortunate misunderstanding another chance slipped away. The speech of the afternoon was, perhaps, that of Mrs. Massingberd, of Gvenby, a Lincolnshire lady magnate of many acres and vast influence, bearing her own crest and coat-of-arms under special conditions from Royalty, and yet, as she mourned, classed politically with criminals, paupers, and idiots. "Nice company for a lady!" as she remarked. Her speech was really bright and humorous, and she put in a fine bit of mock meta-dramatic acting as she said of all opponents enigmatically, "They say—what say they? Let them say!" Mr. Woodall, M.P., Sir John Puleston, M.P., Baron Dimsdale, M.P., and Mr. Webb, M.P., all supported the first resolution, a quartette which, Lady Sandhurst pointed out, was clear enough indication that all parties were in favour of the movement, since one was a Liberal, two Conservatives, and one an Irish Nationalist.

A DISCUSSION has recently taken place before the British Nurses' Association upon "the Division of Labour in Nursing," the point being whether it was advisable that, after a certain amount of general training, a nurse should turn her attention to specialised knowledge. On the whole it was negatived, save, of course, with regard to obstetric nursing, which must always be a distinct branch. Most people will agree fully that a nurse will be more useful with her hands as an expert in skin diseases. Nurses are not called in to supersede doctors, but to carry out intelligently their instructions. Some

women may develop a particular skill in surgical cases; others may be especially clever in nursing children, but it would certainly not be to the general advantage of the profession were "specialism" to be insisted upon.

By a curious but very significant coincidence, two of the most important offerings made to the Queen in commemoration of the Jubilee of her reign were presented almost simultaneously. The centre-piece subscribed for by the officers of the British forces, designed by Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., and executed in gold and silver, marble and crystal, pearl and lapis lazuli, all gathered from our colonies and dependencies, typified the greatness and power of the Empire and was a worthy offering from army to Sovereign. But the women's Jubilee offering was a no less worthy one, and was rather the gift of Englishwomen to one of the noblest of their sex as a token of their love, than a humble act of homage from subjects to their Queen. In the two presents the esteem which Queen Victoria has won for the diverse qualities she has displayed as a ruler and as a woman were shown. Women feel that in her they have a friend who feels as they do, and who, in spite of her exalted station, has known sorrows beyond the common lot. To the sound practical wisdom she has shown, women owe not a little of the bettered conditions of legislation and advancement of their just rights. When the affairs of the Empire are so admirably controlled by a woman, surely women might well be entrusted with education and civil rights. It is difficult to imagine what would have been the condition of women to-day had our Sovereign been either a less womanly woman than she is, or had she filled at all unworthily the throne she occupies. The colossal statue which Sir Edgar Boehm has reproduced from Marochetti's famous work at Glasgow is a present which Englishwomen may be proud to give, and that it should symbolise the Queen's domestic joys as wife and mother is right and fit.

RECENT flower shows have shown us very conclusively how marked is the reaction in favour of the old-fashioned hardy outdoor flowers. The daffodil has reached such a stage of fashion that it goes, not to "royal balls," as they do not happen till too late in the season, but to Drawing Rooms, where it meets a present as well as a future Queen—"high honours for a daffodil," as "Violet Faun" says in her dainty poem, about the beautiful golden blooms that come "before the swallow dares." The polyanthus or coloured primrose is being carefully cultivated by gardeners, and perhaps next year we shall see in London the "tip-up-top," describable unpoetically as a two-storeyed primrose, and the "Jack-in-the-Green" nestling in its soft bed of tiny leaves, and which lingers in a few old gardens in the south-western counties, though it is becoming very rare. After years of neglect the hollyhock is being grown again, and surely no flower could be more valuable for the fashionable tall trumpet vases. But the floral mania of the moment is undoubtedly the auricula, which florists are producing in such sombre mixtures of colour that they look like flowers gone into mourning. At the last show of the Royal Botanical Society a splendid collection was shown, in such shades as grey, *café au lait*, and white, green, grey, and black—yes, dense, sooty, velvety black—violet and brown, deepest crimson and grey. One of the exhibitors candidly admitted that they were an acquired taste, but urged that it is a taste which, once gained, becomes a passion.



NEW BRIDAL COSTUMES.

(See page 457.)

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Mrs. Jopling at Home.

DO you know Mrs. L. R.? She is a young artist of great merit. Frith and Tom Taylor prophesy a great career for her, and she is studying in Paris—having exhibited many pictures here, at the Academy, &c. It would be very kind if L. or you, or both, would give her a call if you can. I subjoin the address.

With a bountiful measure of happiness and success, Mrs. Jopling has lost none of her brightness, and—one can well believe, comparing the animated features with the lineaments in Sir John Millais' portrait which hangs above the mantelpiece—not much of the beauty which ten years ago adorned the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery.



Mrs. Jopling.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.)

You will like her—she is very bright." Thus wrote Shirley Brooks in a letter to a friend visiting Paris some time during the year 1873. Frith and Tom Taylor prophesied with knowledge. "Mrs. L. R.'s" career during the seventeen years that have since elapsed justifies their vaticination. "The young artist of great merit" of that time has become famous in the picture world, not indeed as Mrs. Louise Romer, but as Mrs. Louise Jopling.

"She is very bright," said Shirley Brooks; and sitting in Mrs. Jopling's pleasant studio in Cranley Place, South Kensington, one can think of no happier word by which to sum up the predominant characteristic of the lady-artist.

But in the seventeen years Mrs. Jopling has done so much, has found life so full of incident and experience, that it requires some such link, perhaps, as Shirley Brooks's letter to connect her memory with her days of probation, in so far as concerned her art, in Paris. The story of her early life as she told it to me one May morning at breakfast is full of interest, and should not be wanting in stimulus to the hopes and aspirations of young artists. In the first place her education, generally liberal, was sadly neglected in its artistic aspect. Mr. Goode, the railway contractor, who was her father, although a man of high culture, did not appreciate the educational value of pencil and palette.

Consequently his daughter did not learn to draw till she was twenty-three, when she had been married six years. Mr. Rouer was private secretary to Baron Rothschild in Paris, and thus it came about that his wife's latent talent caught fire from the ardour of the French *ateliers*. She studied under M. Chaplin, and studied hard, going to her teacher's studio early in the morning, and often toiling on a summer's evening till dusk dimmed the colours. In less than two years she exhibited a chalk drawing called "*Le Crêpuscule*" at the Paris Salon. In another year she came to London and boldly sought admission to the Academy. Her first attack was unsuccessful, but the second picture was hung upon the line at Burlington House, to whose walls Mrs. Jopling has since contributed every year in succession. When she was still in the realms of obscurity, Tom Taylor proved his admiration for her work by purchasing for twenty guineas one of her earliest pictures, called "*La Mantille Blanche*."

"I consider that drawing is as essential to the education as writing," Mrs. Jopling remarks by way of digression from her autobiographical talk. "I would have it taught universally, from the University to the Board School. It trains the hand, eye, and brain all at once. It develops the memory and disciplines the thought. Of course I do not say drawing is so widely useful as writing, for that would be absurd. But apart from its artistic use, it is as valuable a method of mental discipline as mathematics, and of course, far more easily taught."

In Mrs. Jopling's studio the attention of the stranger is at once arrested by a row of unframed portraits, all of the same small size, and placed along the wall close to the lofty ceiling. They remind one that Mrs. Jopling is a teacher of art as well as an artist. These heads have each been painted from life in the course of two or three hours, and before the thirty or forty young ladies who are studying art under Mrs. Jopling's tutelage. Here one recognises the pretty little face of Miss Norreys, recalling to one's memory the study of "*Purple and Gold*," which some years ago won warm praise for Mrs. Jopling at the Grosvenor Gallery, and for which the *petite* actress was also the model; then one observes the familiar physiognomy of a professional "model," whose grizzled grey beard has done service in some notable pictures.

"I paint a head in this way once a month," Mrs. Jopling tells me, "at my school in Clareville Grove. The method was first introduced in England by Legros, and is in my opinion the only true one of instructing a class in the details of portraiture."

"Are you an optimist, Mrs. Jopling, in the matter of sex in art?"

"I am an optimist in all things. I really don't think the mind of woman is naturally unfitted to art, although her circumstances may be. It is simply because women have the cares of motherhood and the tasks of home that they do not excel in painting. If they are willing to sacrifice love and marriage to art, I verily believe that they can do as well as men. Witness the success of Rosa Bonheur, and of Miss Thompson before

she became Lady Butler. As a rule, promising girl-artists marry, and little more is heard of them."

"And do you commend such a sacrifice?"

"I am not one who says that women should not be content with the sphere of their homes, with the duties of motherhood. That is the extremist view. But at the same time I hold that every girl should, no matter what her circumstances are, master some art or acquire some vocation by which, if the need arises, she may earn an income for herself. Take my own case. There were nine of us in family, and in those days we lived, I dare say, at the rate of £10,000 a year. Of course we were taught the accomplishments, but nothing that could be of practical use. The time came when my father failed in business. I had already married at the time, but of course the event spoiled all our prospects. Before I was thirty, I was a widow with two children; but happily, having learned to paint in a professional and not an amateur way, I was able to maintain a home in comfort."

"You have one or two very promising pupils, I suppose?"

"There is one girl who really has genius, I think. But her mother complains of the time spent in the studio, and thinks she ought to accompany her when she goes visiting and shopping. 'My child,' she tells me, 'never trouble about an income: she will have ample means.' In the same spirit people sometimes ask me, 'Do you still paint?' 'I am an artist.' 'I make reply.'"

One can linger long on the staircase of Cranley Place. Its walls are covered with photographs and engravings of Mrs. Jopling's most successful pictures at the Academy and the Grosvenor; and about each the artist has some pleasant chat or anecdote on the tip of her tongue. "Five o'clock Tea," the picture with which Mrs. Jopling won her first laurels in Burlington House, recalls the fact that in their notices most of the critics presumed the painter had been in Japan. Exhibited in the hey-day of æstheticism, the group of Japanese ladies imbibing the fragrant beverage brought Mrs. Jopling, who had just married the painter of that name, into prominence. The picture was sold at the private view, I am told by the way, before it had gained celebrity, to Mr. Agnew, the *doyen* of collectors, for 400 guineas. From the photograph of "Five o'clock Tea," my glance passed to the engraving of "*A Modern Cinderella*," a work which was exhibited at the Academy in 1875, the year in which Miss Thompson, having won fame with "*The Roll Call*," exhibited "*Quatre-Bras*," while close by is an excellent process-drawing of the pale-faced lady bending over faded love-letters, which Mrs. Jopling exhibited some years later. The engraved copy of another picture reminds me of the warm human sympathy which sometimes breaks out in Mrs. Jopling's conversation, and which, amidst the pressure of social pleasure, has more than once found conspicuous expression in her work. "Searching for the Breadwinner" is a picture that will be well remembered by many visitors to the Academy of 1884, with its vivid portraiture of a poor mother and her child anxiously peering through the half-opened door of a gin-palace. Mrs. Jopling was living in Beaufort Street, Chelsea, when painting the picture, and her studies were

made from life on the Embankment. She well remembers how, while prowling about the public-house of a Saturday night, some bedraggled dame would politely point out to her the "private bar."

But interesting as Mrs. Jopling's staircase is, with its many reproductions of her pictures, it does not afford a complete record of the artistic toil in which, as she confesses, she has found far more than half the pleasure of life. There is, I believe, a copy of the cartoon which on first coming to England she contributed to *Punch*, then edited by her husband's uncle, Mark Lemon, and there are specimens of the drawings which she did from time to time for some illustrated books and periodicals. But apart from several portraits in which, perhaps, Mrs. Jopling has displayed her greatest power, who among the fraternity of picture-lovers has not heard of her "Execution of Charlotte Corday," "The Nineteenth Century," and "The Last Look at the Old Home," this picture being one of four which she exhibited at last year's Academy?

Mrs. Jopling has her study as well as studio. In the breakfast-room on the first floor there is a goodly collection of books; the standard novelists, the eighteenth-century essayists, some of the modern poets, Carlyle, and the historians. Having in view Mrs. Jopling's industry as a painter, her work in the school, which she sometimes visits two or three times a day, and her attachment to a large circle of friends, I can well believe her statement that she has little time for literature. "I always have one heavy book on hand," she says. "Just now I am reading John Cordy Jefferson's 'The Real Shelley.' My father was a passionate reader, and like Brandram, knew his Shakespeare act by act and scene by scene. As a girl I got through a great many books, and I am very glad that I read Walter Scott when quite young. To me it seems astonishing that so few girls care to read the great authors. Sometimes I give my class subjects for sketches from books, and the other day I gave one from Thomson's 'Seasons.' Do you know, one or two actually asked who Thomson was!"

Mrs. Jopling, by the way, has given evidence of literary taste in several of her pictures; although to my reference to "The Five Sisters of York," from "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Auld Robin Gray"—two works that hung in Burlington House some years ago—she replies that "it was only illustration."

On the mantelpiece of this bookish room are several photographs, which testify to the amateur art of Mr. Rowe, whom Mrs. Jopling married in 1887, about three years after the death of her second husband. While I am looking at these photos we talk of Mrs. Jopling's portraits—of her Ellen Terry, as Portia, which now hangs in the supper-room of the Lyceum Theatre; of her Lord Rothschild, which was painted for Lord Beaconsfield's gallery at Hughenden; of her Mrs. Langtry, and Dr. Robson-Roose.

Although Mrs. Jopling will not admit it in so many words, the artist's *peu-chant* is for portraiture, and, like most successful portrait-painters, she has a passion for social intercourse. "Sir, their chief excellence is being like," asserted Dr. Johnson in speaking of portraits. "I

would have them in the dress of their times, to preserve the accuracy of history—truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things." Mrs. Jopling has so well realised the good doctor's definition of the merits of portraiture mainly because of her intimate knowledge of the representative men and women of the day. In this studio at Cranley Place, with its pine-wood rafters, its antique tapestry, its Millais frescoes, and general air of artistic comfort, all London society, from the Prince and Princess of Wales to the youngest and freshest "lion," has been received by the vivacious hostess, attired in gowns that—miracles of taste as they are—never fail to justly display the tall, well-poised figure, the graceful neck, the olive-complexioned and intellectually dignified face, and the dark brown hair. At the grand piano, which occupies one corner of the studio, many of the most brilliant executants have played and some of the sweetest vocalists sung.

But pleasant as are the hours one may pass in the studio, many of Mrs. Jopling's friends recall with something of regret the parties it was her custom to give in the garden of the Beaufort Street house. Over an acre in extent, the garden had an historical interest in having belonged to Sir Thomas More; and on a June afternoon the artist's guests would chat on the topics of nineteenth-century London under the mulberry-tree which shaded the learned Chancellor while gravely discoursing with his daughter. "Some monks came along," explains Mrs. Jopling, "who were determined to possess that mulberry-tree, and so my old house and studio are now the habitation of a monastic order."

"At one time," Mrs. Jopling frankly says, when I speak of her intended performance of *Hernia* in the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which took place at Mr. Labouchere's Twickenham house, "I contemplated going on the stage. But when I went behind the scenes for a few nights, and learned how physically exhausting the work of an actress is, I abandoned all such thoughts, and was content to go on painting. Still, as you say, I have played a great deal as an amateur—chiefly at country houses in the autumn, in such plays as *Coste*, and in one or two original pieces. By playing in *Helen in Troas*, when Mr. Godwin produced it, I really gained a lot of useful knowledge respecting Greek art and costume."

There are few friends of Mrs. Jopling, I should imagine, who regret that her histrionic ambition was but short-lived. With her ease of manner, her sensitive temperament, and fascinating elasticity of feature, she has all the best qualities of an actress; but the sister art was hardly likely to bring her more fame than she has earned as a painter—earned, I say, for it is undoubtedly to her early years of toilsome efforts, and not the social prestige of her later years, that Mrs. Jopling's professional success is due. Painting's gain may have been the stage's loss, but the one art could not so well spare a gifted woman as the other; for, with Lady Butler and Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Jopling can claim to have taken a part in unlocking the gates of that paradise of beauty and colour at which the *Peri* for some time knocked in vain.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

About Men's Wives.

A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE.



LOVE wakes men once a lifetime each, Mr. Patmore assures us in one of his charming lyrics. It may be so, but, for the most part, it is to be feared, only from cigar-soaked dreams of self to a hardly less uninteresting somnolence *à la* *deux*. The "lifetime" stretches itself out to its allotted span, and the startled slumberers — was that a snore or a sigh? — slumber on again, and walk in their sleep, and remain, to all outward seeming, altogether unmoved and unchanged by Love's awakening. Yet, oddly enough, no such *réveil* is ever sounded without attracting its eager little group of interested on-lookers. Something in the situation, something in the possibilities, perhaps, makes a demand on sympathy and sets some chord, kinder than that of curiosity, vibrating. The most commonplace wooing of the most commonplace folks possesses an irresistible interest, all its own, for most of us, so what shall be said when the loves on which we look are the loves of the immortals? How greedily we follow them, those idyls of "love that never found its earthly close, and those of the more prosaic sort (are they less pathetic?) which have come to more or less legitimate endings. From Dante's Beatrice to Shelley's Mary, one has lingered over them all, sympathising, moralising, criticising, according to one's bent, pausing breathless, almost as in nursery days, at the point where "lived happy ever after" should come in as climax.

About all biography, even in its severe form, when doxies and eulogies are skilfully mixed in with memoirs, there is an element of fascination difficult to resist, but when biographers are very human, dealing us out gossip under the guise of research, with what unanimity do we all read, deprecating our eagerness, and declaring with a readiness of sententious defence which is in itself, perhaps, a trifle suspicious, that the proper study of mankind is man. A typical instance of the universal interest which is taken in domesticities will occur to most readers with good memories in connection with Mr. Froude's literary executorship of a few years back. Of all modern memoirs the Carlyle volumes have been perhaps the most widely read and the most generally discussed. In these swift-moving times an interval of seven years gives almost the effect of ancient history to contemporary records and almost entitles us to call such reading study! It is just possible, too, that the interesting subject of men's wives in general may have some incidental light cast upon it if we reconsider the story of that one wife in particular from the novel point of view which in these modern days a very moderate amount of perspective affords. At the time, perhaps, our literary sight was hardly adjusted to such an unshaded electric illumination as was suddenly let in upon us by that flood of Carlyle revelations. In those very comprehensive volumes of Mr. Froude's the light was thrown with a glare

upon the domestic relations of Carlyle and his wife; then came the shadows from the sage's own Reminiscences, and the brilliant cross-lights from Mrs. Carlyle's Letters, to further bewilder us. We rubbed our eyes as we read, questioning if there were not some wrong effect of light, some false perspective somewhere; could the apostle of purity and unselfishness, the expounder of heroism, have shown himself, in the sober sun and candle-light of every day's most quiet needs, so hopelessly unheroic, so immeasurably below his own definitions? Was Carlyle the husband or Carlyle the author the true Carlyle? These were serious questions to force upon thinking folks, and our guides, the reviewers, hardly helped us to a satisfactory answer. They were wonderfully unanimous for the most part in taking up the new reading of Carlyle. The leading journal, which is nothing if not reflective, the condemnatory chorus, bidding us see in the chronicler of heroes "a man capable of deliberate tyranny," "whose self-indulgence was as excessive as his self-control was infinitesimal." It discovered to our startled intelligence all sorts of hitherto unsuspected weaknesses in the author of "Sartor Resartus," who, it informed us, "sage as he was, yielded to the seductions of fashionable society," and, "a humbly born *littérateur*, sought his Egeria in a high-born lady," and who, finally, "appreciated his wife within the limits of a most miserable nature" (*The Times*, March 31st, and April 3rd, 1883).

The time, it seems to us, has come to ask what are the grounds on which such and similar indictments were brought unrebuked against Carlyle's memory and our children's rights in that memory as a wholesome possession, working for righteousness. Worthy objects of worthy honour are none too many. It is possibly a sign of the times — we will not put the initial in capital type — to choose its martyrs and to change its favourites after a wonderfully fickle fashion; and the way once pointed out, like sheep the multitude follow, and, in not a few instances, some of us may recall, like sheep have gone astray. If the new generation of Carlyle's readers is to be tempted to give up its saving beliefs at the bidding of Carlyle's reviewers, it may be permitted, now that the years are beginning to "mould into calm completeness the statue of his life," to examine a little closely into the why and the wherefore. The charges of the critics, in interpreting their Froude and preparing their brief, seem, summed up, to amount to this: — that Carlyle "neglected" his wife, giving her "neither confidence nor caresses;" her rivals, apparently, being "Frederick" and Lady Ashburton; that he generally managed to be absent at "moving" and "cleaning" times; that for the greater part of her married life Mrs. Carlyle had to drive in omnibuses, to put up with one maid-of-all-work, and "as a rule to live in poverty and parsimony." The poverty, alas! of the author of the "French Revolution" must be conceded, but poverty is

mostly accounted as a man's misfortune, not his fault; indeed, in these latter days it seems rather to be "unearned increment" which is held blameworthy; but at any rate the plain living and high thinking which "poverty" imposes on an honest man and his belongings is not usually described as "parsimony." So soon as Carlyle could afford the comfort of an extra servant and of a carriage for his wife, he seems to have given them to her.

And here it may be remarked that Mrs. Carlyle's domestic troubles must rather have been minimised by the smallness of her establishment, since she seems to have had a truly singular succession of drunken, dishonest, and incompetent "helps." We are ungenteel enough to have known modest households of two which have been ministered unto by one small servant only, and which yet have got through the heat and burden of the day, and the dinners, without either the bothers or the "bugs" which distinguished Mrs. Carlyle's housekeeping and which supplied her with such inexhaustible material for letter-writing to her friends. We go further; far enough indeed to suggest an element of "cupboard love," in that much-made-of "bewitchment" of Carlyle with "Lady A." A well-ordered household and a well-cooked dinner have distinct fascinations of their own for even the most devoted of husbands and the least dyspeptic of men and geniuses! The fact, too, which is used as another indictment, that Carlyle usually contrived to be absent from his home when those prolonged processes of papering and painting and of apparently much-needed "cleaning" were in progress, would, we fancy, by many wives, be accounted a fact greatly conducive to his credit and to their comfort. Truth to say, over such superficial criticisms one gets impatient, and we distinctly do Mrs. Carlyle the justice to doubt, had she had that chance, which we none have, of choosing her life afresh, whether she would not certainly have chosen to jolt in omnibuses to all eternity, by the side of that "humbly born *littérateur*" of hers, in preference to being provided with a coach and four by one of "the suitors in abundance," whom, this same critic regretfully and grotesquely suggests, her "respectable Scotch family" and "her small heiressship" might have secured for her!

On the more serious count of lack of "confidence and caresses" one must face the fact that men love, as they do most other things, according to their natures. "Loving is like music," says an old author, "some instruments have a range of two octaves, some of four," and the very value of the notes has infinite variety. To the rugged, reticent, self-contained Scotchman, putting his genius and his digestion for the moment on one side, demonstrative affection was impossible, but that Carlyle was capable of steadfast and self-denying love, his conduct to his family amply proves. And when his wife's chronic delicacy developed into real and serious and not too patiently borne invalidism, her own letters both to him and about him abundantly endorse what Mr. Forster indeed acknowledges, that "Carlyle's strange humours had not risen from real indifference." These strange humours, which we may perhaps take as a euphemism for the lack of confidence

and caresses, were doubtless trying enough, but scarcely to be reckoned as altogether wilful on his part. The "unutterable book" which was brought to the birth only after fourteen years of travail, must, with sleeplessness and dyspepsia, take its share in the blame of them. And was the wife always and entirely the victim? Thoreau tells us somewhere "that it takes two to speak truth; one to speak and the other to hear." May not much of the like double claim be made on behalf of "confidence and caresses"? We seem to remember an incident annotated by Carlyle with somewhat senile sympathy in the Reminiscences, which suggests the analogy. Mrs. Carlyle is suffering from one of her "bad influenzas," and "bearing like a martyr," and "in silence" a long confidence her husband is giving her anent the battle of Mollwitz, of which just then he was "full." If this incident may be taken as symptomatic, her most ardent admirer would scarcely pronounce Mrs. Carlyle to have been a sympathetic listener, one to whom "confidence and caresses" would come easy. It may certainly be urged that to one suffering from influenza the battle of Mollwitz was hardly an entertaining topic, but in those lonely, gloomy years during which Carlyle lived "in the valley of the shadow of Frederick," his "confidences" would probably have been mostly of that sort, and we decidedly hold the heterodox opinion that if a woman of her own free will marry a chimney-sweep, though she come of a generation of whitewashers, she should train herself to take a genuine and intelligent interest in soot.

And in all seriousness, we entirely believe that Mrs. Carlyle would herself have been the first to indignantly disavow her own evidence which has been made to serve such cruel and unjust purpose, and to claim that her brilliant sayings at her husband's expense, half the overflow of playful brain and half of painful bile, should not be taken so literally. We may be reminded that his own mother pronounced him "gay ill to live with," but they who quote such tender, humorous mother-talk should, in fairness, recall the beautiful relations which, as a matter of fact, always existed between that homely peasant-woman and her gifted son. A man's mother, moreover, is privileged to grumble where a man's wife is not, for wives have so very much the advantage over their mothers-in-law in the matter of compulsory companionship with men. Sons grow up "promiscuous," to borrow a favourite expression of Mrs. Carlyle's, but once grown up they present, in their developed phase of possible husbands, a sufficiently wide latitude of choice and chance to their future possessors. And, in sober earnest, the women who deliberately elect to stand shoulder to shoulder with giants on the heights have small right and smaller reason to complain if they find the winds blow keener there than in the sunny and sheltered valleys. They cannot hope to have at one and the same time the stillness and grandeur of the mountain view and the comfortable warmth and commonplace bustle of the plain. Jane Welsh chose her husband from ambition rather than from love, from the desire at any rate to share the fame she foresaw, fully as much as "to smooth his path," as is claimed for her by one of her partisans. This fact, and the Irving episode in

her life which confirms it, may not rightfully be ignored. She was "granted her desire." Of what in its fulfilment had she to complain? That Carlyle was irritable, impatient, perhaps, but rarely "laughless," may be conceded to his critics, but so probably on occasion is many a Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones whose wives have not such compensations as had Mrs. Carlyle. Marriage under all circumstances, in all degrees, has its "tricks." *No real Licht ist, als dunkler Schatten.* But Mrs. Carlyle seems often, in pure wilfulness, to have turned her face from such light as there was and to have set up separate and independent shadows. She was as jealous, humorously, but still really and unreasonably jealous, of the "unborn generations" for whom, Sir George Sinclair once wrote, her husband was neglecting her, as she was of Lady Ashburton, and with about as much cause.

One hesitates to touch upon this part of the subject. To defend Carlyle seems equally impertinent to him and his wife and to the lady concerned and her husband. Perhaps Miss Jewsbury's comment on the situation and Miss Jewsbury, it will be remembered, was Mrs. Carlyle's very devoted friend—is the best and shortest summary of it: "Any other wife would have laughed at Mr. C's bewitchment with Lady A." Certainly any ordinary wife would, but then Mrs. Carlyle, as she says of herself, was "perfectly extraordinary, especially in the power I possess of fretting and worrying myself into one fever after another without any cause to speak of." Throughout her life, it seems to us, Mrs. Carlyle was too self-conscious for content, too eager for sympathy for resilience and dignity. Her many female correspondents were a snare to her, and her husband's shortcomings and her servant's failings were about equally tempting things to so brilliant a letter-writer, who, unluckily, had to nursery in which to waste any of her superfluous time and to work off any of her superfluous energy. Now it may be gently hinted, does Mrs. Carlyle seem to have led that other somewhat out-of-fashion "refuge" to turn to "in time of trouble," where simpler-hearted women are wont to look for silver lining to their clouds.

One somehow turns from the contemplation of Mrs. Carlyle and her "worries," to think of the more "tried" wife of a far more "trying" genius, who bore her burden and lightened his for over twenty years altogether "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung" by biographer or critic. That opium-eating is an even less desirable tendency in a husband than dyspepsia will hardly be denied, yet for a hundred sympathisers with the solitary wife at Craigenputtock, are there half a dozen who have ever given a thought to those far more solitary vigils kept by De Quincy's patient, uncomplaining Margaret? A terrible time she must have had of it often with that weird and restless little genius of hers, whose

least eccentric action was that seemingly most incongruous marriage with the dalesman's unlettered daughter. It makes an odd commentary on that higher education of women which, nowadays, is turning out for us so many feminine mediocrities "to match the men" in the lists, to note how frequently it fails to obtain "honours" or even a pass degree for its devotees as wives! To take another famous instance where the biographers have been over busy: "that prodigy, an only daughter," whom Lord Byron espoused was as clever and cultivated a lady in her comparatively nonlightened generation as was Mrs. Carlyle in her more exacting one, and yet she managed in even a less degree to make a shining example of satisfactory marriage. And if both these celebrated wives are equally to be held as blameless failures, then, surely, in the consequently shining husbands, extremes meet after a remarkably bewildering manner. For if Carlyle erred by reason of being like unto a "glacier on a mountain," to which emblem of coldness Miss Jewsbury eloquently compares him, might not happier results in fairness have been expected from the volcanic warmth of Byron's temperament? Somehow, in despite of all the theories on the subject, one thinks of "real" instances; of the satisfactory wife the unlearned Margaret Simpson made, and found content in making, to De Quincy, of the idyllic life Wordsworth led with his simple-minded Mary, of the happiness of the philosopher Moldenhau with gentle Fromet of the "blue eyes," and one falls to wondering whether after all "perfect equality of the sexes," or what may be called the cup-and-ball relationship, is the approximate ideal of marriage. Sleeplessness and indigestion, at any rate, the most advanced will agree, are undesirable qualities for husband and wife to share in equal proportion.

The moral of it all is, perhaps, even less obvious than any to which the Duchess treated Alice, yet may a suggestion of one perchance be found in an ancient "portrait of a lady" sketched for us by an author less read in these latter days than some less instructive ones. It stands out from its old-fashioned setting, this gracious presence, who though, or it may have been because, "her tongue was the law of kindness," managed her "maidens" without friction or fuss; who looked well to the ways of her household, yet found time to stretch out that busy, capable hand of hers "to the needy," and leisure, too, "clothed in silk and purple" (which we take as an ancient synonym for that crowning merit, becomingly dressed) to "receive" and fluently converse with "merchants from afar." "The heart of her husband," we are expressly told, "did safely confide in her"—so she was evidently no fool, this ideal wife, and yet—and yet—her ambition seems to have been satisfied with the fact that he "was known in the gates."

KATIE MAGNUS.





The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on."

SUNSHINE is so much a part of our gladness in this uncertain climate of England that the line with which I have headed this chapter is "familiar in our mouths as household words," and moreover in most families is firmly believed in. There is not another topic in the drama of our lives that excites half so much interest as a wedding. High and low, rich and poor, the happy and the unhappy, all would seem to be stirred by the clanging of wedding-bells. Every married woman has been at all events for one day in her life the cynosure of all eyes. No wonder, then, that the question of wedding finery is always an all-important one in feminine minds.

If you turn to our frontispiece you will see the latest fashions in bridal attire as interpreted by Messrs. A. E. Donne, 154, Cromwell Road, S.W. The ceremony is over; the happy bride has received the congratulations of her friends in the vestry, and has thrown back her tulle veil, for tulle has almost superseded lace for bridal occasions, save when some family heirloom is worn. The lighter fabric has the advantage of being more becoming. In lace the pattern has a trick of forming a patch on the eye, or hiding the nose. There is an art in adjusting a bridal veil. The chaplet of white flowers, or whatever the headdress may be, should be put on first. Then the veil is thrown lightly over with one corner in front, falling almost to the knees, and caught back slightly by invisible hairpins, which, if the hair be thick, should be long. The firmer the veil is secured the better, for it is very apt to catch in any impediment, and without

this care the coiffure becomes disarranged. Of course diamond and pearl pins are used when the bride possesses them, but even then it is better to depend on a few well-interlaced hairpins first.

Satin remains, perhaps, the most favourite material for wedding-gowns, although some of the fashionable brides have been wearing thick rich corded silk, and where distinct trains form a portion of the dress, they are frequently made in silver brocade. I have seen some young brides lately arrayed in mousseline chiffon, for it is a material just now in high favour. It is used extensively in millinery for bows, jabots, fichus and frillings of all sorts, for evening dresses, and full-dress morning attire. It is a soft-falling, graceful fabric, and makes quite an ideal gown for a bride in her teens.

The wedding-dress in our picture is made of Satin Duchesse, the best and firmest kind of satin. A long spray of orange-blossoms starts from one shoulder, and crossing the bodice diagonally falls on the side of the skirt, forming a chatelaine trimming. The front is most gracefully draped, and pendent sash ends at the side are drawn through the breadth in a novel fashion, best gleaned from the engraving. There is a thick important ruche at the hem, with sprays of orange-blossoms intermixed. The train is a yard and a half long, and the pretty up-standing collar is lined with orange-blossoms, softened to the neck with tulle.

Every bride carries a bouquet, and the newest kinds are the posies in which rare orchids are intermixed

with the orange-blossoms. They are made as light as possible, fast from the stalk of the flowers droop sometimes as many as a dozen loops of inch-wide ribbon, or ribbon-velvet, knotted at intervals, with buds of orange-blossom attached to each knot, one of the prettiest arrangements that have been brought out for a long time. The Goodyear bouquet is on another principle; a loop of wide sash-ribbon intermingles with the blooms on one side, and falls therefrom in one long end.

The bridesmaids as a matter of course carry flowers—bouquets most generally—but often set in dainty high-heeled satin shoes to match the dress. These hang from the arm by a multiplicity of ribbons. Sometimes the flowers are in flat baskets, planned also to hang on the arm, and trimmed on one side, the flowers meant for distribution being embedded in myrtle, which garnishes the basket when the blooms have been given away.

The dresses worn by the bridesmaids are a combination of white and yellow pongee. The fronts are

being draped somewhat fully over it, so that it shows the colour as a panel. The bonnets speak for themselves and need no description.

The dresses below, which will be found useful both for town and country wear, emanate from the firm of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody in Wigmore Street, and are worn by a group of ladies who are enjoying the pleasures of the garden.

The first is made of the new voile with a coloured bordering, and is trimmed with passementerie and Bengaline to match—note the cut of the coat bodice with its revers and the make of the high sleeve.

The "Danicheff," as the next is called, is also woollen, with an under-bodice of embroidery, which peeps out at the side of the skirt. This model carries out the idea, a favourite one by-the-bye, of one garment placed over another.

I could hardly suggest a better style for making up mousseline cottons, foulards, and printed de laines, than the gown worn by the seated figure—though the original



OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

arranged with alternate pleats of white and yellow, gathered at the waist beneath one of the new and fashionable buckles. The full white sleeves to the elbow are finished off with a gauntlet piece buttoned inside the arm and made of yellow pongee. The Medici collar has a yellow lining. The under-petticoat is yellow, the white

dress was made in Bengaline with velvet sleeves. The skirt is arranged very plainly, and trimmed with embroidery, which matches that used for the yoke and the trimmings forming the tops of the sleeves.

This yoke has double scallops back and front. The fulness on the bodice is quite loose, and the folds are

not tacked down to the foundation, which gives roundness and fulness to the bust.

Parasols have been large and gigantic this season, but there has been more variety than usual, and perfectly new styles: witness the *crêpe de Chine* pulled over each gore of the parasol and adorned with embroidered

the front and slightly on the other shoulder. They can be worn with or without an under-skirt.

An outdoor costume was made with a velvet collar and little capes at the back united across the front by a band. This can be worn with an accordion-pleated skirt, tan shoes and stockings, and parasols to match.



NEW HATS.

flounces; the white foulard trimmed down each rib with ribbon and chiffon. Both of these are illustrated; so is one of red *China* silk with pinked-out ruching and pleatings, a pendent flounce at the edge; and the terracotta *ehinê* silk having a triple row of accordion-kilted pleats.

I have seen some very pretty children's fashions at the Children's Dressmaking Association, 104, Wigmore Street, which has been formed to supply young ladies and children of all ages up to sixteen with clothing at moderate prices, and at the same time to give employment to gentewomen of limited means, fully competent workers only being engaged.

At the present moment there are some pretty specimens of their handiwork on view. The hats are large with flatcrowns, and flowers are more used than feathers; yellow and white is the favourite combination, and a charming specimen was made in soft silk turned up slightly at the back, trimmed on the flat crown with large bows of golden silk, which material was also used to line the hat, and shone through the white surface. The baby bonnets fit close round the face and have smoked crowns, and the Puritan bonnets made of camel's hair, embroidered in silk with a pinked-out frill round the face, could not fail to be becoming to a child; these latter were sold with an accompanying cloak. Some of the bonnets made in muslin were trimmed with rows of baby ribbon and rosettes of the same.

Most mothers would be delighted with the Russian blouses made in butcher-blue linen and in Indian gauze—a specialty of the Association. They are quite inexpensive, and embroidered under the arm on one side of

The Association makes up ladies' own materials, which reminds me of the many pretty and most inexpensive fabrics shown by Messrs. Samuel Lewis and Co., 7 to 11, Holborn Bars, E.C.

The washing fabrics include cambrics, satines, zephyrs, Galateas, and a number of new designs with lace-like stripes, to be had at about half the usual price, as are the many pretty camelets and foulés now so much the fashion. The woollen goods of double width drape well, and are certainly worth thinking about.

Summer savours of joy and happiness, and I think you will agree with me that the three fair dames who are revelling in summer sunshine (page 461) have chosen very pretty outdoor garments in which to display their charms. They have all had recourse to Miss Durrant, 116, New Bond Street, and they could not do better, as most of the smartest women in town know. Even dust-cloaks in our day become luxurious raiment, and the long one worn by the lady with the parasol is quite good enough for any fashionable party, or would serve for an evening wrap. It is made of a fine soft woollen of a dust-colour—something between a grenadine and a nun's veiling. It is trimmed with very wide white guipure, one of the most fashionable garnitures of the day, and it never shows to such advantage as on these fawn tints. In this case it is further improved by handsome gold fringe and galon carried round the neck. It is lined throughout with pink, which discovers itself unexpectedly as the wearer moves.

The draping of the front towards the left shoulder is particularly graceful; a very wide frill of the guipure lace has the appearance of a cape, and there is a high

Medici collar at the back of the neck. It could be worn with any gown, as it completely hides whatever is beneath it. It is one of the greatest novelties of the season to escape, if such a term can be applied to anything so elegant.

Velvet has been well worn throughout the season, and the pretty little jacket displayed on the central figure is made of emerald-green velvet richly trimmed on the covers with gold and jet. From beneath it falls black lace arranged in accordion pleats drooping well over the hips.

ribbon or waistband carried underneath the arm, for it makes it old-looking and matronly at once.

A very pretty little mantle, which suits almost any age and is extremely fashionable, is nothing more nor less than a Bolero jacket made of beads with an up-standing collar and high epaulettes, from which falls a deep beaded fringe to the elbow.

This season it is said, and I think with some show of reason, that having a pretty headgear and a pretty bodice, you may leave the rest of your toilette to take care of itself, but I do not think there has ever been a



NEW HATS.

The collar, which starts from the yoke-piece, comes up very high on the throat like a military stock, and is completely hidden with gold and jet. The full sleeves, which reach to the elbow, are black to match the front, and falling beneath the arms are elms of jet. It is particularly becoming to the figure, and quite novel in idea.

It would seem that capes will never again go out of favour; they are so dressy, so light, and so easily put on. But the cape worn by the third figure, on the right, is one of the handsomest that have been made. The yoke and collar are entirely composed of black guipure, while the full frill is carried out in heliotrope velvet; and from it falls a fringe quite half a yard deep of sparkling cut jet, which imparts great beauty to the velvet and guipure.

It is quite curious to note what a variety of mantles are being worn in London during this season. The majority are of the habit-shirt form with high epaulettes and Medici collars. These are very pretty when not overdone, but it is possible to exaggerate even Medici collars and high epaulettes.

Women who are past the heyday of youth, and who may still be blessed with slender figures, should be careful, in wearing such a mantle, to avoid the broad

wider range of choice, nor greater difficulty in selecting among so many models what is individually becoming.

In the three bonnets I have chosen among Mmes. A. and E. Hamilton's plenteous store at 21, Conduit Street—a firm now carried on by Mrs. M. Palmer—I have tried to meet the wants and wishes of the three most important ages of women.

Grandmamma's bonnet (p. 462), occupies the centre—stylish, comfortable, and becoming: which is saying a great deal, for it is one of the most difficult things in the world to find a bonnet suitable to an old lady. But this particular house has always established a reputation for such headgears.

In this instance it is made of black jet and lace with pink feathers in front, for which any colour can be substituted, as it is only a few fresh old faces that can stand pink. This bonnet nestles closely round the face, shades the back of the neck, and ties in cosy fashion with substantial strings beneath the chin.

The little black bonnet beside it has an open crown, and when trimmed with flowers (not feathers) is just the thing for a young girl. In the model a circle of pink ostrich feathers curls outwards from the aperture; it can be worn with or without strings.

"Hats or bonnets?" is a question which disturbs many youthful minds. From experience I should say that hats can be worn by quite young girls on all occasions—even in church—but I notice that in London at the most fashionable gatherings they have been wearing bonnets, though such bonnets have been a mere apology for a headdress.

hat-making on page 460 give a most excellent idea of the prevailing styles.

Straw has found a great deal of favour—fancy straws in preference to plain—and the one I have selected is made in a mixture of black and white, with most of the trimming at the back of the shallow brim, which turns up at the side and stands out well in front, where the



NEW OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

A wisp of tulle showing a knot of hair and a couple of rosettes made of loops of narrow velvet have sufficed, or sometimes only a few flowers. But the floral bonnets have been too common for really the best style.

Our last model is a combination of black and yellow with an upstanding bow in front, and a diadem coronet. It is distinctive of its kind, and is best suited to a married woman.

Hats are always more difficult to select than bonnets; and the three examples of Mmes. Hamilton's skill in

bunch of black velvet loops is duplicated. The second example is of the aureole form, in black lace, the brim coming round the face like the halo of a saint in mediæval times. The wires are all gold, and quite visible, while the crown is completely hidden with flowers and lace.

The next model is flatter, and made in black velvet, though intended for summer wear. A frill of white lace turns back ward on the outside of the hat, where it is softened by a garland of corn-flowers. This sounds as if

it were intended for a fancy dress hat, but when worn with suitable dresses it looks quite in keeping with the rest of the costume.

There are certain houses in London where those women who make dress a study and an object in life, know that they are sure to find the latest and perhaps the most daring headgears *à la mode*, and one of these is Réné's, in Brook Street.

When you enter the pretty suite of rooms on the

is made in black fancy straw with yellow velvet, and white feathers tinged with yellow.

But the most unique of the three head-dresses here illustrated is the little bonnet, which barely covers the top of the head. It is made of red lace straw, crimped and moulded into fanciful folds, surmounted by wide red velvet bows springing from black berries and blossoms.

Nasturtiums are much worn on the hats of to-day,



NEW BONNETS.

first floor, you are bewildered with the plethora of choice. How many of these charming things have crowned happy youthful heads on Ascot Heath, in Rotten Row, at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and the Albany Club, where society loves to linger! And they have contributed not a little to the happiness of these gatherings, for it adds considerably to the day's enjoyment, as far as a woman is concerned, if she knows she is becomingly dressed.

How bewitching a young fresh English face would look beneath the broad brimmed hat of gossamer *crêpe de Chine*, encircled by its wreath of roses, a sage-green velvet bow in front (page 459); or under the other, which forms an upward point in the centre of the brim! This

and broad-brimmed black *crinoline* hats have no other trimming save a low flat crown composed of roses, with an aigrette of osprey rising from the midst.

Tuscan straw has been revived, especially with a fancy plaited border; and butterflies of all sorts and sizes play their part in millinery. Some are made of feathers, some of lace, some of beads, others of embroidery.

It is curious that when the hats of the day are put on they exactly accord with the faces they are to adorn, though in the hand they look extravagantly large, and their description sounds most bizarre. For example, imagine a hat with a yellow velvet brim and a black crown, with yellow ostrich tips! And this is only one of many.



Paris Fashions.

THE month of June is nearly over, and with it closes the Paris season. It has been a brilliant time. The *Grand Monde*—the world of birth, fortune, and hereditary distinction, whose headquarters are still in the Faubourg St.-Germain—has given many brilliant and stately entertainments. The world of finance has followed with fêtes of Arabian Nights splendour. The world of art has taken its share in the pageant, bringing into it a touch of picturesque charm all its own. The whirl of town will now be exchanged for the quieter delights of country life.

The race for the "Grand Prix" marks, as we all know, the end of the season; the "Grand Prix" has been run, and our supremely elegant world is already on its way to Aix, to Vichy, or to the sweet country-side. At Longchamps the display of fashion was brilliant, but it must be remembered that the most distinguished dressing is not to be seen at those popular gatherings. At private race-meetings such as La Marche, at the races at Auteuil presided over by the Prince de Sagan, far more even than at Longchamps, is the select world of elegance to be met. La Marche is perhaps the most characteristically French of all the race-meetings. Ticket-holders only are admitted. The pretty race-course is at Ville d'Avray, the most charming of the environs of Paris. Only the select few are allowed to enter the gates of La Marche, and they usually pass through in a gay procession of carriages drawn by four horses, preceded by postilions in scarlet, the thorough-bred horses magnificent in shimmering harness.

The dresses of the fair occupants were this year delicate clouds of colour: brocaded foulards, softly bright with tints of blossoms, made up with that touch of the picturesqueness which is the distinguishing grace of the fashions of to-day; delicate muslins all a frofrou of lace and knots of ribbon; large hats garlanded with flowers, quaintly tied under the chin; tiny bonnets—just a wreath of flowers resting on the hair; parasols—fairy-like creations matching in colour and material the gown, all be-ribboned and be-flowered. The *al fresco* lunch—laid out on the roofs of the carriages, drawn up under the fresh green trees surrounding the race-course—is one of the features of the day. When the hamper is unpacked, parties are made up who lunch together; the happy talk, the low laughter rising like a veil of joyous sound, make up an impression of gaiety unique of its kind. All the elements of rowdiness are out of the scene. There are no barrel-organs, no itinerant minstrels, no beggars or wandering gipsies, nothing to remind one of the populace outside. It is all as pretty, as elegant, as sylvan, as a picture by Watteau.

The season goes out in glory. After the week of the "Grand Prix" there are no more parties to speak of; the theatres close, and Society flits out of Paris.

Through May and June charitable fêtes, bazaars, concerts attracted our social queens, bent upon the

gracious task of bringing a little brightness into the lot of the poor. Some charming black lace costumes attracted my attention at an afternoon gala gathering. A peculiarly graceful half-mourning dress was of black lace pleated over a lilac skirt. At the waist a metal band of elaborate workmanship replaced the more usual sash; the sleeves of lilac velvet were very long and partly covered the hand. The cape was of lace, also pleated, gathered into a yoke of velvet embroidered all over with violets wrought with such cunning that the pretty flowers looked as if they had just been freshly gathered. The bonnet was somewhat larger than is fashionable. It was shaped like a peasant's cap. Made of old point lace, it was trimmed with clusters of the modest flowers. Another elegant woman, renowned for her beauty, wore a cloud of black lace over a petticoat of vieux rose silk. A little bonnet, which was really nothing but a wreath of roses stripped of foliage, crowned her graceful head. A very simple but effective costume was of fawn-coloured woollen material, the sleeves and the hem of the dress adorned with a pretty raised pattern in velvet of the new blue of the shade known as "flamme de punch"—the blue of spirits set on fire. A large hat of coarse straw was trimmed with two clusters of blue feathers. Gowns covered with Pompadour bouquets, old-fashioned varèges, corn-flower-blue or wood-brown striped with pale green, and with pink, were also much worn. In light wool the favourite colour appeared to be soft tones of grey, in its various shades of fawn, stone, dove. All dresses were made with high collars and wide sleeves, in faille of a darker shade, or of a contrasting colour.

As the summer advanced, the sway of foulards became more and more established. Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of the new foulards. The thin silks are as admirably artistic in design and in the charm of their colouring as are the most expensive brocades. A pale pink foulard over which spread flowers in dreamy tints of turquoise-blue, coral-pink, delicate amethyst, was worn at an open-air gathering at a lawn-tennis match played in the grounds of the riverside club at Neuilly Bridge.

The Franco-English Society, which started lawn-tennis and other open-air sports, on an island at Neuilly belonging to the Baron de Rothschild, is a very select association. It is there that the most charming *al fresco* gatherings are held and the prettiest summer costumes seen. I know nothing prettier to watch than the effect of sunshine glinting through the trees on the tasteful dresses of the lady-spectators, watching the admirable play of the members of the club. Perhaps nowhere is lawn-tennis played so well as in France. It is a variation of the royal *jeu de paume* played by Francis I., Henry IV., and their courtiers, which fell out of favour in the effeminate reigns of Louis XIV. and his successors. Napoleon III. rescued the game from disappearance by giving a tennis-court in the Tuileries to a society of players, formed of men holding

high position under Government. The old spirit was thus revived, and besides the numerous tennis courts now to be found in Paris some are attached to châteaux in the country. Lawn tennis, the English variety of the old game, is also growing in favour, and nowhere is it better played than in the beautiful island at Neuilly, the headquarters of the most select club in Paris.

A noble lady of the Faubourg St. Germain wore one day, when a great match was played in the park like grounds, a light woolen costume the soft Venetian red tone of which harmonised well with the surrounding greenery. The dress was embroidered in steel and silver. The skirt was narrow, the bodice moulded to the figure and fastened with invisible hooks and eyes; it was embroidered back and front like a corset, the sleeves, set very high on the shoulders and wide above the elbow, were narrow and flat over the forearm. Another beautiful dress was of heliotrope, trimmed at the hem with a band, cut on the cross, of Nile-green velvet. A Balero vest, trimmed with tasselled balls of gold, opened over a loose shirt of Edison-green crape spotted with heliotrope. The high sleeves were very long. A wide sash of Nile-green velvet completed this charming dress. As the summer deepened and the flowers bloomed, the costumes grew in lightness of tissue and vividness of colour. Costumes in a new sort of crape known as Edison crape were especially favoured by our leaders of fashion. The sheath-like skirt is edged at the hem with little rouleaux. There is something very simple and quaintly regular in the form of some of the most elegant dresses. Muslin in dainty tones—roseate, lilac, sulphur—or in white, elaborately trimmed with quillings of lace and streaming ribbons; the parasols tinted and finished like

the heart of a conch shell, and the garlanded hats and bonnets, gave sweetness of colour, a suggestion of sylvan revel to the scene.

The capes made with double and treble frills, gathered into a yoke, pointed or square, have proved too popular to find favour long with our *élégantes*. Our artists in

materials have therefore designed a number of pretty wraps, of which the most original is a daintily quaint little mantle which suggests the Renaissance style. It is known as the "Mante hollandaise," and has been designed by the Maison Morin-Blossier. Composed of alternate interludes of Chantilly lace and stripes of old-gold velvet studded with jet, the mantle reaches lower than the waist, which is seen through the network of lace and soberly flashing velvet. A Marguerite de Navarre collar in jet-covered velvet gives a touch of the Renaissance style to this bewitching little mantle. To be worn with this cloak, the Maison Morin-Blossier has designed the medieval gown, the clinging lines and the harmonious colouring of which are a delight to the eye. These are the most perfect of picture costumes. Two gowns lately made in this style by these first-rate dressmakers will give my readers an idea of this new creation. One was composed of a long tunic of pea de



THE VILLIERS GOWN.

male, mahogany-colour, embroidered in front and at the back like a cuirass, and edged with an armorial design in black velvet outlined with gold. The bodice was widely slashed over the shoulders, and the skirt opened on either side over a panel of lizard-green. The other dress was a clinging sheath of grey cashmere, also embroidered in the form of a cuirass, with leaves in various tones of grey silk mixed with silver. The leaves rested on insertions of lilac faille. The wide sleeves were of the lilac faille. Peeping from below the hem of the skirt,

the embroidered foliage was repeated, spreading over a band of lilac.

The Maison Lipman has not been behindhand in making up the dresses that have been seen at every fashionable gathering. A charming gown for a young duchess was of lime-green silk. The skirt was edged with embroidery worked in the same shade of green,

is edged with pinked-out silk, or with seal-brown feathers. Jackets are returning into favour. A dainty jacket, all the more coquettish for the suggestion of sport in its build, is made with a single row of buttons, a turn-down collar, deep revers, and masculine sleeves, not placed high on the shoulder. This is essentially the modern style. Another jacket of banana-coloured cloth or tweed is



BALL-DRESS AND COIFFURE.

and the pattern crept up the sides to the waist. The graceful bodice was gathered into a corset band of embroidery. Another gown worn at an afternoon gathering where all fashionable Paris assembled was of black silk muslin covered with embroidered pansies; the bodice, copied from the portrait of Mme. Lebrun in the Louvre, was made with high sleeves of lilac peau de soie.

To return to cloaks, the illustration on p. 404 shows a travelling-cloak from Redfern, of chestnut cloth striped with seal and beige lines; it is redingote-shaped, entirely covering the dress, and is finished off with a dainty cape thrown Spanish fashion over the left shoulder. The cape

made with a high straight collar embroidered in gold; the embroidery repeated in a straight line down the front. "Scotland," the well-known tailor of the Rue Auber, has designed a coquettish costume, admirably suited to the seaside or to excursions across country. It is named the "Homespun Smocking." The vest, made with wide revers, opens over a folded waistcoat of shawl pattern, and has a large collar. The skirt is perfectly plain, narrow, and clears the ground all round.

Bonnets are coquettish trifles, shimmering with beads of metal, or garlanded with flowers. A stylish bonnet consisted of a large gold butterfly, a long black net veil

fell behind, and the front of the capote was adorned with the movement of the luxuriously fashioned red black feathers. Another original little bonnet was composed of a wreath of black feathers, an aigrette placed above the brow. This is a fashion bonnet, and may be repeated in coloured plumes. The wreath of flowers isolated from nature as the deft French finger alone knows how to isolate blossoms, running the favorite bonnet. They capote worth their weight in gold are garlanded with the last sacrifice, a radiant blossom of exquisite taste and appreciated taste. Violets also keep their hold on popular favour. Parisian violets of indubitable hue are especially worn. Scarcely is the season of the round hat, with its garlands of plumes, its clusters of blossoms arranged on the brim and crown. Fashion dreams will be worn at the seaside and in the country. The hat beautifully repeats the colouring of the plumes. The March Princess has just made an elegant costume of light scotch-starch blue, entirely shaded with yellow, and lined with crimson. The train opens over a wreath of a scotch blue, and displays on the left side of the skirt a painted panel of the plain material, of which the dress, set high on the shoulders, are also made. Grey passementerie ornaments are displayed upon the right side of the bodice. The large hat is of black lace, through the loops of which clusters of yellow pansies, inside, narrow yellow ribbon is tied under the chin.

Soft and clinging Indian veiling, spotted with satin of the same shade—sky-blue, washed pink, or delicate lilac—is much used for simple gowns, intended for dinner parties or evening wear in country houses. One of sky-blue veiling, cut loose-chape, the sleeves are large and wide on the shoulders, reaching down to the elbow, was trimmed with ruffles of deep pearly velvet at the bust, the left side of the waist, and at the elbows. The sash, outlining the pointed bodice was also of velvet. A deep radius of blue net edged the round skirt, which just reached the ground.

Another gossamer gown was of pink veiling spotted with gold, gathered bodice imitating a bolero jacket—the sleeves cut off at the elbow; the heart-shaped bodice outlined with moss-green velvet, which also formed the sash; the narrow velvet panels were let in on either side of the skirt. Another gown in a dove-grey veiling was made with a fitted bodice. The front of the skirt was edged with indigo ostrich feathers; the darker side of grey remained on the cloux of velvet on the elbow sleeves and on the right shoulder.

These simple gowns have a charm of their own, and contrast with the splendour of evening dress during the Paris season. Jewels are not worn in the country. In town, they constituted the dow in the flower trimmings. They starred the dresses; they were worn round the neck, the arms, the hair. At a concert given in aid of the poor, a fitted lady, whose voice is renowned for its admirable quality and for the art with which it has been cultivated, wore a sky-blue faille; the front breadth of the skirt and of the bodice shimmered with rainbow flashes of diamonds; diamonds fastened the folds of Alençon lace, and formed a radiant garland rising from behind the pines wreathing the hair.

The illustration on p. 467 represents a ball dress of pink crepe de Chine embroidered with roses and silver leaves. The embroidery is placed on the left side of the bodice, and ascends the skirt, which is slightly draped in front. The hair, dressed by Dentelle, an artist hair dresser, undulates back from the temples, and, twisted low in the neck, drops in two little ringlets. It is bound with a chaplet of pearls.

Worth has made for Mlle. Mursy, the charming actress of the Comedie-Française, two evening dresses of singular beauty, for her rôle in the *Deuxi-monde*. One is a radiant garment of satin and brocade. The bodice and tablier are of white satin. The left side of the bodice crosses over and studded with pearls; the tablier is edged with long fringes of pearls. Panels of yellow satin, ruffled at the hem, divide the bodice from the train of satin brocade with moss-roses. The broadened sleeves, set high on the shoulders, are long and edged with lace, falling over the hand. The other dress, of more sober hue, is no less tasteful in design. It is of black brocade velvet, opening over a petticoat of grey silk covered with lace and jet. The elbow-sleeves are fringed with jet; the Medici collar is of lace and jet.

At one of the last balls of the season, given by a wealthy American in Paris, the dresses were the most beautiful that I have seen this year. It was difficult to realise that these graceful draperies, these carelessly garlanded dresses, were sewed and stitched. A young bride wore a dress of white satin, the snowy whiteness of which was touched at the hem with a border of delicate roses. The silk-muslin sleeves repeated the shade of pink of the roses. The short-waisted Empire-bodice, with clusters of roses over the shoulders, was gathered into a pink satin sash delicately worked with gold. Roses dewed with diamonds in the hair and diamond ornaments lent a sparkle to this artistic dress. Another pretty Empire gown was of cream coloured silk, covered with a diaphanous cloud of silver-spotted net.

Perhaps the most beautiful gown—one an old master would have painted—was of white and gold brocade, veiled on one side with drifts of tulle starred with gold. A spray of roses was arranged on one side of the skirt. A white Josephine gown, garlanded with white roses at the hem, was of soft crepe. A band of pearls was clasped round the short waist, and was repeated in the hair, brushed up at the back and piled over the forehead.

Young girls wore mousseline de soie, and gossamer net, trimmed with flowers. Garlands of lilac, carelessly strewn over a white net dress, the hem of which had a gleam of satin running round it in a scroll pattern, might have been worn by the goddess of spring.

Another charming young girl's dress was of white tulle strewn with marguerites, the hem ruffled with snowy tulle; a little berthe of marguerites went round the bodice. The sash of white satin was knotted on one side; a wreath of stary marguerites crowned the head.

It was a sight to watch these graceful women and girls in their flower-decked draperies winding in and out of the mazes of the coillon. Boughs of flowers were introduced into one of the figures, and the dancers trooped under arches of blossoms held over their heads.

MARQUE DE VÉLOURS.

Marie Bashkirtzeff: a Sketch from Life.



IN the second story of a showy stucco mansion in the Rue Ampère, there is a spacious chamber which has not been touched for nearly six years. It is all very tranquil now, very still. A strange, subtle scent fills the air; even the ceaseless roar of Paris is hushed in this quiet room, and sounds only like the vague noises in a dream. Here, the light from the high windows and the skylight streams on a closed writing-desk, shrouded in amber silk; on a little altar with pictures of the Virgin and the saints; on a table covered with paint-brushes; on some huge, withered palms, huddled pathetically together behind a screen; on a multitude of pictures, sketches, portraits, and the undraped figure in plaster of a woman whose face is buried in her hands; and finally, on the life-size photograph of a beautiful fair-haired girl. Everything in that room speaks of her who once lived in it. That little shrouded desk holds the manuscript of a book which is already world-famous; the gilt Russian ikon tells of a religion which was more a habit than a real belief; yonder shrivelled palm-trees once recalled the passionately loved gardens of the South; and that crowd of pictures and studies, executed with the broad, firm touch of the new school, evince the feverish activity, the remorseless toil which hastened the end of a fine painter, and a yet greater literary artist.

It is the studio of one of the most extraordinary women of our time, the Russian painter and writer, Marie Bashkirtzeff.

The story of her short life, her frantic desire for fame of any sort, and of her pathetic death has been told again and again, and is now in all its fulness presented to the English reader in Miss Mathilde Blind's translation of her journal.* It is mainly, however, with Marie Bashkirtzeff as I myself knew her that I wish to speak in these pages.

At seventeen, when Marie joined the Atelier Julien in the Passage des Panoramas, she was the very embodiment of youth, health, and strength. At that time (according to a well-known sculptress who was then studying at Julien's) she was really beautiful, and, with her golden hair done up in a classical knot, had a most striking and antique appearance. To connect such a terrible disease as consumption with this bright and apparently exuberantly healthy young creature would never have occurred to anyone. A proof of her health and strength in 1877 was her astounding capacity for work. She painted or drew every day for nine hours: a notable fact when one takes into consideration the frightful atmosphere of all Parisian studios, an atmosphere which makes one *cours* during the day more than sufficient for people accustomed to properly ventilated rooms. And not content with attending the morning, afternoon, and evening classes, Marie used to study at night, and was for ever bewailing the fact that she was

unable to get more work into the twenty-four hours. Soon after she joined, an anatomy class was started. Being rather rapidly given, it was found to be of little use even to the most advanced students, as no one was able to learn more than a few names. Marie, however, used to go home and model bones from a skeleton, and cut out muscles, which she took care to insert correctly, so that in the short time that the lessons lasted, she mastered quite enough anatomy for the use of an artist. And everything that she did was as thorough as this.

So tremendous was her mental activity, that to be idle, to lead the life of an ordinary *bourgeoise*, was a sort of luxury, almost an intoxication for this being, whose every nerve quivered in response to the complex impressions of her many-sided life. In 1878 she writes in Soden, whither she was sent by the doctors for a cure: "I have discovered some walks in Soden. . . . I do not mean the usual paths up which every visitor thinks himself obliged to climb, but alleys and woods where one sees no one. I love this quiet. Paris or else the desert for me! . . . I bought of the woman who serves out glasses of water at the springs a blue woollen stocking she had just commenced; at the same time she showed me how to work it. I at once took up both idea and stocking, and sat down, with Mme. Dutine, in front of the hotel windows to knit the stocking, whilst my aunt and others went for a walk, I know not in what direction. A change has come over me. I have become calm, very quiet and gentle; I am becoming German; I knit stockings—or, rather, a stocking—which will last for ever, because I do not know how to do the heel. I shall never do it, and the stocking will grow longer and longer and longer —"

One of the most notable things about this young girl was the lightning progress she made in anything she took up. At seventeen it pleased her to be an artist (her ambition had always run before in the direction of music), and she became a painter of note, whose pictures are hung in the Luxembourg, in six or seven years. But her talent was almost *nil* to start with. "Marie's first drawing" I am told by an eye-witness, "showed such ignorance that the whole atelier laughed at its bad proportions. There was no back to the head, the arms and legs were too small and thin, in short it exhibited all the faults of mere beginners." Her progress afterwards was so wonderfully rapid that many went so far as to say that the first drawing was a mere piece of acting to pretend she knew nothing. It is quite certain, however, that she had learned nothing before, and that her progress was as genuine as it was extraordinary. Anyone who has ever worked under the scathing criticism of a Parisian atelier will certainly not impute to this young Russian a desire to appear incapable. Persons without talent fare badly in these small republics of art; their places are taken from them, their work is occasionally maltreated, and they are invariably the butt of

* "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtzeff." Two vols. Cassell & Co.

all the wits of the school. In spite of the small quarrels incidental to studio life, Marie speedily took her place in the affections of the atelier, a somewhat remarkable fact when we consider the praise and consideration which were, almost from the very first,

One of the first things Marie did on entering the dingy atelier that morning was that she was painting the portrait of a "*jeune femme du monde*" in her own studio, a statement which sent a phos thrill of horror through the ranks of the French pupils. The next day



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1881.

laid-shed upon her by the masters, MM. Julien and Tony Robert-Fleury.

The first time that the present writer saw Marie Bashkirtseff was in the autumn of 1880. She appeared one morning at the studio, dressed in a white cotton blouse shirt, a dark skirt, and with her hair twisted carelessly in a knot. At that time she had lost some of her first beauty, but she was still a most intellectual and remarkable-looking girl. Not above the middle height, she had a finely moulded, rather plump figure; her hands, wrists, and feet were admirable. Her hair was fair—a peculiar shade of warm flaxen—her complexion an opaque white, while the expression of her fine grey eyes was haunting.

the simple student in the blouse had disappeared, and Mlle. Bashkirtseff, dressed in a Worth gown and priceless Russian sables, stepped in on her road to some private view or afternoon party. That was her way; one day the most Bohemian of Bohemians, with her lunch in a basket, her hair twisted in a knot, and a joke for everybody that she liked in the atelier; the next, an exquisitely dressed young lady, discoursing of last night's ball or a *première* at the Français. But it must be owned that the studio saw far more of the hard-working Bohemian than of the fashionable young lady. Sometimes she would bring her mandolin and play, while the model rested, to amuse her fellow-students, in the pretty fashion which obtains in Parisian studios.

She herself describes such an incident with the true literary touch:—

"At last I took my mandolin to the studio, and everyone was delighted with the charming instrument—the more so as to those who have never heard it before I seem to play well. In the evening, during the interval of rest, I was playing, and Amélie accompanying me on the piano, when in came the master, who stopped to listen.

"If only you could have seen how delighted he was!

"And I, who always thought of the mandolin as a sort of guitar on which people scraped—I had no idea it could sing; indeed, I could not imagine such sweet sounds could be drawn from it. . . . You may laugh if you like, but I assure you it. . . . scrapes something in the heart. 'Tis strange! . . . This same mandolin met with no success at all one evening when I played it at home, before a party of grand people, ladies and gentlemen; and yet they were just the persons who should pay compliments, whether they are pleased or not.

"The brilliant lights, the white shirt-fronts, and powder, sufficed to destroy the charm. Whereas the enclosed space of the studio, the quietude of the evening, the dark staircase, the fatigue—everything tends to make you impressionable to whatever there is in this world that is sweet, or. . . . strange, or pleasant, or charming."

Though at that time she was quite unknown, it was impossible not to experience a vague feeling that one was in the presence of a personality, of a woman who would in some way or other make her mark in the world, and this in spite of a certain childish brusqueness of manner. It has been well said that you can judge a man by his laugh. Marie Bashkirtseff's was the most true-ringing laugh that I ever heard in a grown-up person. A single instance will suffice. One day, when M. Paul de Cassagnac was calling on Mme. Bashkirtseff, the lady wished to keep him to dine, and whispered to her little black page to ask the cook what there was for dinner. Meanwhile, the room being full of visitors, M. de Cassagnac proceeded to tell very seriously a story about the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial. He had just concluded, when the little page threw open the door, and in a profound silence, said in a loud voice, "Madame, c'est un canard!" Marie's laugh, even in the midst of the general mirth, was a thing to hear.

Much ridicule has been thrown on this girl for her constant pre-occupation about dress and personal appearance. But to the keen observer, her naïve vanity, which was, after all, the artist's appreciation of anything really beautiful, is one of her most human, most womanly traits. The cynic, the philosopher, the disciple of Zola becomes a blushing, living girl, when she puts on a favourite gown, or finds a fresh fashion in which to twist her soft flaxen hair. Besides, to women of her impressionable and nervous temperament, dress is a powerful motor in determining the mood and looks of the wearer. This well-known fact she expresses in a way that will be understood by all women:—

"The Embassy gave an Easter supper. . . . We had the good fortune to be at the same table with the Grand Duke, his wife, the ambassador, and the best Russian society in Paris. I was dull. . . . I did not produce all the effect I wished. Laferrière came late, and I was obliged to put on a dress that fitted badly. I had to improvise a chemisette; it was a low-necked dress and had to be altered. On my dress depended my temper; on my temper my manner and the expression of my face—everything in fact." And again she writes at Biarritz in 1881: "I have some short cambric and white woollen gowns without any trimming, but charmingly fresh and smart. . . . and white hats—*des chapeaux de femme heureuse*. And in my state of mind this is perfectly maddening."

Without her feminine vanities and childish love of pranks, Marie Bashkirtseff would not have been the strangely lovable and attractive woman she was. One likes to think of her rising with the dawn in her father's country house in Russia, and sallying forth in boy's attire with the rest of the sportsmen, even if the spoil of her gun be only a raven; or again, at Soden, masquerading in the guise of a queer old German woman at the Kurhaus, although she protests: "I assure you it is dull work to make five-and-twenty people split their sides with laughter without being amused yourself." Or again, when she is in one of her rare domestic moods: "I have spent the whole day in the house opposite with my family, where I mended with my own fingers a Russian leather slipper for Dina; then I washed a large wooden table, like any housemaid, and set to work on it at making varéniki (pastry made with flour, water, and new cheese). My people were amused to see me kneading moistened flour, with my sleeves tucked up, and a black velvet cap on my head 'like Faust.'"

It must be admitted that if, in her girlhood, Marie discoursed like a Stoic, and cherished unbounded ambitions, she must also have been somewhat of an *enfant terrible*. Utterly spoiled by over-indulgent relations, she seems to have had none of the self-restraint of other children of her age and class. When she was not yet fourteen, her much-enduring aunt must scour Marseilles to find a pawn-shop where she could raise money on her diamonds, in order that the small niece should not be kept waiting for money which had somehow failed to arrive. And even at seventeen, when she had already been through her first—and perhaps her only—love-affair, the *enfant terrible* still survives. In 1877 we learn: "Yesterday evening I had such a fit of despair that I groaned aloud, and felt impelled to throw the dining-room clock into the sea. Dina ran after me, fearing I had some sinister design; but it was only the clock, after all. It was of bronze, with a Paul without a Virginia fishing with a rod and line, and wearing a very becoming hat. Dina comes to my room; the incident of the clock seems to amuse her very much. I laughed also. 'Poor clock!'"

And yet, with all her good looks, her brains, and her charmingly unaffected manner (in which, in spite of her profound egotism, there lurked no trace of the prig), Marie Bashkirtseff seemed to have very little attraction

for men in emery. To be sure, this student of Homer and Epictetus found some amusement in the conversation of the ordinary young men whom she met. "Don't you think," she writes in her journal, "the men of the world—those men who marry—are awfully ridiculous! What on earth should I have to say to such a gentleman in the course of the day?" And again in Russia, she writes of the two young princes who came over to see her at her father's country place with matrimonial intentions:

"I am very tired of having had to smile and talk all day long for papa has insisted on keeping them to dinner. . . . I do not believe I shall make a conquest of either the one or the other. I have nothing which can please them. . . . I see a large knot, and not a scratchy one. . . . and on the fourth side. I believe that without too much pride, I am sufficiently their superior for them and to appreciate me."

Though it is certain that she would never have been happy with the husband, vacillating here at her father's hesitation, there is nothing in the thought that a laughable happiness was bestowed in the kindest possible way denied to this beautiful and gifted girl. The ways of Providence—or rather, let us say, of society—are mysterious in this regard. Like all ancient and artistic natures, she thought much of love, and it is equally certain that she was, even up to the hour of her death, anxious to make a suitable marriage. With this intent, she journeyed all the way to Russia again in the autumn of 1882, to see if an alliance could be arranged with some conscript of her own, with the result that she was even less pleased with the suitors presented to her than they were with her. "Our princes do not please me over well," she writes on this last Russian visit. "However, the little one he who beat the coachman—is lively, amusing and not silly; I do not say this because he played at being humorous by deceiving himself under a table loaded with fruit and champagne in front of them. . . . It is true he beat the coachman. . . . that is comprehensible up to a certain point in this country, and at that age. Do you think they are astonished or shocked here? Not a bit of it; for another person it's simple enough. For Prince R—it is delightful. I want to go away!"

A young gentleman who openly kicked his coachman, and whose idea of humour was to overthrow a table of wine, was naturally not a husband to the taste of Marie Bashkirtseff. So back she came to Paris and Art, and to make, next year, the great friendship of her life, that of

Bastien-Lepage. Her admiration for this great painter was very genuine, and later on, when the families had become intimate, she seems to have transferred some of her admiration to the man, though it is obvious that her feeling for him was rather that of a beloved comrade and earnest disciple than that of a girl for her lover. In her quaint, outspoken way she herself says: "I read and adore Zola. His criticising and studies are quite admirable, and I am madly in love with him. What would one not do to please a man like that! Do you think me capable of being in love like other people! Oh, heavens! Well, then, I have loved Bastien Lepage as I love Zola, whom I have never seen, who is forty-four years old, married, and pot-bellied." Only three months before her death she writes a sentence which assuredly was pointed by no love-sick girl:

"If I dish you up moving phrases don't let yourself be caught by them."

"Of the two selves who are trying to live, one says to the other:—'Put in Heaven's name have a sensation of some kind!' And the other one, who attempts to feel something, is always dominated by the first, by the *Moi-Spectateur*, which continues observing and absorbing the second."

"And will it always be so?"

"And love?"

"Well, to tell the truth, it seems impossible when you see human nature through the microscope. The others are very happy, they only see what is necessary. . . . I am. . . . neither woman, nor daughter, nor friend. Everything reduces itself with me into subjects of observation, reflection, and analysis."

Even at the end, when Bastien-Lepage was sinking under her eyes, and she herself was doomed, there is the same searching self-analysis. She speaks of him with the strange indifference of one who is herself on the brink of Eternity: "Yes, he is dying, and I don't care; I don't realise it; it is something which is passing away. Besides, all is over!"

"All is over."

"I shall be buried in 1885."

Three weeks later, Marie Bashkirtseff had laid down her brush for ever. Yet it is not as a painter, I imagine, that this girl will eventually be known. She will win the fame which she so ardently craved by that searching history of a woman's soul which she calls her Journal—a history which may well interest humanity so long as it has wild hopes, strong ambitions, and unfulfilled desires.

D. H. E.



Ellen Seymour's Romance.

BY MRS. HUGH BELL.

CHAPTER I.

MISS ELLEN SEYMOUR lived alone. In her heart of hearts, that was rather a grievance to her. To her, unfortunately, the delights of a spinster life were rather trials than otherwise. She was secretly rather nervous when she sat in the drawing-room alone at night. She didn't care for reading over her moods, because she was too short-sighted to do it with comfort, and what other advantages has solitude for a lady of twenty-nine! That, however, was not the opinion of various harassed matrons of her acquaintance who, when they listened to Miss Seymour's occasional lamentations over her loneliness, secretly thought that if Providence had placed them in a like position, they would—well, they were not quite sure what they would have done—but probably all sorts of remarkable things. Miss Seymour had no such aspirations. She was very humble about herself, very dependent on other people: absolutely without confidence in her powers of carrying off a situation. She was not more ill-looking than most people, but she seemed somehow to make the most of her natural advantages in the way of plainness. Her little, nervous, ill-assured manner seemed to say to her interlocutors, "I am not worth talking to, really, or looking at! Never mind me! better go to somebody else." That is not the way to captivate, and accordingly she did not captivate.

No, Miss Seymour had never known what it was to be the object of a romantic attachment. She was not the centre of anyone's world particularly; hardly the circumference either. No one revolved round her, nor did she, outwardly at any rate, revolve round anyone else. Outwardly, I say, for inwardly she revolved round her distant cousin, Mr. Walter Bonham—to him went her allegiance, her dependence, her confidence. He was her only male relation. She had been left an orphan at twenty-five, an age perhaps which does not at first sight appeal to us in its innocent helplessness, but which, nevertheless, might justifiably have done so in the case of Ellen Seymour. She had £1,000 a year of her own, left her by her father, who had been a business man, and who lived in Woburn Square. She had the amount of aptitude on all business questions that women generally have, which means that the simplest financial operations, in connection with her own property or that of anyone else, ever remained an inscrutable mystery to her; and the sight of the noble, lion-hearted manner in which Mr. Walter Bonham, as her parents' executor, threaded his way with ease through the apparently impenetrable maze of her affairs, made her feel he was a king among men indeed. A king among men—no, Walter Bonham was not quite that, though no doubt there has been many a worse king since history began; but he had a fund of strong common sense, of unimpeachable integrity, of old-fashioned loyalty to his

kinsfolk, which made him quite ready to shoulder the burthen of life for Ellen Seymour. To shoulder it, that is to say, as far as business matters were concerned—it had not occurred to him to do anything more. No, his cousin appeared to him, as she appeared to most of her friends and acquaintances, as the female equivalent for "not a marrying man."

At the time this story opens, Walter Bonham was nearly forty, and was beginning to feel, like Ellen, that solitude might pall after a while. Unlike her, however, he had the remedy more or less in his own hands, if he knew where to go for it. He had sought for it twice, once in Mayfair, and once in Belgravia, and on neither occasion had his attempt been crowned with success. He had been bewitched by Mrs. Claremont, a fascinating widow who lived in Curzon Street, and whose amaze-ment when Mr. Bonham proposed to her one afternoon, in a morning call, had almost driven him to commit suicide from sheer mortification. He was then, when the agony of this recollection had somewhat faded, again led captive, this time by a charming young lady whose parents lived in Pont Street, Miss Elsie Greville, whose blue eyes and fluffly fair hair had completely enthralled him. But, alas! Miss Greville would have none of him either. No, he had better have sought a wife in the impeccable outlying regions of Bayswater or Kensington, where, some years ago at any rate, people did not object so much to short brown whiskers. It was distinctly the cut of the hair on his face that interfered with Bonham's popularity. His rather heavy moustache, short bushy whiskers, and clean-shaven chin seemed somehow to emphasise his deliberate manner. In fact, it was a curious quality in him that his want of charm was almost a positive characteristic, instead of a negative one. But what was that to Miss Ellen Seymour? To her he represented the wisdom and goodness of mankind embodied in one person, and the days when he came, generally by appointment, to see her, mostly on business, alas! in her little house in Somers Place, Hyde Park, were great days indeed—days on which she would take particular trouble about her five o'clock tea, and brush her hair more smoothly than usual. Very smooth and tidy hair does not generally enhance feminine charm, but Miss Seymour, whose mother had never allowed her to wear a fringe, and who had been taught to regard as her great bugbear anything loud in manner or appearance, still felt, four years after her mother's death, that to do her hair in any other way than brushing it smoothly back from her forehead, and doing it in plaits behind, would be so loud, so conspicuous, as to be almost indecent.

Ah, if she had seen Elsie Greville's hair, very much the same colour as her own, as, the day before our story opens, that young lady had sat in a bow-window looking over Cadogan Place, and smiling at Walter Bonham! The sunlight fell on soft fluffly twists and coils of curly

take not coming entirely naturally, perhaps, but Bonham was not dissatisfied in that respect—on a bright, laughing face, on a soft white gown, and a girlish figure. It was the day upon which Bonham had, fool-hardy, ventured on his fate, and had again found himself cast into outer darkness. That rejection shocked him. He walked back along Shane Street, with anger and bitterness in his heart, determining that he would leave London and seek his fortune elsewhere. He had that morning been offered a post in India, which he had been hesitating about accepting, but now he felt his fate was decided. He would take the appointment, and go away from London, and move with a cruel sardonic heart of stone among the women of Kipling's stories. That would be his desperate revenge on society. He would start at the end of the week. He had no great preparations to make, nothing that need detain him. He would wind up his affairs before leaving. There was some unimportant legal question pending in regard to Ellen Seymour's affairs, by the way. He would go and see her, and settle all that before leaving, and then he would turn his back on the ungrateful City of London.

The next day, accordingly, at five o'clock, he rang at the door of Ellen's house in Somers Place: a decorous little house—a little house, in fact, so respectable that it was even dull, as the French writer says. He went up to the front drawing-room, where Ellen was sitting: a touching room enough for those who knew the significance of it. It was ugly certainly, but with the solid ugliness of thirty or forty years ago, which is not made commonplace to us by every day use. There she sat, surrounded by her parents' furniture, hemmed in by her parents' traditions: the kind of woman who would obviously never have initiative enough to shake herself free of them until some friendly hand should forcibly lead her clear. She blushed as Walter came in, and she rose to shake hands. It was not a tribute to him only, however: she always blushed when a visitor was announced. They discussed the business which had brought him, and then after a pause Walter said—

"This is not the only reason I came here to-day; I have also something special to say to you."

"To me?" said Ellen wonderingly, a dim vista of unspoken possibilities looming formless in her mind, during the moment she waited for him to speak.

"Yes," he said solemnly. "I have had an offer made me."

"An offer?" repeated Ellen falteringly, dismissing, almost before she had formed it, the wild idea that shot through her heart like a stab.

"Yes," he answered, "a tolerably advantageous one. I am going to India next week."

"To India?"

"Yes," he said, preoccupied with his own thoughts, and not seeing her visible emotion.

"Do you like leaving London," she said, "and your friends and your relations?"

"No," he said, "I don't like that at all, but there are many reasons why it is a good thing to do." He did not tell her what the principal reason was. Ellen was not the sort of woman to whom men unburthen their

secret griefs. She would probably have been most eagerly sympathetic had they done so, though she might have been too shy to show it outwardly.

"How long shall you be away?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with a bitter little laugh. "'It may be for years, and it may be for ever,' as the song says."

"For ever?" said Ellen blankly.

"Oh, well, I don't know whether it will be as long as that," he replied, again with an unmirthful laugh, "but it will be a goodish time, I fancy." She could say nothing. It was with difficulty she could keep back her tears.

"Good-bye, then," he said, getting up. Take care of yourself, cousin," and he pressed her hand warmly, and felt that after all it was a pleasant thing to have people belonging to him who would lament his absence.

"Good-bye," she replied. "But, oh," she burst out, to her own amazement, "what shall I do without you?"—then seeing the look of surprise on his face, she added hastily—"about my business, I mean. I never, never shall understand it."

"Oh, dear me, yes," he answered reassuringly, "you will get on all right. And that reminds me—how stupid of me! I came partly to tell you that I have told Tom Cartwright—he shares my chambers—that he is to look after you while I am away. So in any difficulty you will apply to him, and that will be exactly the same thing as if I were here."

"The same?" thought Ellen.

"I see, yes, thank you very much," she said, with quivering lip, as she shook hands with him. Ah, if the image of Elsie Greville had not been dancing between them like a will o' the wisp, Bonham would have seen and understood what it was that Ellen's eyes were saying, and he might not have gone to India after all.

CHAPTER II.

It was five years since Bonham had gone to India. Ellen had heard from him at intervals, though, alas! she had not such frequent occasions of referring to him as in the past, for the invaluable Cartwright had taken the management of her affairs, and administered them with an uncompromising despatch that left very little need for anyone else. Ellen had made more friends. Some energetic matrons among them had persuaded her to emerge from her shell, and to take more enjoyment from her comfortable means and independence. With many misgivings, she had migrated from Somers Place into Chester Street, seeking, like a swallow, the more genial south. She even had people to dinner sometimes. Hers were not smart or bright little dinners perhaps, but they were given to people who did not look for those attributes to a dinner-party; and she was entertained by them in return at well-organised meals, where everyone was enwrapped in a contented and prosperous dullness. She had blossomed out into more trimming on her clothes. She had lace and beads on her gown to supplement the deficiencies of nature, and thus made the back view of it a little less inadequate than it had been. It is very odd

that it is always the back view of a dowdy woman which is the dowdiest. There is something unchic about the waist, and something undecided about the way the basques of the body fall, which is unprepossessing. But Miss Seymour now wore more draperies. Her flaxen hair was still smooth, but it was rolled instead of plaited, in a style which the late Mrs. Seymour would have considered extremely conspicuous. She blushed less when she shook hands with her acquaintances, and she was less visibly embarrassed when she entered a room. Bearing herself, then, thus bravely in society, our heroine was dining one evening at Mrs. Lethbridge's house in Eaton Place. She and the other ladies of the party were sipping coffee in the drawing-room after dinner, when one of them, a military lady who rather tossed her head at the others, told a tale of a recalcitrant ayah who had slapped her lady. Ellen pricked up her ears. She had felt a secret property in India ever since Bonham had gone there. She felt she had a stake in that continent, and had hardly been able to contain her joy and pride on one unexpected occasion when Bonham's name had been mentioned in the newspaper as a useful servant of the Crown. She read and re-read the paragraph. She cut it out; she secretly hugged the thought of the day when he would come back, covered with glory, and from the height of his fame own her as a kinswoman. Further than that she did not go. Fancy and reality gradually mingled and crystallised round him until in her imagination he had become a sort of Paladin of romance—very unlike the sober Walter Bonham whom we once knew.

"It must be a very trying climate," she said to the lady who had been speaking of India.

"Oh, very," the other replied. "People often die there," she added, with the air of mentioning a characteristic that only she had noticed.

"By the way," said another, "I see Mr. Walter Bonham's death in the paper to-night."

"What?" said Ellen, hardly understanding the words.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Is he a friend of yours?" said the other, feeling that it was very unsafe to have sprung a piece of news of such a nature in a mixed assembly.

"Is it true?" said Ellen, growing whiter and whiter. "Is he really dead? Walter Bonham?" and, to the surprise and dismay of everyone, for the first time in her life she fell back in a dead faint.

"What have I done?" said Mrs. Molyneux, the culprit, to her hostess, Mrs. Lethbridge, in an agonised tone.

"I had no idea of it," said Mrs. Lethbridge incoherently, quite bewildered. "I remember now that they are distant connections, but there was something more than that between them evidently. Poor thing, who would have thought it?" and she anxiously bustled round Ellen, trying every remedy she could think of to restore her to consciousness.

The fainting fit was not of long duration. Ellen came back too soon to the recollection of what had happened, and to the consciousness that the very prop and mainstay of her existence was gone. Then the idea

began to dawn upon her, by the smothered ejaculations of sympathy, and the pitying looks of the women around, of the interpretation which they seemed, one and all, to have placed on what had happened. She was too dazed and bewildered to try to explain. Her one idea was to get home as soon as possible, and realise in solitude what it all meant. The people she had left behind, as soon as she had gone from among them, began to comment pretty freely on the incident. The husbands were told when they came up from dinner; the wives discussed Bonham, they discussed Ellen Seymour.

"I certainly never imagined it," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "though I know her pretty well. But after all, you know, she looks just the kind of woman to have a history."

"Oh, yes," said one of the men standing near, "and Bonham was just the sort of man to be engaged for years, because he would make it a point of honour not to marry before he had a certain income."

And, by degrees, the fact of Miss Seymour's long engagement to Bonham, and her sudden bereavement, became as well-ascertained and indubitable a fact as if it had been a public betrothal after the manner of Germany. The result was that during the next days Miss Seymour was inundated with notes of sympathy. She suddenly found herself lifted on to a pinnacle of romantic interest upon which she had no natural aptitude for balancing herself. Inquiries poured in. Eulogies of Bonham, who appeared to have gained considerably in popularity by the news, were mingled with heartfelt words of consolation. At first, as with amazement and almost with horror, she grasped the consequences of what she had done the evening before, her one idea was to write to Mrs. Lethbridge to disabuse her mind of the false impression which she had received—to explain to her why she had fainted. But stay! *Explain!* How could she explain? What right had an unmarried woman to faint at the news of a man's death unless she were engaged to him? What would her mother have said to it? That would have been thought loud, improper, indeed! No, she felt as if she would compromise her reputation for ever if she admitted that she had fainted on such very slight grounds. But then, if she did not contradict it, what would happen? Everyone would always suppose that she had been engaged to Walter Bonham. Well? . . . *suppose they did?* That was another possibility which slowly dawned upon her, and that gradually, as she contemplated it, appeared more and more possible. Who would be the worse for it? It would not affect him, poor fellow! He was beyond the reach of criticism or discussion. It would not affect her, except as binding her by a still firmer link to the past, and allowing her to express outwardly the mourning which filled her heart. And so it came to pass that by degrees—almost without knowing how it happened—Ellen glided almost unconsciously into the conviction that she had indeed been engaged to Walter Bonham—that, if there had been no explicit plighting of their troth, there had been an implicit union of their souls which had taken its place. And so she put on a black dress, she mourned for him before the world and in her

chamber, and her wounded spirit basked pleasantly in the warmth of sympathy, interest, and consolation with which her friends surrounded her. So things went on for six weeks; during which she became entirely accustomed to her new position, and walked with a silent dignity before the world as the bereaved and winnowed mourner for a good man.

One night, as she sat alone in her little drawing-room, a fat biography open in her lap—she felt somehow in those sad days as if hours were heavily solemnly works to peruse—her maid brought in the evening letters. She took them with the pensive gravity of one who could expect nothing more from the world. Suddenly, as she looked at one of them, her heart stood still, and her head swam. What was that familiar-looking Indian letter, appearing in the most ordinary manner through the hands of the postman, as though its writer were not inhabiting worlds unknown? Why had Walter Bonham written to her? and . . . from whom? She trembled before the solution of this tremendous query, and broke the seal with shaking hands. Was she dreaming? What did that commonplace epistle from Walter Bonham mean, dated a month back, and written in the legible, precise, clerical hand, absolutely devoid of human interest, that to her had always been a model of calligraphy? She read it blankly, trying to grasp its import.

"My dear Ellen," it ran, "I write to tell you that after all my absence will not be so long as I anticipated." (He little knew the duration she had assigned to it.) "I have been very ill—was given up indeed as hopeless—and passed some weeks in a hospital. I have since been told that a report of my death had been spread. I trust this has not reached you, as I fear it might have caused you some uneasiness." Uneasiness, indeed! Ellen gasped. Her mind was one seething confusion. What! All the agony, the mourning, the regrets, the sympathy, resolved themselves into a polite hope expressed by the object of them that she had not felt any uneasiness! "I am ordered home," the letter went on, "on sick leave much to my regret." Ellen winced. "I shall, however, find compensation in being at home once more, and seeing my kind friends and relations. Believe me, yours faithfully, Walter Bonham."

Ellen sat almost stupefied in her chair, holding the letter in her hand, looking at the formal, self-possessed, business-like signature. A great joy filled her heart as she thought that she would see him again. Then, gradually, as she thought on, the joy became tempered with misgivings. She felt a terrible anxiety, which she strove in vain to still, obtruding itself in the background of her mind. Mechanically she took up another letter and opened it. It was from Mrs. Lethbridge.

"My dear Miss Seymour," it ran, "it was in my house that you received the shock of the dreadful news which we feared would prove a death blow to your happiness. You must let me then be one of the first to congratulate you most heartily on the news which I have only just heard, but of which you, doubtless, were in possession earlier: that is, that the unhappy report of

the death of Mr. Bonham was an unfounded one, that he is coming over to England, and that we may soon hope to see him once more. Accept again, then, my warmest congratulations, and most earnest good wishes for your future happiness, and believe me, yours very sincerely, Bertha Lethbridge."

Ellen's cheeks grew hot. Now, now, all her misgivings leaped into life. The scales dropped from her eyes, as though she had been the victim of a malignant spell which some potent enchanter had suddenly dissolved, and she saw, saw with a merciless keenness, the position she was in; that she had let the world believe that she was the affianced wife of a man who had never asked her to marry him, and with whom, before the world, she must shortly be confronted. During that half hour she suffered torture. Everything else, her affection for Bonham, her joy at his return, all was swallowed up in her unspeakable humiliation.

What should she do? How should she fly from the ignominy that must shortly come upon her? One wild scheme after another crossed her mind. Finally, she felt that her only safety was in flight. She would leave London before Bonham came back, and never reappear in it again. When could he be here? She looked at the letter. She was too bewildered to realise dates, but she imagined that it could not be for another week at least. She would go to the Cartwrights and give some plausible reason for her departure, and then vanish. Then, as she thought of the Cartwrights, she suddenly remembered that Mrs. Cartwright had asked her to come in that very evening, as they had a few friends after dinner. That would be the best thing to do. She would go to the Cartwrights now. With a smiling face and sinking heart she would receive the congratulations of her friends, and the next day the earth should swallow her up, and London should know her no more. She dressed herself hurriedly, hardly knowing what she put on, and went to Mrs. Cartwright's. The first person she saw as she went in was Mrs. Lethbridge, and her heart turned sick as she realised what was coming. But the reality was worse than any of her anticipations.

"Ah!" Mrs. Lethbridge said, with real emotion, "my dear girl, how glad I am that I came! It will do my heart good to see the meeting. I would not have missed it for the world."

"The meeting!" Ellen had hardly time to wonder what she meant, for the next moment, amid a thrill of expectation among the bystanders, a gap opened amidst the people standing round the door, and she saw Walter Bonham. She stood absolutely motionless, determined that this time she would not faint, but she dared not trust herself to speak. Bonham, although he looked unfeignedly glad to see her, was not in the least embarrassed.

"How do you do, Cousin Ellen?" he said pleasantly, advancing with outstretched hand. "I am very glad to see you again."

"I didn't know you would be here to night!" she stammered, trying to reply in the same tone.

"No," he said, "I ought to have written to you on the way, but the fact is, I thought I would come straight

to Cartwright to see how business was looking, and call on you to-morrow."

Then, feeling as if she were being martyred and riddled by the arrows of curious glances which pierced her on every side, she turned desperately to Mrs. Lethbridge, who was standing by Mrs. Cartwright, watching the scene with a sympathetic smile on her face.

"I think," she said desperately to Mrs. Cartwright, "I should like to go downstairs and have a cup of tea. I refused it when I came in, but I have a bad headache now, and I think it would do me good," and she disappeared precipitately down the stairs before her astonished hostess had time to offer her an escort.

"Miss Seymour doesn't look well to-night," said Bonham to his friend, Tom Cartwright, with some concern. "She looks nervous and agitated. Has she been ill lately, do you know?"

"Ill!" said Tom Cartwright, "no, I think not. She has seemed to me to be very well indeed."

"Oh, well, perhaps it was my fancy," said Bonham, and looking round him, he took a leisurely survey of the room and its occupants, with a comfortable sense of being once more in his own country, among his friends. He had only arrived in the room just before Ellen's appearance, so that public rumour had not yet had a chance of apprising him of his supposed position in regard to her.

"I tell you what," said Cartwright, looking at him with surprise and some amusement, "you take things with a certain amount of coolness, I must say."

"Coolness!" said Bonham. "What things?"

"Well, I don't wonder," said Cartwright, evading a direct answer, "that Miss Seymour didn't seem to find you quite equal to the occasion."

"Equal to the occasion! What do you mean?" said Bonham, getting more and more bewildered.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure!" said Cartwright, also a little bewildered. "I never was engaged myself, you know, so I don't know how people are expected to behave under the circumstances."

"Engaged!" said Bonham, "who's engaged?"

"Why, I understood that Miss Seymour was," said Cartwright, looking at him blankly.

"Ellen Seymour engaged!" said Bonham. "To whom? I wonder she didn't tell me of it."

Cartwright stared at him for a moment, utterly confounded. "Look here, Bonham!" he said, "I don't know if this is a joke of yours or not, but I have got interested in her during these years, and I don't much like that sort of joke."

"I don't know what you mean," said Bonham, exasperated, and with a lurking feeling that Ellen Seymour had ill-used him and presumed unduly on her independence, in giving herself into someone else's keeping without asking his advice.

"We all thought," said Cartwright, "that she was engaged to you."

"To me!" said Bonham. And Cartwright, drawing him aside, in a few brief words told him the story—as much, that is, as the outer world had known of it. Bonham, as he listened, felt hardly less bewildered than Ellen herself. What should he do? What ought he to do? How could he rescue her and himself? He looked hastily around him, and seeing Cartwright engaged in welcoming some fresh arrivals, hurried down the stairs, with a vague idea that he must come to speak with Ellen, at any rate.

He found her standing by the door of the cloak-room, waiting for a cab to be called. Her one idea was to fly.

"Ellen," he said, as he approached her. "Cousin Ellen, are you going away?"

He spoke with a new embarrassment, almost shyness, in his voice, that she had never heard there before. She lifted her eyes fearfully, and as she did so she read in his face that he knew all.

"Oh," she said, with a despairing appeal in her eyes, "yes, I must go."

Bonham stood enthralled. Was this passionate, trembling woman, her face alight with emotion, the shy, reserved Ellen Seymour he had known? Over him, too, swept a wave of emotion, as he realised the loyalty, the devotion, the warmth of the womanly heart that had been true to him all these years, when others had tormented him.

"Ellen!" he said again, as he took her hand, and drew her into the little cloak-room, from whence a discreet Abigail instantly vanished noiselessly by another door.

"No, no," she cried, hardly knowing what she said; "I must go away—you don't know, you don't understand."

"I want to know nothing," the honest fellow said, "except this—Ellen, do you think you could care for me? I care for me enough to be my wife?"

She looked at him, hardly able to believe that her dream had come true after all. "Oh," she said, as she looked at him through her tears, "I cannot believe it, I cannot believe it!"

"Yes, do believe it, dear Ellen," he said gently. "It is quite true."

And in a few minutes more the guests at Mrs. Cartwright's felt all their anticipations were realised, as the engaged couple re-entered the room together, Ellen transfigured with a shy, radiant happiness, Bonham with a tender air of protection tempering his usual formal manner, which became him singularly. He and his friend, Tom Cartwright, hard-headed men of business though they may be, have upright, gentle, and manly souls, and would sooner die than ever betray, or refer to, the secret which only one other person in the world shares with them. No one has ever known, therefore, or ever will know, except the readers of this story, the true history of Ellen Seymour's romance.

Dressing as a Duty and an Art.



HE is a woman, therefore may be woman. She is a woman, therefore may be won. But let us add a precept, imperative to this poetic conditional—She is a woman, therefore must be well dressed, and let us woman worthy of the name seek to avoid this obligation. To dress well is a duty every woman owes to herself and to society; if she be a wife she owes it to her husband, and even the most devoted domesticity cannot excuse slovenliness. But there is a good deal of misconception as to the real meaning of a well-dressed woman. It does not necessarily imply costly costume, the latest expensive materials, or a fashionable Bond Street dressmaker.

To dress well is to dress becomingly, consistently, and appropriately in regard to time and place, age and social condition. Fashion does not make the well-dressed woman, any more than the tailor makes the man; for we have had wonderful changes of fashion during the last forty years, and yet the following description of a well-dressed woman four decades ago is as true to-day as if we read it:—"Her first study seems to be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable—which, if it be good and becoming, it always is or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of slippers and the recommendations of milliners. She does not have created a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or have copied in shape, if it be awkward. Whatever Goodness fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own and is never behind it."

The meretric simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not."

For a woman to affect indifference to dress is in the highest degree absurd and reprehensible; and when you meet with a woman who indulges this affection, you may be sure that she is utterly devoid of taste, has no sense of form or colour, and knows not a well-made gown from a veritable sack; or that for some reason best known to herself, she is practising hypocrisy. The dress of a woman reflects her disposition and love of the beautiful, and a harmonious and appropriate costume is invariably the index to a well-ordered mind. As the poet clothes his fancies in the fittest phrases to produce the desired impression of lyrical beauty, so the painter adopts his artistic means to bring out to living about a symmetrical object, so does a woman reveal her refinement and sense of the fitness of things when the grace of her person is one with her costume. Some ancient Greek has contemptuously designated woman as "an animal that loves dress," and that she very rightly is, so I proudly agree, but to love dress is one thing, so understood it is quite another. The mere fascination of finery is confined to the most vulgar and the most frivolous, for the art of dress, by which I mean congruous and appropriate

clothing, is a matter of culture combined with native gifts, which is by no means common. As a sane mind is found in a healthy body, so a woman of taste will always be found in a tasteful costume, no matter how simple.

Dear old Dick Steele wrote on this subject in *The Tatler* a hundred and eighty years ago. "Flavin," he says, "is ever well dressed and always the gentlest woman you meet; but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes everything look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear as if they were part of her person. . . . There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in for anything so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well." With what a prophetic and permanent truth does the old essayist describe the well-dressed lady of our own day, thus proving that the principles of dressing well are unchanging. And here is the key to the whole question—"A woman must think well to look well."

A vulgar-minded woman will always look what she is, whatever her dressmaker's bill may amount to; a sloven in thought will be a sloven in dress, though Worth himself be employed to attire her; a fool will always wear some evidence of her folly, the motley will peep out somewhere, though it be not her "only wear;" but a woman of well-balanced mind will always look well, for there will be nothing obtrusive or incongruous in her costume, though she buy her material at a remnant sale and make it up herself at home.

The association of dress with brains has received the dignity of attention from great writers in all ages, and some day, perhaps, we may see dress professorships established at Girtan and Newham, with scholarships open to the various High Schools for girls. Why should not the art of attire and the logic of looking well be included in the college curriculum? Plato speaks of "a man who has capacity to manage everything cleverly and perfectly, but who has no idea how to put on even proper clothes like a gentleman;" and how appropriately might this description be applied to many a girl graduate, who is apt to wear some incongruous colour with her blue stockings.

The whole burden of beauty in costume falls nowadays on the shoulders of the fair sex, since the modern garb of the male has settled down to a dead level of unpicturesque broadcloth, and as long as a man looks neat and unobtrusive, that is all that can be expected of him from the point of view of dress. That delightful gossip *Athanasia* tells us how Callis-

tratus, the pupil of Aristophanes, once rated Aristarchus severely for not being neatly dressed, on the ground that attention to these minutiae is no trifling indication of a man's abilities and good sense—a sound reason that would hold good to-day. But fancy a Pinero writing a tirade against a Clement Scott, because the critic's costume did not please him! Why, nowadays nobody cares much how men look, unless it be their sweethearts or their wives. It is a very different thing with women. The female form divine is not only a glorious tradition to be reverently maintained, but it is a splendid fact to be artistically adorned. The cult of female beauty is more potent than all the creeds; it is universal and eternal, and it is therefore the sacred duty of women, one and all, to preserve this cult; costume being, of course, the medium through which this priestly purpose is to be attained—costume consistent and symmetrical. The necessity for "existing beautifully" has died out with the other cant phrases of "aestheticism," and given place among its apostles to the more prosaic pleasure of living well; but the obligation to dress harmoniously is still upon all women who would lay claim to taste, be their condition high or humble.

The first desideratum of dress is that it be appropriate; yet appropriateness is just the quality to which the average woman pays least regard. In her blind desire to be "in the fashion," she ignores all individual becomingness and occasional suitability, and entirely misconceives the purpose of the fashion she would follow. Thus Fashion, which should be the guiding star of the good ship Costume, too often becomes the treacherous rock upon which it is wrecked. The poet Gay, in one of his deliciously discursive essays in the *Guardian* of 1713, says, "I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius." But though genius may perhaps sound too extravagant a term in this connection, there is no doubt that mental qualities of no mean order are employed in the construction of costume, and it is in adapting the fashion to the individual, and modifying the modes for her own special wear, that a woman displays the logical quality of her mind. A sensible woman never allows herself to be dictated to by fashion, but she makes use of it as a gentle and necessary assistant. She will recognise that the same costume cannot be indiscriminately worn by all women of varying sizes, shapes, hues, and ages, perceiving that a style which may enhance the elegance of a slight-figured young girl, may look positively grotesque upon a buxom dame of pleteous proportion, and *vice versa*: and that a colour which may harmonise with the hair and the complexion of one woman may be discordant with another's, however much it may be the *mode*. Take, for example, a fashion which obtains at the present moment, the wearing of men's starched-fronted shirts with smart little ties, and tailor-made jackets and waistcoats—a fashion which is intolerable, except on slim figures, and then only at certain appropriate times. Well, when you see a stout woman of uncertain age looking ridiculous, as she must, in a costume of this

kind, you may be sure that silly, unreasoning vanity is the keynote of her mind. No sensible woman would adopt so unsuitable an attire. Again, how absurd it was last season, when multitudinous shades of green were fashionable, to see elderly women, with mud-coloured complexions, making the worst of themselves by wearing the pale tender tints of the young leaves, which only served to accentuate their defects.

Fashion, untempered by tact and taste, is always apt to run into extravagance and develop ugliness. The history of fashion shows that, in nearly every instance, a particular mode has originated in the desire of some social celebrity to hide some physical defect, or display some personal charm; and therefore the general arbitrary adoption of an individual habit must always result in incongruities and absurdities. It is usually possible to trace a particular fashion to its source, and it is just as easy to follow the progress of its decadence. Perhaps a leading dressmaker introduces it as the latest thing from Paris—"novelty from Paris" would appear to excuse any extravagance, by the way—and her most prominent customer adopts it with appropriateness, and is admired and copied by the leaders of fashion. Then this style becomes generally adopted, irrespective of its suitability to occasion, place, or individual; while the cheaper dressmakers imitate it with the inevitable exaggerations; and so, through the various grades of female society, it declines, until the suburban housemaid makes her best Sunday gown as much like the dress of her "missus" as her ignorance will allow, and consequently looks ridiculously out of place in it.

Fashions soon develop into the incongruous because they are adopted with so little consistency. What can be more ludicrous than the present fashion of irrelevant and enormous sleeves! Originally there was a semblance of congruity about them; they pretended in some way to relate to the rest of the costume. If they were of velvet, while the dress was of cloth, they were united to it by a hem or a vest of the same material, so as to produce a sense of harmony; but now Mrs. Brown wears a cashmere gown with brocaded sleeves of abnormal proportions, and bearing not the most distant kinship with the dress, while Mary Jane contentedly tacks velvet sleeves into her printed sateen, with a proud and almost excusable belief that she is "quite the latest style."

How many fashions, whose original charm might have ensured them a long and admired career, have been incontinently killed through having been rendered ridiculous by intemperate use! The floral bonnet, at first so charming, has through this abuse been reduced to "only a tiny blossom," often, by the way, "so sadly dear," and it is now to be seen only upon the head of the coquetish cook. The loose tea-gown, combining ease with elegance, was a delightful innovation, and the spectacle of a pretty woman so arrayed in her boudoir or drawing-room, dispensing afternoon tea and talk, is picturesquely appropriate. But lazy, illogical women have come to attire themselves in the same manner for the dinner-table and the theatre, thus making this pretty garment a decided solecism.

In the interests of beauty, it is to be hoped that the growing exaggeration in the matter of high shoulders will soon put an end to this disgustingly ugly style now obtaining. I have known girls and women who have worn rous for years, in order to reduce the abnormal height of their shoulders, now finding themselves naturally in the fashion—surely a sufficient evidence of its vanity; and yet women who are not personally deformed willfully affect a deformity through the medium of their clothes.

To reverse the numerous absurdities and solecisms of the female costume would need more space than I have at my disposal, but I would urge all my readers to *think* before they dress, and to reason as to the congruity of a fashion before they adopt it as their own. Did not experience prove otherwise, it would seem almost superfluous and impertinent to remind women of such trivialities as, for instance, that they should avoid the "flowers

that bloom in the spring" as trimmings for a felt hat in mid-winter; that sailor hats look ridiculous when cold winds induce sealskin jackets; that cotton dresses should never be ornamented with velvet; that a sash should have some pretence of purpose; and that an anchor, however well embroidered, is irrelevant to a tennis costume.

After all, why should we not have an Academy of Costume as well as a School of Cookery? Surely it is as important to look well as to cook well, and while the higher education of woman is progressing at a rapid rate, let her not forget that the true dogma of dress combines the simply decorative with the appropriately useful. If this be once generally understood and put into practice, a woman need never deserve to be blamed for not making the best of herself, since not to admit the importance of dress in the world of women—or shall I say *THE WOMAN'S WORLD!*—is to ignore the experience of centuries.

E. ARIA.

The Beatrice Exhibition at Florence.

THE Florentines went "a-Maying" this year in a particularly improving and amusing fashion, though the presiding goddess of the festivities was not *May*, but the serious Beatrice Portinari. The amusing part of the programme was the revival of ancient Florentine fetes and scenes of the time of Dante; and the improving, an exhibition of the works of Italian women—literary, musical, and artistic, useful and ornamental—which, in honour of the sixth centenary of the death of Dante's Beatrice, was named the "Esposizione Beatrice." Some people may exclaim, "What in the world has feminine industry to do with a mere poet's dream, an abstraction?" It has this to do with it. Beatrice stands for the inspiring genius of the literature of the Renaissance, of which Dante was the forerunner; she is also the emblem of woman as revered by man. Hence Conte de Gubernatis, the President of the Exhibition, whose aim has long been the intellectual elevation of the Italian woman, placed Beatrice as the inspirer of an enterprise which had for its object the improvement of feminine taste, and the lifting of the Italian woman to a higher social standing than she had obtained during the past three centuries.

"Let us show women what woman can do, and civilization will fulfil our mission," said the Count. Had such a scheme been propounded thirty years ago, the result would have been small, for then womanly works were represented solely by household drudgery and ecclesiastical embroidery. In these days, however, the case is different. The thirty years of the new kingdom have been years of development in every way, and women have come in for their share of it. Kindergartens and normal schools, art academies and industrial institutes, all giving a free and liberal education, are in every city; latent talents are brought out, and an Italian girl need no longer be a misfortune and a

helpless drag to her parents, but may win her way in life as well as her brothers. We have girls who pass the *Liceo*, and take diplomas at the *Studio superiore*; women who practise medicine (for women and children only); authors, artists, musicians, telegraph-clerks &c., just as in other countries. True, these are as yet the exception, and not the rule, but we hope with Conte de Gubernatis that they will gradually become the rule and not the exception, and that the most conservative of mothers, who still keeps her girls idle at home, unless she can act the dragon of conventionality over them abroad, may be convinced that if she gives her daughters good education and higher aims, they may be trusted without constant surveillance.

The "Esposizione Beatrice" afforded a good opportunity for judging of the standard reached by Italian women in all branches of art-handicraft, as a result of this wider diffusion of education. The Exhibition was held in the Politeama, and opened on the 1st of May, under the patronage of the Prefect's wife. The aspect of the Politeama was quite gay, for the stage and pit, by that clever scenic magic so dear to Florentines, were transformed into a representation of ancient Florence in the time of Dante. From the President's inaugural speech it seems that the idea of the Beatrice Exhibition originated with two Lombard ladies. The only other speaker was Madame Alinda Brunamonti, the poetess, who spoke on the subject of Beatrice with a great deal of eloquence and poetical feeling, weaving in pretty fancies and moral lessons on the subject of woman in general, and her position in the realms of poetry and reality. The speech would have been a gem of oratory if it had been kept within due limits of length.

The Exhibition was divided into the following eight sections:—(1) Painting, drawing, and tapestry; (2) sculpture and carving; (3) literature; (4) needlework;

(5) feminine ornaments; (6) didactics; (7) hygiene and cookery; (8) divers industries. Of course, the section best represented was the needlework. For five hundred years the Italian *donna* has been past-mistress of this art, and as yet normal schools and lycæums have not extinguished the genius of the needle, as they have a tendency to do in England and America. In execution no improvement could be made on the work of the conventional needlewoman of past centuries; our criterion of progress must rather be sought in elevation of taste and style.

The choice specimens were arranged in a large room with Gothic adornments, and the glass cases with their carved trefoil arches, the alcoves hung with a damask of blue with gold fleur-de-lis, set off very artistically the embroidery, which, for the most part, had an antique style.

The pupils of the "Figlie di Gesù" exhibited a lawn pocket-handkerchief in such incredibly minute embroidery and drawn-work that it looked like needle-point, and was priced at two thousand francs. There were numberless other specimens quite as remarkable. The convent needlewomen seem to have a mania for embroidering sheets. There was one pair with the turned-down part covered with scenes from the *Promessi Sposi* ("The Betrothed") by Manzoni. Teresina Giovanelli, of Biella, worked hers with angels bearing a scroll inscribed *Buona notte* ("Good night"), the angels having frilled robes of needle-point. Another pair displayed still more questionable taste, there being represented an angel pulling aside the curtains of a square window, both robes and curtains being worked in the same laborious texture. Some with Chinese scenes in relief on them were marvels of embroidery, though the energy may have been misdirected. Indeed, nothing was more remarkable in this Exhibition than the influence of intellectual education on the uses of embroidery. The women of the north of Italy are far more advanced and emancipated than those of the south, and the work from Milan, Modena, Trieste, Venice, and Verona was infinitely more artistic and intelligent than that from Naples, or even Florence itself.

From the northern towns also came exquisite panels, serens, dados, friezes, &c., of polychrome embroidery in silk and gold, of artistic design and harmonious colouring. Modena was especially well represented by the regal mantle in black velvet worked in rich scrolls and flowers in gold relief by the Contessa Ferrari-Moreni, and a wonderful coverlet by Contessa Adela Magarani. It was on linen entirely covered with satin-stitch, the centre being an armorial design and flowers, on a yellow ground; the border, a fine Renaissance scroll. From Venice (Istituto Canali) was sent a rich altar-front in white and gold relief. Venice, of course, bore away the palm for needle-point and pillow lace, Modena following her closely.

The Florentine embroideries were, as a rule, wanting in taste, the colours being crude and ill-harmonised, but the marvellous specimens which came from the convents produced a feeling of wonder at the technical perfection and the singular patience shown in them; but one also

of pity at the thought of so much wasted time and talent. To this class belonged a whole room full of imitation oil-paintings, prints and photographs, which only on close inspection proved to be worked, stitch by stitch, with the needle. There was a great copy of Murillo's "St. Joseph and Infant Christ," worked in pure satin stitch; and a picture eight or ten feet long, in the same smoothly blended tints, representing Agostino Veneziano's "Manna in the Desert." There were several portraits in the same work; a large screen representing King Humbert on horseback; and countless framed pictures having the effect of engravings and etchings, but which turned out to be minute needlework in fine black silk and hair. "The Foundation of Rome" contained thirty-three figures in very indifferent drawing; nor were some views of Rome, and copies of etchings illustrating Dante, less curious and painstaking.

Taken in comparison with the artistic and decorative specimens of the newer school in the north, these useless but surprising works formed a significant comment on the wide difference between the embroideress of the old school and of the new. The former in her convent or aimless home life works for the sake of working, and wastes years in producing a square foot of fabric which, after all, is less decorative or useful than the print of which it is an indifferent copy. She ruins her eyes over a single fairy-like pocket-handkerchief, or puts a lustre of years of labour into embroidering a pair of sheets, which would certainly answer their purpose better without the embellishment. The latter works with a purpose, and the room which her needle adorns becomes a shrine of art which elevates the taste. Madame de Staël says that "genius is made of patience," but in the former class of workers we get a practical proof that the converse is not true, for clearly all patience is not genius.

In pictorial art the woman of new Italy has no conventional rivals, for twenty years ago a lady-artist was a thing unheard of, but now she makes a very creditable appearance, and proves that a future lies before her in art if she will avoid the national faults of realism and low ideal. Naturally there were many paintings in this Exhibition which were below criticism, and the style affected was oftentimes overwrought. There was the would-be impressionist who only succeeded in vague daubing; the oil-painter who had not learnt to draw, and produced a portrait like an ill-made guy-fawkes. But there were several most life-like and masterly portraits, such as the Contessa de Gubernatis' portrait of her husband, who is the celebrated Sanscrit scholar, and founder of the Indian Museum. The Baroness Magliani (wife of the Minister of State) sent an imposing full-length portrait of the King and Queen of Italy. She is a pupil of Professor Gordigiani, and in some technical points her picture was very creditable, though as a Court painter she leaves something to be desired, for neither of the royal pair can feel flattered. The most striking picture in the gallery was certainly that of the "Three Maries" by the Contessa Francesca Mangilli, of Cento near Bologna, which for masterly drawing and religious expression was almost worthy of "Ciseri" himself.

In sculpture, the Signorina Amalia Dupré was certainly beyond rivalry. Her "Boy Guido" is a charmingly simple little statue, and well modelled. She had also a small marble group of "Faith, Hope and Charity," a graceful "Madonna and Child," and an altar-front in marble, representing the "Annunciation" in relief. Amalia Dupré had the advantage of thorough art training in the studio of her father (the sculptor of "Cain and Abel" in the Uffizi Gallery) at a time when such privileges were not open to women generally.

It is only during the past two years that there has been a life-school for women at the Belle Arte in Florence, but this is now becoming more and more frequented, and girl-sculptors are multiplying. The Marchesa Alii Macarani sent a bust of her husband and another of her little daughter. The "Priest's Head," by Contessina Maria Camerini Ferrari, displayed much talent.

The ceramic section showed what a wide field of decorative art is open to women in painting and modelling vases and artistic household utensils. The "Scuola Operaria" (Industrial School) of Livorno on Lago Maggiore made an especially good show in works of this class, and there were some life-like terracotta busts by Bianca Poggetti Bazzanti, of Florence. Two sisters of Messina struck out an original line in art—that of modelling in leather! Their three groups of statuettes, "The Beg-

gars," "The Cavaliers," and "Children playing with a Kitten in a Shoe," are not only clever, but true to life and well modelled. Another suggestion for remunerative art for women might be taken from the really beautiful windows in encaustic painting.

The collection of literary works was small, and consisted in the greater part of pamphlets and school books. The lighter literature of modern Italy is as yet scanty, and women read too little to be able to write much. Yet they are endowed with plenty of brain when its powers are aroused, as the conversation of some highly educated Italians shows.

In the industrial part of the Exhibition women were spinning, weaving, embroidering; making dresses, gloves, hose, wigs, flowers; working in silver and in turquoise; while doll-makers, painters of majolica, photographers, cooks, &c., were plying their several crafts.

In the evening of the opening day, a very pretty entertainment was given—a representation of the ancient Florentine May-day flower *feast*, at which, it is said, Dante first saw Beatrice. The choruses for the May songs were sung by a number of young amateurs from the best foreign and Italian society, who, robed in *tre cento* costumes, personated the *donzelli* and *donzelle* who in the old days accompanied Dante and Beatrice to the feast of flowers. The music for the "Maggiolate," composed by Signor Mastini, is very quaint, gay, and original.

LEADER SCOTT.

Music.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF SÉLY DUBOIS-HOMER.)

O! from all words refrain,
You who will tend me when I strive for breath;
Let me but hear some well-remembered strain
Of music and serene shall be my death.

For music soothes and charms,
Gently unloos the chains that bind us here;
Lull but my anguish softly, in the arms
Of tender music cradled: speak not, dear.

Weary am I of words,
Weary of hearing that which may conceal
Its inner heart—best love I those deep chords
I need not understand, but only feel;

A melody, wherein
The soul may be absorbed in depths so vast
That out of fevered ravings I may win
Calm dreams, and out of dreaming, death at last.

Notes on New Needlework.

THE fancy of the day is for the decorative work of the period dating from the reign of Louis XV. until the fall of Marie Antoinette—a time when faint pale colours, elegant scrolls, garlands of flowers, and flowing ribbons were represented in needlework and woven into brocades and tapestries. The utmost delicacy

panel of a screen. The smallest flowers only are represented, such as tiny roses, daisies, and forget-me-nots; and the colouring is faint, yet clear, upon its foundation of cream-coloured satin. The bow and flowing ends of ribbon which hold up the basket are very characteristic of this type of embroidery. Another piece, No. 5 on



FIG. 1.—RIBBON-WORK AND EMBROIDERY ON SATIN AND CANVAS.

both in design and colouring then succeeded the heavy and cumbrous, though certainly splendid, style of the reign of Louis Quatorze. Much of the embroidery now prepared for ladies to execute is of this dainty nature, and amidst other and more familiar needlework is a revival of the quaint old ribbon-work, or rococo embroidery, as it is sometimes called, which was greatly favoured by Marie Antoinette herself. Many pieces are still remaining which are known to have been worked either by the Queen or by some of her attendant ladies. In the illustrations of the novelties prepared by the Maison Helbronner will be noticed two very elegant pieces of this work. That marked 1 on this page gives a good idea of the style of design that can most satisfactorily be carried out with these narrow ribbons, the coarsest of which does not exceed a quarter of an inch in width. When completed, the embroidery would be well suited for the

page 483, is still more delicate. This is worked on a background of soft fawn-coloured satin, and in the middle is painted a small picture, in a well-known style, and in delicate tints which recall an old miniature. Garlands and bunches of tiny flowers, all formed with narrow ribbons of various pale shades of colour, are a suitable setting for the medallion, which has the appearance of being suspended with the usual bows and ends of ribbon.

For the benefit of those who have not yet attempted this work, a full-sized detail is given on page 482, and a few hints on the best method of executing the embroidery may not be out of place. The satin must first be stretched tightly and quite evenly in a frame. The ribbon must be threaded through the eye of a large crewel needle, and worked like satin-stitch upon the material. It is necessary to hold the ribbon down as

long as possible while each stitch is being made, to prevent it from becoming twisted; this can be done with the thumb of the left hand. The needle should be brought from the outside to the centre of each flower, and in small blossoms a single stitch will be found sufficient for each petal. The stitches must be left slightly loose upon the surface of the satin, not drawn very tightly. A French knot of yellow silk will be enough to form a centre for the flower, if this is quite small, while a cluster of five knots will be required for the larger ones. Good-sized blossoms, and especially such as resemble roses, are raised in higher relief upon the satin by gathering stitches, which are run along one edge of the ribbon. This must then be drawn up and arranged round and round on the background in a series of circles, so that the straight edge of the ribbon stands up free from the silk or satin. The fuller the ribbon and the greater the number of circles, the prettier will be the flower. Shaded ribbon gives a better effect for such blossoms as these than can be gained by self-coloured ribbon; the darker edge of the thread always be kept in the middle of the flower. Stitches of fine filloselle should be used for some of the leaves, the stems, and other more delicate parts which are too small to be worked with ribbon. Such embroidery is admirably suited for theatey bags and sachets of all kinds, as well as for small folding screens.

Another particularly dainty style of embroidery is that prepared for execution upon rich brocade. The design of the material is closely covered with stitches of coloured filloselle, the veins and stems being put in with several strands of filloselle couched down to the brocade. The work here, No. 6 on page 483, is a good example of the use that may be made of a piece of silk thus treated. Here the material is a pale shade of terra-cotta, with flowers upon it worked over with faded tones of blue and dull green leaves. Trises work out well in this way, especially if the groundwork of the brocade is cream or some other light colour. A smaller, but none the less charming, design consists simply of a number of tiny roses sprinkled over the ground, some showing the front, others the back of the flower. These are to be worked over with very simple stitches in shades of rich yellow. For extremely large work, such as curtains, the design of the brocade itself is often left untouched, and powderings of a similar pattern are sprinkled at regular intervals over it, but with no relation to the design of the brocade. These are filled in thickly with wools, matching, or at any rate harmonising, with the brocade,

according to whether the design upon it is self-coloured or not. There is a great variety to be made in embroidery of this kind; almost any and every pattern of brocade may be thus treated, while many workers of an economical turn of mind are making very elegant articles for household decoration out of ordinary white damask and coloured flax threads.

For many purposes for which a bold effect is required, *applique* will always hold its own, and indeed it is so easily executed, and such a good appearance can be gained with very little labour, that workers can well be pardoned for their appreciation of it. For all that, there is an undesirable hardness about applied work which requires relieving with more fillings and stitches than most people care to use upon it. In No. 5 this is over-

come in great measure by the use of a patterned material (old gold damask), which is applied to a background of rich crimson velvet. The work, as shown in the illustration, has a considerable portion completed, so that the embroideress has none of the business of choosing colours and materials—often a puzzling task to the amateur.

The piece of embroidery (No. 3 on page 481) is nearly as bold in effect as the *applique*, but far more work is required. The whole of the larger portions of the design are covered with laid work, or Italian stitch, as it is sometimes called, in soft



FIG. 2.—FULL-SIZED DETAIL OF RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

shades of green, gold, and palest blues, pinks, and heliotropes. A fine silk cord is sewn down and lightly follows the outlines. Floss silk is generally used for this stitch, as it covers the material better than the finer kinds. In working it, straight stitches are first made over any portion of the pattern, care being taken to follow the direction of the principal part of the design, and to place the lines of silk so close together that the material is entirely hidden. On the wrong side, only a few tiny stitches of silk must be visible, as the work will be too bulky if the silk is taken across and across, as in satin-stitch. When the design is entirely covered, a row of straight stitches is worked over the laid threads at intervals of about a quarter of an inch. These are, in their turn, caught down by a single stitch thrown across them. These small stitches must be between a quarter and half an inch apart, and those in one row must alternate with those in the preceding line. This method of working Italian stitch is the simplest, and, on the whole, the best for covering large surfaces. For small designs, great variety may be made by arranging the last set of securing

stitches in a pattern of diamonds, zigzags, and others, over the flatly laid background. Such an elaborate style of work is, however, more commonly used for ecclesiastical embroidery than for that devoted to the decoration of our homes. There is scarcely any purpose to which such a piece of needlework as that in the illustration is unsuited. As a screen-panel, cushion-cover, table-centre, bed-coverlet, or even as a front or petticoat for a ceremonial gown, it would look admirable, and stand a good proportion of wear.

It is not surprising that the favourite little yellow acacia or mimosa has been adapted to embroidery, for

cardboard boxes are, both in size and shape, suitable for the bottom portion of it. The plush must be cut as a strip, which, when the two ends are seamed together, will exactly fit round the sides of the box. The embroidery will most conveniently be executed before this join is made. A few touches of glue will hold the plush down outside the case. The edges of the bag must next be fastened round the upper rim inside, and over these must be arranged a lining of the satin stretched over cardboard, and also held firmly in place with glue. The bottom of the work-bag must be made neat and tidy with silk, and the running for the hem



FIG. 3.—APPLIQUE, RIBBON-WORK AND EMBROIDERY ON BROCADE.

certainly its fluffy balls lend themselves very well to reproduction with arrasene. A spray of this kind is given in No. 9, where it has terra-cotta satin as a background. This is a somewhat daring mixture of colour, but with a rich tone of terra-cotta the clear luminous yellow of the flowers looks well. Another instance in which these two colours are used together is found in the smaller work-bag in the same illustration. Here the golden-yellow daisies have the advantage of a background of dark terra-cotta plush; the bag itself is of gold-coloured satin, and is drawn in below the hem with cord and tassels of terra-cotta to match the plush.

Anyone possessed of clever fingers can make such a work-bag as this, and will at once see how many

will look better if bordered top and bottom with a line of coral-stitch than if left perfectly plain. The cord which closes the bag must be run in double, so that it draws up easily, and the loops must be made long enough to enable the work-case to hang up, if desired, in one of the many unexpected places in a room in which such fanciful trifles are nowadays to be found.

The embroidery upon canvas with washing threads bids fair to be fully as popular, and is likely to retain its place as long as cross-stitch has done. It is not at all difficult to execute, but of course requires attention in counting the threads, and in keeping the stitches even. A strip for the centre of a dinner-table or side-board cloth is given in No. 4 on page 481, and shows

how the thickly worked middle is bounded on both sides with a band of drawn thread work. A chair-back in a similar style of embroidery is shown in No. 2 on the same page. The colours in these are particularly pretty. The canvas itself is blue and white, and is woven in stripes; the embroidery repeats the tints of the canvas, with the addition of very pale terra-cotta.

Drawn linen work is not likely to decrease in popularity, but rather to increase, as at present the patterns and stitches used are, with few exceptions, only the simplest "single" and "double crossing." Of course professional workers employ a greater variety of lace stitches, but I am at present considering the subject from the amateur's standpoint, and few of them have courage to attempt the more elaborate bars, wheels, and fillings which find a place amongst the specimens of antique workmanship. The Comptoir Alsacien de Broderie, at 267, Regent Street, is famous for this kind of work, some of which is prepared for the non-professional worker to execute upon linen towels, serviettes, tea-table and sideboard cloths, and centres for dinner-tables. The linen used is only that of a good quality, for so durable is the work that it would be worse than folly to execute it upon an indifferent material. Some of these fabrics have a coloured border woven in stripes between the rows of open-work.

One of the peculiarities of the work prepared by the directors of the Comptoir lies in the fact that all the embroideries are done with cotton, not a stitch of wool, silk, or flax being used. This cotton is to be had in all the shades of colour it is possible to need, and can be employed for every purpose to which wool is generally considered essential. This is the case with even an imitation of the Smyrna rug-work, which is now executed upon Java canvas with the coarsest make of soft knitting cotton. The foundation material is entirely covered with tiny tassels of cotton, which, when cut, has exactly the appearance of wool, and it is claimed for it that it will wear as well. Sometimes the small tassels required for this "pile" embroidery, as I may call it, are not set close together, as in Smyrna work, but are arranged to form a pattern over the surface of the canvas. Workers will find the knotting of them a little troublesome just at first, as the thread has to be cut off and begun afresh after and before making each tassel.

A new kind of work, which in general principle resembles the ribbon embroidery before alluded to, is executed with the finest French lace braid, or *soutache*. This can also be twisted and turned about on the surface of a material, and thus used is newer for monograms and initials than the satin and dot-stitch now almost universally worked for this purpose.

Workers truly have their labour much lightened for them nowadays, for most of the new embroidery has a large proportion finished as a guide, to show exactly what colours to use and how to use them. Many table-cloths have quite a quarter of the embroidery finished, and even such small articles as dessert d'oyleys have the pattern quite filled in at one corner, and at least lightly marked out with stitches in each of the other three. When figures are to be worked, the more

difficult portions, such as the faces, hands, or feet, are ready, the background only being left to be filled in. Those amateurs who really care for their art would not approve of having it thus simplified, to many the pleasure of beginning a new piece of work, the task of arranging the colours, and tracing out the design, is the best and most interesting part, and too often, when this is done, they weary of it, and are thankful to a friendly worker of a less ardent temperament who will relieve them by finishing it for them. The new cross-stitch, for this very reason, is likely to appeal only to the more mechanical class of worker, the great pleasure of watching the design grow and develop beneath the needle being entirely done away with by the pattern being marked all ready on the linen. I can imagine, to a clever worker, few tasks more monotonous than that of covering all the tiny blue or red lines with stitches, however rich and handsome the result. For those whose eyesight is not of the keenest, or for children, the case may certainly be different.

The beauty of a simple mixture of white and yellow, or old gold, has been found out at last, and some of the new patterns for tea and sideboard cloths are being thus worked by the members of the Royal School of Art Needlework. The yellow is restricted to one shade only upon a good-sized piece of work, so that no possible difficulty can be found in the choice of colour. As deep a tone as old gold is sometimes used, at others as pale a shade as that of the palest silk worn silk—indeed, little deeper than cream. The medium shades are, as usual, the most to be recommended, and the embroidery should consist chiefly of thick stitches placed rather closely together. Those visitors to the Tudor Exhibition who remember a quilt and a cushion, worked for Queen Elizabeth in clear yellow on white linen, will readily understand whence the fashion of using these two simple tints for modern work has originated.

Linen is much used this season as a background for embroidery in pure white silk, and very lovely is the result. How the purity of these materials will resist a London atmosphere remains to be proved; the very texture of the silk leads one to suppose that it will "catch the dust" very readily, and will wear rough if any attempt be made to shake it off. For the consolation of those who invest in an expensive piece of work of this kind, it may be stated that under the hands of a good professional cleaner it will look like new, and will doubtless undergo the operation far better than some of the coloured threads and silks which have almost a tawdry appearance beside it.

Chamois leather, or rather a soft make which resembles the texture of *gants de Suède* more than the ordinary wash-leather, is being largely utilised for embroidery, which can be made up into brush and comb sachets, book-covers, handkerchief sachets, and work-bags, besides vests and cuffs for dresses; it is even used for the crowns of hats and bonnets. To get a really good effect the silks should not be too much subdued in tint, and a large proportion of gold thread should be employed for the outlines. The elasticity of the material, which is rather a disadvantage than otherwise when used as a foundation

for needlework, may be obviated by backing the leather with a piece of thin holland. Workers will be agreeably surprised to find how easily the needle slips through, an ordinary embroidery needle with an oval eye answering quite as well as one that is specially made for working upon kid. The fancy articles made of this material are usually finished with a fringe made by cutting the edges of the fabric into narrow strips, and cord and tassels, where required, are used as a finish rather than ribbon. Chamois leather is specially effective when applied to such a fabric as plush or velvet. It should be arranged in rather an open pattern, so that the second material is plainly visible between the details of the design. There are many patterns prepared for fretwork which would lend themselves admirably to such a purpose as this. The work must be enriched with stitches of coloured silk, gold thread, and spangles, according to fancy, but should not be so thickly covered that the kid is entirely hidden.

Many of the popular embroideries are almost completely executed with beads, tinsel, and spangles, and even sprigs and dots of coral are often sprinkled over them. These pieces of work are scarcely worthy of the name of embroidery, and indeed approach perilously near in effect and method of working to the terrible achievements in beads that were once the pride of their fortunate owners. Perhaps this is only the natural rebound from the rage for "high art" in every department of life; if so, there is not much danger of its becoming a general fashion, but a medium point between the two extremes will soon be reached, and, let us hope, adhered to. Spangles and beads are often invaluable, as a means

of lightening the effect of a somewhat dingy piece of work, but few things become so vulgar in appearance when loaded on with too lavish a hand.

In many of our best shops are just now shown some novel chair-backs, tastefully ornamented with embroidery. The material of which these are made is usually plush or silk, so that they form an appropriate foundation for many different styles of needlework. They are really cushions, two of which are laced together across the top and part of the way down the sides, and they are shaped like the back of a chair, so that they fit closely over it. Sometimes they are thickly stuffed with down, at others they are filled in with merely two or three layers of flannel. The embroidery is worked only on that part of the cushion which faces the room when the chair is in use; the under portions should be of quilted satin, and the reverse side of the second cushion covered with silk, to match the front, but without embroidery. These twin cushions look equally well when made of linen embroidered with flax threads, and will be found not only particularly comfortable to lean back against, but quite steady upon the chair when in use, provided only that they have been properly made and fitted. Such chair-backs as these will keep their shape, and will not degenerate into mere flimsy wisps in that exasperating manner familiar to all who use a room in which the seats are still provided with the antiquated antimacassar. Many people would enjoy a cosy chat all the more were they relieved from the consciousness that every movement is doing more and more harm to a delicate piece of embroidery behind them, which is, or was, an ornamental feature of their chair.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Philomela.

YOU sing, you sing,
While on resting wing,
Shy bird, to the night akin;
Is your nest anear
That your love can hear?
Or have you your love to win?

With soft eyes glist'ning,
Where sits she list'ning,
Wak'ning to love of you;
While the whole wood thrills
With your passionate trills!—
You win, forsooth, as you woo.

O teach me the ring
Of the wild notes you sing,
For my heart is passionate too;
Words eager and strong,
As your love-laden song,
The heart of my darling to woo!

ALICE MULLINS.

Geneva and its Jewellery.

QUAND je secoue ma perruque, je poudro toute la République," said Voltaire; and to-day, as one looks round on the calm fair little city, with its rapid Rhone, and its peaceful blue lake, it is not a little difficult to imagine that all the great revolutions since the sixteenth century—in thought, in religious and social questions—have had their origin here. For here Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Necker, and Madame de Staël lived and moved in the distant past, while in the present we find ourselves among the Socialists and Nihilists, and the Radical element of Geneva itself, which not so many years ago ruled the destinies of the city. Revolution, however, seems to have been generally an imported element; and the Swiss declare it is the same thing in the present day, and that they have no sympathies with such movements. The name of Rousseau lands us in the midst of the chief Genevan industry; for he was the son of a watchmaker of Geneva, and was born in 1712, being intended to follow in his father's steps. But at sixteen he left Geneva for Paris, and the watchmakers knew no more of him—save perhaps that they helped to throw faggots on the fire which burnt up his works in 1763, and which was kindled by the hangman of the city, at the order of the magistrates, and at the instigation of Voltaire. Less than a century later (1834) their successors in the craft, no doubt, subscribed towards that statue in bronze which sits so solemnly in the midst of the trees on the island that bears his name.

After all, neither Voltaire nor Rousseau was a particularly charming person, and one turns with pleasure from those stormy days of social revolutions to the sunny industrial Geneva of to-day, as she lies by the side of those famous blue waters of Lake Lemán, the arrow-like flight of the rapid Rhone cleaving her dwellings into two portions, and filling the air with the reposeful sound of rushing waters. The modern portion of the city—well built and of shining whiteness—stretches by the side of the lake, while the grey mass of the old city, dominated by the greyer towers of the cathedral, rises at the back. On one side are the dark ranges of the Jura; on the other the mountains of Savoy; and afar off, behind them, the whiteness of Mont Blanc, radiant in the diadem with which "they crowned him long ago."

Watchmaking as a trade is more scientifically pursued at Geneva than elsewhere, I fancy. The watchmakers form societies and associations, and have some beautifully illustrated scientific publications; while the municipality of Geneva has a school of watchmaking which is celebrated in all parts of the world, and has apprentices of all nationalities. The delicacy of touch and handling which could make watches has led the way to the manufacture of all other fine mechanisms, and consequently to that of jewellery, enamels, and musical boxes; while all kinds of instruments are made at

Geneva. The electric light has taken up its abode here in a special manner, and private houses are lighted with it as well as shops. With the immense motive-power of the Rhone so near at hand, one cannot wonder at the industrial importance of this city.

Although Geneva seems at present the scientific centre of the watch trade, the first beginnings of the industry, and the centre of the popular trade, is in the canton of Neuchâtel. In Geneva seems congregated the finest class of work, beautiful enamelled and jewelled watches being made here in all kinds of styles—the Directoire and Empire revivals, especially, having brought about a fancy for enamels and miniatures, two tastes which had long passed away, in all seeming, from fashion. The miniatures made at present are not of persons, but copies of pictured heads, some of those in the new Pinocothek at Munich being specially drawn upon, and also old Nuremberg headdresses, and others of the Tyrol, of the *moyen age* in North Germany, and of the Hanse Towns, consisting of such jewelled and laced things as the rich burghers' wives then affected.

This taste for miniatures of German styles in painting is comparatively new, and seems to have succeeded an older one which concerned itself only with the Madonnas of Guido and Guercino and those of Carlo Dolce, the Bella of Tiziano and the Flora being also favourite subjects, as well as the Cenci, which may be found anywhere, of course, from Alaska to the Fiji Islands.

The German subjects are really modern people painted in ancient dress by modern artists of Germany. The watch enamels are generally landscapes or small groups of Watteau figures, shepherds dancing and piping, and Grouse-like figures of the marquises of the Louis XVI. period. The chasing work is of great minuteness, and is mixed with delicate enamel. The floral designs are most preferred just at present.

The trinkets of to-day at Geneva, as well as in other parts of the Continent, seem to be exclusively made in the styles of Louis XVI. In nearly everything they differ from ours; they are both more delicate and less solid in appearance, and there is, as is well known, a marked difference in colour, arising from the different amount of alloy used in the manufacture.

Here in England we lean to a yellow hue, and from this we gain many expressions in our language. "As yellow as a guinea," for instance, applies to a complexion gained in India perhaps, and would exactly signify the hue of the face when the liver is very much affected. Our currency in this country has been of the same hue for centuries, from the nature of the alloy—namely, one part of copper or brass to eleven parts of gold—so we may conclude, I think, that our ideas in England of what is really good in gold are founded on, and derived from, what seems always to have been the colour of our gold coins. The gold of our

jewellery, however, is alloyed with varying quantities of silver and copper, and the addition of a very small quantity of alloy will make a considerable difference in the colour of gold. Since the 1st of October, 1844, all gold wares of the standard fineness of twenty-two carats of fine gold in every pound troy, must be marked with a crown and the figures 22, instead of the lion passant of old days, which was called by Mr. Fagan and others of his class "de leetle dog." By a later Act the lowest standard of gold wares is fixed at one-third part in the whole, and a stamp must be used declaring the actual fineness in figures. By a more recent Act gold wedding-rings are dealt with, and they must be assayed and marked; which suggests the wish that the people themselves might be tested, too, in some way, as to their fitness to make each other happy.

The quality of gold most extensively employed is that of nine carats, having fifteen parts of alloy, and this has the sanction of a hall-mark. Jewellery is also made in Birmingham—the centre of the cheap jewellery trade—called "common gold," which is still lower in its composition, and has seven parts of gold to seventeen of alloy, with no hall-mark.

The jewellery of special countries and periods is very distinct in its character, and I am told that the colouring of gold in the various countries is very dependent on the materials at the disposal of the makers. The redness of the Continental gold is due, of course, to its alloy of copper, and its use may be favoured by jewellers owing to its being extremely malleable, ductile, and soft; thus it can be worked up into its various forms at ordinary temperatures, making the use of such gold far more easy. While we go in for massive effects, the Continental jewellery is extremely fine in its engraving, chasing, and workmanship, and the use of enamel adds great beauty. The chains and bracelets may be especially mentioned; their intricacy is sometimes wonderful, and they are amazingly strong for their delicate workmanship, while they preserve their colour and appearance in a way that sometimes astonishes one on being shown some article that has been in constant wear for many years.

The jewellers' shops throughout Switzerland—especially those in the fashionable thoroughfares of Geneva—

are filled with pretty gewgaws of all kinds, the very last bizarre product of the Parisian workman, and all the slight fanciful jewellery which one sees in the Burlington Arcade. I well remember, when I did not know so much of foreign ways and modes, thinking that all the Swiss jewellery shops were much like those of the Palais Royal—very pretty and bright, but not good or very valuable. This is more especially the case in Geneva; some of the other Swiss cities have adopted now the foreign ways in a measure, and you may see very handsome jewellery in the window.

The chief jewellers are far more retiring, and you have to make your way to the first, or even the second, floor of some handsome palace-like house, and there you will find a fine large room, where on some beautifully carved or marble table the jewels you require will be laid out on their velvet or plush cloth for your quiet inspection. This means, of course, that you go *au grand sérieux*, as the native Swiss do to purchase wedding presents, or some pretty outfit for the young girl just entering on life, and needing watch, chain, brooch, and perhaps bracelets, to deck herself with.

One thing after another is laid out, carefully and methodically looked at and discussed, while it is not unlikely that the visitors have brought their own rough drawings, and have ideas to be carried out. For do not imagine that the things you have been looking at are for purchase on the spot—not at all; you give your orders, and the articles are made ready for you by the time appointed. The things ordered in this manner seem to me to have more value, and to be more thought of, than the chance article picked up without especial thought or artistic consideration; and they last a life-time, too, for the Swiss have not yet arrived at changing their jewellery at the dictates of either caprice or fashion. Beautiful old enamelled chains have been often shown me, worn by old ladies, so slender and delicate that they looked, as they really were, like the ornaments of youth only. "C'est mon cadeau de noce," explains the soft old trembling voice, and you understand that round its pretty links are wrapped perhaps all the romance and tenderness of a lover and a love which has gained eternal youth in dim and faithful eyes that were once as bright as the jewels themselves.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



Getting up a Health-Class.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.



AM persuaded," wrote the late Sir W. Gull in the pages of a review, "that nothing better could be done than that lecturers should go about the country instructing the people upon the disadvantages of alcohol as daily used, and also on the laws of health." Happening to read these words, I determined at once to follow the advice. But how to do so, was the question—especially as certain lecturers on "temperance" had lately, and in the very neighbourhood of the writer, perpetrated such displays of intemperance (in speech) as had made me all but determine to remain dumb for ever on the subject myself. Still, remembering that the wisest ideas require words to promulgate them, and that Demosthenes needed more than the ocean waves to profit by his eloquence, and Socrates more than Xantippe to sharpen his dialectics upon, I altered my opinion on that particular point, and braving the ridicule which I felt certain awaited me, I set out at once, not only to find an audience, but a room where my audience might listen. The street, the field, or the quarry, however inspiring for the genius of a Whitfield, a Wesley, or a stump orator, would have been the very reverse for one whose mouth had never yet opened on public platform.

Now, to get a room for the purpose was not so easy as it appears. To hire one was expensive; while getting the expense paid for by friends was out of the question altogether, since the whole thing had been voted by them useless and, worse, harmful. Being secular, not religious, it met with but little favour, the health of folk's bodies being of but little importance, while the health of their souls is all-important. Yet one has heard of an ancient maxim, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

However, one room in the parish was available, and, belonging as it did to a clergyman holding views that are known by the cognomen "Broad," this room was lent me for the purpose—lent, let me add with gratitude and thanks, gratuitously. A clean cheerful room it was—near, but not too near, the high road, while in delightful proximity to the poor and densely crowded neighbourhood that I fondly hoped would ere long fill my room, and benefit by my lectures.

In that room, then—ominously large when I remembered my feeble voice and palpitating heart—behold me, reader, sitting waiting for the audience I felt sure would come. Sure, because it had been well advertised, not only in local papers, but in posters on the walls, the word "*free*" conspicuous on the paper.

"Ah! they would like it—how to save the doctor!—just what they wanted to know"—was the prompt answer I always got; and if any did just hesitate,

yet when told the lecture would always be followed by music, or the recitation of some popular ballad, they at once agreed to come, as "*they did like music or a bit of poetry, they did.*"

Here, then, was I, waiting and hopeful; harmonium at my side, open; table in front of me; the inevitable decanter of water, however, removed with care to a distance, lest in the enthusiasm of my subject I should disturb its equilibrium. My diagrams, presented by an artist-friend well practised in anatomical drawing, looked bright and attractive; a cheerful fire burnt in the grate; the gas did not flicker, neither did my memory, as, eager to begin, I repeated to myself the opening words—words that would instruct without dogmatising, would benefit without patronising; in fact, words little short of perfection. Fortune smiled upon my work, and my soul panted for the clock to strike the hour of eight.

Eight o'clock, but no one arrived! Ah! the clocks of poor people are always wrong, and the room will soon be full. I wait patiently another five minutes, and another—then walk to the door and look out; the women are probably there, but are listless, and want my special word of invitation. Alas! not a soul to be seen. Rain, too, is falling—not heavily, but still enough to keep them at home; especially as poor people seldom have umbrellas, though they may be had, strong cotton ones, for one shilling—aye, for sixpence!

Disconsolately I return to my seat, but, remembering Sydney Smith's advice to persons alone and dull, to stir up the fire and make a blaze, I do so, and already feel invigorated, in spite of the clock now showing twenty minutes past the hour.

To pass the time I begin to learn my notes. In this employment another ten minutes pass slowly away, and again, though with a sinking heart, I go to the door to inspect the clouds. Clouds? Every one gone, while a gentle moon sheds its tender light over roofs and chimney-pots and the one leafless tree that shows over the garden-wall opposite. Is it all a dream, this, class and everything else? Alas, no! for there, staring at me from the door, is the printed announcement in letters half as big as my hand, "Health-Class, for Women only."

Dismally I wander back again. The silence, however, was unbearable; and I longed even for some street Arab with his defiant war-whoop to put an end to my torture. But why be tortured? it suddenly occurred to me. Why not go home, and end it? If the women did not want to hear about "their health, and how to keep it," they were the fools, not I. And wild at my discomfiture I snatch down the diagrams, turn down the gas, preparatory to beating an ignominious retreat, when hark! a sound as of feet outside, too loud for stry dog or cat, varied, too, by the occasional stump as of crutch or wooden leg. Loud breathing, too, as of several awe-

struck people together. Hastily I hung up my diagrams again, resume my seat, assume a look of composure, and await the arrival of my long-expected audience. But no one comes, and, indifferent to loss of dignity, I fly to the door, and see—who! One poor old woman, bent, decrepit, half blind, and very deaf, who, grasping me by the arm, gasps faintly, "Be you the lady who sed she'd teach poor folks like me how to get well, and wouldn't charge 'em nothink?"

I mildly remarked that I was that individual.

"Well, then, I've comed to 'ear yer," tumbling down upon a chair; "but yer must speak hout well, as I'm rather 'ard of 'earing—and I'm that tired I wish to goodness I'd never come!" and giving me a good look down from head to foot, she muttered to herself the by no means flattering remark that "I looked a poor sort of creature to give advice about anythink."

Putting as good a face on the matter as I could, though hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry, I did my best to comfort the old woman, listening to her long, very long, stories of aches and pains, and giving her a few practical hints, which she took with good temper, "Because I didn't bawl like most folks did," and finally, as the clock struck nine, took up her crutch to go, with the ambiguously comforting remark that "she would be sure to come again."

Thus closed my first "lecture," but not my *last*; and, hopeless as the attempt seemed, it was ere long crowned with success. By the time that the spring had come round, and I purposely closed the series, my audience numbered between thirty and forty women and elder girls; while improved health in themselves, and sanitation in their homes, afforded ample proof of real benefit derived by the teaching, visits I paid unexpectedly at their houses showing me how attention was now paid to cleanliness, cooking, diet, dress, and because they affected health. The "alcohol" question, too, was by no means left out, though I took great care to avoid its incessant intrusion, knowing how the poor are always deluged with the subject, and very naturally resent the irritating practice. Consequently my plan, instead of denouncing "drink" as abominable, was to explain its physiological effects, and prove that these were injurious and deceptive, enforcing every statement by repeating to them the printed remarks of our most eminent medical men on the subject.

The women, of course, were immensely surprised when they heard all this. But they found I never flinched from these assertions; I told them, moreover, that I acted on them myself, and had not taken alcohol for years, not even for illness; that I had no wish whatever they should sign the pledge; that I had not, and did not intend to; but that they had strength of will, and could train these wills to still greater powers of self-control; also, that they had common sense, and could see for themselves the harm that "drink" did, even in moderation—giving them, of course, all the anecdotes I could in favour of my assertions.

Consequently (and, as I think, because I adopted this slower, but surer plan) every one of the women gave up her belief in alcohol—either as a tonic, a stimulant, or a

medicine—drinking, instead, tea, coffee, milk, or water, as the taste of each dictated. Moreover, they repeated what I said at home, to husbands, sons, brothers; and many were induced to take less, and some to give it up altogether, while in all the belief in its virtues had been shaken.

Another use of my lectures was the enlightening of their ignorance on the causes of disease. That they could make themselves ill, and keep themselves well, was an idea as strange as if I had spoken to them in Greek; or that digestion depended largely upon the nature of their food, how they ate it, slowly or fast, well or ill cooked, whether in close rooms or in the open air; that a quantity of heavy clothing did not prevent catarrh, while a little warm, light, clothing did; that tight stays would make them ill; that "chills" (a complaint the poor have an unspeakable horror of) were far less frequent in cold than in hot weather; that to prevent "chills" a glass of hot spirits and water was of no manner of use; that consumption, rheumatism, cholera, diphtheria, &c., were not diseases floating about at random, and fixing themselves with all the uncertainty of fate upon any individual unlucky enough to become their victim, but were matters lying in their own hands, largely to prevent and to cure. Surely such talk was of use; and when enforced by constant reference to the diagrams, followed up by visits to their own homes, it must be of very great use.

"Yes, useful, but tedious," says another reader. Tedious? Why, it was the merriest and most amusing of times, to myself, and to the women indeed, to whom it was the most attractive gathering in the neighbourhood. That I could see for myself, in their punctuality, in their absorbed attention, in the *naïve* and clever answers when I pounced upon them unexpectedly with a question, in the shouts of laughter at anything amusing in my lecture, or anything that struck particularly home to them, and lastly, in the reluctance shown for the class to be broken up that I might take a holiday. "Why, it's as good as a play," said one woman, whose outspoken way of expressing herself was a joke in itself; as, indeed, *physiology* is (for that was what she meant). The mechanism of the body, the circulation of the blood, the formation of the eye, the ear, the brain, the throat, the lungs; the way in which we breathe, and move, and talk, and sing, and think—so marvellous was the revelation that they would sit literally spell-bound as I explained the phenomena, and then burst into laughs of irrepressible astonishment and delight.

My calls, too, at their houses were another source of pleasure. They would show me, with looks of pride, how they no longer opened their windows from the bottom, only to give them a stiff neck or a sore throat, while the air remained as foul as ever, but from the top, when it caused no draught. "And my 'usband," they would say, "he quite likes it; even when it's cold—the room don't smell so of his pipe, nor of the 'errings we 'ad at supper—and up in the bedroom it's fust-rate—we just sleep like tops now, mum—for, you see, with five pair of lungs all going, and p'ising the air, as you told us our breath did, it wer' bad for us, it wer'."

Two smiling, their own persons, I mean as a necessity to health was an idea as startling as if I had told them I came from the moon. Their faces and hands of course they must wash as they would look like luggers in heaven—but that perspiration was a poison, which must be washed off once in the twenty-four hours, or it would find its way in through the pores of the skin, and so into the organs of the body, doing incalculable mischief, and so if I had told them to believe in the wisdom of Mohammedan ablutions.

But once believed, their anxiety lest they should want to do it, combined with the difficulty in their small houses of doing it at all effectively, made me (for your comfort, at least) almost wish I had never told them about it. For when ignorance is bliss, to tell to be wise. However, like a hawk of inspiration, came Miss Nightingale's advice: "Put my mind—yes, that's just of hot water, soap, a rough towel, plenty of friction, and a curtain along of you too, to insure privacy, were ample substitutes for the much elaborate of baths, and my usual good way." Plenty of other ailments also I brought before their notice—coughing, cold, sneezing, measles.

But whatever the subject, the women were always informed as with quotations of "My aunt, pious as I thought it." Well, I never did you ever? that would have with localities attention, and thus ply me with questions as odd as the mind of man could possibly conceive. And if serious reading, this article fails promptly to start a plan also, but sure it will prove a valuable hint at doing for our women than it will prove the liveliest effect of the whole week through. The mistakes and miscommunications of the women, too, would have made another "Don Miller," and often made me, in spite of my conscience, shake with suppressed laughter. "Be here, for instance, of a disease called 'the brown gitters,' and, of course, would be most be connected with the legs (depression of something dreadful), and then suddenly discover it was 'brought on' was rather trying to some extent. And then another person declared she could not possibly take notice of me, because their mother has 'spare' a lot. Another lamented sadly that 'the whole was a bad,' and I kept crying attempting to make her by saying I would speak to the landlord. 'He won't do no good,' she said, with a toss of the head; 'it's the attack on her leg, I means.'

And then it burst upon me she meant "circumcision," pronounced "can let's." Another informed me, with extreme gravity of manner, that "those children cut their teeth in their beds, or their stomachs, or their legs; but that here always cut them in the small of their backs!" "Ain't too, with the 'h's," they invariably put before it and "har" without this "h's" were a constant bewilderment to me, and also to themselves as to what I meant; and really I had serious thoughts of sacrificing education on the altar of common sense afraid that some grave mistake in practice might occur through never knowing which word I meant, and that they might some day deluge their children's heads with chloride of lime or peroxide of potash, while they bestrewn the floor with indurated and the disordered babies' caps. Still, when I reflect on the number of mothers whom I saved from the crime of infanticide, and the children from all sorts of terrible deaths, namely, suffocation from thick woollen shawls thrown over head, face and mouth—to keep out the cold, forsooth; or cramming solid food, such as ham and cold potatoes, down their throats, under the idea it would make them strong; and giving them sips of beer and gin to allay their thirst, I breathe again, and am assured that I did not give up the class in despair.

Much more could I tell of beneficial results did space permit. An amusing episode, however, shall close the paper. Owing to the sudden illness of a near relative, I was obliged in hot haste to find a substitute for my class-leadership. Knowing from previous experience that no lady would agree to speak, I sent to a gentleman (an M.D., but not in practice, almost in despair meanwhile, as I knew he "pooh-poohed" the whole affair. But he came, and when fairly launched on his theme, entirely changed his mind; indeed, in an unwary moment, so charmed was he with the women's rapt attention, and the will pardon me for saying so) his own excellent performance, that he offered at the close to give them any medical advice they might ask him for. Unlucky man! For, charmed at the offer, the women did each unfold so long a tale of aches and pains that, pinned to his post, another Osbourne, he seemed doomed to remain till fainting or dizziness should come to his relief. In fact, I don't think he knows to this day how he made his escape. He believes he turned out the gas, and in the confusion bolted, a wiser if a sadder man.

E. N. SHEFFIELD.



Dramatic Singing as a Career for Women.



AMONG the vocations which women are by general consent allowed to claim as their own, dramatic singing stands conspicuously first. No fortuitous circumstances, no extraordinary perseverance, could combine to produce a singer like Patti, who holds thousands entranced as she represents to them with ideal charm the sorrows of Aida, the love of Juliet, or the rustic grace and piquancy of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. A great singer is as much set apart for her calling as a poet charged with a divine message to the hearts of men; and so in lesser measure a strong natural impulse, an unmistakable "leading," should prelude any worthy determination to go on the stage. This truth may be well considered at the present time, for the movement advancing the interests of women in all departments of labour brings with it a danger that the claims of special fitness may not be sufficiently weighed. There can be no doubt that art would gain, and the individual worker be better rewarded, were trained intelligence employed in elevating useful occupations rather than expended in putting forth artistic efforts which are not the best of their kind, and so are foredoomed to failure more cruel than any that the toiler in a quiet sphere need fear to endure. A wish to obviate the disappointment caused by incautious choice of a career may excuse this word of warning. It is a pleasanter duty to pass to a review of musical works included in the dramatic repertory, and consider in which department the prospects are most propitious to success.

We will include under the general term "Musical Drama" the principal known forms, with an example of each:—(1) Grand Opera (*Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer); (2) Wagnerian Opera (*Lohengrin*); (3) Florid Italian Opera (*Il Barbiere*, Rossini); (4) Ballad Opera (*Bohemian Girl*, Balfe); (5) French Opéra Comique (*Carmen*, Bizet); (6) English Comic Opera (*Gondoliers*, Sullivan); and (7) such burlesques and pantomimes as are under the supervision of skilled musical directors.

This list is not exhaustive, and is not arranged in strict logical order. For purposes of convenience many incongruous works when sung in Italian are called Italian Opera; when sung in English, English Opera; but each heading numbered as above may serve approximately to mark out a class.

It may be noted that in classes 1, 2, and 3, opportunity for employment is very limited. One short and uncertain season, undertaken by private speculation, represents the operative year as far as England is concerned. The works in classes 4 and 5 (with occasional selections from the above) are in active performance, according to the order most in demand, throughout the provinces, and for a few weeks in London, by a single company of considerable repute—the Carl Rosa. The strange absence of support for serious opera is generally explained by the

national character for coldness and reserve, which makes English people slow to sympathise with emotional display, or by their supposed lack of musical talent. The truth seems to be that they are not responsive to too many demands at one time. An opera is a romantic play with scenes, incidents, and dramatic action having every appearance of reality, but where the emotions are expressed in a language of their own beyond the limits of speech. Many people find these conditions too great a strain upon the imagination. Comic opera, on the other hand, pleases the fancy with its perversity and the ear with its tunefulness, and so appeals equally to the people and the connoisseurs. A tide of prosperity has continually attended the whimsical plays of Gilbert and Sullivan. The musicianly orchestration and wonderful stage management of composer and author have given to these happy combinations of melody, ingenious plot, and witty dialogue, a stamp of artistic distinction that has raised the standard of taste in other works of the same class. Excellent singers are engaged every year for pantomime and burlesque, which, following a good lead, have greatly improved the style of their music, dancing, and scenic accessories. Figures 6 and 7 may therefore be taken to represent the most flourishing departments of musical drama, and so, while the fashion lasts, the most financially successful.

The choice between serious and comic opera having been made, the singer's method of preparation must be adjusted accordingly. For a soprano or contralto of the first rank a voice of exceptional range is indispensable; also marked aptitude in seizing upon the dramatic significance of a part; reliable memory, physical strength, and stamina. For supreme talent the sphere of work is wide, long and careful training absolutely necessary. To begin with, the voice should be carefully prepared for its future task by a professor of experience—not necessarily at one of the academies, as promising pupils are there in danger of being put prominently forward too soon—and kept strictly to vocal exercise till free emission of the notes, sustaining power, and flexibility are assured. Mme. Trebelli, a consummate artist whose *répertoire* is enormous, and for whom no difficulties exist, acquired this wonderful control of a voice powerful throughout its extended compass by continual study of *solfeggi*; the result attained being a distinguished beauty of style that no hastily acquired facility can hope to copy. During this preliminary period the student would do well to learn some modern language; add to the store of musical knowledge in every possible way; and devote a portion of time to exploring the treasures of history, poetry, and romantic literature, from which are drawn in endless combinations the characters and incidents of modern drama. With a great artist is usually born a strong instinct of inquiry, which seeks food everywhere for the imaginative faculty. Most children possess in some degree an active curiosity, but in the larger number

of cause their keen interest in outside objects subsides after the period allotted to education, especially in the case of women, whose lives are devoted in the fulfiling of personal duties to their affections. With dramatic artists, however, a habit of rapid observation, continually alive, gains for them an insight into the working of character under changing conditions, and enables them to represent faithfully the varied passions of mankind.

After two years (at least) of irrefragable preparation at home, or wherever it may be uninterruptedly pursued, the singer will be advanced enough to study successfully enunciation, declamation, and other difficulties with which students who sing songs too soon are usually hampered; and it will be advisable to continue the training abroad, amid surroundings congenial to artistic growth. As a great singer is cosmopolitan, her education must be cosmopolitan too. Englishwomen till now have been at a disadvantage compared with Continental singers, who while travelling through different countries, and from one great capital to another, have kept themselves in touch with the interests and aims of art all over Europe.

The duration of the second period of serious study must depend upon the degree of musical proficiency already attained, and the time required to master such subjects as the student finds least easy, for she will have discovered by experiment where her strength and where her weakness lies, and have set to work to surmount every obstacle. For practical demonstration of stage-work any small part in a remote Italian theatre is not to be despised. A *prima donna* need not be afraid that she would have to remain there long. If she has in her a spark of the "sacred fire," and her conscientious self-discipline has told—as it would be certain to tell—the qualities of the new singer will soon get talked about, and obscurity be impossible. The aspirant will then be able to face a large audience, and gain their favour in a comparatively important part, before she undertakes to risk her future prospects by a *debut* at the opera house of London or Paris. From this point, if success attends the venture, the artist's name is made, and there is nothing to hinder the attainment of her highest ambition.

The practical advantages of a career upon the stage of comic opera are these—Frequent opportunities for employment; greater regularity as to length of engagements; work that is more settled in its nature when secured, and, consequently, not too great a strain upon the physical strength. Success in this department demands a diversity of gifts, not so much one preëminant quality as a happy blending of many qualities. For instance, a voice of sympathetic charm combined with other advantages is more telling than a phenomenal voice in the absence of a subtle power to please. The singular fascination of Miss Florence St. John may perhaps be mentioned to justify this opinion. A well-proportioned figure and graceful bearing together make what is called a good "stage presence." Either the knack of presenting herself well to an audience is a natural gift, or an actress must cultivate it by assiduous practice. The experienced eye of a stage manager will at once see what is wrong, and his advice be of invaluable

assistance. Great beauty is a powerful aid to the poetical idea embodied in every work of imagination, and conveys it as nothing else can; but mobile features and a bright expression are more suited to dramatic purposes than the prettiness which depends upon colour.

The next essentials are good memory and a fair amount of confidence. All artists, even the greatest, feel nervous excitement before and at the time of performance—indeed, it is a condition inseparable from their temperament; there should be, however, underlying this agitation a calm assurance of ability to do the thing required of them when the moment arrives. The simplest rule to be observed in public performance is to begin by selecting works well within the means, which allow for a temporary diminution of the powers, not such as would tax the resources to their utmost extent. There is a fidgety kind of nervousness which must be discontinued at once. One of the greatest authorities upon the work done by the academies remarked to the writer of this paper, "Though we examiners have every sympathy for momentary panic, we really cannot admit the continual plea of nervousness, for, after all, the test of what people know must be their ability to rise to an occasion and use it." Students constantly worry themselves into house-crow by thinking of the state of their throats. A more real peril is "stage fright." It seizes the sufferer quite unaccountably, and paralyses the powers for a time; but an attack of that sort, though distressing, is so obviously uncontrollable that every indulgence, from critics, public, and fellow-actors would be shown.

The preparation of the voice will proceed, within narrower limits, after the same manner as for serious opera, and the discipline of the schools will here be found useful for *ensemble* singing, and for all-round musicianly training. It is better perhaps to learn from a different professor to the one from whom preliminary lessons have been received, as a student who remains with the same teacher throughout progresses only up to a certain point. The expediency of this plan in all cases may be disputed, but it is certainly not unfair to a professor of eminence, for no one knows better than he how impossible it is, while perpetually giving out of his store to enrich others, to get the most intelligent pupil to see a thing exactly as he sees it. There is always something more that he possesses which he cannot impart. The treatment of a subject from a different point of view may bring home to the mind of the student the truth which he has failed to instil, and that one moment of apprehension will confirm and justify all that he has taught. It would be an interesting revelation to a vocalist if she could sing into a phonograph at different stages of her development and trace the transition (imperceptible in practice) from the first crude notes, roughly attacked and ill-sustained, to the well-lanched, firmly-held, and fine-edged tones of a cultured singer.

When the time comes for her to quit the academy to start upon a career so long looked forward to with hope, an anxious period of probation begins. The kindly con-

sideration which as a pupil has been extended to her by her chiefs; the enthusiasm of her fellow-students—made up in equal parts of pride in the achievements of one of their own number, and splendid superiority to anything that has ever been attempted before (an engaging characteristic of inexperience!)—these have to be left behind when the aspirant comes forth into the world to face the great public. A singer's success now depends entirely on herself. It would hardly be necessary to state this obvious truth were it not of frequent occurrence that beginners have the vaguest ideas of how they ought to proceed, and fancy that they will be sought after, or wafted into fame, by some agency other than their own exertions. College honours and the recommendation of an influential professor are of more immediate service for the concert platform than for the stage; they can but guarantee a favourable introduction to the theatrical managers, who will form their own opinion as to their worth from a business point of view. If a clever girl, who feels her vocation very strongly, but whose training, owing to adverse circumstances, has been irregular and not academic, likes to present herself to the notice of any manager of standing in London, he may generally be approached by appointment. Mr. D'Oyley Carte, who has done a great deal to improve the position of dramatic singers by the excellence of his stage regulations, sets apart one afternoon a week to interview strangers who come to him with letters of introduction, or are prepared to make a plain statement of what they can do. An applicant must be quite sure that she has something to offer, and should bear in mind that, in seeking employment, it is

not her business to dictate to an experienced manager, but simply to acquaint him with what she is prepared to attempt. Her capacity once proved, it will be for the benefit of employer and employed to do their best for each other, and a clever actress need never fear being out of an engagement as soon as her value is known. The necessary drudgery of beginning as an "under-study," and then appearing in a leading part first in the provinces, is amply compensated for by the ease and freedom which practice alone can give. A few favourable appearances in a country town pave the way for a more sudden, and therefore a more striking, success in London, when the singer is provided with a part which she can unmistakably make her own. The services of an agent being on some occasions indispensable, a beginner must be careful to put her affairs into the hands of one who is well known and accredited in the profession to which he belongs.

There are certain inconveniences arising from much taking thought about health; and in a climate where there are many colds to be caught, the life of a singer is not all bliss, unless he or she is as happily constituted as the popular favourite Mr. Grossmith, who proclaims with genial pride his absence of voice and his ability to go punting in an east wind. But, taking it all round, the occupation of a dramatic artist attracts pleasure and gives pleasure. Pursued in the midst of the stir and business of life, it receives and conveys vivid impressions. In the higher tragic moods it represents, at supreme moments, the nobility of human nature; in a lighter vein it gives poetry and charm to the comical incidents of every-day life.

ANNIE GLEN.

The Making of Blouses.

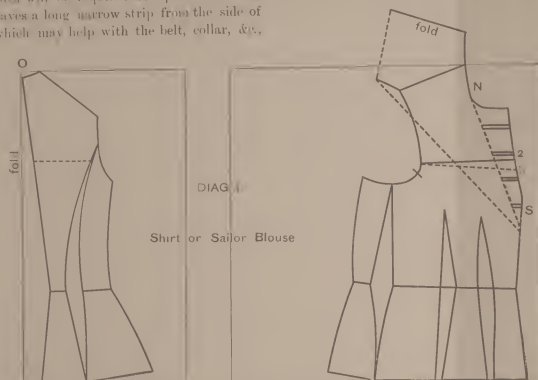
BLOUSES have grown so much in popular favour during the last few years that from *négligé* garments of the loosest, baggiest, and most unpretentious description they have developed into the favourite bodices of the age, making an appearance on the most important occasions—dinners, theatres, and balls not excepted—sometimes fully carrying out their primary *raison d'être* of freedom and ease from restriction, at others so much caught down and pleated and pressed into shape on a close-fitting lining that their leading characteristics have almost entirely disappeared, and they are blouses in name only. After the highly boned close-fitting bodices, which must fit and cling to perfection to look well, the unlined loose-fitting blouse is delightful to wear, but the sense of ease is counteracted by the knowledge that to all but slender wearers the gain in comfort is balanced by the lack of style—even of neatness and positive tidiness in the appearance—if the blouse is loose and baggy. This is especially the case with ladies who are full-busted—however much they may appreciate the ease of the blouse, they miss the sense of compactness which a close-fitting bodice gives, and they miss also the support which they have been accustomed to receive from

the bones in the ordinary bodice. For such figures the lined blouse boned and finished inside like an ordinary dress is an advantage, or there is an excellent little arrangement for the purpose called the "bust bodice," which has been patented by a fashionable London modiste.

It is a kind of outer slip with all the necessary boning for support in it, made short enough to reach down to a little below the bust only, and so give the sense of compactness without filling up the waist. Over this an unlined blouse can be worn where coolness is an object.

The materials used for blouses are practically the same as those used for dresses, but the thinner and closer they are the closer they lie to the figure, and where bulk is a consideration this must be borne in mind. Personally I think it best not to employ any harsh or springy materials, such as serge or alpaca, unless they are made up in a style which admits of folds closely pressed and tacked into place at the back; prints, muslins, soft silks (pongee and tussah) are very good, whilst in woollen materials I think mousseline-de-laines and nuns' veilings the best, though new materials are being so constantly brought out that it is impossible to speak authoritatively. As regards quantity it varies from two and a half to four

yards of material, according to the style of blouse to be made and the width of material used. A safe calculation can be made in this way:—if of silk or narrow stuff allow one length for the back ($\frac{1}{2}$), one for each front ($1\frac{1}{2}$), one for each sleeve ($1\frac{1}{2}$), an extra half-yard for collar, belt, and finishings generally. This allowance is ample for a tall figure, both as regards width and length, and where the blouse is made with a yoke and close-fitting sleeves, or is worn inside the skirt-band, less is required. If the material is cashmere, just half the length will be required, as half-widths of cashmere (or double-width material) may be counted equal to whole widths of silk; where print or wide single-width material is used, three-fourths of a width will be required as equal to a width of silk; this leaves a long narrow strip from the side of the material which may help with the belt, collar, &c.,



and to save a little of the length when purchasing, and some cuts of blouses take so little that one may be managed from two yards of print or flannelette.

The very simplest blouse is cut after the style of Diagram 1. It is cut from an ordinary bodice pattern—either a drafting or a paper pattern or, under pressure, the pieces of an old dress which has been packed to pieces, cut off to the sewing line and damped and ironed out. A bodice treated in this way will serve well enough for a blouse pattern, though there are always certain defects to such a pattern which render it unsuitable for a close-fitting dress.

The length of material for the back is cut off, allowing it to be seven inches longer than the waist; this, when hemmed up, leaves it five inches long below the waist, which is long enough for a blouse worn outside the skirt-band; if it is worn shirt fashion, inside the band, three inches below the waist is sufficiently long. The length for the back is folded down the length (the line from O on the diagram represents the fold), and the back piece of the pattern is laid to it, the pattern being quite close to the fold at the top and a couple of inches or more in from it at the waist to allow for some fulness which must be made there. To the back the curved

side-piece is laid as it is shown on the diagram, an inch or two apart at the waist, but touching it at the top and also at about four or five inches below the waist. The intention of the cutter in this style of blouse is to have the neck and armhole the right size and shape, without any extra fulness whatever, and as little fulness at the waist and below it as is compatible with a nice effect when the garment is in wear. The front, it will be seen, is arranged on a similar plan, the front and square side-piece are laid together at the armhole and bottom edge with a distance of a couple of inches between them at the waist, and in the cutting out all the material outside the edges of the pattern is cut away, the back fold is

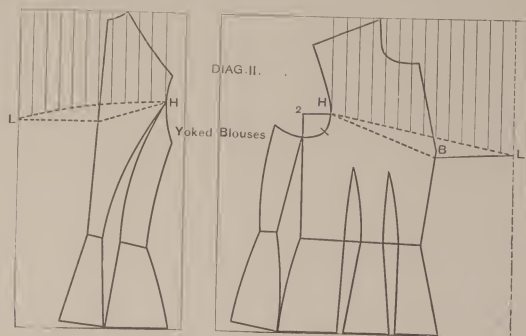
untouched, but the material is cut off by the shoulder and armhole, and down the shaped side-seam to the bottom of the stuff. At the front the front edge is left, but all the stuff cut away by the shoulder and armhole and down the side-seam too, nothing of course being cut out between the pieces of the pattern.

After the material is cut out the outline should be chalked or tacked round the pattern as it lies, before it is taken up from it; then when they are separated the pieces of material will be found to be simply one large back without a centre seam at all, and two large fronts. These should be closed down the sides and across the shoulders, the bottom hemmed, the fronts turned in quite straight and finished with buttons and button-holes, the waist gathered across at the back and sewn down to a tape, a loose plain sleeve (one of those given in the May number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD) set in, and the blouse is ready for wear when a collar has been set upon it.

The collar varies the character of the blouse greatly. If an ordinary standing neck-band about two inches deep is used, and the sleeves are finished with deep loose cuffs, like these on a gentleman's shirt, the blouse should be worn inside the skirt-band, as it is then one of the

popular ladies' skirts which look so smart and matty when worn with the usual accompaniment of loose-fronted jacket and sailor hat. If it is finished with a loose blouse collar and tied with ribbons and worn outside the skirt with an outer belt, it is a neat, plain lady-like blouse, of the kind that ladies often have made in print for morning wear in summer. To draft a blouse collar, form a square and mark the corner O. From O square across a line, then another two inches below it (2), and a third an inch below 2 (3). From O measure across half the neck-measure and an inch (7), which gives seven inches for the ordinary twelve-inch neck, and square a line down. To shape the collar, curve from the

finished by two ribbons sewn to the neck under the collar, being brought out and tied in a long bow and ends between the points. If it is cut about four inches longer than the waist, and an elastic run through the hem to secure it to the waist, it is a sailor blouse either for boys or girls when it is finished with its distinctive collar and sleeve. On the diagram are indicated the lines for drafting the sailor collar. On the back, about six inches below the neck, a line is dotted across. The shoulder seams of the pattern are then laid together (on the diagram the part of the back which makes the collar is shown laid against the front to make my meaning clear) and the collar drawn from it the desired shape,



3 line to the 2 as per dotted line, and continue the point along till it is about three inches long. Go also half an inch outside O ($\frac{1}{2}$), and dot from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2. The collar may be completed either by dotting from $\frac{1}{2}$ to the point at the front, or by rising an inch above $\frac{1}{2}$ and curving from that to the point, letting the curve sink to the 2 line at half-way between the back and the point as shown by the dotted line on the diagram. This collar has a seam down the back (the line $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 to 3). The collar should be cut double, the back seams machined and pressed, then the two parts laid face to face and machined round to finish all the edges except the curve from 3 to X, the collar then turned out and pressed, when it is ready to set on. This is done by putting it to the neck of the blouse, the right side of the collar to the inside of the blouse, and—beginning from the centre of the back—pinning the collar to the neck by the curve from 3 to X. The X on each half of the collar should come to the front of the neck, and if the latter is a little large it is often possible to ease or gather the surplus into the size of the collar. The collar is then sewn on and the other part (or lining) hemmed down over it to make it neat, after which it is pressed, and the finished collar thrown over it and folded in the line from 2 to X to sit well at the neck. It should rise a little at the back and fall open at the front, where blouses are usually

either square across also at six inches below the neck, or else in the more usual sailor collar shape, narrowing from the shoulder to a point, either at the waist or bust, or half-way between them.

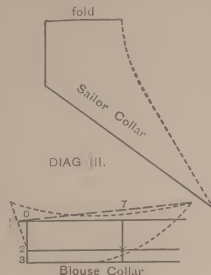
To trace the collar out from the pattern, lay a sheet of paper below it, and go up from S (which is about half-way between bust and waist) to the turn of the neck N, thence round the neck line and down the fold of the back as far as the six-inch line across, go across the six-inch dotted line and round the shape of the armhole to the shoulder seam, when either follow the narrower line down to S again or go down the shape of the armhole as far as the front six-inch line, and thence straight across, and, of course, up the front and round the neck to N, as if the square-fronted sailor collar is used; it is not cut to show the little vest, barred across with stripes, which the ordinary sailor collar gives to view, and which is shown barred across on the diagram. The shape of the sailor collar when traced out is shown in the little diagram on Diagram III., and it is preferable to cut the centre of the back of the collar to a fold, though this is not absolutely essential, and, in making it up, the outer edge (the firm lines on the diagram) should be turned in and hemmed round if it is of thick material and unlined, or turned in and pressed, and the lining either machined or hemmed against it, about half

on both under the edge, if it is lined. The dotted lines in diagram show the part which joins the neck and open front; these are all to be left raw edges, the collar is then to be sewn against it and through over to the outside of the blouse, thus hiding all the sewing on. The sleeve for the sailor blouse is given in the May number of *THE WOMAN'S WORLD*. Sailor blouses always look nice for young and growing girls, and they are being a good deal worn by young ladies this summer. The vest piece is worn in under one side of the sailor collar and hooked under the other, just like an ordinary dress vest; and no standing collar is worn at the neck at all, unless one is attached to the small vest-piece and fastened at the back.

Drawing the lines for the square sailor collar naturally turns attention to the lines for a yoke, either square or pointed. For these a good guide is given on the pattern in Diagram II. The ordinary square yoke should be fixed about two inches above the lowest part of the armhole, and at the back should be straight across the pattern, but at the front should be allowed to dip down half an inch (see $\frac{1}{2}$ below 2 on Diagram I). This is needed to allow for the rise of the bust, which lifts a straight line and makes it look like an inverted V; when the yoke line is well dropped the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch the yoke only appears straight across the figure. Pointed yokes are generally allowed to dip from the 2 point in the armhole to the bust at the front (see the line to B), and the back may be about the same, always remembering that the front dip should be half an inch deeper to allow for the rise of the bust. The rules give pretty and becoming yokes, but of course these are subject to fluctuations of fashion. At present the straight yokes are scarcely (if ever) worn, and the pointed yokes are short, some of them starting half way into the shoulder, more on the plan of a deep collar than a real yoke; but if the lines are arranged at the same slope as the lines I have given (2 to B) they will be found pretty and satisfactory. If the blouse is lined, the material is shaped by the lining, and there is no uncertainty as to the shaping of the armhole; but if it is unlined, inexperienced amateurs are much troubled about this. It may perhaps help them if they will remember that as the yoke is only the upper part of the bodice, it takes two half only a part of the armhole shaping, and that the whole part of this shaping must be put into the lower part (or the full material).

Diagram II shows the pattern laid out of a width of silk, it will be observed that the square side-piece on the one part, and the curved side-piece on the other part, are placed as close as possible to the selvages of their respective lengths, all the surplus width in each case being left either to the back or to the front. This is the secret of a satisfactory blouse; none of the fulness is to come under the arms, or an untidy baggy look is the

inevitable result. For a lined yoke blouse, after marking the line for the yoke on the pattern, it should be transferred to the lining, which should be cut about four inches below the waist, and then the pieces sewn together, the two backs down the centre seam, then each curve to its respective back, then each square side piece to its own front, on which the darts should also be sewn up. The shoulder seams and side seams should be left open. The linings being prepared, it is then necessary to shape the material with all the surplus width either to the back or to the front as shown on the diagram. Beginning with the back, from the lowest point of the yoke, dot a line level with it to the fold of the silk. From this point (L) put in the dotted line as per diagram to the highest point



of the yoke (H). Cut the material a good half-inch above the line L to H, and from H round the armhole and down the side-seam. The front is shaped in the same manner. First dot off a line about an inch from the selvage (this margin is for the turnings and finishings of the fronts, whether hooks and eyes or buttons and button holes), and then on the dotted line get the level of the yoke (L) and from it dot up to H precisely as was explained for the back. From the H follow the armhole shaping and go down the side-seam, and in cutting from H to L cut a good half-inch above the line.

The next step is the gathering or pleating of the lower part of the blouse. Pleats or folds lie flatter and are therefore preferable for the back where they can be managed. If the amateur is ambitious to make the attempt, the fold of the material should be pinned or tacked down the centre of the lining, and the armhole and side seam tacked into place, then the surplus fulness laid in two or three pleats each side of the middle and turned towards it, the pleats being kept about an inch or more apart at the top and lying quite close upon each other at the waist, where they may be tacked firmly down, the belt hiding the stitching. The shape of the yoke line should be tacked through the tops of the pleats. The folding will make the top edge of the material irregular, but this will not signify if the proper allowance for turnings was made above the L to H line when cutting out. If the back is preferred gathered it should be done on two separate threads, beginning the gathering at the fold and running them up to the H line at each side. The lines of gathering should then be tacked into place on the yoke line of the lining--the other parts also tacked round to the fitting line (as previously explained for the pleated back), and the waist of the stuff gathered and secured to the waist of the lining. With the back of a blouse, particularly if it is gathered, it is always best to strain the length of the material well down the lining, as unless this is done it has a baggy appearance, objectionable even on the slenderest wearer.

Whether the backs are pleated or gathered, the fronts are prettiest gathered. They should be fixed on the yoke-line and tacked down the front, also round the arm-hole and down the side-seam, as explained for the back, the greater part of the fulness being arranged over the darts. At the waist the fronts lie closer if arranged in a few pleats lying forward, or they may be left quite loose, and arranged by the wearer each time the belt is put on. The blouse being so far prepared, the yoke pieces should be cut by the pattern with ample turnings. If it is of print or substantial material, the shape of the yoke-line can be chalked upon it, the stuff turned up to the line and laid to the blouse yoke-line, tacked into place there, and machined or embroidered down, the upper part being tacked round in the fitting lines of neck, shoulders, and arm-holes to the lining, just as an ordinary dress would be; but if the material is a very soft or flimsy one, a piece of stiff muslin (Victoria lawn) should be cut out the shape of the yoke, and the material tacked to it, then at the yoke-line, both turned up together, and laid on the blouse, to be sewn on as already explained. This plan of lining the yoke of thin stuffs prevents the raw edges of yoke and lower parts being unduly apparent. When the yoke is once fixed into place, the shoulder seams and side seams are closed and machined, the lower edges of the lining pinked round, and the material, which is some couple of inches longer than the lining, neatly hemmed up to itself. Many dress-makers cut the lining of a blouse with less seams, or down to the waist only; of the two plans I prefer the latter, as if the lining reaches below the waist it should fit as well as an ordinary bodice; if only cut to the waist, the centre back seam may be laid to a fold, and the other seams put together, leaving only one seam under each arm and one on each shoulder.

If the yoke blouse is made without lining, the rules for working are almost the same, but the shaping of the lower part before the yoke is added must be done to a paper pattern, instead of to the lining, and the paper removed when the parts are put together.

In the diagram, for the convenience of the other patterns the yoke blouse is shown laid on a length of stuff from neck to bottom. I need scarcely say that it would be extravagant to cut this quantity of material into each portion—the length from the bottom to H, with the due allowance for turnings, would be sufficient, the yoke-pieces cutting more economically from other portions of the material.

The diagram, however, is handy for my explanation of the blouse with the yoke of upright tucks, and also the one with the circular yoke of either gathering or smocking.

The tucked blouse has not a separate yoke added above the gathering or pleating; the material is cut as in the diagram, and the top being arranged into a number of little tucks gives sufficient fulness below to keep up the blouse character of the bodice. The pattern should be laid on the material and marked round but not cut—the line for a yoke (L to H) should also be put on, then

the pattern removed, and from the yoke-line to the top of the material, perpendicular lines drawn, care being taken to put one on the fold, or exactly in the centre. The arrangement of the tucks can be varied to suit individual fancy. The lines may be an inch apart, and if the material is folded at the line, and the tuck machined a quarter of an inch in from it, the tucks will be half an inch apart, or there may be a group of six lines, half an inch apart, making the tucks closer together, and then a space, ornamented, if embroidery is liked, with some pretty stitching. The inch lines are safe and pretty, and from my own experience I know they work out pretty well with the width of silk, nun's veiling, &c.; but whatever material is used, or whatever grouping of the tucks is followed, all the outlines should be marked on the stuff, though nothing should be cut till the tucks are made: or a little difference in the sewing may make it too small after all the work of tucking has been put in, which might prove a very serious matter indeed. In sewing the tucks, both for back and fronts, they should be sewn down carefully to the yoke-line and stopped bluntly, not tapered off there, and at the back they should be made from the fold as far as the width of the back only, and at the front as wide as the chest; the small portion of shoulder extending beyond that can be left untucked. The upright lines on the diagrams show how far the tucks should extend.

When all the tucks are made they should be carefully pressed each side of the sewing, to leave them standing upright, and then the piece of tucked material fitted to the lining or pattern, and by it cut out and put together in the same way as any other blouse. The fronts are prettiest fastened with hooks and eyes, the waist gathered, and the neck finished with the ordinary blouse-collar.

The sleeve to go with the tucked blouse was given in the May number; the grouping should of course be the same as that for the blouse.

The blouse to be smocked or gathered across should be cut out in the same way as that for the tucks, the line for the gathering or smocking being the same as for the straight yoke with the half-inch dip at the front. A gathered yoke should always be lined, if only down to the bottom of the yoke, and the gathers caught from the back to the lining, or anguish unspeakable will ensue when a quick chance movement snaps two or three of the threads.

The circular yokes are exceedingly pretty, but I should not advise anyone not possessed of an unusually large stock of patience to try and smock one—it is so very tedious to arrange it. The gathering is simple enough, but the rules for shaping and arranging the material call for more space than is now at my command. I trust in the many varieties I have given my readers will all find something to suit their own particular fancies, and that the instructions will help them to carry out with some degree of certainty any of the other pretty styles which the changes of fashion are bringing forward.

J. E. DAVIS.

Amateur Upholstering.

NOTHING can look more wretched and woeful than a worn-out chair or seat of any kind. If it has been handsome, richly covered, and of elegant shape, all the more dolorful the sight—the seat going down where it ought to come up, the arms and back shining and discoloured with sun and wear, and showing peeps of the underclothing—great yawning holes, or modest little slits. So it struck me, once, as I stood looking around my drawing room, and vaguely wondering how I could make old things new. "Chairs and sofas must wear out," I thought, so I hurried on my garments, and walked down our little High Street seeking an upholsterer. The one I spoke to was all politeness, and promised to come and see the dilapidations and make an estimate. He did come, and the result was that, with a heavy sigh, I declared I must put up with the unsightliness a while longer, for I simply could not afford to pay so much. The furniture looked worse than before, after he left; for, unknown to myself, I had been fancying each chair arrayed in the newest and most charming attire.

That night it came to me like an inspiration, "Why not clothe the chairs myself?" I got up full of determination, and worked, and worried, and tried, until I succeeded. Not a very easy task, because I had no help or hints of any kind; but now that I can look back upon my troubles, they seem small in comparison with my success. I can prove that I am able to do the work quite as well as anyone in the "trade;" and though I do not mean to say that it is a very graceful or pretty employment, it can be made quite dignified; and in these days it is a great thing for a woman to be able to earn an honest living, even if the means should somewhat roughen her hands, or cause her arms and wrists to ache at first. Therefore I give a little of my experience.

I began with what is usually called a "lady's" chair—a scolloped backed sort of armless armchair—"buttoned," both back and seat. The old satin brocade which had covered it was past any amount of remedy in the way of patching or darning; and long past all old-established attempts at respectability in the form of muslin pin-fences cunningly devised. Just at the back (outside) was a small piece still showing its original covering, adorned with a spray of the roses which once beautified the whole. This I put carefully by for the future covering of a small upright chair. The seat felt very soft and uneven, and I proceeded to turn the chair upside-down, and with a hammer and an old screw driver I carefully knocked out all the nails which held the canvas at the bottom. Then I could see through the crossed webbing that some of the springs inside had become loose and gone over to one side, instead of bravely standing up on end as they should.

I proceeded to cut the strings which tied in the buttons; then carefully hammered up all the little tacks which nailed on the gimp around the chair, and then

those which nailed on the *satin* itself, this must be carefully done, or the woodwork becomes full of headless or broken tacks, and so does not give a good "hold" for the new covering. Sometimes, with very obstinate nails, a pair of pliers will prove most useful. I afterwards removed the under-cover of coarse holland or "unbleached," and laid bare the hair with which the chair was stuffed. I found that this was very lumpy and dusty, and, in a manner, matted from constant use. I took the greater part of it off the frame, and beat the dust from it; and with my hands pulled and separated it until it all stood out "puffy." Then I looked at the springs, made of copper wire, somewhat the shape of an hourglass, nine in number; three of these lay on their sides, and this it was that caused the unevenness of the seat.

My instinct told me that I should need a very long, and very strong, needle. I sallied out and first bought a ball of string, and then called at the ironmonger's and asked for the largest needle which was made. They gave me a huge thing with a sharp point at each end, and an eye at one. The memory of that needle haunts me still; whatever it could have been made for, baffles me. Its cruel point ran beneath my finger-nails, slipped through my skin, and injured me in every conceivable way. After long-suffering I went to another ironmonger, and in a business-like manner asked for an "upholsterer's needle," and at length obtained the most delightful weapon, like a darning-needle, but about a foot long.

I then began in earnest; first I righted the springs, and with my needle and string sewed them very firmly to the webbing; then I covered them with the puffed-out hair, and laid some around the edge of the seat and back to form a sort of roll. I bought some new unbleached calico, very strong, and nine and wide, for two-pence three-farthings a yard, and covered all the hair on the chair; afterwards stitching it through and through at the edge to make it set up all round. Then I cut the satin off the buttons and looked about for a covering for my chair. I found a round table-cover of Utrecht velvet, which had been left, during absence from home, in a damp room and become moth-eaten. I also found some pieces left over from the table-cloth at the time that it was made, which, by joining together, I could make of sufficient size.

First, I covered the buttons, leaving a nice piece of the material under each, through which to pass the needle. Then I fitted the velvet; having the mothly parts to cut away complicated matters, but I found that joins showed very little among the buttoning, and a damp pocket-handkerchief, and a warm (not hot) iron, made them scarcely perceptible.

The seat and "front-back" of the chair must always be done first. The unbleached calico, with which the chair is first covered, must be left open and unnailed around the edge of the bottom and sides, because the

covering of the seat and "front-back" has to pass through the openings at the back and sides of the frame and be nailed securely to the woodwork around the back of the seat. After this is done, the calico can be drawn down over the back and nailed beneath the woodwork around the very bottom edge of the chair, the velvet following suit; and lastly, a piece either of unbleached cotton or of sacking must be securely and neatly nailed at the bottom to cover all edges. I hope I am making this part of the process plain, as it was the most troublesome of all to me.

Then came the buttoning; being, as I have said, a scooped chair, it required a good number of buttons. I began always at the top of the front-back. I allowed enough material to lie easily over the edge of the top of the back, then pinched the velvet into a crossed fold. The middle of this had to be held firmly into the chair. Then I threaded the needle with string, made a knot, and pushed it through the back of the chair (not through the calico at the back, for that was still left loose at the bottom), straight through the very middle of the crossed fold. Then the needle, being pulled out, was passed once through the bottom of a button, and backwards again through the back of the chair, about a quarter of an inch from where it came out. The string must be strong, and pulled very tightly indeed, and tied firmly at the back. The buttons go alternately in rows so that the material is pulled into diamond-shaped folds between them. This chair began with three buttons, the next row four, and the next five, and the same in the seat.

The back I sewed very neatly around; I found, later on, that I could buy needles bent almost like a crescent, which are most excellent for sewing on the round. These needles are rather difficult to procure out of "the trade." From the first, I have determined to ignore furniture gimps as tawdry, unnecessary, and very bad of wear, besides being expensive, and difficult to match;

I intended to succeed without them, and have done so. I completed that chair, and all others which I have upholstered, so neatly that they needed no finish in the form of gimp to hide bad work. What I have thought necessary for after-decoration I have designed myself out of the materials at hand, and it has been said that the upholstering has more character and individuality in consequence.

One thing I may mention which I found a great consideration, from an economical point of view. I always joined on some dark and strong but common material to the bottom of the front-back and seat, to traverse that gloomy little tunnel and come out into daylight behind. I found that it took up a very large piece of the covering material to do this, and that more ordinary stuff answers every purpose equally well.

I hope I have given my instructions plainly; many little things can only come by experience, but all that I do know I taught myself entirely; and many a piece of work I have done which real upholsteresses in large establishments have told me is always left for men to do, as it is scarcely fit for women. I do not see why; I have never suffered in any way by doing the whole myself.

Only last year I attacked some Chippendale chairs which had lived for a long while as outcasts in a stable-yard. They were a pitiful sight at first, but I left them proudly standing among their equals, handsome accessories to a beautiful old drawing-room. And every detail was carried out with my own two hands.

At the risk of seeming egotistical, I give this experience as an encouragement to those who are wishing to attempt such work themselves. A few years back, I knew absolutely nothing of upholstering, and should never have thought that work like this could be done with such satisfactory results by anyone not brought up to it, or could prove to be so interesting.

MILLIE S. GREENE.

New Books.

OF the many series which have of late years been inflicted upon the world none has promised better than the "Adventure Series" (T. Fisher Unwin). It can scarcely be said, however, that the first volume—Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son"—was a happy selection. We are very pleased to have a reprint of this exciting romance, but it is little short of ridiculous to regard it as a serious biography. Mr. Edward Garnett, who contributes an introduction, seems to believe that, on the whole, the book is a record of genuine experience, and quotes Trelawny himself to prove the point. But Trelawny's evidence is little worth. He was—or affected to be—so entirely unconscious of the spirit and style of his book as to tell a friend that he "had omitted a good deal, and avoided being a pander to the public taste for the sake of novelty and effect." "My life," he says, "is not a novel. And we

may with perfect justice reply, your novel is certainly not your life, and is crammed with sensational episodes from beginning to end. Indeed, there are few wilder romances in the language than Trelawny's "Adventures," which are far less credible than Robinson Crusoe's. But the author was a *poëteur* and a sentimentalist, and it pleased him to pretend to believe that he had played a part of lust and cruelty on the world's stage. If it were possible to agree with Mr. Garnett that the story is true, then must we set down Trelawny as one of the most unredeemed ruffians the world ever saw. The dominant note in the character of the hero of the "Adventures" is unexampled ferocity. It is yet early in his career that he almost beats his superior officer to death with a billiard cue and deserts from his ship. While still a boy he threatens to set fire to a hut in an Indian village, to see if blacks are "true-bred salaman-

deners" and promptly surrenders his throat into execution. And the old jags who observed, "You were like a tiger, not like a man," was happily laughed. At the same time he is full of scenes and pity, and even spin moral platitudes by the yard. He is indeed an incarnation of the spirit of revolution. Having read his Rousseau, he believes in the natural man, and he is eager to carry into practice the romantic ideas of freedom and lawlessness which were so popular at the beginning of the century. Such is the figure that we are asked to believe is a portrait of Frederick himself. But if we cannot accept Mr. Garnett's opinion, it is ungracious to reproach the editor, whose indiscretion has given us a reprint of so entertaining a work as the "Adventures of a Younger Son." The great Dumas deemed it worthy to be translated into French, and in spite of its extravagant brutality and its tiresome morality, it is always readable and sometimes thrilling.

Mr. G. WASHINGTON MOON, Hon. F.R.S.L., has every excuse for being a pessimist. He "once knew a person who was mean enough and callous enough to ask even an author for the loan of one of his works." This bitter experience is sufficient in itself to turn to gall the milk of human kindness. But undesirable acquaintanceship is not the only evil from which Mr. Moon has suffered. He has discovered that the marriage ceremony as performed in the Church of England is a delusion and a snare, that the majority of wives are "entrapped into concubinage," and that their children are illegitimate. This is a portentous discovery, but Mr. Moon's chain of argument is unbroken, and it is impossible to doubt its validity. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," says the bridegroom at the altar. And then he doesn't do anything of the kind, and as a contract which is broken in one clause is broken in every clause, no one is married, and terrible consequences are sure to follow. We are not apprehensive of serious disaster. The world has gone on for a good many years, and few persons have suffered from the recital of that wicked clause. However, Mr. Moon is not happy in his mind, and he has written a novel in which the iniquity of the present marriage service is demonstrated. The title of his work is "With all my Worldly Goods I Thee Endow," and Messrs. Routledge are the publishers. It is impossible to do justice to Mr. Moon's style. There is a pedantry of diction, an obtuse lack of humour in it, which we have never seen exceeded. The love-making of Helena and Ernest is simply grotesque. Ernest, under stress of emotion, drops quite easily into the Spenserian stanza, and after the recitation of two samples Helena's soul overflows with happiness. Helena then retires, while Ernest—with a cigar—composes a brief serenade, which he presently sings to the accompaniment of a lute in a "clear tenor voice of remarkable richness." Helena then appears at the window in a "négligé robe of sunny whiteness, open at the throat and bosom." At this impropriety Ernest "bowed like a cavalier," and retired to his room. And so the characters caper about,

serenading and saluting with the most tiresome pomposity, so that to read through Mr. Moon's novel from cover to cover is no easy task. If his book is not likely to bring about a revolution in the marriage service, he has at least one ground of comfort: if he applies himself industriously to the composition of novels such as "With all my Worldly Goods I Thee Endow," it is extremely improbable that he will ever be troubled again by the miscreant who would "ask even an author for the loan of one of his works."

"THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF DISTRICT NURSING," by William Rathbone, M.P. (Macmillan & Co.), is an interesting record of the origin of systematic district nursing, of the results it has achieved, and of the benefits it has conferred on the suffering poor of many of our large towns. The book is dedicated in graceful language to the Queen, and Miss Florence Nightingale writes an introduction showing how much good a district nurse can do both physically and morally. At a first glance it would seem a rather hopeless proceeding to attempt to nurse the sick poor in their own homes; they must surely be better cared for in the great hospitals. But in cases where the invalid objects to be removed from his home, where, indeed, such a removal means the entire breaking up of the home, and in cases of chronic disease which are either unsuited to or not received by general hospitals, home nursing is invaluable. Unfortunately, too, there are not hospitals enough for all the sick poor, and the work of district nursing can be carried on at far less cost than the establishing of hospitals. The movement is comparatively new: it was started in Liverpool in 1859, and has been steadily growing in importance and usefulness ever since. It was not, however, until 1874 that the suggestion was made to recruit the nurses entirely from the class known as gentlewomen, a suggestion that has since borne excellent fruit. District nursing is more irksome than hospital nursing, and in some ways requires a wider knowledge and a more varied experience: the district nurse must understand the arrangement of the sick-room, ventilation, cleanliness, invalid cookery, the treatment of infectious diseases, and she must be able to extemporise almost every necessary for the sick out of the scanty materials likely to be found in the poorest home. The whole working of the system is very clearly set forth in the little volume before us, and to it we must refer our readers for all the details of the scheme of the Nursing Institute. It is to be hoped that many new local centres may be formed in London and the provinces. We have only to read the three cases so pathetically related in the book to feel assured of the untold advantage of dealing in this way with the sick poor, and to know that while district nurses are needed no woman should complain that there is nothing for her to do in this world. Such work is not of course suited to all women, but those who feel drawn towards it, and, after proper training, engage in it, have the most delightful certainty that they are spending their lives for the good of others.

Notes and Comments.

THE immense sensation caused three years ago by Miss Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, heading the Cambridge Classical Tripos list, has been eclipsed this year by Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett coming out high above the nominal Senior Wrangler. The triumph would have afforded cause for satisfaction to all interested in the progress of women, whatever lady had achieved it; but in the case of Miss Fawcett it seems an especially fitting and pleasing climax. It is not with any view of detracting from the glory of her own splendid performance that one turns first to her hereditary influences, and we cannot forget her exceptionally talented parentage and kindred. To say that she is the daughter of the late Professor Fawcett reminds us of a man who rose superior to an incapacitating accident that would have crushed all hope and purpose from the breasts of most men, to prove himself an altogether exceptional master of Economics and Administration. Nor can we forget that he was one of the brightest champions of John Stuart Mill's theories on the general, civil, and political rights of womanhood, and it would have been perhaps one of the culminating joys of his life could he have seen his own brilliant young daughter justifying those theories so magnificently.

FURTHER, there is no woman who does not hold the name of Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Miss Fawcett's mother, in deepest respect. Mrs. Fawcett is a keen thinker, and is the author of a standard text-book of political economy. But she is more still. She is essentially womanly in her every thought and purpose, and she has set to all her sex an example, which has perhaps done more than any other single influence to sweep prejudice away, of how to take part in public life and politics without injuring those indefinable qualities which are the pride and glory of every true woman. Nor can we forget the great battle fought—and won—by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, Miss Fawcett's aunt, on behalf of throwing open the medical profession to women, and thus sending joy and comfort, especially, to her down-trodden sisters of the East. Professor Fawcett's sister, Miss Fawcett, is also honourably known throughout the South-west of England for her exertions in the cause of the better general education of girls.

SUCH a success does not, however, set us all speculating now, as it once would have done, on "Where will it all end?" The world is going on all the more brightly and happily for the privileges enjoyed by women in the way of learning and art. Were any further proof of the wisdom shown by pioneers in the movement for the higher education of the sex required, it has been supplied by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who has traced the after-careers of a large number of graduates of both Universities, and has found that they are leading healthy, happy, useful lives. In the cases of those who have married, their families have enjoyed health and strength beyond the average, while all the statistical facts tend to show that there is no danger in advanced culture. But Miss Fawcett's achievement will undoubtedly revive all arguments with tenfold strength for admitting women to the privileges of Universities, in the shape of prizes, scholarships, and degrees. This is the final barrier to be overthrown, and it will not require many such assaults as this, all the more mighty for being indirect, to upset it.

It is interesting to recall in this connection the dedication of Descartes to his tract on Method. Some men, he said, had understood his mathematics, and some had understood his metaphysics; but there was only one person who understood both, and therefore he considered that mind "incomparable." It was that of the young Princess Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of King James.

RECENT examinations have also given us three very distinguished lady medical students. As "Dean" of the London School of Medicine for Women, Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., performed the ceremony of "presentation" of her two worthy pupils, Miss Dickenson, now resident medical officer at the Belgrave Hospital for Women and Children, and Miss Adela Knight, resident medical officer at the New Hospital for Women, on the occasion of the last conferring of the degrees at the London University, Burlington Gardens. Both these ladies have won their M.B. degrees with singular merit, and were greeted with warm applause from their fellows in various branches of learning, both male and female. Miss Knight is the first Australian lady who has won an English medical degree, and she was summoned to Marlborough House to receive the special congratulations of the Princess of Wales. Then, Miss Eleonore Flenty at the Royal University of Ireland has divided with one gentleman only the distinction of finally coming out in the highest possible division, and, being placed before him, received the £40 exhibition of the University. When she received her degree she was much congratulated by the Vice-Chancellor on her excellent attainments. Miss Flenty studied also at the London College and the Royal Free Hospital. These continued successes prove the wisdom of opening the medical profession to the sex.

THE quiet and practical experiment which the Government has inaugurated without any fuss or noise at the Royal Observatory deserves not only hearty commendation but wide imitation. Four ladies have just been received there as "computers," or, as one might say, apprentices in Astronomy. They will be taught the elements of the "sublime science," and among their duties will be that of taking and arranging photographs of the heavens for charts and other purposes, making, of course, accompanying calculations. So far as the scheme has been carried out the results have been satisfactory. The report states that it is merely a tentative effort to see how far women can fulfil such scientific requirements. There is little reason, we think, to fear the ultimate results of the trial, which we may hope will open up an entirely new field for female talents, and it will be watched with great interest. Caroline Herschell rendered assistance of the utmost value to her great brother, and other feminine names are not wholly unknown in this branch of science. If all tests of women's powers were carried out in the same reasonable fashion we should soon know what they could and could not do.

THERE is an article in the June number of *Macmillan's* called "Can Women Combine?" The author

has examined a priori various reasons why women should not be able to combine, and concludes apparently that they cannot. In those matters, however, an ounce of fact goes farther, as the kindly proverb says, than a ton of theory, and the existence of the Nottingham Cigar-makers' Union, of which we have before made mention in these pages, is the best answer to the question whether or not women can combine. These women had no helpers from outside with the exception of one or two men belonging to the same trade, who showed them how to manage the business part of their union and spoke at their first meetings. No money was given them from outside. The union has existed for rather more than two years and a half; it includes almost all the women in the trade in Nottingham, and has a branch in Leicester. Its membership is under a thousand. It has never asked for an advance, but has steadily resisted reductions. Its contribution is 3d. per week. And what has this combination effected? It has been calculated that in those two years and a half it has put into the pockets of its members £3,824, which would not have been paid to them if the reductions which the union has successfully resisted had come into operation. That is to say, that in return for a weekly payment of 1½d. each member has retained nearly £4 a year which she would have lost, besides having received a weekly allowance in times of dispute and sickness. These are facts which can be tested, and which are unassailable.

Again, the writer quotes as characteristic a strike of shirtmakers in which the women came out to help the men in resisting a grievance. If she were well acquainted with women workers in factories she would know that this instance, whether characteristic or not, was exceptional, and that small unorganised strikes on their own account are exceedingly common among women workers—far more common than among men.

The reasons for this are complicated, but one of them is doubtless the fact that women often have no families depending on their work as men have; and another the fact that their wages are often so very low, and their tenure of work so uncertain, that they cannot perceive a great difference between keeping their place and losing it. Both of these reasons which are addressed as difficulties in the way of combination. They are difficulties, but they are also sometimes aids.

The notion of a trade union among domestic servants is spoken of as inconceivable. Here again facts are stubborn things; and it appears to be the fact that such a union actually exists in Denmark. Such, at least, was shown to be the case by the Danish delegates who attended the International Trade Union Congress held in London in 1888.

AN exceedingly interesting lecture upon Sweating, illustrated by examples of work, has been given by the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Birmingham, at Essex Hall. Several of the exhibits—shirts that can be bought retail at 1s., trousers sold at 2s. 3d. per pair—were clear examples of the oppression of the worker being due to too low a selling price; but others, such as the dog-chain made by a woman at Cradley Heath for 1½d. and sold in the Strand for 1s. 3d., showed a clear margin allowing for better payment without the raising of retail prices. Among the articles shown was

a pair of stays from Portsmouth made of cheap black satin, "fanned" with crimson silk and much covered. The price paid for making them was less than 5s. per dozen; the retail selling price, 2s. 11½d. per pair, or 34½d. per dozen. The cost of material might be guessed roughly at 10s. a dozen, scarcely not more. The wages given even on expensive stays are not greatly higher. It is pretty clear that the Portsmouth Cord Makers' Union may very fairly ask for an advance with little prospect of ruining any employer.

It is greatly to be regretted that our English girls are so far behind their American cousins in business talent. We hear from the United States of daughters entering into partnerships with fathers, and husbands with wives, and when the male head of the family dies his business is often carried on by the woman. But in England, while in a middle-class family the sons are put to work and are shown a way of earning a living, the daughters remain at home, learning no business, but simply performing a portion of the household duties. If the father dies they are plunged in poverty, from which they emerge to become governesses, a position for which they are frequently entirely unsuited. Why should this be so? There must be many young women who would prefer working for themselves to waiting at home for the chances of a husband. Every girl does not wish for marriage, but the thought of having to find a means of living at twenty-five or thirty is somewhat unpleasant.

THERE has recently been on view at Messrs. Hindley's, in Oxford Street, a remarkably interesting and beautiful carpet. For the past fifty years this firm has been endeavouring to create an industry in carpet-weaving among the wives and daughters of our farm labourers, and has planted small factories in various remote rural districts for the purpose. It is only, however, of recent times that it has become an important branch of the business of this well-known firm. The carpet in question was woven in Wiltshire, and measures 34 feet by 24 feet. It was made by eighteen women, who spent five months of continuous work upon it. It is a very beautiful Aubusson design of rich crimson and the lighter tones of Eftel or terra-cotta red, with a rich creamy-white border containing several distinct notes of colour. It is entirely hand woven, every hank of wool, of which only the very purest vegetable-dyed English has been used, having been tied separately in to the linen warp. The amount of labour expended upon it may be best judged from the fact that it contains no less than six and a half millions of these tiny tufts. The carpet has been specially made to order and to fit a particular room. In softness and texture it resembles one of the finest Turkey carpets. Women who are skilled in this work earn as much as 22s. a week, but Messrs. Hindley complain that the great difficulty they find is in teaching the necessity for absolute accuracy. The multiplication of such little "cottage factories" as those established by Messrs. Hindley would do much towards solving the labour problem of the hour. It would keep our country hands from that eager rush towards great towns which has such lamentable results, and would restore prosperity to rural villages.

THE number of bazaars that have been held this season beats all previous records. The monster "Fayre" at the Albert Hall seems temporarily in disfavour, and

energy seems rather to have centred in smaller and simpler undertakings. If they could be gathered, the statistics of work done and money obtained by this means would be a remarkable testimony to women's united efforts for charity. At all of them one point has been noticeable, and that was the uniform improvement in the artistic application of needlework. The Berlin Wool Age has long gone by, and so has the period of crude crewels, which is now being followed by one of really high art work. Old designs have been cleverly adapted to modern uses; old stitches have been cunningly revived by deft fingers. And for these advances we may largely thank the Royal School of Art Needlework, which has greatly improved its *locale*, and is not only increasing its own business, but is employing a growing staff of highly skilled art workers.

The question of cheap tea *versus* beer has led to very opposite answers from the two great catering firms, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. The customers of the former seem to prefer the mild intoxicant; those of the latter order tea. Tea in public restaurants is almost invariably bad. The few notable exceptions find that they have ample demand for it. Therefore the moral is obvious: give good and cheap tea and coffee, and it will be profitably patronised. With the reduced duty on tea, we ought to be able to get it really good, for not more than twopence, or at the most threepence a cup; and as it becomes more generally obtainable, it will be more and more in request.

The Bill for the Compulsory Registration of Midwives, to be introduced, if possible, this session by Mr. W. Pell Peace, will probably meet with support on both sides of the House. The medical men who have opposed most vigorously the scheme for the registration of the general nurses, are almost all careful to state that they place obstetric nursing on a different basis. The Bill itself has been drawn up and promoted by the Midwives' Institute, and is conceived in a broad, sensible spirit, which would place no obstacle in the way of neighbourly kindnesses which poor women to their honour so often render to one another. But it will check the growing evil of ignorant and utterly incapable women setting up and trading as *accoucheuses*, causing infinite mischief to those upon whom they impose. Other countries afford this protection to poor mothers, and some such legislation has long been called for here.

The appearance of two teams of lady-cricketers who have been professionally trained, has called out exaggerated praise, and too vehement abuse. One is not disposed to take the view of certain sporting journalists, who have gone into ecstasies over the grace and entire modesty of the display, nor to think that English womanliness is in danger because two-and-twenty girls enjoy a share in the "gate-money" paid to witness their performance. It is merely a repetition of the clamour that was raised when women went to the University, or studied medicine. We are crying out for gymnastics and athletics for girls, we encourage them to take part in all active employments, and are fully convinced of the value of physical as well as intellectual training. But there is no more reason to think that all our girls will make themselves professional oarswomen or cricketers, on account of a few women having qualified themselves beyond the average in these pursuits, than there is to apprehend a similar "rush" on the part of

the other sex. One can only be amused that so big a fuss has been made over so small a matter.

WHETHER the fear of the Charity Commissioners is before the City Companies or not is a thing one may be pardoned for wondering, in view of the activity which some of them are showing with regard to popular education. Both the Fannakers and the Armourers and Brasiers have given notable proofs of this in the two fascinating exhibitions which they have just held, and which will be of material encouragement in reviving their respective art-crafts. If the Drapers' Company would organise a show of English laces, it might resuscitate that beautiful but declining industry among our working women.

BUT to speak of the two actually held, it may be said that women acquitted themselves most creditably. The very highest awards at the Fannakers' Exhibition fell, as was expected, to Mr. F. Houghton, who ranks easily as our first living artist in fan-painting. In competition for Lady Charlotte Schreiber's prize for unmounted fan-leaves taken from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Miss Tysen-Amhorst, Miss Torek, and Miss Clarkson showed designs so equal in merit as to give the judges considerable difficulty in deciding upon the awards. Mmes. Bellini and Mrs. Heitland contributed very interesting sets of fans at reasonable prices, and Miss James, Miss R. Houghton, Miss A. H. Loch, and the Lady Artists' Guild contributed very interesting and charming examples. It was strongly urged in the press, and the Company are of the same opinion, that if the dainty craft is to be revived with vitality in this country, we must make our own fan-sticks. At present we are dependent for these either upon a very few makers, who do not devote themselves exclusively to their production, and to whom, therefore, they are a secondary consideration, or upon Paris and Vienna. This class was the poorest and least interesting in the Exhibition. As the British Trades' Directory does not give us the name of one firm to whom these are a speciality, here at least is a department to which lady-artists might well turn their attention; and it may be safely predicted that good and original work of this kind would find a remunerative market.

IN the Armourers' and Brasiers' Exhibition ladies also showed some capital specimens of craftsmanship, in spite of the seeming unsuitability of the hard metallic mediums to feminine fingers. The Keswick School of Industrial Art secured several marks of distinction, the merit of which fell to Mrs. Hardwicke Rawnsley as both designer and executor. Miss Laura Bray showed an excellent panel in copper, a tray in beaten brass, and several other charming things, beautiful as well as useful. Miss G. C. France obtained a second prize for a picture-frame in etched copper, and Miss Agnes S. Boyd made a praiseworthy effort in the direction of the old art of incrustation or inlay, with a bowl in copper and tin. It is hoped that this will be only the first of a series of exhibitions, in the course of which special encouragement will be shown to this last-named branch, as well as to niello and damascening. In former days it was compulsory for every craftsman to put his name upon his metal-work as proof of its honesty. The Company is very wisely insisting upon this condition in its exhibitions, as it feels that there is no stronger incentive to thoroughness.

Mrs. JENNIES MILLER and her sister, Miss Jenness, have been over in England, and have introduced their graceful motions and pretty silken Dress Reformers to a favoured few in London society. The deficiency of the tints and decorations of the silken under clothing reminds us of Miss Sherman Crawford's famous question—"Will they wash?" Nevertheless, these ladies have something in common with the English Rational Dress Society. They think that corsets and high heels of any kind destroy the figure, and point to calisthenics as the true means of producing grace in motion and outline when untroubled by unscientific clothing. They believe they have evolved the complete type of under clothing. For the dress they have contrived a style of great grace and beauty, though they do not look upon it as perfect, but as being as good as is possible to the times. Mrs. Jenness Miller's motto is, "Evolution, not Revolution, was the way."

This meeting at the Marchioness of Ripon's to consider the question of Women as County Councillors was crowded and enthusiastic. The speaking was of a high order, and found a fitting culmination in the address of Lord Chief Justice Colclidge. The Rev. S. Powell-Williams, a member of the London County Council, gave in amusing fashion an instance of the superiority of women to men in some branches of the Councillor's work. He and his colleagues had marched through an institution on a visit of inspection with a satisfied and beaming smile, when, observing that Miss Cons had not emerged, they returned and found her pursuing an investigation into details which resulted in valuable practical suggestions and improvements. It is disappointing to add that the second reading of the Bill which would have placed beyond controversy the right of women to act on County Councils, has since been refused by the House of Lords by a vote of 119 against 45. The cause, however, found powerful champions in Lord Derby, Lord Granville, and others, and its ultimate triumph cannot long be delayed.

AMONG the various charitable societies that are being evolved from the kind hearts and clear heads of the women of our metropolis, perhaps none is more interesting than "The Working Ladies Guild," whose central office is 251, Brompton Road, London. Behind the distressing cases of abject poverty that daily thrust themselves under our notice, or that are sought out by devoted workers in the cause of the poor, we were long aware that there lay a class of suffering women too proud to beg, too helpless to work, and who had no hope or help but to pine away and slowly die. Many of these were born in good circumstances, and had as much education as need to be considered necessary for a lady, and only that, so that when sorrow, trouble, over-deprivation of means, through accident or fraud, overwhelmed them, they were left utterly without resource. The real aim of "The Ladies' Guild" is first to find work for these who are able to work, then to teach those who are unable to do so through ignorance, and finally to help those who are unable to do so through illness. The Queen is patroness of the Associates of the Guild, whose numbers are constantly increasing. These Associates band together in groups in different localities, and attend to those who have been placed on their books by personal introduction from some Associate. This can be done in various ways: by direct aiding in funds; by gaining information through a Guild registry of situations vacant,

or of occasional work; by providing clothing, flowers, books, to the needle, or giving drives or a short change of air. A touching word of one of the "poor ladies" reached and blessed by the Guild should be recorded—"You help us without hurting us."

THE papers, from the *Daily Telegraph* onward, found a fertile source of amusement in the news received from Edgerton, Kansas, to the effect that the ladies of that town who had conferred upon themselves the duties of Mayor, Magistrates, and Alderwomen, had resigned in a body "because the men made fun of them." Certainly, it might have been supposed that ladies who had occupied such important positions would have been superior to such a small thing as mere male ridicule; but it may be shrewdly surmised that their resignation was rather due to the difficulties of carrying out such drastic legislation as the total prohibition of smoking, and the peremptory order that the masculine population should be indoors by half past nine. However, this little lesson, as well as the one just received by M. de Gaste in the French Chamber of Deputies when he made an effort to introduce a resolution in favour of making half the deputies and senators ladies, may be accepted profitably by some of our well-meaning sisters who are excessive in their demands. Women must be content to acquire power gradually, and not be surprised that they do not get it in one great sweeping revolution.

THE first Convention of American Working Girls Clubs has taken place in New York, under the presidency of Miss Grace Dodge, and among other very sensible and practical decisions arrived at was one that Congress should be petitioned to sanction the appointment of female subinspectors of labour for factories in which women and children were employed. Many striking testimonies to the value of girls' clubs, both economically and socially, were brought forward at this New York Convention, but happily we have not much to learn from America on that point. The Young Women's Christian Association, the Girls' Friendly Society, and the more local or class clubs organised by such ladies as Lady Winborne and the Hon. Maude Stanley, have been among the most valuable influences for raising our young working women, and teaching them their responsibilities as citizenesses.

WE are glad to see that attention has been drawn of late to the value of some knowledge of fire-drill, and precautions in case of fire. An excellent idea has been carried out at Lord Northbrook's country seat, Stratton, where the house is not only well furnished with escapes and extinguishing apparatus, but a quarterly fire-drill takes place among the male and female servants, under the professional supervision of one of Messrs. Merryweathers' fire inspectors. This gentleman, in his last report upon the subject, remarks that female servants drill very satisfactorily in the use of fire-escapes. At Girtton College there has long been a fire brigade among the students, and the example has been followed at Holloway College. A contemporary suggests, with much practical sense, that fire drill might well form a course of the gymnastic training through which young women are now so wisely put. Certainly many valuable lives might be saved every year by a knowledge of what to do in the face of this terrible catastrophe.



YACHTING - COSTUMES.

(See p. 518.)

Mrs. Kendal at Home.

IT was with the bounteous honours of her American tour thick upon her that I saw Mrs. Kendal at her home in Harley Street. The drawing-room was eloquent of her trans-Atlantic triumphs, for on all sides were the presents and souvenirs which Brother Jonathan

many spoils of her victorious campaign. Mrs. Kendal is dressed in a well-fitting walking-costume of dark blue serge, which befits the glowing cheeks that are still suggestive of the Atlantic breezes.

"With the flags came this pretty screen," she con-



Mrs. KENDAL.

(From a Photograph by Sarony, of New York.)

and his wife bestowed with an unbounded generosity upon the popular actress. The burnished silver of cups and caskets, the bright colours of flags and medallions made gorgeously resplendent the delicate colours of the upholstery and the soft tones of the furniture. On a mahogany cabinet close by a back window, in which some beautiful flowers were blooming, the English and American flags lay side by side.

"They were part of the 'bouquet' given to me by some ladies of New York," explains Mrs. Kendal, who enters the room as I am gazing with wonder upon the

tinues. "You see this silver plate records the dates of our first and last performances in the States, and across the screen are the red, white, and blue of England, and the stars and stripes of America. Many of my smaller presents I have given to my little girls to take care of, for it was difficult to know what to do with them all. When they gave me flowers it was in silver bowls like this; when they sent me liqueurs it was with little glasses like those."

One of Mrs. Kendal's American souvenirs—one of the most inexpensive—had a very pleasant significance.

It was the was figure of a Philadelphia Quakeress, who retains all the primitive simplicity of her dress. Yet, as the gift of some female "Friends" in that city, it gives proof of the kindly feeling which prevails even in that strict circle towards the stage.

In showing me these tokens of America's good will, Mrs. Kendal was twice interrupted—once by the arrival of a letter, and next by a telegram.

"I am dreadfully busy," she said, in apologising for reading these communications. "You see my visit has been so exceedingly pleasant that I am going to repeat it very soon. I only came home to see my children, but, of course, I must now see all my friends as well. Then we have to take out a new wardrobe for the ladies of the company. Mr. Kendal provides all the wardrobe, but as he could not afford to pay—say, a hundred guineas for a dress, we can't give the ladies *carte-blanc*, so I have to superintend the making of over two hundred dresses, and you can perhaps imagine what a task it is. One lady's dressmaker lives in Brompton, and another's in Wigmore Street, and there is constant driving to and fro, getting the colours matched."

"What do you think, Mrs. Kendal, of the complaints—which have recently been loud and deep—that actresses over-dress their parts?"

"I don't think the practice prevails to any extent. I must say I like the ladies of our company to look nice. Every woman, too, naturally wishes to dress well, whether on the stage or off. With the general public, pretty dress is one of the attractions of the theatre. For myself I have always dressed simply on the stage. In creating a new part I have considered the character before the costume. Having formed a conception of the part, I have asked myself, 'What sort of dress would such a woman wear?' For instance, in *The Squire* I designed a dress which would, I thought, just fit the quaint simplicity of the character. When Mr. Pinero told me that it would be necessary to have three different dresses, I changed the dress for the different scenes, but not the style. Again, in *The Weaker Sex* at the Court a short time ago, I had to play the strong-minded 'advanced' woman of the time. I did not put on a green gown and hooked spectacles, for I think the popular notion of the strong-minded woman is exaggerated. But I gave the character a masculine air by wearing a small shirt front with a cravat. It has been an invariable practice with me to design my own dresses in this way, instead of going to a costumer's and ordering a gown because it was beautiful."

"That is just as I expected. In asking the question I knew you could give an impartial opinion."

"The real truth of the matter is, I think, that far more attention is now paid to stage minutiae. If an actress is playing the part of a duchess she should look her part just as much as if she were impersonating a chambermaid. But in what is now called the olden time it was sufficient if the duchess wore some sort of satin dress. Now an actress must not only have the manners of a duchess, but there must be the real brocade and the genuine diamonds."

"But is not a matter of approach that the stage to some extent sets the fashion?"

"Oh, I don't think it sets the fashion. It has an influence, I admit, but no more than it had as long as I can remember. I know that dressmakers have found me most profitable, simply because ladies have ordered dresses 'like Mrs. Kendal wears in such-and-such a piece.' You remember possibly how popular the collars and cuffs of *The Squire* became. It is the same, of course, with my sister actresses. How fashionable, for instance, Miss Ellen Terry made the full, puffed sleeves!"

Mrs. Kendal's heart seemed to be overflowing with gratitude towards her American cousins. A pause occurring in the conversation, again she spoke of her busy pleasures in the land of the Great Republic.

"Of course, I met Mrs. Cleveland. She is one of the most charming women I have ever seen—a combination, as it were, of the aristocratic graces of Lady Dudley and the gentle manner of the Princess of Wales. It is very wonderful how, coming direct from school, she held her own at the White House. It is still more wonderful how, having left the White House, she maintains her sway over the affections of the people."

This brought to my mind Max O'Rell's panegyric of the American girl. Will Mrs. Kendal, regarding the American girl from the coign of vantage of a famous and fascinating English woman, endorse his eulogium of her as being equally able to talk about the latest fashion, or Herbert Spencer's last book? "To me she was a constant source of amazement," the actress replied. "The American woman seems to know the latest thing in literature, art, science, politics, philosophy—what you will. There is an inconceivable number of newspapers in America, and she seems to read them diligently."

Mrs. Kendal investigated the cause of the fair American's astonishing versatility, but with little success. More than once she asked whether the ladies studied the newspapers in bed, but they only shook their heads and smiled. Mrs. Kendal could find only one explanation of the fact that American women can burn the candle at both ends, can study literature and acquire knowledge with the same diligence that they "dance sweet dalliance" in society's pleasure-gardens. "Their husbands and brothers," she says, "are not about the house all day as ours are. Every American has some work to attend to in his office or chambers, which occupies him till evening. Till six or seven the American woman's time is mostly her own; she can read and study without interruption."

"And do you think her reading and study has an ill effect upon her health?"

"American women are paler and more fragile, I think, than English women. That is to say, they are shorter in stature, and more *petite* in form; they have not our tendency to get stout as they grow older. But on the whole they may be as healthy; they have a sort of wiry strength, if one may use the expression."

Mrs. Kendal happened to mention the lady journalists of America, and this led to a declaration of her opinion regarding the employment of women. "I am in favour of every profession being opened to women in which they

can earn a good and honest livelihood. For instance, why should a girl who can write shorthand as fast and as well as men, be excluded from the Reporters' Gallery in Parliament simply because she wears a petticoat?"

Reverting again to the problem of the American woman, Mrs. Kendal admitted the insufficiency of her explanation. "She seems to find time incomprehensibly elastic. To me, as I grow older, every hour seems shorter. I suppose it is because we live at such a pace nowadays. Yes, I know what you are going to say, but although there is greater speed in travelling and more convenient ways of doing things, there no longer appear to be sixty minutes in the hour. Life seems fuller. What with the management of one's household and the care of one's children, I suppose it is the general experience. In youth the hours and days seem long. We dream of the future, contemplate the life that is before. And in old age I suppose there is again inactivity—the time is then passed in retrospection."

The philosophic turn in Mrs. Kendal's conversation somewhat surprised me; the minute before she had been full of banter and badinage—now there was a tinge of gravity in the resonant voice as she made what may be called her confession of faith.

"I believe in retribution not only on the stage but in real life, in the eternal justice of things. For instance, in regard to beautiful actresses, is it not a fact that having beauty they are almost invariably deficient in art? If it were not so we—well, not positively ugly, but passably plain people—could not endure the thought. We should become rebellious and irreligious, crying out against the justice of Almighty God. Plain women always find consolation in their intelligences."

"You remind me of Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on Compensation, Mrs. Kendal."

"Well, is there not a just Nemesis throughout life? Wickedness always finds its punishment; no evildoer can, I verily believe, enjoy his sleep. A woman who has done wrong may be taken by the hand by a noble-minded woman, but she has to relinquish the contact; she seems to spread an aroma, as it were, of wickedness about her. In the same way if I were to tell you an untruth intended to injure anyone, I am sure some misfortune would befall me before the day was done. One of my children would be taken ill, I should quarrel with my husband—some unpleasant thing or other would happen. I remember some time ago being at a fashionable house at which a certain lady was to recite. This lady had done me some injury. As she entered the room my hostess said to me, 'Do you see who is coming? You know her, of course?' Then there was a pause. 'Ah, I understand, my dear, you don't know her.' 'Oh, yes, I do!' I replied with an effort. 'I know Miss——quite well!' and then I advanced and shook hands with her. On the following day I was not at all surprised to have a great slice of luck."

"I am afraid the creed of Divine justice is not that of most women of the world."

"I am not a woman of the world. I am merely a plain, matter-of-fact sort of person, with many good friends and some enemies. I follow my own course as

well as I can, cherishing my friends and ignoring my enemies."

"And how do you reconcile your creed with the superstitions of the stage?"

"Oh, I must plead guilty to them all!" Mrs. Kendal exclaimed, her vivacity returning. "You see on the stage there is so much worship paid to precedent. It is always a case of 'What has been.' Our superstitious feeling arises from conservative instinct, I suppose. Then I have no doubt there is such a thing as luck. Some people are born under a lucky star. But in the theatrical profession, at any rate, there must be ability and perseverance as well to make use of the chances when they come. The ball must be kicked, as it were, and kicked at the right moment as it rolls along."

All the world and his wife are, I suppose, more or less familiar with Mrs. Kendal's professional career. In *Dramatic Opinions* she has herself told its story with more colour and detail than could be imparted to it by any second person. If the *début* of Miss Margaret Robertson as Ophelia, at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1865, is but a memory with a very few, her later triumphs are freshly remembered by most playgoers.

Of her first appearance on the stage at the Marylebone Theatre, at the age of three, Mrs. Kendal herself has but little recollection. She is inclined to think, however, that her performance was not a success, mainly because of her anxiety to display to her nurse, who sat in the audience, the beauties of a new pair of shoes.

"About this time I remember going to the theatre and diverting the house by crying out from a side-box, 'My sister did not steal the spoons.' My sister was acting in a play in which the theft of silver was imputed to her, and this greatly aroused my infantile indignation."

In talking of her childhood, Mrs. Kendal reiterates her opinion that children should not be prohibited from appearing upon the stage. "Nearly all the leading actresses of the day," she asserts, "began as children. As for myself," Mrs. Kendal laughingly remarks, "coming of a long line of actors and actor-managers, I can claim to belong to the aristocracy of the profession."

"But is not the profession a republic where none are privileged, and all have an equality of opportunity?"

"That is largely true if you except inequality of physical strength. I have known some sad cases of breakdown. You see with a certain degree of success the necessity for physical exertion becomes greater, and if an actress is not equal to it she loses her place in the race. When I was in New York I played in the *Maitre des Forges* twice on the Friday and twice on the Saturday, but I confess that I was very glad Sunday followed."

For some time Mrs. Kendal was a teacher of elocution in the Royal College of Music, and many of its old students may be glad to hear that the illuminated address which they presented to her when she resigned still occupies a place of honour in a drawing-room crowded with similar reminiscences of her professional success. By its side, mounted in a handsome frame, is a long letter signed "Albert Edward," expressing

the writer's regret that Mrs. Kendal was leaving his favourite institution. This letter is one of many which Mrs. Kendal has received from members of the Royal Family, who always address her as Mrs. W. Kendal Griston, her unprofessional name.

"Of course I value these kind letters from Sandringham and St. James's Palace very much," Mrs. Kendal remarks, "yet such things are not all-important. To a woman with a profound appreciation of the general public is of supreme interest."

Apart from popular applause, the chief sources of the *joie de vivre* which beams in Mrs. Kendal's eyes,

colour her cheeks, and bursts forth in her conversation, are found in her happy household and her devoted friendships. She has "warmed both hands at the fire of life," and the genial heat is felt by all who have some share in her society. To them "Madge," with her torrent of clever talk, her diversity of eager interests, her abundance of physical and moral health, is an inspiration, a good genius. With her, art and nature must, indeed, be near allied, for in her home and among her friends she bears the same part as that which she has played with most success on the stage, and with which she has won such large and lasting fame.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

A Great Woman Traveller.



IDA PFLEIFER, the earliest famous woman traveller, remains still, all things considered, the most remarkable. Educated by an "eccentric" father in precisely the same manner as her brothers, and wearing boys' clothes till she was fifteen years of age, she felt while still young a passionate longing to travel. Married at an early age, however, and falling into poverty from her husband's misfortunes, it was many years before she found herself able to leave her native land, Austria.

When she at length felt free to carry out her long-cherished ambition to see the world, Mme. Pfeiffer was already forty-five years of age. Her sons were grown up and settled; she had saved a little, though a very little money, and with joy she started off alone for her first journey in 1842. "Very painful was her parting from her sons, to whom she was tenderly attached," says Oscar, the eldest of her children. They did not, however, know where their mother intended to go. Her passport was made out only for Constantinople; but her private design was to travel all through the Holy Land. Her age only presented itself to her as an element of safety in the undertaking—it never occurred to her that she was reaching a time of life when comfort and repose are needful. "Born at the end of the last century, I may travel *alone*," she says—that is all.

She returned safely from her journey under the hazy skies of Syria and Palestine, and published an account of her travels. The book bears the title—"Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land." The work had considerable success, and returned her money enough to enable her to undertake another expedition. While writing the book, and waiting for its results, she was otherwise not idle. She studied English and Danish, and learned the art of daguerreotyping (the earliest form of photography). She had previously acquired enough knowledge of botany, entomology, and natural history to be of service to her in recognising what was new and strange; but she always disclaimed any title to be called learned.

Thus mentally equipped, she started in 1845 on her second voyage, choosing this time the cold regions of Sweden and Norway and Iceland. She suffered far more from the bitter cold of Iceland than she had done from the burning sun of the East. Voyaging in regions almost unknown to travellers then, she ought to have taken with her a tent, various kinds of dried and preserved foods, cooking utensils, coverings for the night, and furs to wear by day. But Mme. Pfeiffer had no money for such luxurious arrangements. Her pecuniary means were trifling. "I knew how little would suffice for a traveller foregoing all superfluities," she said gaily. But it was no light thing, after having no food all day but inferior bread and hard cheese, to be unable to find shelter for the night, and to pass it under the stars, coiled up on her own trunk, and unable to sleep from the cold. Frequently she obtained leave, as a special favour, to sleep in churches in the midst of graveyards. From the fifteenth day of her journey her face was covered with an irritable eruption, and her lips bled constantly from the painful cracks which seamed their surface. But she declared, "I felt so happy in the grand scenes opened to my view, that there was no fatigue or danger I would not support gladly to secure such emotions. And if one day on my travels," she added, "I must meet death—well, I will go without fear, thanking God in my inmost heart for the happy hours that I have spent contemplating the marvels of His creation."

She wrote an account of this journey also, and then, for a time, she thought she would rest. But the impulse of the traveller, so long set aside by domestic duty, was too strong to be checked by desire for ease and comfort. In 1846, when she lacked only one year of fifty, the intrepid woman set forth alone on an enterprise compared with which her previous journeys had been trifling excursions. She would travel round the world!

Again she concealed her intention from her sons. Remonstrances never moved her, but she preferred not to have the trouble of meeting them. Oscar Pfeiffer declares that his mother was absolutely obstinate. When she had once made up her mind she was never

moved. Even if she appeared to yield, it was only in order to carry out her own resolution in some other way. Withal, she was far from being rough or noisy or masterful. In person she was short and thin, and as she grew old became slightly bent. Her face was calm, and had a restrained, firm, but rather anxious expression, as of one used to labour and endure in silence and self-reliance. Bluster and self-assertion were far from her characteristics.

On May-day, 1846, this quiet woman embarked at Hamburg on a Danish sailing vessel bound for Brazil, where her sons expected her journey to end. That was, however, in fact, but a first step on her intended course of travel, which was to extend over two years.

Let us follow her briefly on a map. Start from Hamburg with 7,500 miles of sea to traverse in order to arrive at Rio de Janeiro. Remember that you are on a sailing vessel, and prepare for a long voyage. It took Ida Pfeiffer only ten days less than three months to accomplish it. Draw breath there, and set off again for a 7,000 miles' trip to Valparaiso. After a 5,000 miles' voyage farther on, you will touch and rest at Tahiti, and from thence another 5,000 miles or so of sea will land you in China. After a stay there, you proceed to India—Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, up the Ganges to Benares, and thence, supposing yourself quite unattended except by two Hindoo men, you will start for a long ride in a bullock-cart to Bombay—a journey that will last seven weeks. Now you must re-embark for a voyage up the Persian Gulf to Bassora, and then to Bagdad. A journey of 300 miles on the back of a mule with a caravan of Arabs, from Bagdad to Mossoul, is undertaken in order to see the ruins of Nineveh. Thence a long and fatiguing ride through Persia to Tiflis, and across Russian territory—a matter of 800 miles on horseback, sometimes the only woman in a caravan, sometimes escorted by a single guide, passing always amidst uncivilised tribes, whose language is strange, whose customs are appalling, and whose food is unpalatable. Then down the Black Sea to Odessa; thence to Constantinople, through Greece to Italy, and so home by Trieste, after two and a half years' constant travel, covering 2,800 miles by land, and 35,000 miles by sea.

Full of peril and adventure as the whole journey made by Mme. Pfeiffer was, it was the portion of it passing through Persia that was felt by persons acquainted with the ground to be the most astounding. Perhaps it was not really the most dangerous. Ida Pfeiffer's life was never more nearly sacrificed than in Brazil, when her negro guide, in an obscure wood, attacked her with a hatchet and a lasso.

"I possessed only a pocket-knife, which I drew out and opened on the instant, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. I avoided the blows as long as possible with my umbrella, but the negro seized it, and it broke, leaving only the handle in my hand. His knife fell from his grasp, and I precipitated myself toward it, and believed that I had secured it, when he pushed me away with his arm and his foot, and seized it again. Flourishing it over my head furiously, he inflicted two wounds on me, of which one was severe, on

the top of my left arm. I regarded myself as lost, and despair alone gave me the courage to make use of my penknife."

She made a cut on her assailant's hand. At this moment the sound of the approaching footsteps of another party of travellers was heard, and the would-be murderer fled into the forest, leaving Mme. Pfeiffer to get her wounds bound up, and then—continue her journey as though nothing had happened!

In China, too, Europeans at that time ran considerable risk, and during her stay at Canton a young Swiss, with whom she had spent the preceding evening at a merchant's house, was murdered by pirates, probably in league with his own servants, in descending the river down which Ida Pfeiffer had to go alone a day or two after. Another excursion up the River of Pearls, which she made successfully, proved fatal to six young Englishmen, who were all murdered by Chinese villagers within three months after she had passed its dangers. She went on that excursion dressed as a man, for her friends told her that a European woman was sure to be stoned. Another time she was with difficulty rescued from a horde of barbarians in the streets of Canton.

But it was in Persia that she ran most imminent risk, and that risk was in more than one shape. Brigands and robbers were even less to be dreaded than the diseases rife in uncivilised Eastern lands. In going up the Persian Gulf, the ship was so crowded that it was difficult to find a place to lie down. Mme. Pfeiffer was suffering terribly on this voyage from bilious fever, so that she could scarcely drag herself up from the spot she had secured to lie down in—under the cabin table—when the meals began, and she had to move to avoid the diners' feet. On this journey, which lasted eighteen days, there were cases of smallpox on board, and a child died of the disease. Again, in the Black Sea, a man died of cholera in the cabin next to Mme. Pfeiffer. She herself set forth on one sea-voyage of 5,000 miles in a state of fever. She had been prostrate in bed for days, but it was only seldom that a vessel went, so she would not lose this chance. "Trusting in her good star," as she says, she was carried to her berth, and her confidence was repaid by recovery as soon as she was away from doctors and invalid food.

But to travel through Persia, the only European and the only woman of her caravan; to go alone with a guide over miles of country never traversed even by the natives except in large parties; to spend weeks without washing and without changing her clothing; to sleep on the ground during the heats of the day, and to ride on mule or horseback all night; to speak by signs only, knowing nothing of the native tongue; to live on bread and water, with a handful of spoiled dates, or a slice of melon or cucumber for a rare treat; to conquer by her spirit and determination the ill-humour of guides and the enervations of avaricious villagers; to persuade robbers that she was not worth attack—here, indeed, were achievements for a lone woman of fifty years old!

When Ida Pfeiffer returned to Vienna in safety from this journey, so unparalleled for a solitary elderly woman, she was received with acclamation. Her new book of

travels was suddenly ended, her collection of plants, insects, and geological specimens brought high prices; Humboldt and other scientists received her as one of themselves; and the Geographical Society of Paris elected her a member in the most flattering manner. The Royal Geographical Society of London explained that they could not elect her a member because it had been expressly provided in the original statutes that no woman should ever be elected. But the Council did what perhaps, on the whole, she preferred. They voted a sum of money to be placed at her command in case she decided to undertake other travels. Still she resented the slight of their refusing to have a woman as a member.

"That I should not be received," says Mme. Pfeiffer modestly, "was natural enough, for I cannot lay claim to a deep knowledge of any branch of science. But no one will doubt the existence of many really scientific women at the present day, and to exclude such persons merely on account of their sex I think incomprehensible. It might pass in the East, where the female sex is not held in great estimation, but not in a country like England, which professes to take pride in its civilisation, and to keep pace with the spirit of the times."

However, the grant of English money added to one of 1,500 florins from the Austrian Government, helped her in her next voyage. For she did undertake further travels. Oh, yes! Her energies were by no means exhausted, though she was fifty-four years old when she set forth to go round the world a second time.

Her route was, of course, somewhat different from before. She now took in the Cape, the islands of the Pacific, Central America, Canada, and the United States—the journey lasting from May, 1851, to the end of 1854.

Her most perilous and remarkable excursion on this voyage was perhaps the one into the interior of Borneo. The wild and savage Dyaks had never allowed a European man to return from their midst. A white woman had never made the perilous experiment. Little was known of this exceptionally ferocious people, but what was known was awe-inspiring. They were "head-hunters." In place of merely scalping their foes, they cut off the whole head, and the dried skull formed a trophy in the cabin of its proud taker. A human head was a popular present; it took the place of the salt-cellar and fish-trays of civilisation at weddings, and was a pledge of amity between friends.

For a certain distance up the river Sacaran the influence of Rajah Brooke extended. But Ida Pfeiffer and her small escort soon passed entirely beyond the bounds of any civilised influence. Soon they fell in with a band of Dyaks returning from a skirmish with a tribe of enemies. In their midst they carried several newly severed heads dangling on poles. They received the white woman—the native guide having explained who she was—not ungraciously, and gave her the place of honour in their march; that was, nearest to the men who carried the dangling heads. When they reached their village, too, they did her the favour of hanging up the bleeding and distorted heads over the door of the

hut where she was to pass the night. The horrible smell of these grisly objects filled her nostrils, and the fearful music of dried skulls swaying against each other in the wind kept her awake. The ferocious savages by whom she was surrounded wore necklaces of human teeth. The whole circumstances were so awe-inspiring that even that intrepid woman lay awake all night in a feverish agony of fear, every moment expecting to feel the knife at her throat.

But her time had not yet come. She was allowed to continue her journey. A day or two after her boat on the river met the prows of a defeated tribe full of men flying for their lives. A few minutes more, and the victorious tribe, hot in pursuit, appeared. Mme. Pfeiffer's men were for flying with the conquered, but she resolutely forbade this, and, as usual, her will conquered. But when she saw two of the prows full of the excited conquerors direct themselves towards her boat instead of, as she had hoped, pursuing the enemy, she owns that she thought her last hour was come. Nevertheless, she kept quite cool, and ordered her interpreter to explain that she was merely a traveller. The dreaded warriors forthwith offered her the hospitality of their village. They managed to make her fall into the river, and she had to sleep on the ground in her wet clothes, but these were trifling details.

Her costume was suited for her adventures. It consisted on this journey of stout trousers, over which she wore a short skirt turned up round her waist, a Panama hat, and bare feet. Her only food was rice boiled in water, and she slept on the ground every night. However, she reached Pontianak, the goal of her pilgrimage, and returned unharmed.

Later, she penetrated into Sumatra, the object of her pilgrimage being to see a famous waterfall. She had to pass amongst the Battaks, a ferocious tribe known to be cannibals. Madame Pfeiffer merely asked the comparatively civilised natives of the coast if it were true, as she had heard, that the Battak cannibals "cut strips of flesh from living captives, and ate it seasoned with salt and tobacco! This long martyrdom would have seemed to me a little terrifying, I confess!" But the natives assured her that this rumour was not true, and, moreover, that it was only criminals and prisoners taken in war who were eaten at all. So she set forth undaunted.

Several rivers had to be crossed, and as Mme. Pfeiffer could not swim, she had to get over by allowing her guides to take a hand each, and drag her through the water! She found the Battaks the most horrifying savages that she had ever encountered. Both men and women were very big. All their manners and their looks were terrifying in the extreme. However, she went on safely for some time, till one chief took it into his head to order her to return.

She refused to obey, and chose to appear as though she did not understand. But soon after she had set forth to continue her journey, a band of about eighty warriors pursued her, and surrounded her. Their savage and repulsive faces were made more alarming by their hideous pantomime. They menaced her throat with

their knives, and made as though they would tear pieces of flesh from her arm with their big, dirty teeth, then moved their jaws as if already eating her flesh. So they intimated to her that she would be killed and eaten if she did not return.

Feeling her helplessness, Ida Pfeiffer sat with apparent calmness upon a big stone, watching in silence while her guide explained and urged her cause. But presently amidst the noise she saw his words die on his lips, and he turned to her with a terrified look. She perceived that she must act.

Rising from her seat, she went up to one of the biggest and noisiest leaders of the gang, and hitting him on the shoulder she said, in her best Malay, and with a gay air, "Go on! you would never have the heart to kill and eat a woman, especially an old, tough, dried-up one like me!" They seemed amused, and thus encouraged she went on and told them she was not afraid of them, and would give them some reward if they would guide her on her way. "My words and my pantomime diverted them. They opened their ranks, pressed my hands in friendship, and free and rejoiced I passed on."

When she at length reached home again, fresh honours awaited the brave old traveller. The King of Prussia gave her a special gold medal, and the Geographical Society of Berlin elected her a member. Humboldt wrote her a letter testifying that "the noble and courageous self-reliance which has conducted her twice round the globe is not less marked than the simplicity and modesty of her records, the rectitude and benevolence of her judgments, and the delicacy of her sentiments." He added that he wrote "in feeble testimony of high and respectful esteem." Other men of science in France, Germany, and Austria did her honour. England alone made no official sign.

In August, 1858, her new book finished and her collections disposed of, Ida Pfeiffer once more started on her travels. It is very droll to read in a magazine of the time that her exact destination was not known, though she had set sail from Rotterdam. She *had* wished, says the chronicler, to go to Madagascar, but the urgent representations of M. Malte Brun, and other authorities, as to the danger of visiting that island at that particular

time had prevailed with her, and she had abandoned the design. It transpired before very long that, as usual, she had only appeared to yield to these representations to save argument. It was to Madagascar that she *was* going, after all!

There was a cruel persecuting female sovereign on the throne of Madagascar at that time. It was reserved for Queen Ranavola to cause the death of the heroic Ida Pfeiffer, who had passed through so many dangers unscathed.

By an unfortunate combination of circumstances, Mme. Pfeiffer became mixed up with a plot to unseat this savage, cruel Queen, and to place her son on the throne. It was not Mme. Pfeiffer's fault that she was so implicated. She really took no part in the affair. But she had happened to travel from the coast to the capital with one of the men, a young Frenchman, who actually was deeply in the plot, and she resided in the town, in the house of another conspirator. So she was joined with the other Europeans in the Queen's imagination, and was punished by being expelled at the same time with them. They were all prisoners for some weeks, in constant expectation of being led out for execution. But partly a dread of the vengeance of European Governments, and partly the persuasions of her son, induced Queen Ranavola to let them go. She contented herself with sending them down from the capital to the coast with every circumstance of discomfort, delay, and danger to health that she could devise. The journey, which usually occupied eight days, was made to last fifty-three. Insufficiently fed and sheltered, forbidden both by day and by night the comfort of decent privacy from her male companions, unable therefore to wash or change her clothing for all that time, the poor old woman's wonderful health at last completely broke down. She reached the Mauritius in a state of extreme illness. Carefully nursed there, she recovered sufficiently to reach Vienna, but as soon as she got home she took to her bed again, and in a few weeks passed away.

The intrepid soul ceased to be a few days before the sixty-first anniversary of her birth—in October, 1858. She died, after all her wanderings, in the city of her birth, in the house of her brother, and tended affectionately by her sons.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.



A Cottage in the Country.



SUPPOSE it is because we own so few castles in reality, that our "castles in the air" seem so lovely and so precious in our sight. Mine are; at least, the few I allow myself to build; for in this life of stern realities, and hard work, of anxiety which one cannot help, and of trouble for others which one cannot avoid, dreams are nearly impossible; the stuff of which they are made is too flimsy and thin to form an image of delight. How few of us can cast realities aside sufficiently to "dream dreams!"

But my dream began years and years ago, when such visionary delights were not too impossible; but every now and then something would occur to start it into existence—Joachim Miller's Log-hut for example, where the poet of the Sierras dwells all the long day dreaming poems. His cabin is made of logs piled one on the other, the interstices filled in with mortar or mud, after the approved backwoods fashion. The door, which has but a latch for a fastening, stands open day and night, and in winter and summer also, with but few exceptions. The poet himself, dressed in an old leatherskin hunting-suit, sits in the cold weather by his fire of blazing pine knots, his robe spread with the simplest hunter's fare. The cabin, perched on its height, is not too far off from the abodes of civilised men, for a distant glimpse of Washington can be obtained through the trees. The walls have an entirely unique covering. Instead of the conventional wall-paper, they are covered from floor to ceiling with letters and memorials of various kinds, on and off paper, fastened here with a tack, there with a pin, yonder with a two-pronged fork, or a dagger, with neither order nor sequence to guide you in a search. In one place a Royal card of invitation, side by side with a wonderful epistle from a Californian miner. A portrait of Edgar Allan Poe, cut from a newspaper, surrounded by photographs of various beauties who no longer are tenants in the Sierra poet's heart of many lodgers. Other memories are there, in a wrinkled glove, or a faded rose. In a corner hangs his Mexican mustang's saddle, studded with silver and gay with colour; and suspended over it are the Arab curtains of the dahabesh in which he floated down the Nile.

Close by Joachim Miller's cabin is a still more remarkable dwelling, inhabited by a Government employee. It is built up in the centre of four trees, from which the lower branches have been removed. These trees form a square of forty feet, and the cabin crouched within their enfolding arms has two storeys. A platform, forming a verandah, shoots out in front, the highest branches forming its roof; and a piano, covered with a wooden alcove,

is standing at the side. In these cabin dinners and suppers are given to the "élite" of society in the capital, and suppers, cooked in its upper storey, are served to a hundred guests.

This recital—which has been told in print, I fancy, before now—fired me with fresh desire for some small abode, far enough from "the madding crowd" to ensure peace and quiet, but near enough to London to run up within a couple of hours. After much consideration, I came to the conclusion that my most likely counties were Surrey and Sussex. In these counties especially there are wilds and forests, and completely rural villages, where the lights of too extreme civilisation have not yet penetrated. Fancy the "Wilds" of Surrey! And yet there are wilds there, where you may drive for an hour through woodland and moor, and never meet a person nor see a house.

So I wandered no more in dreams, but in Surrey and Sussex, and made numberless discoveries; and thought all kinds of new thoughts about this England of ours, and the way she is lived in and peopled; and when I came home and talked of those things, eminent politicians of my acquaintance assured me I was talking political economy without my being in the least aware of it! Such were the first results of my wanderings in search of a country-seat.

One day fortune favoured me, and I had a "find" at a place hard by where three roads met; where there was a hill, a grove of trees, a far, far distant view, in the blue haze, of the Chancerybury Rings; and better than all, a house in a garden, and the house itself empty, and ready for me! And as I walked round and peeped in at each window, I will tell you exactly what I saw. A Sussex labourer's cottage, two-storeyed, low-ceilinged, with the invariable diamond-paned windows, opening outwards; and what appeared at first sight four rooms, two above and two below; and at the back, some sort of a "lean-to," which looked as if it might be made into a kitchen, and a pantry; thus supplying six rooms, all told.

Not much to look at, I am sure you will say; but I was more than satisfied, and could have danced a fandango, or a sailor's hornpipe at least, and more than ever when I discovered that the garden held two trees, between which a hammock could be slung. Now, if I have ever had an ambition in life, of late years, it has been to find two trees in the country where I could sling my hammock and swing in it all day long; one foot poked out, with a slipper poised on the extreme point of the toe—after the fashion of a French print of doubtful propriety but extreme beauty which I once saw. Do you think that odd? Not at all. I am sure, from long observation, that everyone has some sweet, sensuous idyll hidden away in their day-dreams, like myself. Do you remember a French picture called "Springtime"? Two young people swinging on a green vine together, in the midst of a green tropical forest;

which, if I were a hygienical person, I should dub malarious but delightful. The greens are emerald in hue, the flecks of sunshine of the purest gold, and the young man and woman quite enehanting in good looks. Well, I have a friend, a grave and stately dame, a model of sweet propriety in thought and deed, and this idyll of Springtide is *her* ideal picture. She loves and rejoices in it, and I know she mentally places herself on that green swinging-seat and is young again—for half a minute at least! For my part, I prefer the pictured hammock alone. The gentleman in the swing would, I know, require to be amused; would want dinner sooner or later, after the manner of men; and would put me a dozen questions as to the use I had made of the last five-pound note which he had entrusted to my care.

But meanwhile there my cottage stands, in the sunshine; and I gravely ponder over ways and means. Mine it certainly will not be unless its rent be limited, and its taxes next to *nil*. If my pet dreams be carried into the land of realities, the filthy lucre to be expended on them must be small; and I hoped a ten-pound note would cover both rent and taxes, and another the cleansing, painting, white-washing, and alterations which I knew I should have to make before it grew into "sweetness and light."

Fortunately, I found a civil landlord, who asked no more than I could give; and he in turn found me a benignant "Man Friday," in the shape of the village carpenter, who was painter, glazier, and general "Jack of all trades." There was no hall, so I wanted some kind of porch, with an outer door and windows; and the "lean-to" had to be turned into a tiny kitchen, larder, and servant's bedroom. Fortunately, it was large enough for this, but wanted reflooring, as did nearly all the rooms in the house. Then came a general cleaning out, and all the ceilings had to be whitewashed, and the inner and outer painting done. The kitchen must have a range and boiler, if we were to be comfortable, and some small clearing-up must be done to the garden. Most of the ground round the house I seeded down for grass. Chimneys were examined and swept, and the roof touched up. Altogether, this ran away with nearly £30. But when that was done, I had turned my shabby cottage into something which would look like a home by-and-by. I had the floors stained in preparation for turpentine and bees-waxing, except those in the eating and living rooms, which were painted red; the skirting-boards and woodwork were painted black, and the walls Egyptian blue.

In the room which was to be study and library, I had the walls painted a light Egyptian blue, and the woodwork the same colour; this blue is the exact hue of the little Egyptian figures found in the tombs, and is a mixture of palest blue and green. The bedrooms upstairs were of the same colour; kitchen, pantry, and servant's bedroom were whitewashed, the woodwork was all painted blue, while the floors of all three were painted a dark reddish brown, for the convenience of washing them.

I had given myself permission to use £50 only, for the realisation of my dream of a cottage in the country. I had spent £30, and there remained £20

for the furniture. I had always intended this to be of the simplest kind; and I thought more of beds than of anything else. In the catalogue of a well-known furniture dealer I soon found what I was searching for, *i.e.*, some black and brass iron bedsteads, with the patent woven-wire mattresses, width 3 feet, price of each £1 17s. 6d.—three of these would be £5 12s. 6d. I got the carpenter to put me up a dozen brass hooks on a board in each room, with a shelf over them. On these dresses could be hung, while they could be protected by a curtain hung from the shelf. The dressing-tables were also made by him, and were simply a shelf that would let down with hinges. Over it I placed a pair of long narrow looking-glasses, for which I paid 12s. 6d. each. The wash-hand-stands were shelves nailed in each corner, with a hole in each for a basin and jug. These I found at a china shop in the City, price 5s. each; and while there, I bought three of the white earthenware pails with covers, price 4s. each. I found I must have a chest of drawers in each room, and these were soon found, and cost 15s. each. The dressing-tables, corner wash-hand-stands, and drawers were all painted a light blue to match the woodwork.

In the study I got my carpenter to put me up a row of plain shelves on one side of the wall, the middle shelf being rather wider than any of the others, so as to answer for books, as well as for other things. Then I got two stout kitchen tables with leaves, one rather smaller than the other for the study, the other for our ordinary dining-room use. These two were painted blue. My next purchase was four hammock-chairs, and a dozen rush-seated ones, all of which received a coat of blue on the woodwork. Then, having got a long Indian-cane sofa, I turned my troubled thoughts on the rug and carpet question, and quickly made up my mind that no carpets should desecrate my dwelling of sweetness with their dusty accumulations. I would have rugs, matting, or nothing! I remembered reading Gail Hamilton's account of the dust in carpets, and will quote it here. "A carpet," she says, "may be swept twenty-five times, and dust raised on the twenty-sixth sweeping;" and I never forget that one of the most distinguished of our London doctors asserts that the germs of bronchitis, asthma, and consumption are retained in the carpet, paper, and drapery of our rooms. So I never have curtains in any room, if it be possible to dispense with them.

For the rest of my cottage, there only remains the furniture of the kitchen, which can be managed by the handy carpenter, *viz.*, plenty of shelves and nails for hanging up, and a couple of swing tables of good size against the wall, to let down when required. I found an American stove with a boiler the best for my use, and I also have a smaller oil-stove. For the rest, are there not dinner services at 30s., tea services at 12s.? And every family has its own ideas of the number of cooking utensils required.

And is my cottage under green leaves a success? Is it what I wanted it to be, a refuge in tired days, when "the grasshopper is a burden," and the weight of life grows too heavy to be borne? Indeed, yes; it has

Turned out more than I hoped for in many ways, and I feel sure that health has been much promoted by the frequent change to better air, and the determination to cut away work and worry when once I start for the cottage. And if there be work to be done which needs quiet and solitude, no place is so quiet and so secluded from visitors. One thing is required, and that is forethought, in providing for the wants of the household. For shops are far away, and provisions not easily obtained; so that I find it needful to keep a certain amount of them—groceries, tinned meats, and vegetables—in my modest store-room. Meat you can take down with you from town, either cooked or uncooked, and it will depend upon your household how much you should provide. You must bear in mind, however, that living in the fresh air of the country will give everyone

an extra amount of appetite; and those who were small eaters at home will become perfectly voracious in their ravages on your stock of good things in the pure atmosphere of the cottage.

But whatever you do in your cottage, my reader, let me advise you to keep it free from superfluous things, for these are the true burdens of our over-civilisation. Have little furniture there, and make life under its roof the simplest possible; give Mrs. Grundy and her "oughts" and "buts" a wide berth, and live as near to nature as if you were a Fiji Islander, or a dweller under the shadow of Fushima, where the Japs are happy in their houses of screens, and their furniture of wooden pillows and cushions. Only in this simplicity will you be happy, and really benefited by your sojourn in a cottage.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

A Remedy for Slandered Women.

THE British Legislature is waking up a little, and some of its members actually propose to alter the Law of Slander in certain directions for woman's special benefit. With a few exceptions, by the Common Law a plaintiff cannot recover for verbal defamation, without proving damage. This rule applies equally to men and women, and many cases have occurred in which women have been foully slandered, without being able to obtain any legal redress. Thus, to state incorrectly of a lady barber that she cannot shave a customer without cutting his face, is actionable *per se*, for the averment of business incapacity is an exception to the general rule; but to foully and falsely impugn her moral character would not be actionable, without proof of actual damage. Law as administered by men has hitherto taken a very low view of what constitutes "damage." A noted text-book on this subject remarks in a side-note, "The law endeavours to appreciate human nature," and if human means "man's" as opposed to "woman's," we admit that it succeeds. As men think a good deal of a nice dinner at a friend's expense, and of the advantages derivable from their own companionship, it is not surprising to find that they consider the loss of a husband's society, and of the voluntary hospitality of friends, a special damage of which the law should take notice (Davies v. Salomon). They hold, however, that the loss must be one of a temporal nature, any loss of a spiritual or religious kind being a thing of little moment; and even a temporal loss must be closely connected with the slander, or, in other words, not too remote. To take a few examples from comparatively recent decisions. By reason of defamatory words (an imputation upon her moral character), the plaintiff lost her membership in a sect of Protestant Dissenters, and was prevented from obtaining a certificate, without which she could not become a member of any other society of the same nature, and it was held that no action lay. If

she could have only proved some loss of a temporal nature—*e.g.* that she was excluded from a tea-meeting, at which the admission was free of expense—how differently she might have fared! In another case husband and wife sued for slander which imputed grave misconduct to the wife, and it was alleged that by reason thereof the wife became ill and unable to attend to her necessary affairs, and that the husband was put to expense in endeavouring to cure her; but the illness was considered too remote—women, we suppose, should take such charges with equanimity—and its attendant consequences fell to the ground also. It would appear, further, that the woman must not be cursed in such cases with a jealous husband, or else the damage may be traced to the peculiarities of the husband's disposition rather than to the slander, as in *Lynch v. Knight*, where, in consequence of an unfounded imputation of levity, the husband turned his wife out of doors, and the action failed on the ground that the expulsion was not the natural result of the slander, but arose from the husband's precipitancy.

It would be easy to multiply similar instances, but those cited are sufficient to prove that women have hitherto not exercised much influence on legislation, or the law would have been altered years ago. At present only women located in the sacred precincts of the cities of London and Bristol can maintain an action for slander without the necessity of proving special damage. The present Bill, which proposes to extend the rule to all English and Irish women, will doubtless some day become law, and it is to be hoped for the sake of man's reputation that Parliament may pass it before women obtain the franchise and a right to sit in the Legislature. As soon as they are admitted an era of reform will commence which will render half the leading textbooks on law waste-paper, and merely valuable in future ages for purposes of antiquarian research.

H. STORER BOWEN, LL.B.



TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

The Latest Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived."

PERHAPS the most difficult thing in life is to grow old gracefully. We calculate and make all our arrangements for youth and for that middle age which, as far as the women of to-day are concerned, sits lightly upon us. But valiantly as we combat it, the time comes when, if we live, we must be old. Old age is not necessarily unlovely, indeed there linger in the memory of many of us recollections of old faces that had a special beauty in them—fair and fresh like a ruddy-cheeked apple—the white hair forming the fittest and most becoming frame to the happy, peaceful countenance. And there are people who have accepted their position without murmuring who have recognised how becoming are the greys and dun-colours when youth has fled. Ungraceful old age belongs to those who struggle against it, and think to diminish the burden of years by juvenility of attire. It is a perfectly true saying that though "a man is as old as he feels, a woman is as old as she looks." But, like all these sayings, it must be taken *cum grano salis*, and an old woman attired as a young

one does not of necessity look young, though she may keep her place well in the world while she is descending the hill of life, provided she maintains her activity of mind—and possibly her activity of body—her vivid human interests and her sympathy for others, keeping at bay as long as she can that self-concentration which is one of the terrors of our later life.

When a woman realises that youth and middle age have fled, she will have to consider the question of dress from a new aspect. She should know how to fill in the ravages of time by those soft adjuncts to the toilette which are wont to smooth the rough paths of declining years.

Bonnets should cover the head well, and encircle the face; beneath the chin there should always be either lace or some diaphanous material which prevents the lines and the double chin from being too much *evidence*. Muslin chiffon of the faintest pearl-grey tone is far more becoming than cream: pure white is too trying.

Skirts of gowns should be made with as little drapery as possible, falling in straight lines, and resting on the ground. Where the figure is stout, the waist-faces should be broken by a slight drapery below. Long sash-ends or the skirt caught up, will answer the purpose. Decided paniers would be too much, but a long basque is often sufficient. These last being now out of fashion, the difficulty is often met by large outside pockets.

Mantles should be voluminous, avoiding as much as possible a too close indication of the figure; the side pieces, where it is feasible, should be broad, and fall in an unbroken line from the shoulder to the foot.

of the smartest women in London society have ordered for the Cowes meeting.

The other gown is a combination of white and scarlet; the skirt is edged with scalloping, otherwise it is plain and not over full; the bodice is completed by a Bolero jacket; the sleeves are high, and show a touch of red at the cuff. The trimming on the collar and the Spanish jacket corresponds to that on the hem of the skirt. The sailor hat is of a new form, shallow in the brim and higher in the crown than those of last year, showing a squadron ribbon.

The difference between the world-be nautical attire



NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

There are very few women of mature age to whom the high upstanding sleeves now worn would not constitute a deformity. It is not at all necessary to ignore fashion, but it should be followed at a distance, leaving in view individual traits. Sleeves may be trimmed with folded epaulettes, or can be slashed without giving the appearance of undue height. It is a great mistake to have dresses for elderly women too close-fitting, and a skilful dressmaker is needed in order to disguise where fashion has given place to comfort.

Our frontispiece, which shows Mr. Rodfern's latest novelties in yachting dresses, recalls one of the pleasantest events of the month—the Isle of Wight week. The figure in the foreground wears a dark blue cloth gown; the skirt very simply made, but edged at the side seams with gold braid. The idea of the bodice has been inspired by a naval officer's jacket, though the model has not been very faithfully followed in every particular. There is a belt about the waist, and the revers at the neck are edged with gold. The front is white moiré elaborately trimmed with gold; and the white appears again in the under-sleeve. The trimming on the side panels of the skirt originates in the ornamentation usually applied to a naval officer's trousers. The peaked cap is very becoming, and the whole costume is one which some

of the ladies and a veritable seafaring suit is shown by the attendant sailor-boy.

The tailor-made dresses to be worn this autumn are more highly trimmed and less severe in style than those of previous years. Handsome galons and admixtures of velvet with the cloth are some of the features of fashion. Yokes are worn of distinctive colours or material richly braided; stay-like trimmings are introduced on many of the bodices, far removed from the Swiss corselets of years ago, being deep and high—reaching indeed from the waist to the bust.

The tailors have adopted the seamless bodices as their own; making them slightly full at the waist, where they are drawn into a point—without any side darts—simply fastening invisibly beneath one arm.

Checked materials are the fashion for travelling-dresses; and for the seaside and country wear, much white is being ordered.

In the sketch on page 517, where the hostess is showing her two girl friends over her grounds and house, standing at the top of the steps leading to the garden, some useful autumn gowns for Goodwood are exhibited. The figure on the left is arrayed in scarlet bengaline with full draperies of embroidered scarlet chiffon worked in white silk, and caught up at the foot with bows of

scarlet ribbon; the bodice is crossed diagonally, one half being of silk, the other of chiffon; a large bow on the left side of the throat; and the materials are drawn in gracefully to the waist, showing the figure to advantage. The chiffon reappears on the back of the bodice in straight, flat folds, coming from the neck to the waist.



NEW BROWN STRAW BONNET.

The large plain silk sleeves are headed by chiffon epaulettes. The bodice is outlined round the hips with ribbons ending on one side with bows.

The hat is made of fancy straw, the brim slightly bent to the face, and trimmed with narrow velvet and tulle, secured by dainty gold pins.

The centre figure wears a gown of pale heliotrope Indian cashmere. The plain skirt is trimmed with grey guipure on a cream ground, which disappears in the back draperies. The bodice has a collar trimmed at the back with the guipure. It is arranged with a pinafore garniture on the front of the bodice, the pinafore dress being one of the fashions of the year 1890. The sleeves have epaulettes of embroidery, which come half-way down the arm, and the rest fastens at the wrist with six hooks. In the guipure used on this dress there are threads of gold and silver. One feature in it is altogether novel: the distinct side-breadths placed towards the back have the lower corners hooked over the bodice *en l'aveuse*.

The other dress, made of rosea cashmere intermixed with bengaline, has a cashmere skirt worked in silk all round the hem in pale primrose spots. The silk bodice is covered with similar spots about two inches apart, the sleeves matching. There is a sleeveless jacket of cashmere edged with embroidery.

The straw hat is lined with green velvet, turning up at the back, where are large upstanding bows.

These gowns and bonnets were made by Messrs. Shoolbred, of Tottenham Court Road, where I saw a very pretty tea-gown of pale vieux rose de laine, with an

ivy design in a darker tone. The front and sleeves were of surah, with infinitesimal tucks at the wrist, the ends of the capuchin at the back fastening over the full front, and ending in draperies and châtelines of ribbon at the side.

The boots and shoes in our sketch from Messrs. Phipps and Barker, Sloane Street (page 518), illustrate the latest fashions in chaussure for Scotland, yachting, and indoor wear. The sketch so exactly represents them as they are that minute descriptions are scarcely needed. There would still seem to be a desire for coloured shoes, which asserts itself in the deep red and tan shades, although the latter is dying a hard death. It is seldom now to be seen as it used to be in its entirety, but is mingled with black patent leather; there are deep toe-caps of black, while the fronts and lacings are of tan.

The newer idea is to have the fronts of one decided colour and the sides of another; two shades of grey, and grey and blue, are thus worn, the lining matching the lighter tone. A special make of shoe is now considered a necessary accompaniment to a tea-gown, and this novelty is appropriate; as such garments are generally made in two colours, the exact shades can be reproduced in the shoes.

Large bows, indeed much prominent ornamentation, have gone out of fashion, and have been replaced by a little square paste buckle placed on the instep at the edge of the shoe. This intensifies the fashionable cut, which is broader than it used to be at that portion of the



NEW BUTTERFLY BONNET.

foot where the buckle comes, and narrower, if it can be possible, at the toe.

The mode has been handed down to us from the time of good Queen Anne, though in modern days the so-called Queen Anne shoe is of quite a different order. Tudor shoes, with the puffs introduced across the instep in two colours, have only a limited patronage,

for they are scarcely becoming to the ordinary English foot, though they are said to have been the fashion.

All the more costly beaded dresses for evening wear have shoes made of a piece of the material to wear with them, and these look very well indeed in gold or silver beaded; and the pattern can now be seen on the toes, for the small square buckles do not conceal them as the large loose buckles did. Messrs Phillips and Barker have a specialty for embroidery shoes. The newest for ladies have small paste diamonds interspersed with the embroidery; with jeweled dresses other gems appear in the designs worked on the toes.

There is a marked improvement in the class of work

with divers wings, brown, yellow, and black, forming a coronet in the front, and placed in a most artistic fashion. The other bonnet is entirely composed of a gold butterfly. The gold antonovs appear in front, the gauze wings are bespangled with gold; the strings are black velvet. There is a fashion for insects at the present moment, and some examples of the season's head-gear have a most natural bluebottle hovering over or under the brim.

The two hats, though both large, are of quite distinct kinds. The one made in white ermine has an open border, apparently crocheted, a species of handiwork long ignored but now restored to favour. Many



NEW HATS.

now introduced into shoe embroidery. The stitchery is as fine as it well can be, and this firm are able to reproduce with faithful accuracy the gold embroideries of Cairo and the multi-coloured designs from India; in short, I have seen a capital accompaniment in the way of shoes to a millionaire's robe, richly wrought, and used by a fair dame as her tea-gown. The toes of her slippers might have been made from a piece cut out of the satin, but were in fact produced in England, where our art training is now showing some satisfactory results.

In dress at the present moment there are two distinctive features—ballroom and millinery. Nothing else seems to matter very much, but without a pretty hat or bonnet, and a well-made bodice, a toilette must be lacking in success.

The present fashions in millinery are so distinctive that they differ entirely from anything of the kind worn during this century; and they have the merit of being most artistic, and, moreover, becoming. The two bonnets (page 519) and the two hats (see above) illustrated from Miss Cooper Oakley's, 90, New Bond Street, have the element of originality, as well as other merits, to recommend them.

The first bonnet is a brown straw, entirely trimmed

of the straw plaits are in crochet patterns; but we are not content with that; the embroidery on many of the gowns is in crochet stitches, and the high fashionable sleeves and the inevitable yokes are covered entirely with crochet work, sometimes carried out either in thick white or in fine black thread.

But to return to the description of the hat. The brim turns upwards in front, and is slightly cloven; the low crown is covered with sweet peas, in yellow, mauve, pink, and white, so exquisitely natural that they look exactly as if a handful had been carelessly gathered in the garden and lightly laid there. Very much depends on the treatment of the brim by the skilful milliner. In this case it turns up twice at the back, and a bow nestles in the front. The other model is made of black tulle, with an edging of black insertion on the brim. The top is covered with bright green wheat, which starts from the back, the points reaching forward; there is a velvet bow at the side, and a black-plumaged bird hovers at the back. Altogether it is most stylish.

Currants are worn this season—both red and white—and no fruit can be more faithfully represented; the red ones look particularly well on brown hats.

A most useful fashion has been asserting itself, viz.,

the wearing of black bonnets, which accord with any costume. They are often made in tulle, with the cut jet ornaments appliqué on to metal, taking the form of bandeaux, blowaways, butterflies, and crescents, a tuft of ostrich feathers appearing in somewhat curious

cream or any of the long range of light tints now so much in fashion. The little skirt is full and simple, starting rather low, for the bodice is made long-waisted, and the waist-line is denoted by a ribbon which ties in a knot in front, with loop and ends. The bodice has a



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

fashion at the extreme back of the bonnet. Mistletoe is worn also, though August is scarcely mistletoe month. Blowaways in their natural purity are mingled with many blooms, and are always beautiful; but, as the tradespeople express it, "there is a great feeling for yellow."

Children are usually graceful, and their fashions have a charm that appertains to no other modes. The accompanying group shows a happy little party. The girl on the left wears a frock of soft silk or wool, which may be

yoke, and below that it is box-pleated; the sleeve has a puff to the elbow and is tight below. Curiously enough, this sleeve, which has always found favour among the artistic and æsthetic part of the community, is now the mode in the fashionable world; only the straight gauntlet-piece and the sleeve are mostly different, the puff covered with embroidery, the rest of the material plain, or *vice versa*. The sleeve in the illustration is made high on the shoulders. The bonnet is of the grumpy order, recalling those worn as we see them

in old animals seventy years ago. It shades the face, the hair standing cool up.

The boy is arrayed in a smocked shirt, which may be carried out in flannel or cashmere and is exceptionally useful as well as good-looking. It is just the thing for playing lawn tennis or any other outdoor game, since it leaves the limbs free. It has a turn-down collar, and is smocked in the front, as also on the sleeve above the turn-back cuff. A sash encircles the waist, made of soft silk of a contrasting shade as a rule. These little costumes are well-suited to country wear and are generally made in cotton or soft silk; but children with rheumatic tendencies, who are advised to wear flannel, have pretty suits made of white flannel, smocked either in white or in colour, of course, with washing silk or flax thread.

The Children's Dressmaking Association, at 104, Wigmore Street, where these sketches were taken, have a speciality for children's dresses in picturesque styles—and how charming children look thus arrayed! There is more scope for girl costume than for boys'. A particularly pretty little dress for a child under seven can be carried out in flannel or linen; it has an accordion-pleated skirt, and the front of the little bodice is treated in the same way, apparently and by jacket-fronts, disappearing beneath a white cash of soft silk fringed at the ends.

The sleeves are placed on the outside of the arm in such a fashion that they form a puff at the wrist and the shoulder, and the jacket is cut at the back with an upstanding collar.

Children now very seldom wear low bodices in the evening; and one of the difficulties which mothers and governesses have to contend with is how to dress a girl from fourteen to sixteen, when she is required to put in an appearance at anything approaching to an evening party, or to take her place at the dinner-table at home.

I came across at this establishment a little frock which seemed to me to exactly meet such a want. It could be carried out in white or any light colour, and I should recommend cashmere as the most suitable material. The skirt is made quite plain, the bodice is full in the back and on either side of the front, and at the waist there is a sash band, and a rosette of ribbon placed on the left side; but in front, between the full cashmere sides, there is a V-shaped fulling of white chiffon, removable at pleasure, when it can be replaced by velvet or any other fabric that may be desired. There is a high all-round white collar, made of silk, covered with the chiffon, the lower portion outlined by an inch-wide band of velvet matching the dress. The full sleeves are of chiffon, gathered into a band at the wrist, and dainty butterfly bows give the necessary height on the shoulders.

For country drives I strongly recommend the pretty smocked cloaks now being made for children, which can be carried out in any colour and in various shapes.

The lady patronesses of the association, I may add, are the Countess Waldegrave, Lady Mount Temple, Margaret Lady Sandhurst, and Mrs. Oscar Wilde.

Paris Fashions.

THE beautiful day is empty. All the world is out of town; the grandiosities of fashion took place soon after the race of the Grand Prix, and as usual the flight was as sudden as almost to appear to take place in a night. Our fair ladies are scudding over the sea in yachts, lulling by the seashore, drinking the waters of Aix la Chapelle, Plombières, or Vichy, or dwelling in the wooded sweetness of the country.

Nowhere, I make bold to say, is country life so enjoyable as in France. There is something absolutely unique in the setting and circumstances of existence in the vine districts of Burgundy and the Bordelais. The vigneron and the lady of the place mix more freely with their dependents, and the fêtes are pastoral and picturesque. The vintage season has not yet arrived, but already the vines are ripening on the slopes, and the châteaux are alive with the presence of goodly companies. Among the most notable châteaux of the wine-growing districts are the Château d'Yquem, belonging to a famous old family, and the Château Lafite, with its incomparable vineyards, belonging to the Rothschilds. This magnificent property on the sunny slopes which ripen the grapes, the juice of which makes nectar fit for the gods, was bought by the late Baron James de

Rothschild for a fabulous sum. Three other great wine-growing properties are owned by the family whose wealth has passed into a proverb. Another peerless vineyard, that of Château Margaux, is owned by M. Pillet Will, who dispenses a princely hospitality during the late summer and autumn months. One care only appears to oppress the spirits of the proprietors of these privileged lands, and that is anxiety at the steady progress made by the phylloxera.

Parisian life is growing cosmopolitan in its habits, which are yearly more and more influenced by those of foreign nations. Life on board a yacht is beginning to be part of its fashionable existence. We have taken this love of nautical life from our English and American visitors. Those of our fair ladies who still shrink from encountering the perils of the waves content themselves with lakes or rivers. Among the most beautiful yachts are those of the Baroness de Rothschild and the Princess Brancovan on the Lake of Geneva.

Light wool and serge for yachting, soft clinging foulards, and Pompadour or faintly striped mousseline de laine are all in favour for country wear. The pliable quality of foulard, the pretty fantasy that becomes the fashion of its make, and which adapts it equally to

the needs of gala or of simpler apparel, give it the first place in the esteem of our ladies bent on uniting daintiness and utility in costume. Nothing can be prettier than some foulard dresses lately made for country wear with gathered bodices fastened into yokes of embroidery or guipure, or gathered into corselet-bands, some knots of ribbon keeping in place the draperies of the skirt.

A dress of wood-brown foulard strewn with crimson spots, amidst which here and there appeared posies of delicate green leaves, is a good example of a soberly elegant dress. The skirt was straight and plain. The gathered bodice was held in a corselet-band entirely composed of brown embroidery; the sleeves were veiled with the wood-brown embroidery. A large round hat of black horse-hair, trimmed with a shower of field flowers and knots of pale green velvet, completed a costume intended to be worn in the country. The brightest and freshest colouring appears on these soft silken gowns, and M. Barqui, who is the chief designer of the Lyons silk manufacturer, has been busy designing beautiful arrangements of blossoms for some of the more dressy foulards.

M. Barqui has carried design to the pitch of perfection that makes the material brocaded under his supervision worthy to rival by its beauty the sumptuous fabrics worn by the Court ladies of Louis XV.'s reign. He is a great artist with his brush—it was he who painted the beautiful clusters of lilac, strewn with rare grace over cream faille, which appeared on a dress worn by Mme. Carnot at an afternoon fete. This dress of water-green pèkin opened over a tablier on which were painted these charming flowers and foliage. The small capote composed of lilac blossoms and foliage repeated the floral design.

The light woollen gowns are striped. Light chevrons are much worn for outdoor, seaside, and travelling costumes. Fine English serge is the regulation stuff for yachting-dresses. It is like bringing coals to Newcastle to speak to you in England of nautical costumes; yet I must note the sleeveless yachting-jacket: a jauntily dainty vest, with anchors embroidered at the waist, that may be worn also on the seashore this season. A charming American woman who is to be a guest on one of our great ladies' yachts has just had a model nautical gown made of white serge; the skirt is slightly lifted on one side over a scarlet petticoat; the collar and sleeves are red. A golden anchor is worked on a corner of the front drapery and is repeated in smaller size at the waist; a third anchor gleams on the red ribbons that trim the straw sailor hat. The new sailor hat which has been designed for the Princess of Wales and her daughters, has already found its way here. These hats are made of very light serge lined with a head-band of oiled silk, and simply trimmed with a serge ribbon secured by an enamelled buckle of anchor pattern. To protect the eyes from the glare of the sun there is an under-brim of fine straw. I have seen one of these projecting brims lined with dark blue straw to further protect the eyes. The newest "thing" in jackets is of English design carried out in homespun; it is adorned with two rows

of buttons, and may be worn either open or fastened slantwise across the chest. The prettiest and most original feature of the jacket is the thistle of Scotland, which appears embroidered on collar and cuffs.

To return, however, to the land fashions. The assembly of fair women at the Grand Prix declared by their apparel that silk is their favourite tissue this season. From one house alone in Lyons over a thousand pieces of silk, faille, damask, and surah were woven for the occasion. Heliotrope in its various shades and mauve appeared to be the most popular colours. Pompadour silks with floral traceries over white grounds were also much worn. Metal bands of quaint and curious design encircled many waists. A charming dress was of grey foulard patterned over with white daisies; the upper part of the sleeves, composed of *crêpe de Chine*, was gathered at the elbow into long cuffs of the daisy-strewn foulard. A band of gold brought a gleam of delicate brightness into the sober sweetness of silver and white.

Mme. Day Fallette had made some dresses that were the very poetry of summer trappings. One of pale green *reseda* was veiled with a gauze tissue embroidered all over with a graceful tangle of pink convolvuli. The bonnet was a simple wreath of the same flower.

A foulard dress, blue as the azure flax-flower, was richly trimmed with white guipure. The guipure formed the front of the bodice, and the skirt (slightly lifted) displayed on the left side an under-skirt of guipure. The sleeves were half foulard, half guipure; the guipure collar was fastened with a knot of black velvet. The large hat was trimmed with blue velvet and flax blossoms. The parasol was blue, ornamented with white guipure.

The sleeve still remains a marked feature of the feminine costume. Some examples are covered with a veil of embroidered net or lace; others are of *crêpe de Chine*, usually then repeating the *chemisette* of *crêpe de Chine* inserted in the bodice. The sleeves are still placed high on the shoulder; some taper down to the wrist, others are either sewn into cuffs at the elbow, or are met there by long *Suède* gloves. Checks and stripes will be much worn at the seaside.

A dress made for a *châtelaine* about to inhabit her château in Normandy was of pale pink foulard, striped with delicate meadow-green; the hem of the plain skirt was trimmed at intervals with tabs of pink foulard, which appeared to be buttoned on. The pointed bodice was edged with a sash of green velvet; it opened over a gathered front of pink silk. The collarette was of gathered pink silk. The sleeves were bordered with a gathered flounce, and they opened over an under-cuff of green velvet.

For the same lady was made a charming gown of white veiling, into which were woven delicate blossoms of clover, the petals of which were of the palest rose-heliotrope, brightened here and there with a gleam of silver thread. The edge of the skirt was bordered with a deep band of clover-pink. The draped bodice was gathered into a gold and silver embroidered zone, into which pink ribbon was folded. A *chemisette* of rosy *crêpe de Chine* filled in the front of the bodice. The hat

white accompanied this beautiful gown was of white lace-traw, lined with pale clove-pink satin, the crown covered with blossoms and grass.

Another seaside dress was of tawny silk green, striped with blue and yellow: the edge of the skirt bordered in front with deep guipure; a tablier gathered

pend from the tress. These floral ropes supported all sorts of pretty devices, including the hostess's coat-of-arms wrought in flowers. Beneath this pavilion of flowers and leaves was spread the cloth, covered with fruit and flowers, in baskets, and strewn with sweet wild blossoms, freshly picked from the surrounding meadows. It was



THEATRE TOILETTE.

into the waist fell in a point over the lace. The back of the bodice was entirely covered with guipure, which in front formed a yoke. A simple green waist-band was fastened with a silver clasp. The sleeves, very high and wide at the shoulders, tapered off at the wrist. The large hat of lace-straw was lined with green velvet and wreathed with a garland of varied flowers and grass.

Nothing can be prettier or fresher than the muslin gowns destined for country wear. At a late picnic given in the woods about Dijon, the gentlemen of the party had brought chaplets of flowers, which they sus-

a Watteau-like scene. All around flitted or reclined graceful figures, attired in softly bright hues. White and cream, with a touch of vivid colour at the waist and shoulders, seemed to dominate the general effect of colour, and imparted to it a pearly sweetness. In this scene of sylvan gaiety it was charming to mark how simplicity—a simplicity that seemed to harmonise with Nature's surroundings—was the keynote of the summer harmony of dress. It was a costly simplicity, nevertheless—Marie Antoinette playing at being milkmaid. Interludes of Valenciennes circled round the hem of

the skirts; floating ribbons and fairy-like embroidery appeared on most of the gowns. Bretelles of velvet seemed to be the newest phantasy of fashion. Heliotrope or varied shades of yellow trimmed the white dresses. Moss-green and kingcup-yellow brightened the few black gowns that appeared as bass notes in this

markable for the beauty of their rich designs. Large roses spreading over a moonlight-blue ground appeared on a costume made with Louis XV. grace. The skirt was bunched up in paniers; the bodice was long-waisted, had points at the back and front, and was trimmed with a lace fichu. The elbow-sleeves were edged with a



BRIDAL COSTUME.

found harmony of summer tints. A perfectly white dress worn by a beautiful young girl was of spotted muslin; three rows of Valenciennes insertions went round the hem of the skirt. The bodice was made with a yoke composed of alternate insertions of lace and bouillonné muslin. The waist-band was formed of white watered ribbon, glittering with tiny pins of gold. The large hat of rice-straw was wreathed with white acacia blossoms falling in light graceful clusters amid the fresh delicacy of their leaves. The foulard dresses were re-

plumage of old lace; streaming ribbons of mingled pink and blue ornamented the skirt, and a large straw hat fantastically wreathed with roses, and lined with cloudy rosy gauze, made up a costume Mme. de Pompadour might have worn at a similar *al fresco* fête.

The afternoon had passed into evening ere the joyous party thought of returning to the château. The carriages of the rustic revellers were garlanded with the flowers that had swung in graceful lines from the forest trees under which they had feasted. Gauzy scarves were

drawn round the shoulders of many ladies, and gave an added grace to their costume. These scarves have been brought into fashion by Worth. Some of these diaphanous wraps have little hoods, but the greater number resemble those picturesque floating draperies, half boa, half fichu, that your Gainsborough painted. The parasols played an important part in the general effect of the scene. When a gauze scarf was worn, the parasol repeated with more definiteness the ethereal colour hinted at by the cloudy texture. Thus a silver-grey foulard, with delicate pink blossoms forming a tawdry of rosy sweetness across its surface, was etherealised by a cloud of fume rose tulle worn round the neck and floating about the wearer's figure. The parasol was silver-grey covered with a cascade of rosate net.

It is only with an effort that the mind can travel back from these rural festivities to the pageantry of town life, yet the inauguration of the Society of the "Grandes Auditions Musicales," one of the closing events of the Parisian season, must not be overlooked. This society, founded by Mme. de Gœffville and a group of friends, was formed to enable French composers to give to their country the first hearing of their works, and to revive compositions of French masters brought out in other countries. Berlioz, one of the greatest among modern composers, is scarcely ever heard in France. In Germany the master's compositions hold the opera, but in his native land Berlioz is comparatively unknown. The Odeon has been transformed into an opera-house by the society, and the inauguration of its work was celebrated by the production of Berlioz' *Beatrice and Benedict*.

The event was a social and artistic triumph. Never had the Odeon seen within its walls so illustrious an audience. The lady patronesses mustered in force, wearing their most brilliant costumes. One of these ladies, who knows how to impart the fascination of the personal note to the creations of the fashionable dress-maker, wore a dress of that delicate rose known as "Hortensia pink." Knots of pale blue velvet ribbon held the light draperies of the skirt in place. Sky-blue gauze veiled the bust. From a necklace of diamonds depended a shower of diamond drops. The dress brought to mind the fashions of 1830, with a suggestion of the coquettish grace of the Louis XVI. style. The hair, brushed up from the nape and piled in spiral coils on the top of the head, was pierced by a large diamond pin. Another notable dress was of straw coloured silk, the top of the bodice composed of Irish lace, through the transparent meshes of which the wearer's white shoulders gleamed. Two posies of violets—exquisite reproductions of nature, the petals shining with diamonds—were placed, one on the bodice, the other in the hair.

The illustration on page 524 gives the style of theatre dress which is worn by our fashionable belles. The

yoke is of lace, which is repeated round the edge of the skirt, and this and the gleaming girdle are the distinctive features of the costume.

One of the most brilliant balls of the season was given at its close by the Princesse de Léno in her magnificent Hôtel de Rohan. A minuet was danced by sixteen persons dressed in Louis XV. and Louis XVI. costumes. The mistress, who was among the dancers, wore a Louis XV. costume of lemon-coloured silk, the bodice made with a long point, the skirt with paniers. The hair dressed in the Pompadour style with pink feathers, knots of pink ribbon, and pink ornaments, gave an original charm all its own to her costume. The Countess Joachim Murat attracted much admiration. She wore a costume copied from a picture engraved by Moreau, which represents a Court lady of the time of Marie Antoinette in gala attire: a young courtier is kissing her hand. The dress of emerald green satin opened in front over a petticoat of white satin covered with a trellis-work of roses. The hair, dressed high in the style of Marie Antoinette, was surmounted by pink feathers; gems sparkled in the hair, round the neck and arms. The gentlemen who took part in the minuet wore the costume of marine officers under the reign of Louis XVI.: white coats with scarlet lapels, scarlet stockings, knee-breeches, and waistcoats; the silver-buckled shoes had scarlet heels; the hats were tri-cornered and black, and the hair was powdered. Some of the ladies' beautiful dresses were made by the Maison Day-Fallette.

The Maison Lipman is celebrated for its wedding-gowns. Our illustration (page 525) shows the wedding dress of Mme. de Berly, recently married. The front is composed of crêpe de Chine entirely embroidered by hand. The skirt is edged with a fringe that creeps up the side of the skirt and up the bodice to the throat in a delicate cascade. The long train is of ivory satin. A cluster of orange-blossoms is fastened at the throat and on the right side below the waist. On the night of her wedding contract, the bride wore a poetic garment of rose silk of the exact shade of pink found in the sweet briar rose. This was veiled with white net, studded at the hem with petals of the wild rose gleaming with dew-drops.

A dress made for an American bride has outlived all the wedding-gowns for costliness, and for the beauty of the rare Alençon lace with which it was trimmed. For a fortnight curiosity-shops and collections of rare laces were ransacked to find enough Alençon for its adornment. The cream-white satin was specially ordered from Lyons. The train, three yards long, was covered with two lengths of lace. This vision of bridal white wrought in lace and satin and long trails of orange-blossoms was insured for nearly 20,000 francs (£800), just half its value, and a duty of 7,500 francs (£300) was paid at the New York Custom-house.

MARQUE DE VELOURS.

A Demoiselle of St. Cyr.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEMOISELLES' PLAY.

ON the 20th of January, 1689, the play of *Esther*, written by Racine at the command of Mme. de Maintenon for her *pensionnaires*, was played by them at St. Cyr, under the superintendence of the author, and before the King, his wife, and a privileged part of the Court. School plays have their own characteristics, but this was particularly curious. It was written on order by the greatest dramatist, confessedly, of his country, put on the stage by a troop of juvenile amateurs, and so jealously preserved for their use that it did not appear in the public theatre till another reign, twenty-two years after the death of Racine. Neither was this its greatest distinction: all through the "piece drawn from Holy Scripture" there is a daring subtle flattery of Le Grand Monarque and Mme. de Maintenon. In the web of the work there is a thread which connects it inseparably with St. Cyr and Versailles. Louis, in his flowing wig, is Ahasuerus; Madame in her aspirations after seriousness, devoutness, and beneficence, is refined, idealised, and made young again, as the beautiful saintly Esther; while the daughters of Sion, the young and tender lambs, perpetually appearing and disappearing in the white flock of a youthful choir, to support their leaders Esther and Elise, are the very *pensionnaires*, the noble orphans whom Madame brought from every province of France, and educated under her wing. If she did not fill the palace with them, she reared them at St. Cyr under royal and conventual rules, and married them, like a large-hearted Cinderella, when their time came, to all the marriageable noblemen, marshals, and admirals about the Court.

Louis was in the chair of state, in his velvet coat and order of St. Louis, a little meagre, middle-aged man, but if ever mortal deserved the doubtful compliment of looking every inch a king, Mazarin's old pupil merited it. By Louis' side was his children's old governess, now his wife, poor "Madame Solidité" with her complex character, like most of us, desiring to be good, but pressed hard by poverty, dependence, and ambition, when she consented to fill a precarious place at the stately, corrupt Court. The plain-featured woman, upwards of fifty, with her dry, hard calling, half duenna, half teacher, had out-rivalled the haughty, beautiful Montespan, and succeeded to the gilded infamy of Fontanges and La Vallière, in the forced respectability of a morganatic marriage. She had grown rigid in her prudence, impenetrable in her reserve, and was getting very weary, poor soul, in her constant efforts to entertain a man who would not be entertained. But though she might be tempted to hypocrisy, to throw a veil of austerity over her dubious position among the Court butterflies and wasps, she had a heart. She was fond to the last of the children she had taught, though they were Mme. de Montespan's boys and girls as well as Louis'; and she

was in earnest as well as anxious to secure the good opinion and gratitude of posterity in founding, fostering, and toiling with her heavily taxed brain and nerves for the College of St. Cyr.

Behind the King and Madame was the promising young Dauphin who had taken Philippsburg the year before. The crowd of painted faces and perriquet heads bringing up the rear were dishonest faces and heads. They belonged to the bitter enemies of Mme. de Maintenon, who resented her starched decorum as a stigma on their unbridled licence, and regarded her prudery as an impudent assumption, and the recent pietism of the Court as the creeping approach of dotage on the gay, gallant King who had in his day held the *carrousels* and "amused himself."

In truth Louis was far enough from his dotage. He had twenty-six of his reign of seventy-two years to run, and some of his greatest victories to gain, as well as his most signal defeats to suffer. Comparatively speaking, he was in his prime, and he would have cared little for the opinion of his Court, if he could but have crushed the asthmatic skeleton, Orange. But, as he leant back in his chair of state, took snuff from his diamond snuff-box, and contemplated the pleasant sight of Madame's demoiselles, supposed to be so guileless that they were folded here at St. Cyr from the wickedness of the world, as lambs from the exposed pastures given over to the wolves, it was strange if he did not sometimes forget his prototype Ahasuerus. As Louis' eyes wandered over the young daughters of Sion in their spotless robes, and, for Jewish faces, the white brows, full red lips, and violet eyes which attested the purest blood in France, he could hardly escape a flash of recollection. It brought back to him, with a passing pang, while seated by the side of the wise, virtuous, sallow-complexioned, lantern-jawed Madame, in her black veil, the piteous child's appeal of Louise la Vallière when he pursued her to her refuge of a convent, and dragged her forth to splendid dishonour and vain remorse, and the scared glance of Fontanges' hollow eyes when he sent her away to another convent to repent and die.

Presently a verse was chanted by two of the choir:—

"O, douce paix !
O, lumière éternelle !
Bonté toujours nouvelle.
Heureux le cœur épris de ses attraits.
O, douce paix !
O, lumière éternelle !
Heureux le cœur qui ne perd jamais."

Wonderful to tell, it found a more entranced listener than Racine himself. Captivated with the felicitous rendering of this verse, one member of the select audience had come there that afternoon with a half-purpose, and the half-purpose was, like an arrow sped from the bow, sent straight to its aim by that verse.

A wrinkled and grey nobleman and general had just

arrived, halting on one knee, with a despatch for the King, from the army on the threatened frontier. In recognition of his services, and of the hall which had caused the halt, and had not been extracted without leaving such torn sinews and stiffness of joint behind as to condemn the sufferer, solely against the grain, to a career of peace for the remainder of his days, the King had appointed him one of his lieutenants of the provinces. The lieutenant took his new honours gruffly rather than graciously, for though he was noble he had been camp-follower from boyhood. He was like the sailor Jean Bart, devoted indeed, but blunt in word; sure, as he was well aware, to be the laughing-stock of the supple, scoffing courtiers, from whom he kept aloof.

He sat, poor old fellow, playing with the familiar sword, which was now to be confined to its sheath, instead of wreathed in ivy, and pulling his whitening mustaches. He thought in a desolately way, as of something past and gone, of his campaigns, his friends, his foes, the frankness of the one, the fierceness of the other, with all the change, and stir, and rousing excitement of a soldier's life. And every now and then he revolved in his mind that half-parade in which he saw the sole hopeful resource, the single cheerful element in the monotonous depressing rule and state of the life to which he was condemned as the lieutenant of a province. He had neither had the time nor the inclination to think of wedlock before; but now if he were to make an innocent noble young girl, such as Madame craved for the benefit of men like him, his wife, she might relieve him, as his fitting partner, of half the burden of his dignities; she might solace his weariness and loneliness; she might bear him children, brave boys and gentle girls to grow up round his knees. In such circumstances life might again become worth living.

Madame's orphan flock of demoiselles had burst on the Sieur, in the beginning, like a company of angels too pure for the sin-soiled earth. But gradually the impression became modified. He was sagacious in his veteran way, rather by unerring instinct than with the suspicion born of experience. As he watched the play narrowly, he had been considerably disturbed in his mind, and a little shaken in his intentions, by perceiving plainly the vain self-consciousness of some of the novices, in the middle of the solemn sweetness of their strains. What was a great deal worse, he clearly detected, even in that august presence, suspicious symptoms of intelligence passing between other girls and the young profligates of the Court. It became painfully clear to the watcher that the genius of intrigue—the fatal inheritance of the sex in general, and of his countrywomen in particular—had found scope for its exercise even in the religious seclusion of St. Cyr. Madame's lambs had not been so securely folded from the wolves as she had fondly dreamt. But at that very moment the lines were sung—

"O, douce paix!
O, lumière éternelle!"

and the Sieur d'Ours felt with a great start and bound of his stout sad heart that his ideal was realised. One of the two singers, girls between fifteen and sixteen, was the very angel he sought.

Angels may not seem to us to have much in common with war-worn soldiers who, be they ever so honest and kindly, have memories and consciousness embowered with the recollection of rough battles and deeds of violence that travel back over a score and a half of years. But that is not the question. The chances are that the sinner would not have been humble and penitent, he would have been grossly depraved and as much enamoured of his vices as ever, who in the Sieur's circumstances would have refused the improving companionship of an artless, meek, obedient angel simply because she was an angel.

"O, douce paix!"

The Sieur had never before comprehended how peace could be sweet and how he might be reconciled to its serenity, till that tender, smiling young face met his gaze, and that soft low voice, the richer for its tremulousness, sang of heavenly peace and its sacred bliss. He had never, through the perpetual smoke of the cannon, got so much as a glimpse of the eternal light till this moment. Was not this Paradise opening to him when his warfare was ended, while the earnest little singer was one of the angels come to lead him in?

It was not that the demoiselle was more beautiful than the other demoiselles. She was too childish, too half-grown and undeveloped, as yet, to be beautiful. It was the transparent sincerity, the youthfulness of spirit of the eternal child looking out of the face, which took the fancy of the battered soldier who had tasted the bitterness of the tree of knowledge, and was weary of its flavour.

There was no personal preoccupation in this singer, no *double entendres*. Her wide-open sapphire-blue eyes did not see the audience except for a moment. She looked straight before her while she sang her little part with all her little heart. She was one of the daughters of Zion. Yonder were Ahasuerus and Esther. Here were her sisters. They were performing the service for the honour and credit of his Majesty the King, Madame, St. Cyr, the teachers, and the wonderful dramatist who had condescended even to commend one young girl. Nay, thought solemn and sweet as the canticles they chanted, it was for the praise and glory of the good God that they were assembled, to represent one of the events in His Holy Scriptures.

So she sang, in her white robe and green chaplet, with self-forgetful zeal and fervour; and the Sieur d'Ours drank in her words, fed on her looks, and grew resigned to let drop, from his fast-furrowing brows, fresh laurels of war, so that he might but gather with the coming year, and wear in his gallant breast, one white rose-bud—or was it a snowdrop!—of peace.

CHAPTER II.

THE RETROTHAL.

St. Cyr and its *pensionnaires* were saved from a collapse after the play, by the arrival of one of Madame's special couriers with the important intelligence that the most noble Sieur d'Ours, General of the Empire, Knight of St.

Louis, Lieutenant of the King, had made application for the hand in marriage of the most noble demoiselle Aglaé de Beaufort. Madame had highly approved of the application and settled the contract. The trousseau was in active preparation. That day se'night, Madame and the Sieur, with their suites, would arrive at St. Cyr, when Mlle. Aglaé would be presented to her bridegroom and would sign the contract. On the following morning the marriage would be solemnised with suitable pomp by the bishop of the diocese.

Marriages as unexpected and instantaneous were frequently occurring at St. Cyr, but the frequency of marriage never robs it of its glory to women. The whole college was in a delightful flutter, which Madame's chief satellites would find some trouble in subduing to the exactions of etiquette and of a royal mandate. The envy which some of the demoiselles who were left behind, might have felt at Aglaé's promotion, was tempered by her impending banishment to Guienne, of which the Sieur had been appointed lieutenant, instead of having a place at Court. For anything more, the malcontents consoled themselves with making a few little spiteful jests, chiefly of a mythological character, in reference to Vulcan and Venus. But on the whole Aglaé was a favourite with her companions, and there were magnanimous hearts among them that rejoiced at her early and high marriage. There was one demoiselle so generous that she told everyone, Aglaé included, in strict confidence, that she looked forward hopefully to seeing her friend speedily endowed with the privilege of wearing the head-dress à l'*Andronaque*. The head-dress à l'*Andronaque*, the mark of widowhood, the symbol of perfect power and freedom, was the demoiselle Bertrande's great object of ambition. She had been heard to wish demoiselles could be born widows, and she had thought of a special votive offering to her patron saint, that she might be invested betimes with the coveted head-dress.

Aglaé heard the tidings that her fate was decided with mingled wonder, awe, and gratitude. She had not an idea of personal responsibility, or a conception of anything save entire submission. Alas! the days were not only fled but forgotten, when sprightly Julie d'Angennes resisted, for a space of years, the suit of a wooer whom parents and guardians had provided.

Aglaé had not seen M. d'Ours on the night of the play, or even heard of him, either before or in the interval afterwards. That was neither here nor there. Whether she had been brought up from the cradle as the bride of the Sieur, or whether she had not been aware of his existence, as it happened, till he presented his credentials and had them honoured by Madame, was not of the smallest consequence. Neither were his years, his habits of rough command, his greyness and lameness. And really Aglaé did not mind these ordinary trifles, if only he would not be harsh to her when she provoked him. Of course she would provoke him. How could a girl of fifteen, however well instructed in her embroidery and her *beaux*, know how to please a grand, stern old *militaire*?

Aglaé was afraid that she was already disgracing her birth and breeding, by being so sorry to part from her

companions. To be sure she had known no other, neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. St. Cyr had been her only home. Still Aglaé was sensible that it was not becoming in a noble girl to think so much of her feelings, when the step was what her rank and duty demanded, namely, to marry the husband Madame had provided for her. If only Madame had not provided him so soon! No doubt it would all be very fine, and Aglaé was aware that the worldly end of her being was to be a Madame herself, ride in a coach, go to balls and plays, and have a little Court of her own, as they told her she must have in the province. But what if she made huge blunders and offended Monsieur, and he shat her up and beat her! Such awkward *contretemps* took place occasionally, where the most polished courtiers were concerned, and Monsieur was not a courtier, he was a soldier.

Aglaé, in her simplicity, was on the whole thankful that she had no fortune beyond the small *dot* which Madame settled on her *pensionnaires*, for the lack of one seemed to furnish the bride with a chance of walking more obscurely and safely among the mines and levelled guns of the path on which she was about to start.

Notwithstanding these distracting considerations, Aglaé proved her descent, by being more afraid of disgrace than of danger to mind and body. The fear of bringing shame on herself, St. Cyr, and Mme. de Maintenon, was Aglaé's girlish lugbear. So large and near did it loom that it soon filled her horizon, she could see nothing beyond the evening of the signing of the contract, and the marriage morning. Her married life was like the nun's life to the novice the day before she takes the black veil, or like another existence to the dying about to receive in faith and reverence the last sacrament—something certain, but too dim to decipher. Aglaé did not strain her vision to take in the unknown world, though it was within a week's nearness, in point of time.

The presentation to the bridegroom was a greater trial to Aglaé than the wedding itself. The first was a private ordeal, the second a public ceremony, not unlike other religious ceremonies—confirmations or processions on fête-days—in which Aglaé had been accustomed to bear a part. The sacred character of its Latin prayers, holy water, consecrated rings and coins raised it above girlish tremors. It was another thing to go in to greet and be greeted by the company in the *salon*, she alone of the demoiselles, to sup with Mme. de Maintenon, the Sieur, the officials of the college, and the principal persons of the suites. The last was a more difficult proceeding for a little girl, who had never before had any supper save a cup of milk and a bit of bread in the refectory, and hardly exchanged words with a man who was not a priest.

Indeed Aglaé looked far more out of place, far more as if she were acting a part, than she had done in the representation of a daughter of Sion, when her slender figure was dressed in its first brocade, her glossy hair first dulled by powder, her dove-like throat first spotted and spoiled by patches. She was led in with throbbing heart and drooping eyes, faint and dazzled by her unwonted proximity to the perfection of velvet and jewels,

ellegant shapes and refined gestures, her ears ringing with the light buzz and hum of the stereotyped, deferential, witty conversation that was carried on, without effort or pause, all around her.

Aglæ could never tell what she thought of M. d'Ours on their introduction, or how far she made his acquaintance on the single evening devoted to that purpose. She remembered that she had a dread of swooning when she felt he was moving slowly to meet her and kiss her hand, and when she heard his deep voice, like the waves of the sea breaking on the shore many miles away, as he paid her a constrained compliment and offered her a ruby *négligé*. The Court ladies exclaimed at the size and lustre of the stones, but though Aglaë would be as proud of them, in time, as a girl who has never worn any other ornament than a flower is likely to be, they might have been worthless pebbles to her that night.

She had a lingering impression of her dismay at the shaky character of the Italian handwriting in which she signed her name, and at the great blot with which she ended, after the large square autograph "Arnaud d'Ours," written as if the owner had drawn it with the point of his sword. She retained a vague conviction that she had been very grateful to Madame for displaying her old skill in drawing the *Sieur* into a dry discussion of his campaigns at supper, while Madame towered on his right hand and Aglaë cowered on his left. Thus the poor little bride was suffered to eat and drink, in peace, the *pâté* and the glass of red Burgundy which in themselves would have been a treat to the growing girl, with her healthy appetite, a month before.

Madame filled up the measure of her goodness by dismissing Aglaë at an early hour, in consideration of her youth and the great event of the following day.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROGRESS OF A LIEUTENANT OF A PROVINCE AND HIS LADY.

It was all done, the signing and sealing, and the crowning solemnity to which they led up. Aglaë was a demoiselle of St. Cyr no longer; she was Mme. d'Ours, riding for many days and weeks in a gilt coach drawn by four horses, with Monsieur, her husband, to his Government, other coaches following with the secretary, the physician, the valet, the *femme de chambre*, &c., away into the misty future which Aglaë had not been able to foresee. It was better in some respects, and worse in others, than she could have imagined. There was gratification in riding in the gilt coach, to one who had ridden nowhere till then, there was novelty, instruction, entertainment, and a certain amount of buoyancy in the constant change of scene. The spring was advancing, and the strange landscapes, with vignettes, rivers, towns, châteaux on crags, bridges, windmills, seen to advantage, were interesting. The very peasants who made a diversion in their wretchedness by clattering their *sabots* and waving their ragged caps after the cavalcade, to whom Aglaë threw small coins, were amusing to the young fresh girl, with just sufficient *esprit* and culture to cause her to crave for more information.

In the larger towns the party were received with great attention and respect. Aglaë had the quickness to perceive soon that people were so indulgent to her youth and inexperience that they were even in danger of mistaking her defects for graces. Thus she got reconciled to herself, and was at ease in the company of which the little lady was the greatest attraction. Above all, when the pair approached the scene of Monsieur's Government, and escorts of fine ladies and gentlemen came out to meet them; when Monsieur alighted and mounted his white horse, riding it beside the coach, he himself in such a coat of glittering golden tissue, like Aglaë's grandest gauze, with such feathers in his beaver that it really did not signify much that he was old and grey, since he was so very well dressed; when volleys of cannon were fired to hail their approach (Aglaë did not like the firing half so well, it was hard for her to resist ducking her head, which ached badly before the day was done); when great balls were given in her honour, the little aristocrat and young girl in one felt her heart swelling with pride, and her feet beginning to dance, in the gaily natural to her years.

All that was well, and Monsieur did not starve and beat his wife—yet. But sitting opposite her in the coach, when they were not entering a town, he took very little notice of her, except by staring at her fixedly and absently, until her apprehension of him, in place of wearing away, increased day by day. Aglaë was like another demoiselle de St. Cyr, Aurore de Saxe, as frightened at the sound of her husband's voice as at the roar of the cannon. M. d'Ours was taciturn and grim, by comparison with any other man of Aglaë's acquaintance. His few observations on the execrable roads the travellers passed over, or on the natives they encountered, were delivered shortly and gruffly. He would fall asleep, poor elderly gentleman, only lately recovered from wounds and sickness, and when that proceeding might have been a relief, he would knit his bushy white eyebrows and snore so terrifically that he would awake to find Aglaë in her *roquelaure* and fur cap, clenching her hands in her muff, cold and gasping with consternation. Once a postillion caused the leading horses to stumble, and Monsieur fell upon him and cursed him roundly, before he thought what he was doing and who was sitting beside him. He had looked so savage, and Aglaë was so totally ignorant of men's habits, that she had the weakness to burst out crying. This disconcerted him still more, and Aglaë, mistaking his discomfiture for gathering wrath, about to be poured on her devoted head, affronted and wounded him to the quick by piteously begging his pardon and imploring his mercy, as if he had been Bluebeard in person.

Lastly, when the couple made their entry into the towns, and the crowds of provincial nobles and their fine ladies aroused and delighted Aglaë, and won her with a sense of companionship, in the loneliness of her exaltation and exile, the old soldier could not endure the splendid voluble mob. He was used to men like himself, silent, ready, not without a certain liberality in their despotism. He was disgusted, in transacting necessary business, by the babbling shallowness,

unreadiness, and narrow prejudices of the rustic magistrates. He turned his back upon them without grace or favour. He limped beside Aglaé, indeed, to the balls and receptions, but he left her there at an early hour, retiring sulkily to his den, and sentencing her to bear the brunt of his dawning unpopularity. Nay, he unwittingly exposed her—his girl-wife, in her prominent position, to a thousand elements of corruption and peril, with which the old *Sieur* in his strictly military education, and the former demoiselle of St. Cyr brought up like a recluse, were about as incapable of grappling as two babies might have been.

Which was the greater fool? Was it the mature commandant who had gained his end, and did not so much find his little angel, but was troubled with the still greater perplexity of not knowing what to do with her, after he had got her? For he recognised, too late, that all their previous habits were ranged in hostile array, formidable barriers between them, and he despaired of ever surmounting these barriers.

Or was it Aglaé, silly, volatile, fickle, beginning already to prefer pleasures to duties?

But again, how could the poor *Sieur*—fretted with the ache of his injured knee, limping like a grandsire, though so far as years went he was not very long past his prime, shy and stubborn, coated over with a rough training—coax, and dance attendance on, a girl of fifteen?

And how could Aglaé guess that the *Sieur* was still more frightened at her than she was at him, that he yearned with a simple longing for her regard, even to hear her say his name, "Arnaud d'Ours"?

The truth was, Monsieur left Aglaé at balls and receptions, entertaining an unbounded, infatuated confidence in her youthful discretion and virtue. He had a self-disparaging, depressing notion that he could not, with all his rank and fame, enter the lists and match with young and vigorous rivals, however provincial. He had a broken-spirited conviction, which was not without foundation, that his presence marred Mme. d'Ours' pleasure. For she only relished the consequence with which he had invested her, and the potency of her attractions, with the keen relish of youth, when her brightness was not clouded by his gloom. But how, in the name of things impenetrable, could Aglaé divine this solution of her husband's rude behaviour?

The certain result was that sourness and misanthropy were advancing on the *Sieur*, with giant strides, before his honeymoon was over, in place of vanishing for ever, conjured away by his young wife's gentleness and affection. And Aglaé, without ceasing to fear Monsieur, grew more and more careless of his good opinion. She contrasted him unfavourably, in her foolish heart, with the young, bold, free provincial nobles who flattered and pressed around her. She upbraided silently Monsieur, the King's Lieutenant, with his years, his dulness, his bluntness. She caught herself wishing, discontentedly and scornfully, in spite of the gilt coach, the gold and silver tissues, and the dances, long before the *boogies* had budded green on the progress, that Heaven had made him a different man, or given her to another mate.

Aglaé was horrified at her own wickedness, but, alas,

alas! the wickedness would return until she would grow familiar with it, and end by thinking it the most natural and pardonable frame of mind in the world.

Where then were the sweet Peace and the Eternal Light of which the *Sieur* had got a glimpse, which his heavy heart had welcomed so kindly?

Fled back to their Heaven, scared away by the errors and incapacities of frail mortals.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUEL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AGLAE was at one of her balls; Monsieur, with a surly word to a member of the company, had withdrawn as usual, but Madame continued to grace the entertainment given in her honour. Cotillons had just been introduced, and Aglaé's was the youngest and merriest face in the cotillon, when a message was brought to her, by Monsieur's secretary, requiring her immediate presence at the *Sieur's* hotel. When she waited to make her adieux, with the stately courtesy which she had been taught at St. Cyr, the messenger took the liberty of hurrying her footsteps.

Aglaé was too young, ignorant, and confused to think what this might mean, or to remark the sudden grave concern on the faces of the bystanders. She did not ask any question, even when she was conducted up the broad stairs and along the corridors of the hotel, to Monsieur's bedchamber. But at the door she hesitated and stood still, then gradually her mind took in the fact that a calamity had come to pass.

The wax candles in the silver sconces did not do much to light up the large room. In the shadow of the curtains of the great bed stood Monsieur's physician and his valet, so busy about the piece of work in which they were engaged that they had no notice to spare for Madame. She uttered a little startled cry which, though it did not disturb them, reached another ear.

"*Morbleu!* has no one prepared Madame?" growled the *Sieur*. "What dolts and brutes! Ah! well, if you have left it to me, back all of you, and let us have no more idle delay. Go, with your bungling remedies. Here, my child," he said in a strangely softened voice. For something had thawed and loosened the ice which had obstructed Monsieur's tongue—could it be the assurance that the tongue would soon be still for ever!

Aglaé crept into the circle made for her, with a check as white with horror as that of the sick man, contrasting with the glitter of her dress, all silvery as the moon-shine, and the red flash of her rubies.

There lay the *Sieur* stretched helpless. His short, grizzled hair, from which his periwig had been removed, was damp with the big sweat-drops of pain and weakness, his furrowed cheeks were drawn and fallen in. He was feebly tugging at the bed-clothes that they might cover a crimson stain on his left breast. Withal there was such an irrepressible rush of tenderness to the dim eyes under the heavy pent-houses, surrounded by the crow's-toes, as had not flooded them since he stood a blooming boy at his mother's knee. "Hem! a trifling accident has happened, but it does not signify, indeed it

is, on the whole, for the best, and I should have winged the villain had it not been for this cursed lameness. I must go back a little that you may understand me, my friend. An awkward incident occurred in your noble father's career. In the wars of the Fronde he saw his young son stabled by a neighbour, and when the neighbour and some of his people fell into your poor father's hands, a short time afterwards, he shot them without granting them quarter, by way of reprisal. The unfortunate gentleman was half dead with sorrow and rage, but it was against the laws of civilised war, and he suffered for it. That happened an age ago, but what will you? I heard a cuttiff tell it at the ball to-night; more than that, theascal—Comte de Pavillon, say they! I call him Comte de Papillon—said that you, little one, with your 'Court airs and graces' (you who never breathed the tainted air of a Court), were not to be compared to some blowsy daps of the provinces! If you will believe me, Aglae, I should have winged the insolent scoundrel, within the hour, had it not been for the miserable knee."

"I am not sorry that you did not wing him, Monsieur," protested Aglae, falling on her knees by the side of the bed, with a sob of anguish. "We are bidden to forgive our enemies, and I would not have a man perish because of my unhappy father, or for a small offence to me."

"I have nothing to say against forgiving one's enemies," the Sieur corrected her, "but liars and slanderers must be punished, it stands in a gentleman's orders, and I waived my rank as a Lieutenant of the King to meet the poltroon. But if you do not wish it," he conceded reluctantly, "I shall cease to regret that he was not winged, as an excellent lesson to the *canaille* of the quality to pay homage where homage is due. They need such lessons—these, only you are too good to comprehend it."

"Oh, no, I am not good at all. I have been selfish, giddy, wicked," Aglae lamented in a paroxysm of contrition. "But you must think of yourself, you are hurt, my dear Monsieur, I am sure of it."

"A little hurt, Madame," admitted D'Ours with a smile like sunshine on a rugged rock, "a little hole, but large enough, they tell me, to let out an old sinner's life and soul together, and free you from half a lifetime of bondage. I could not have made you happy, my child, I did not even know how, that goes without saying. But you are a generous bird, and when you sit and sing in my old château and have no croaking raven beside you, but are free to find a fitting mate and many a friend like yourself, you will sometimes think, even in their company, of the old soldier who loved you in his dumb, doltish fashion, and call him in your heart, 'Arnaud, poor, rough, war-worn Arnaud d'Ours.'"

"Arnaud, Arnaud!" moaned D'Aglae; "my Siem, my husband; you will not die, you shall not die. The good God will prevent it and spare you to me. I have bundles of herbs for staunching blood and allaying fever. I have sorrel, allheal, feverfew in the drawers of my escritoire. We learned to use them at St. Cyr under a skilled apothecary. Run, fly, Messieurs, I will give you my

keys. Tell Toinette to fetch the drugs this instant, that I may apply them to the hurt of the Lieutenant of the King, my husband, wounded to death for me!"

"Do you hear? Obey her, gentlemen," commanded the King's Lieutenant hoarsely. "Obey her, from this time henceforth, on your lives. It will be like a gleam of the eternal daybreak, an echo of the proclamation of everlasting peace, to die ministered to by her soft dutiful hands. It will comfort her kind heart to have done her best for the body, as she will do it for the soul of her unworthy husband."

But Monsieur was not doomed to be slain in what it is to be feared was one of his many duels. Whether the healing art was at least as well known to the demoiselles of St. Cyr as to the regular chirurgiens, whether new hope and joy afforded the stimulus which was wanted to recall the ebbing strength, the Sieur lived to resume his journey to his provincial capital with his little lady.

He was no longer a stranger to her, holding back from her, dreading to crush her by his abruptness and sternness.

She was no longer in childish terror of him, and on the point of deserting him for more accessible, cruelly dangerous allies. On the contrary, she clung to him with an honest, innocent triumph in his acceptance of her services, and his recovery by her means. Her heart sang for joy at the great discovery of his pathetic fondness for her, his delicate worship of her, which she tried to sound in vain, because she had not then attained the depth of nature to fathom it. She was only a sweet, ingenuous child.

But she had the tender, true feeling to realise that Monsieur's affection was a treasure-house of generous indulgence and steadfast regard, far before any fulsome, flattering, and selfish passion which friends of a day and false lovers professed to expend upon her, while the love of her husband would be hers so long as she was loyal to herself and him. The Sieur could be father, mother, brother, sister, and husband in one to the orphan demoiselle of St. Cyr, as the Trojan Hector was to Andromache. In fact, Aglae, in her quaint French fashion, called the Sieur "Mon Papa" long before their children called him so, just as he called her "My child."

Aglae had the reverent faith to apprehend what was fine in the relation, and the moment she apprehended it, she turned and clung to Arnaud d'Ours, with a lavish, beautiful, youthful devotion which owned no difference of years, and no discrepancy of nature and nurture between the two.

"As the moss to the stone,
As the vine to the tree."

So her pride in the veteran and devotion to him threw over all that was jaded, faded, and darkened in his experience, the vivid green mantle of her high heart and undimmed hope.

It was early summer in the land when the Sieur and Aglae rode again in the gilt coach. The roses were bursting into bloom, the nightingales were singing in the thickets, and it was summer in the hearts of the old soldier and his young wife, summer over all.

A Holiday on Dartmoor.

"WHERE shall we spend our holidays this year?" is a question which is being revolved more or less anxiously in many minds just now. Thoughts of the dwellers in big cities are turning longingly to the sea, and imagination conjures up the crisp curl of the

without feeling a strong desire to make its beauties more widely known. Let me, however, hasten to explain that Dartmoor is no place for the exhibition of French boots, faultless millinery, and fashionable dresses, and that nobody who does not love Nature at her wildest should



THE PLYM, FROM CADVER BRIDGE.

wavelets, the flutter of "white wings," and the cool greenery of country lanes and breezy moorland.

Of moorland comparatively few know the rare charm, whilst still fewer have any idea of the health-giving properties of the pure, bracing air—giving to jaded and over-tasked energies exactly the requisite fillip, rest without dulness, and exercise without fatigue, for in this exhilarating atmosphere it seems impossible to get really tired.

At the present moment I have in my mind's eye the glorious expanse of gorse and heather, of breezy uplands, and rock-crowned hill, known (alas! far too little) as Dartmoor. I have spent many a much-needed holiday in this wild region, which is as yet a bit of primitive nature unspoiled by the march of civilisation, and have never traversed its vast solitudes without the greatest benefit both to mental and physical powers, or, let me add,

venture into this her veritable stronghold, or boredom will be the probable result. Imagine for yourself a vast stretch of moorland, mile upon mile of pleasant breezy down (where heather and gorse make a perfect blaze of colour), alternating with chain after chain of hills or "tors," as these elevations are locally called. Almost every hill has its crown of roughly hewn, picturesquely grouped granite, and many and curious are the traditions associated with them and with the various antiquarian remains in the different parts of the moor.

The Plym and other rivers which intersect Dartmoor, and have their sources in the emerald-green morasses that abound, are one of its principal charms. Rising clear and sparkling from a granite bed, they follow their course through this land of ever-varying light and shade, rushing impetuously by fern-fringed banks, and mossy curves; now broadening into a fine river, now narrowing to a streamlet, but creating verdure and beauty everywhere, and making at the same time the sweetest and most restful music to weary folk, tired of the blatant noise and incessant bustle of the work-a-day world. Here, if solitude is desired, one may take a book and, beneath the shelter of some huge tor, lie prone on a bank of fragrant wild thyme for a whole day without being disturbed by anything human.

The lark will send his merry lay; the insect world will keep up a humming dreamy hum. An occasional sheep may come to reconnoitre, and trot away with plaintive "ba-a-a" when his curiosity is satisfied; but, though very possibly there may be a cottage within hail whose occupants are on household cares intent, no sounds but those of nature break the silence which reigns. Again, one may start away on a ramble, duly fortified with the good things



THE DEWERSTONE.

which the kind and homely Devonshire people know so well

how to provide, and walk for hours, climbing some tor, and being amply rewarded by the grand view obtainable at that altitude, without meeting anything save a bird on the wing, or a drove of moorland ponies, who are shy of us "humans," and, after raising their shaggy heads, and staring with comical surprise at the intruder on their native wilds, toss their long manes, and with an indignant twirl of their tails, dart off at headlong speed, until, having reached a safe distance, they take another peep, and then quietly settle down and browse on the scanty herbage.

To follow the course of one of the moorland stream-lets is to make many discoveries of mosses and plants which are not found elsewhere. In the season the wild orchid is very plentiful, as are the cool purple whortleberries, which, with a liberal allowance of Devonshire cream, make the most delicious compound imaginable. All this is general, however, and merely introductory. The intending tourist will need more practical information as

to localities, and the objects of interest which the various districts afford.

Supposing that a small family, or say a mother and several children, are projecting a holiday and want comfortable lodgings or a small cottage. Horrabridge, which is on the fringe of Dartmoor, is a capital place at which to stay. Recognising the rare healthiness of the whole region of Dartmoor, facilities have at various points been provided for visitors, which until recently did not exist. Speculative builders have erected comfortable houses of varying sizes at Yelverton and Dowsland, and let them at moderate rentals (averaging two guineas per week) in the height of the season, and the possessors of homes which are larger than their requirements gladly let their best rooms during the summer months to those who come to rest, and regain health and vigour, in this great sanatorium.

Here, sun and wind have full play, and on the hottest July or August day, dwellers on Dartmoor have the benefit of a cool exhilarating air, which acts on the spirits like champagne, only without the unpleasant after-effects of that sparkling beverage. From Horrabridge excursions may be made in several directions. One, which is very pleasant, is to pursue the course of the river Walkham, passing under the lofty viaducts, and following the curves, which are many, each one seeming more beautiful than the last. In early spring the banks are fringed with every known variety of fern and wild flower, and later on in the year what one misses in this respect is amply made up in the beauty of the foliage, which on the softly sloping banks makes a charming sylvan scene, especially when the sunset glow tinges with hues of crimson and purple the shallow waters of the Walkham, and the branches of beech, oak, and gowan are reflected in some quiet pool. At Watersmeet, the junction of the Walkham and the Tavy, the pedestrian will find himself in a scene of such beauty as can scarcely be matched even in Devonshire. To take this walk downstream as far as Denham Bridge, returning by way of the moor, or *vice versa*, is to enjoy a series of pictures which will not easily fade from the memory.

Again, the walk to Sheepstor is delightful, giving one quite an impression of mountain scenery, whilst a longer ramble to Shaugh Bridge and the Dewerstone will recall the romantic legends which linger in most minds. The Dewerstone itself is a huge mass of granite, grey, scarred and weather-beaten, covered in many places with a grey-green lichen, in others with festoons of ivy, among which glow in autumn the crimson berries of the mountain ash. At Yelverton, too, is the junction of the Princetown Railway with the main line. This new line of rail to Princetown, with its abrupt turns and sinuous curves, across the summit of lofty rugged tors, and through the very wildest scenery, reminds travellers of the triumphs of Alpine engineering.

At Lidford one seems in the very heart of the moor. Chain upon chain of hills meets the view; now enveloped in filmy blue haze, through which the tors loom indistinctly, and look like the battlement of some fortress, now standing out in strong relief against an intensely blue sky. Specially grand these rocks look when a

strong wind is driving masses of storm-cloud across and among them, and a lurid sunset gleam lights them up, showing the most brilliant effects of colour. Lidford

law, which was "Punish first, and judge afterwards." The cascade, which is a feature of the neighbourhood, is worth walking many miles to see. Kits Steps is a series



SHEPSTOR.

Castle is an old ruin of some considerable interest, though little remains of the walls save the empty shell of the keep, beneath which are some dungeons, where prisoners in olden times had a taste of the proverbial Lidford

of fine cascades formed by the river Lid when water is abundant. On the way from Lidford to Okehampton are seen to great advantage Yes Tor, one of the highest elevations on Dartmoor, High Willhayse, Cawsand

Devon, and the frail-looking Meadow Viaduct spanning the river Okement, from which the old town of Okelhampton takes its name. Here are the beautiful and extensive ruins of Okelhampton Castle, which stand on a well-wooded, sunny knoll, essentially a pleasant place in which to dream away a summer afternoon. The grey old walls are ivy-clad, and ornamented with delicate

Lustleigh Cleave is also a favourite haunt of the artist and student of nature, and is easily reached by rail *via* Newton Abbot.

Fingle Glen, at no great distance away, is another haunt of the enthusiast for natural beauty; to follow the windings of the stream will give a series of views unmatched save in the Lake District, and through the length



SHATCH BRIDGE.

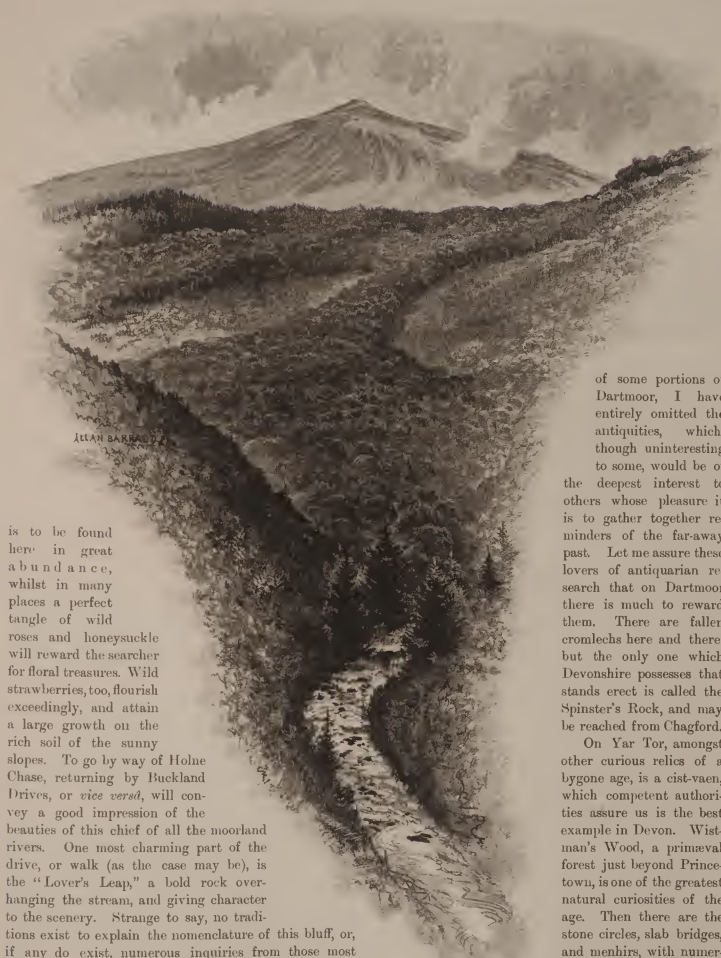
ferns and wild flowers; all round on either side stretches the wide moorland, whose breezes fan the cheek very pleasantly, whilst beneath runs, with a laughing ripple over the rough boulders forming its bed, the merry little Okement.

Chagford is another admirable centre for seeing some of the greatest beauties of Dartmoor. Holy Street Mill is the spot to which the steps of visitors first gravitate, and he who takes his first long look at the ideally beautiful scene will exclaim, "And small wonder!" It is in truth a veritable thing of beauty, a perfect gem in the rough setting of the sterile moor. Many artists have essayed to do honour to its charms, but whilst it makes a lovely little picture on canvas, it is still more beautiful in reality; the clear limpid stream, reflecting the crumbling woodwork of the old mill and the sylvan beauty of the glen, must be seen to be appreciated.

of the ravine (two miles) some fresh beauty arrests the eye at each turn, making the sketcher long for time to execute some sweet sylvan "bit" or transfer to canvas some bold-jutting rock whose multi-coloured lichen is his admiration and despair.

Venerable Fingle Bridge, too, is picturesque, both from age and from the fern and lichen which warmth and perpetual moisture have made luxuriant. Rushford Mill and Castle, again, are both interesting, and each in its own way has an element of the picturesque.

In quite another direction, and among scenery of a widely different character, lie Holne Chase and Buckland Drives—to my mind some of the finest river scenery in South Devon, which is saying much, where all is so fair. The river Dart flows through the valley, making a sort of horse-shoe ravine where exquisite greenery of all kinds luxuriates. The Osmund, or Royal fern,



is to be found here in great abundance, whilst in many places a perfect tangle of wild roses and honeysuckle will reward the searcher for floral treasures. Wild strawberries, too, flourish exceedingly, and attain a large growth on the rich soil of the sunny slopes. To go by way of Holne Chase, returning by Buckland Drives, or *vice versa*, will convey a good impression of the beauties of this chief of all the moorland rivers. One most charming part of the drive, or walk (as the case may be), is the "Lover's Leap," a bold rock overhanging the stream, and giving character to the scenery. Strange to say, no traditions exist to explain the nomenclature of this bluff, or, if any do exist, numerous inquiries from those most likely to be well informed on the subject have failed to elicit them. Holne village is interesting from the fact of its being the birthplace of genial, large-hearted Charles Kingsley, upon whose life and writings these romantic early surroundings must have had their influence.

Whilst touching cursorily upon the natural beauties

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of some portions of Dartmoor, I have entirely omitted the antiquities, which though uninteresting to some, would be of the deepest interest to others whose pleasure it is to gather together reminders of the far-away past. Let me assure these lovers of antiquarian research that on Dartmoor there is much to reward them. There are fallen cromlechs here and there, but the only one which Devonshire possesses that stands erect is called the Spinster's Rock, and may be reached from Chagford.

BUCKLAND BEACON.

head-stones, and excellent examples of old oak carvings.

In conclusion let me say that this is no bit of fancy writing, but, as far as I am able to give it, a true, if

brief description of those parts of Dartmoor which I know best from frequent excursions in search of health and pleasure. All the walks indicated are easy distances for ladies in moderately good health; and in each of the moorland towns mentioned there are comfortable hotels with excellent accommodation at moderate charges, besides

a good supply of cheap lodgings, the exorbitant prices of sea-side resorts not having yet reached these remote districts. Then there are coaching trips in various directions over Dartmoor, which, added to fairly good railway facilities, make it an easy matter to travel from point to point without fatigue or great expense.

FANNIE GODDARD.

Lord Tennyson's Women.



ABOVE all men of our century, Lord Tennyson has brought to his calling the most exquisite feeling for his art, the most perfect reverence for it; in a life-time devoted to it he has become a consummate artist in words, so that the ordered fitness of his work, its pure account, its restrained melody set it apart like a statue of Praxiteles, carved of fine marble. It is, perhaps, too much a fashion to speak of Lord Tennyson's most elaborate work, "The Idylls of the King," as the result of perfect craftsmanship. Where this is said as a depreciation, it is wrong and unjust. The scenes are steeped in the atmosphere of magical enchantment and glamour. The figures loom large through the mists of that enchanted past, making for us a series of wonderful pictures, which are the outcome no less of the vision and inspiration of the poet than of the certain hand of the accomplished workman. King Arthur, perhaps, has a certain vague unreality and lack of colouring, both of the time and of humanity, but he is a serene and noble figure for all that.

There is a long interval in more ways than one between "faintly smiling Adeline" and her sisters, the youthful and facile heroines of the earlier poems, and Elaine, who may be said to represent the Tennysonian woman, having the characteristic exquisiteness, and also the shallowness which is the defect of the type. Lord Tennyson's women have neither splendour nor passion, with the exception of Guinevere, and she has a hardness of outline a coldness of pride, which never sinks the Queen in the woman until the hour when she lies about her husband's feet, hearing his noble condemnation, and receiving his last blessing. This scene is full of magic:—

"She saw
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights
The dragons of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire,
And even then he turned, and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the king
Enwound him fold by fold and made him grey
And greyer till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom."

There is the very atmosphere of "faery lands forlorn," here, and in "The Passing of Arthur."

In the earlier work, the picture of Mariana in the two poems named from her is very beautifully realised, whether we see her sitting among the desolation of

familiar things in her moated grange, or gaze upon the more thoughtful and matured Mariana of the other piece; but both poems belong rather to Tennyson as a painter of pictures than to Tennyson as a delineator of character.

"The Lady of Shalott," which is and will be one of the best loved of Tennyson's poems, is perfect in conception and execution, the heroine being half fairy, and needing none of the flesh-and-blood quality which Lord Tennyson fails in rendering. Thus, too, belongs very much to the picture-poems, as do "St. Agnes' Eve" and "Sir Galahad," exquisite proofs of what Lord Tennyson can do in an altogether spiritual region. It is, perhaps, his pure perfection in such work as this which makes him weak in more human aspects. To a later and different stage of picture-painting belongs "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere."

Enone has a passion of her own—a child's passion rather than a woman's as Elaine's is later—a child's passion with the pathos of a child's pain, and its abandonment.

Lord Tennyson's poetry is less dominated by the woman than is the poetry of Mr. Swinburne or the late D. G. Rossetti. In "Maud," the poem which influences young people far more than any other poem of the present age, the heroine is only indicated—a Tennysonian heroine—

"Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace."

She is one of the English girls whom the Laureate delights in painting, and whom he has been the first of English poets to realise.

The women of the English idylls follow a somewhat conventional type. The May-Queen in her prosperity and adversity, her health and her sickness, is very much the peasant of the old rural comedies, whom our pictures always as crowned with roses, and leading a docile lamb similarly garlanded. In this, as many other of the poems, the value lies more in the treatment than in the conception. What could be finer than the incidental pictures, as, for instance:—

"The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers,
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey."

And again:—

"Beneath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long grey fields at night,
When from the dry, dark world the summer air blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool."

"The Princess," for all its gay and delicate mockery, contains, perhaps, the most nobly conceived of Tennyson's women in the person of the princess herself—at least she is the one who thinks most nobly for herself. There is no other woman in his poems who troubles greatly about ideals; they are very much a man's women in that their only trouble or joy is concerned with love. But here is one who forms for herself a certain noble and beautiful ideal, on a wrong basis, undoubtedly, and ending in what seems for the present failure, but let us hope that the failure was only a stepping-stone to success, that the dream Girtan flourished as well and honourably as the reality of to-day does. She is large in idea and execution, this learned princess,

"Liker the inhabitant
Of some clear planet closer on the sun
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grave and power, breathing down
From over her arched brows, with every turn
Lived through her to the tips of her long hands
And to her feet."

She is the one woman whom Tennyson has endeavoured to make heroic, and she is heroic despite the mock-heroism of the poem as a whole.

"The Idylls of the King," Lord Tennyson's most elaborate work, is not the work which is surest of immortality. Perhaps future generations, which will delight in the abandonment and rapture of love in "Maud," and in the noble analysis of sorrow in "In Memoriam," will need another interpretation of the living old-world story than our Laureate's exquisitely painted but somewhat laborious series of wall-pictures. However, I think the picture part of them will live—"The Passing of Arthur" and "The Holy Grail"—I mean the scenic picture part. The poet has made little endeavour to endow his men and women with life; and they belong to a region of pictures, poetical and imaginative, but with no light in their eyes or movement in their painted limbs.

Of the women in the "Idylls," Enid is a man's woman in her submissiveness—the outcome of the same attitude of mind which created "Patience Grisel" and "Burd Ellen" in the old ballad-world—heroines who would be somewhat anachronistic in our days, and perhaps held as in no way deserving the name of heroines. Lord Tennyson once penetrates below the surface—and only once—where he makes Enid put on the faded gown in which her lover first saw her. Guinevere, stormy and dark, whom her sin has no power to make humble, is certainly a striking figure; but is she Malory's Guinevere, "who while she lived was a true lover"? Elaine is full of pathos, but touching no high level of womanhood. This is, however, as the poet finds her in Malory; and if the type belongs rather to the childhood of the world than to-day, it must be urged that his pictures are taken from that morning-time. One feels

strongly that she is a favourite of the poet among his own conceptions; she who

"As a little helpless, innocent bird
That has but one plain passage of few notes
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er,
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?'"

Yet she is an idealised Elaine, as Arthur is an idealised version of Malory's Arthur, and Lancelot likewise—an Elaine who, perhaps, would not touch us if she were removed from her setting. What consummate art there is in such touches as this—

"So in her tower alone the maiden sat,
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work—her empty labour—left;
But still she heard him, still his picture formed
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
'Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren, saying, 'Peace to thee,
Sweet sister,' whom she answered with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owls'
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sorrow-sighted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind."

Reading such passages one feels the insolence of attempting to analyse the poet's poetry—the futility of saying, "Here is his success, here is his failure; in such a thing consists his charm, in such another there is no charm." The beauty exists in the poetry with no *raison d'être*, as irrespective of moral or teaching as the beauty in a woman's face, or on the velvet cheeks of a flower. Has not the poet himself said this in his "Day Dream"? And all beauty must point upward—all true beauty must ennoble, and so serve its passive mission.

Vivien is a good conception of the Delilah-like woman in many ways, but lacking craft to hide her villainess. Isolt has an interest apart from all the others, because she has been made the subject of poems by three great poets of our day, each regarding her from a different standpoint. Beside the fulness and completeness of Mr. Swinburne's great poem, the treatment of either Lord Tennyson or Mr. Matthew Arnold must seem slight and sketchy. In "The Last Tournament" she is little more than indicated—not guilty by fatality as Swinburne paints her, but a passionate, spotted-tiger of a woman, full of warm and throbbing life. Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem, as a whole, is too peaceful.

I have now touched lightly on all the women of the "Idylls," and end with a feeling that the Laureate makes no notable study of feminine character here, nor has he attempted to do so, desiring merely to render the "Morte d'Arthur" in his own exquisite words, and succeeding signally in keeping the rare, enchanted atmosphere of the old story. So that the whole series impresses one, in the words of the old play, like "a ceremonial chapel filled with music;" a stately pageant of knights and dames filing by large in the mists of the Past, and with a splendour of banners and armour and jewels, and over all a

certain clear white light of spirituality as of the Holy Grail.

Mary Tudor seems to me the most human woman Tennyson has created, with her unsatisfied heart, her love that fails to awaken love, her sickness of jealousy, her strivings after the right—a curiously powerful delineation of a life which had no youth, over which the grey-ness and decay of autumn lay with leaden, overhanging skies and an atmosphere of death. A sombre picture, with no touch of lightness to relieve the gloom—too sombre, it may be, for a portrait of her of whom Fuller said, "She had been a worthy princess had as little cruelty been done *under* her as was done *by* her." Sir Aubrey de Vere, also a Protestant, has in his "Mary Tudor"—a fine drama—aimed more at dealing justly with the memory of this most unhappy queen. There is no more impressive figure in history than she, strong but narrow of intellect, warm of heart but jealous and exacting, grave with a certain sad sincerity which made her little able to cope with deceit, to whom the following of Conscience was a master-passion; a betrayed woman, deceived and outraged by the husband to whom she had given her strong and stern heart, conspired against by her own sister, robbed of the love of the people to whom her heart cleaved in passionate loyalty. In her relations with her husband Lord Tennyson has made her very sadly human. One must feel sorry that in the poor queen's lips at the last are placed those dreams of relentless persecution and torture.

The remaining women of any note in Lord Tennyson's poems are the Edith of "Harold," a pure but somewhat lifeless creature, and presented vaguely, and the Rosamond and Eleanor of "Becket." Rosamond is, perhaps, Lord Tennyson's sweetest woman, though one cannot help regarding it as an artistic blunder to put into

her mouth the accusations against the queen in the scene where the latter surprises her in the bower. A woman so soft, so sweet, a thornless rose, would logically neither know of the crimes alleged against Eleanor, nor have the venom to taunt her with them; it is not the nature of an essentially sweet woman to turn deadly; bitter in the numbing grasp of fear.

One concludes the catalogue and study of the Poet Laureate's women with an impression that, as a whole, they are feminine, as distinguished from womanly. They are clinging, dependent, timorous, loving after a fashion, but not given to daring greatly for love; impulsive for possession, but with an impulse which lacks the strength for action or the patience to pursue. Lord Tennyson's poetry belongs to the feminine school of poetry, there being only one poet in our day of whom the reverse can be said. I suppose I need scarcely say here that *feminine* neither includes nor implies effeminacy. The arts have most of them a feminine personification—nay, is not the Muse herself a woman? And so some of her most favoured sons—some most essentially poets—have gathered from her lips and learned from her eyes a feminine delicacy of music, a feminine fineness of vision, which the masculine poet may perhaps miss. The feminine in Lord Tennyson has tended, if not to the strengthening, then to the purification and refinement of his work. It is a trite saying that the best qualities of a woman, added to the best qualities of a man, make the highest possible development of a human nature. Perhaps such a combination would mean also the highest development of a poet. I have in my mind Keats—that passionate lover of beauty—as the most typical poet of the feminine school of poetry yet given to us; there can be no impertinence, therefore, in including Lord Tennyson in such a classification.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



French Embroidery upon Canvas.

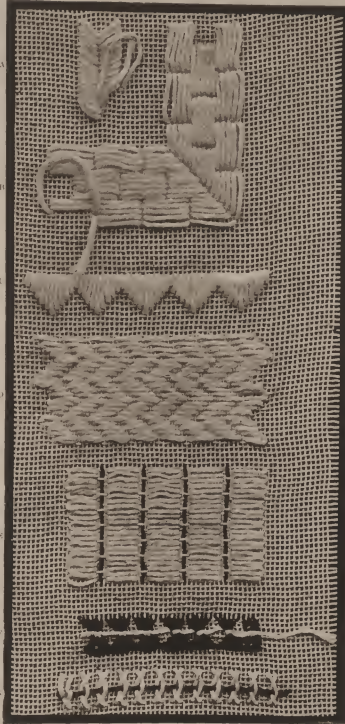
THE word "canvas" in connection with embroidery naturally enough conjures up visions of the now happily old-fashioned Berlin woolwork upon which we look with such horror now-a-days, scarcely realising that at the time when it was in vogue, it was admired as fully as are the productions of our more highly educated taste. The embroidered canvas of to-day is far more artistic, and though woolwork still lingers, it is only in a more modified and, I may say, subdued form. Single-thread canvas, or "tammy-cloth," as it is sometimes called, is the principal material used as a foundation for handsome geometric patterns. Cream, white, and *écru* are the three shades in which this fabric is to be procured, and, worked with soft knitting-cotton, it is remarkably effective and durable when made up into sideboard-cloths, bed-spreads, chair-backs, tea-cloths, bedroom cushion-covers, and all the many purposes for which fancy needlework is more appropriately executed with washing materials than with the more costly and less durable silks, wools, or fancy threads.

Upon both the white and cream-coloured material, cotton of almost any and every tint may be used. Upon the *écru* some colours, such as shades of brown or crimson, look better than others, while on all the three kinds of canvas no better effect is given by any than by plain white. This, particularly on *écru*, has a very charming effect, but the colours may be reversed with equal success, white canvas looking very well with an embroidery executed upon it with *écru* thread. Knitting-cotton is most usually chosen, and the softer and more even the make, the pleasanter will it be to work with. Cotton a

reprinter is sometimes used and is very soft. This cotton resembles filoselle, inasmuch as several strands are laid together, but they are not twisted. They can be used as one thread, or if required for fine work, they can be

easily divided and used separately. For certain stitches crochet-cotton is often employed, more especially when to get the full effect of the stitch it is necessary to draw the threads of the material rather tightly together. In such a case as this it is not unlikely that knitting-cotton would snap under the tension—hence the necessity for choosing a thread that is more closely twisted. The coarseness of the cottons must vary according to the texture of the material. The thread must be just stout enough to pass conveniently between the meshes of the canvas without drawing them in the slightest degree out of place. By making experiments with thread of different sizes on a loose piece of canvas it will soon be seen which is the most suitable. Knitting-cotton may now be had in so many colours, and in such carefully graduated shades, that there should be no possible difficulty in making a judicious selection.

In this modern embroidery upon canvas a needle with a blunt point is required, as of yore, but for the coarser kinds of knitting-cotton a very large and long eye to the



SAMPLEY OF STITCHES.

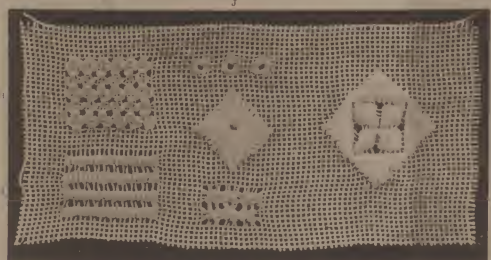
needle is necessary. Chenille-needles are the most convenient, as they possess all these advantages. Although it may be tempting as skill in the work is gained, the worker must beware of taking too long a needleful of cotton except when a series of very large stitches is to be made. Owing to its very softness, it soon becomes worn and roughened by being drawn so frequently through

and through the work, and, if it is used after this has happened, it is very apt to cause an unsightly roughness on the surface of the embroidery.

When a large isolated design is to be worked, such as that in the middle of the square on page 543, it is often

the reverse side of the work will be fully as neat as the right side. The principal stitch used is identical with satin stitch, and is taken over few or many threads of the canvas according to the requirements of the pattern.

As a general rule, the stitches must rest evenly, but



SAMPLER OF STITCHES.

possible to take a very long needleful and to begin in the centre of the pattern. In making the first stitch the thread should be drawn through to about half its length, and the work continued till one-half is quite used up. The needle may then be threaded on the long end left in beginning the work, and the stitches proceeded with until that too is used up. In this way a join in the thread is avoided, which is always an advantage.

When the needleful of cotton shows signs of becoming untwisted before it has nearly finished the pattern, a skilful worker will be able in great measure to remedy this by giving it a few dexterous turns in the right direction between the finger and thumb. Sometimes the reverse will occur, and the cotton will become so much twisted that it is almost impossible to draw it through the work without making a knot, or causing it to lie in a close twist or "kink" on the surface. When this happens the needle and thread must be allowed to hang loose from the canvas for an instant, and they will then untwist themselves. In beginning and finishing a needleful, the thread must be run in on the wrong side between the stitches and the canvas and cut off closely. In this way the end of the cotton will be completely concealed, and

not too loosely or too tightly on the canvas. They will give an untidy appearance to the work if they are left like loops upon the surface, and if drawn tightly they will pull the threads of the canvas out of place and will render it no easy matter to get the rest of the stitches flat and straight. At other times the very nature of the

stitch requires that the canvas threads shall be drawn as closely together as they can be made to go, and, when these stitches are arranged in an "all-over" design like a net, an effect is gained which reminds one of coarse drawn linen work. Of course an expert is not deceived, and though the work will in no way rival the original, some very beautiful results may be obtained. Occasionally drawn work is used on the same piece of canvas, and there is a slight line of it on each side of the narrow border on the present page. The tannycloth is, however, of too yielding a nature and too loose in texture to lend itself well to this. It is this very looseness which

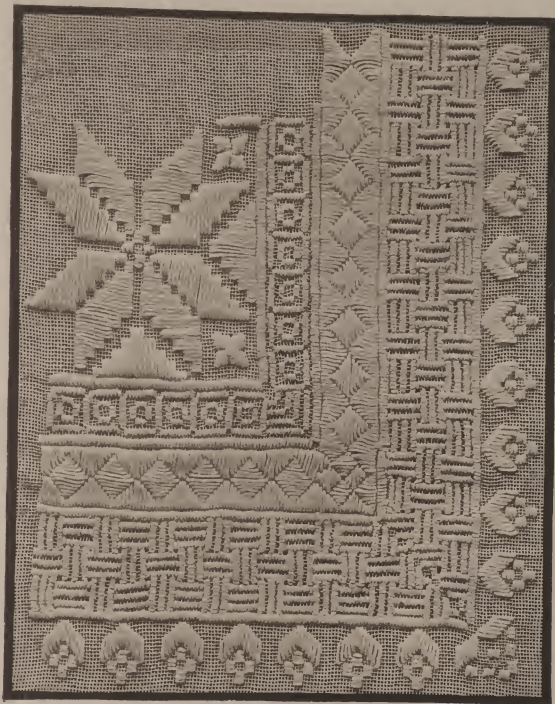


NARROW BORDER ON FINE CANVAS.

enables the threads to be drawn together closely in places without injuring the flatness of other parts of the work, as above described, and as shown in the second sampler at H and I, where the openwork effect is entirely gained in this way. The work may at first be found

rather trying to the eyesight, for, as only geometrical designs can be followed, it stands to reason that the utmost accuracy is required in taking the correct number of threads of the canvas for each stitch. The counting of the threads is quite as essential as in that cross-stitch upon linen which has had so long a success. The difficulty will, however, decrease as the embroidery pro-

also be commenced in the middle of one of the sides and worked towards each corner. The corners should be put in last, as, when the work has been carried as far along as it will go without disturbing the pattern, it is easy to see how the stitches must be arranged so as to fill in the corners to the best advantage. Beyond this is another row of short satin stitches,



PORTION OF A SQUARE SHOWING CORNER.

gresses, as the first-made stitches will serve as a guide to the placing of the others.

Whenever a large square is to be worked, such as that of which a corner is shown above, it is advisable to begin in the middle. Thus, in the illustration the large star is the first thing to be worked. The small fillings round it are next put in, then the first band of the border, the row of small, straight satin stitches, and the row of overcast squares. Then follows the thick portion of the border, which resembles quilting. This should

and beyond that again a pattern resembling basket-work. This is done by overcasting three bars of three threads each, and drawing the threads rather closely together, so as to leave a slight openwork space between them. Another row of small satin stitches is carried round this, and then a set of small figures, giving an effect somewhat of flat tassels, serves as a finish. The arrangement of such a pattern is capable of endless variation, and even the same design as that figured here, with each division carried over a greater

number of threads, will render it quite sufficiently important for a large piece of work.

The sampler on page 541 has upon it a few of the most useful stitches, the greater part of which are shown again in the finished patterns given in other places. At

a strand of dark red cotton. Another pretty fancy stitch is given below this one in which the long satin stitches are worked over eight threads of the canvas, two threads being left between each stitch. These stitches are then crossed and twisted with coloured cotton. There



SIMPLE BORDER.

A and B is shown the most important stitch of all. This is merely satin stitch, as I said before, and may be used to describe almost every geometrical shape, crosses, stars of all shapes and sizes, and brickwork, as shown in B and in the insertion on page 545. It is easily arranged in yandykes (C) of different sizes, and to look like quilting, as in the large square and in the above-mentioned insertions.

Two slight patterns to be made by darning are worked at D and E. Such a one as that in D is useful when there is a decided and bold centre, such as the star on page 543, which requires a handsome, but somewhat inappreciable, background to enrich the general look of the work without in the slightest degree taking from the effect of the middle pattern. This fancy darning is often more effective when a coloured cotton is used on the canvas, than when they are more nearly alike. The darning worked at E is handsome, but rather more troublesome to do than some others, owing to the necessity for working a set of thick stitches as a foundation for the darning, which is laced in and out with thick coloured cotton. A good idea of the general effect may be gained from the extreme edges of the border of fancy stitches on page 546, where a foundation of cream-coloured cotton has been covered with darned stitches of red.

At F the main part of the work consists of large buttonhole stitches. These are worked with, perhaps, dark blue cotton upon white canvas, and afterwards knotted together into groups of five or six threads by

is an endless number of stitches generally used in lace-making and the finer kinds of embroidery that may, with a little ingenuity, be turned to good account upon canvas.

The smaller sampler on page 542 is devoted to those stitches which are arranged so as to make the pattern slightly open. A very favourite one in this work is that shown at H. It divides the canvas into small close squares of three threads, by means of a tightly worked back stitch, which is taken along each side of the square. The needle here is passed in a diagonal direction across the back of each tiny square. The reason for this is that the working cotton must not show, unless it is quite unavoidable, beneath the open parts of the patterns, as this would interfere with its light and lace-like appearance. This little stitch is also well adapted for use along a hem, and makes as pretty a finish as the real hem-stitch generally used on linen. The same applies to the bars at I. A beginner will perhaps find it easier to fasten off and begin afresh at the end and beginning of each bar, than thus to contrive to hide the ends of the needlefuls. It will be seen from the illustration how very tightly the stitches have to be pulled up to make the openwork.

Much on the same principle are worked the eyelet-holes at J, which are so often useful for mixing in with the heavier and more solid portions of the embroidery. Here the stitches are taken over one thread only of the canvas, but in the eyelet-hole in the middle of the sampler, larger stitches are made to give a square framework to the hole.

At K is worked a series of leviathan cross-stitches, which, being drawn up very tightly, have much the same general effect as those at H. A small star, enclosed within four thickly worked triangles, is shown at L. Here the stitches of which the star is composed are tightly worked, the others being left to set quite easily as usual. It is, on some kinds of canvas, possible to make such a star as this still more open. The worker must beware of drawing the threads too closely, or the material will be puckered by the embroidery and, when made up and in use, will not set as flatly as it should do.

On page 544 is given a simple little pattern, which can be recommended as quite within the powers of one who has never before done any of the work. In the original it is executed upon coarse cream-coloured canvas, with cream and slate-coloured cotton à repriser. In copying it the small squares in the middle are worked first; it is not difficult to calculate the number of threads to be left between them, and when done they will serve as a guide to the placing of the row of

pattern is continued along the other side of the centre squares, but, if an edging is required instead of a straight border, it is easy to work nothing upon one side between the narrow band of satin stitches. This particular design is much improved by the admixture of coloured cotton, which entirely prevents it from being commonplace. The vandykes are stitched round with grey; one, two, or three threads being crossed diagonally according to the requirements of the pattern. Four long stitches are carried across the centre squares, the spaces between which are filled with stars made up of eight stitches, all of which are put through the same hole in the middle. There is no difficulty in placing these correctly, as the large squares themselves act as landmarks.

The insertion shown below is rather more elaborate, in consequence of there being slightly more variety in the arrangement of the stitches. The centre band and the row of close, straight stitches on either side of it are simple enough. The vandykes in the border



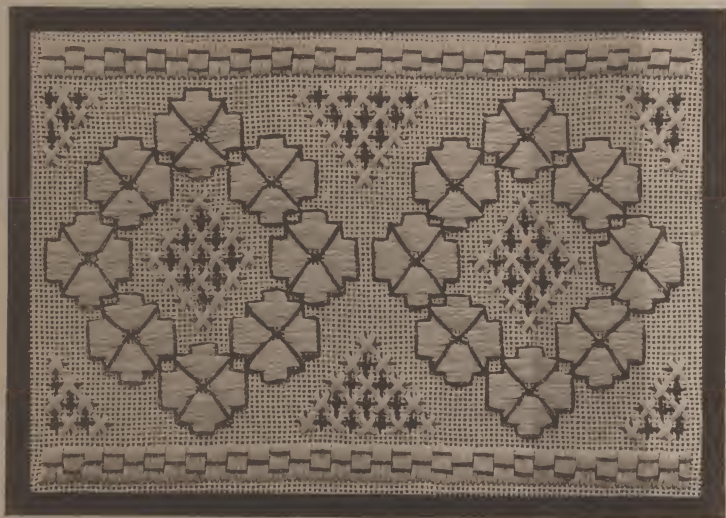
CREAM-COLOURED INSERTION.

vandykes at either side. This should be worked next, the small square which fits in between every two points being put in after these are finished. Then is executed a row of straight stitches, each one being carried over five threads of the material. Beyond these again is a series of small vandykes. The same arrangement of the

beyond this are made up of satin stitches arranged in alternating sets, each stitch being carried over five threads of the canvas, and one thread of canvas left between each group. This vandyke is marked out along the edges by a zigzag row of stitches, which follow the irregular edge of the points. The first stitch covers four

threads, and all the others three, until the tip is reached, when, owing to the shape of the triangle, it is necessary either to make one long stitch over seven threads, or two short ones over three and four. The stitches are then crossed down the second side of the triangle in exactly the same way as before. The threads of canvas are always rather more difficult to count when the stitches are taken across them in a diagonal direction than when they are straight. In the two leaves between the vandykes the stitches cover four threads until the tip

somewhat elaborate, and indeed is rather more so than some that have been illustrated. It is worked in red and cream, and few colours give a bolder effect. In the centre is a very pretty network of stitches worked in red, arranged so as to make an open lattice upon the material. The red threads are held down where they meet alternately with a small cross of red and a large one of cream-coloured cotton. Round this diamond are arranged eight small thick patterns which have their outlines defined with the colour; four long stitches are



PORTICO OF PANSY STITCHES.

is reached, when four stitches are made exactly below each other; the slanting stitches are then worked as before down the other side of the leaf, and the mid-rib put in with one long and one short stitch. The rest of the pattern is quite easy to copy from the illustration. This insertion, as given here, is worked with cream-coloured cotton on cream-coloured canvas, and the effect, though so simple, is remarkably good. At the same time, few patterns lend themselves so well as this to the introduction of colour. The line of small squares in the middle may, for instance, be quite different from the triangles which fill them in. In the same way the triangles beyond these may be of a different colour to the leaves between them. The triangles and leaves, headed or not by the straight row of satin-stitches, would make a pretty pointed finish to any of the straight patterns given here if a straight edge is not preferred.

On this page I give a stripe which, at first sight, looks

carried over them, and a small cross fills in the otherwise open centre. Triangles, worked in much the same way as the centre diamond, are placed between the main portions of the pattern; the whole is bounded on each side with thick straight stitches, across which three lines of red cotton are darned. The diamonds in the middle of this stripe would be well suited for working as powderings at regular intervals over the field of a large piece of work, such as a bed-spread or tea-cloth.

Many other arrangements of stitches in the form of crosses and stars can be originated after a little practice. To get such patterns at equal distances one from another, it is necessary to run a coloured thread upon the canvas, to divide it into squares all exactly the same size. It is then easy to calculate where the stars have to be placed to give the required effect. Powderings of this sort should never be too small, or the result will be "spotty," and indeed incomplete. The inexperienced worker is too

apt to be timid in her choice of patterns, but for a large piece of canvas, the star on page 543 will not be at all too bold when employed as a powdering, especially if smaller stars are used alternately with it.

Coarse flax threads are not unfrequently used in this French canvas embroidery for the coloured portions of the work. They require to be quite as coarse as the cream or white cotton, or they will become hidden by the thicker stitches round which they are usually worked. The main portions of the pattern, when flax thread is used, are generally worked in the usual way with knitting or darning cotton. This is most often cream or white, and the flax thread outlines are rather pale and not too vivid in tint.

When in constant use, the knitting-cotton is somewhat apt to wear rough, and it will then be found to become readily soiled, especially in dark and foggy London weather. Owing to the great length of some of the stitches the embroidery requires careful cleaning, and should, if simply washed, be undertaken by somebody with practical knowledge of the work. Good soap and plenty of clean water are required, and the canvas must on no account be rubbed in the ordinary way. It should be laid on a board and the soap applied on a piece of flannel, which is passed over the work in the various directions in which the stitches run. This is not of so much consequence when they are quite small and close, but it can be readily understood that to rub the threads across, instead of along their length, would greatly spoil the set of the cotton. While still damp, the work can be ironed between folds of soft linen cloths, and, indeed, a moderately hot iron improves

the appearance of it most wonderfully when it is first completed.

A good deal of difficulty is often found in choosing an appropriate finish for the edges of such a piece of work as looks too bald and plain without it. Nothing is better than a series of small tassels, or pompons, made of the same cotton as that used in the work. Sometimes the edges of the canvas are unravelled to form a fringe, but this is poor unless a few strands of the cottons are knotted in to enrich it. These additions may well be of the coloured threads that were employed in the embroidery. A handsome crochet lace is all that could be desired if a pattern corresponding with that of the work be chosen, and if the trouble and time required for making it are not objections. Frenchwomen are skilful in working a lace edge entirely in bars, circles, and half-circles of button-hole stitch, but at present their English sisters have not shown that they have sufficient patience to accomplish this satisfactorily.

For a large piece of work such as a bed-spread, it is a good plan to embroider the canvas in a series of large squares, which may be joined either with alternate squares of coarse guipure, or with bands of insertion of some other thick make of lace. In the same way, three or five large squares of the canvas joined and edged with lace make a tasteful sideboard-cloth, and a larger number of squares can likewise be utilised for a table-centre. Tea-cloths, tray-cloths, and such smaller articles can, of course, be made of one piece of material only, but they are open to immense variation both in the arrangement of the pattern and of the edging which completes them.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

The Past.

I LOVED you many years ago
 In life's sweet, fair spring-tide;
 So many, many years ago,
 I thought the love had died.
 And yet to-day old memories
 Awoke, and waking, cried.

They wept for that which might have been,
 That now can never be;
 E'en heart and soul ache yearningly,
 I am no longer free.
 Alas! that dreams of our past dream
 To-day should come to me.

EDITH GRACE LEVY.

"To One Reader."

FORTY then a century and a half ago, in the
 Paris of Louis XV. there lived a young
 girl, an orphan, Marie de Mezières by
 name, beautiful, molly born, and poor.
 Other gifts she had too, this delicate-
 faced, deep-eyed maiden, but in her early girl-
 hood they were all fused by "one hidden
 flame which blends, transmits them all." the
 power of loving as few women knew how to love in
 those days of the divine Emilie and of Claudine de
 Turenne, with a whole-hearted passion and tenderness.

Alas! for poor Marie that this sweetness and truth
 of her youth should have been wasted on a man all
 unworthy the gift. Who he was, we know not; some
 English noble, perchance an exile devoted to the lost
 cause of the Stuarts, perchance some envoy from the
 English Court: of him we know little save that he wooed
 Marie ardently and forsook her basely; but how he was
 loved we know well, can still read in her letters to him,
 radiant of the freshness and intensity of a girl's first
 love. Pitiful, woeful story! so easy to foretell, so hard
 to make: when the inevitable end comes, and the
 English lover, fessworn alike to Marie and to that other
 woman for whom she is deserted, vanishes from the
 scene, and Marie, betrayed, forsaken, ruined, is left
 alone, brooding over the packet of her own love-letters,
 returned to her by him to whom they had been written.

What letters, these, to re-read in her anguish—at
 first, how innocent, how trustful, how fond! and later
 on, when innocence had vanished, how tender, how true,
 how passionate!

Was it something dear,
 Something dear,
 Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
 Turn of head?
 Strange, that very way
 Love began;
 I as little understand
 Love's duty."

It matters not the cause. Marie de Mezières at
 eighteen is left forlorn and heart-broken, and so her love-
 story ends.

The first story is over, but that of her struggle for
 life begins. Marie, disgraced and humbled, went on the
 stage, and married an Italian actor and dramatist,
 Riccoboni. Him she loved tenderly and faithfully, but
 his brief passion for her soon burned itself out, and no
 aftermath of wifely happiness or husband's loyalty helped
 her to forget that faithless charming lover of her youth,
 beloved for a while, hated in the first anguish of her
 misery, but remembered ever. Her career as an actress
 was not successful; the critics found her cold and im-
 aginative, wanting in vivacity and charm. She bored
 them, and it was no wonder, for so far as we can read
 between the lines she must have bored herself bitterly
 and warily through the twenty years which followed
 her marriage with the husband whose infidelity and

neglect taught her once again the cruel lesson. "Souvent
 homme varie, bien folle qui s'y fie."

But the future held a new interest in store for her.
 Riccoboni, though he cared little for his wife, divined
 her talent, and estimated it highly; he persuaded her
 to attempt play-writing, and even produced his own
 comedies under her name. How was it the idea came
 to her of publishing as a novel the simple story of her
 love, her brief happiness, her betrayal and despair, as
 told in the yellowing letters she had jealously hoarded
 all these years? Had any chance reminded her of her
 lost lover? Had he crossed her path with the wife by
 his side for whom she had been discarded? Had their
 eyes met in pleasure-garden or theatre? or had he
 accosted her by chance—each unknown to the other—at
 ridotto or masquerade, and when unmasked, had either
 beheld in the other's face, the past with its record of
 bliss and pain, of sin and remorse?

We cannot tell, but in 1757, some twenty years after
 the love-letters of Marie de Mezières had first been
 written, they appeared as a slim volume, entitled "The
 Letters of Mistress Fanni Butlerd to Mlord Charles
 Alfred de Caitombridge, Earl of Pisinth, Duke of
 Rallinth, written in 1733, translated from the English
 in 1756 by Adelaide Varneni." There is no need to
 dwell here on the exquisiteness of these letters, or the
 pathos of the brief sad story told therein. French
 critical opinion has long since placed them side by side
 with the letters of Heloise, and far above those of the
 Religieuse Portugaise; while their fragrance, their grace
 of an intense sincerity, render them a blossom unique
 and separate among those passion-flowers called women's
 love-letters.

The book appeared, and the world read, and wept, and
 praised; the disguised authoress was not at first suspected,
 and even when known, received little personal recognition,
 though her book aroused the enthusiasm of fine ladies
 and great nobles, encyclopedists, and the whole literary
 world of Paris. Minc. Riccoboni cared little for the
 popular applause; not for this had she endured the
 mingled sweetness and bitterness of collating and revising
 the simple, sensuous, passionate records of her youth;
 not for the admiration of the great city of Paris had she
 learned and loved it over again, "the dear, dead past."
 Her motive was who run may read in the brief
 inscription prefacing these letters of Fanni Butlerd,
alias Marie de Mezières: "Mistress Fanni to One
 Reader."

It was for him alone, that one reader, who knew the
 whole story only dimly revealed in the letters, that
 they had been given to the world at large, if haply they
 might again find him who had once read and re-read
 them, his ardour kindled and quickened by their warmth
 and glow.

Did they ever discover him they sought? In some
 quiet English manor did Lord Charles Alfred—now a
 staid British peer, with the powder hiding how grey the

locks had grown which Marie had once caressed and loved so dearly that she complains of the footman brushing away the traces of powder, which, when her lover had gone, lingered in sign of his presence on the back of his chair—sitting opposite his wife, turn over in a vacant hour the little French volume his lady had commended to him as vastly pretty: to find writ therein the story of his own fancy and his own baseness, and to find there also a woman's tenderness, appealing after all those years for a gentle and pitying memory, perhaps for a sigh from him who had so wronged her, but who was still for her the one central figure of the world—the "one reader" for whom "Miss Fanny" cared!

If there be any moral to the text, it is the simple lesson that it is not often fame which acts on women as "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise" to intellectual or artistic effort, but some impulse of the affections, some secret sting of memory or regret, some desire to win applause or approval from one too blind to see, too deaf to hear, unless the world see and hear also. What Schulerer said to the Princess Esterhazy, when she asked him why he never dedicated anything to her, "Everything I write is dedicated to you," is true more often with women than with men. A poet when he loves may openly proclaim his passion and its object in a cycle of songs or sonnets; he may even long to express his feeling for his mistress through another medium than that which he dedicates to mankind; and so for her sake turn to some alien art: we all know of "Raphael's sonnets, Dante's picture:" but that done, he returns to his epic, or romance, or drama, written that all men and women alike may hear and heed. This is the man's way, but not the woman's; if she writes love-songs or sonnets to him who is victor of her soul, she is afraid the world should recognise the passion contained therein as her own, and seeks shelter under some *alias* more transparent than she wots of, or by disguising her poems as translations from some unknown poet of another land. So far the woman dares who need not fear to tell her love. She who must guard its secret builds its monument with no word thereon to reveal its history, save the cipher which he, and he alone, shall understand—the one reader.

Such stories were not hidden between the lines of novel or poem for us. The woman who so concealed, as she deemed it, the story known but to her and to one other, little recked that time would discover her secret, it may be her wounded pride, her broken heart, to that crowd of men and women from whom in her life she had so jealously hidden them.

"More than this she knew and had recorded
Upon the red-leaved tables of her heart"

for one reader, and for him alone. If now chance has made us masters of her history, let us deal with it reverently and tenderly.

That "one reader"! It is not always lover or husband for whom the woman writes. Poor, sweet-souled Eugénie de Guérin, when the brother who was all her earthly life has left her here in this world, which is

so void without him, strives to continue her journal "to Maurice in Heaven!" Pitious, impotent struggle of love to fight against death, even when death is proved conqueror. Be sure, in many a woman's novel is locked away that story of her life to which we lack the key. Even with letter-writers the same difference holds good between men and women. Mary Wortley Montagu was as finished a worldling as Horace Walpole, but she wrote, we feel, for her sister or her daughter, careless of further recognition, while Horace's letters are for his correspondents and the world at large.

Miss Edgeworth's "Leonora" is another example of a book written for one reader, and rests as a record of the one love-passage of that happy, well-balanced life, fruitful of affection and intellectual energy; the life of a woman too healthful, too rational, and too warm-hearted to be wrecked on the rocks of an exclusive passion for one human being. Yet love came to her—somewhat tardily and soberly-suited, it is true, but love all the same, impulsive, sudden, and sweet. It was when the author of "Manoeuvring" and "The Absentee" was staying with her father and stepmother in Paris as a woman of six-and-thirty—"a little Jeanie Deans-looking body," not beautiful or striking, but winning, with the charm of an unselfish nature, a sweet true heart, an abundance of Irish wit, humour, and intellectual brilliancy. It was a lover of whom any beauty might have been proud—the Chevalier Edelcrantz, secretary to the King of Sweden—a man of worth and honour, well-born, well-bred, and well-looking, who fell straight in love with the Irishwoman of genius.

It is clear, both from Maria's letters and the memoir by her stepmother—her junior by two or three years—that M. Edelcrantz' feeling was returned, more fully perhaps than Maria herself at first divined, for after some consideration—quiet, thoughtful, and unselfish, as were all her actions—she refused to leave her family and friends to live at the Court of Stockholm. M. Edelcrantz was an eminently rational lover and high-souled man; he told the lady of his love there was nothing he would not sacrifice for her, except his duty, but that that duty commanded him to abide in the service of the King, his master. Maria owned he was right—lovers in their eighth lustres are more reasonable than those in their fourth—and so they parted, she trying to persuade herself that all she felt for her chivalric wooer was esteem and gratitude.

But Eros, slighted, had his revenge; for we learn from Mrs. Edgeworth's account that when the Edgeworths had returned to Ireland, "it was long before Maria recovered her elasticity of mind." "Leonora," which she began immediately after our return home, was written with the hope of pleasing the Chevalier Edelcrantz; it was written in a style which he liked, and the idea of what he would think of it was, I believe, present to her in every page she wrote. She never heard that he had ever read it. From the time they parted in Paris there was no sort of communication between them, and beyond the chance which brought us sometimes into company with travellers who had been in Sweden, or the casual mention of M. Edelcrantz in

the newspapers or scientific journals, we never heard married men who had been of such supreme interest to her, as to us all, at Paris, and of whom Maria continued to have all her life the most romantic recollection."

So the story ends, surely a touching and lofty remembrance of middle age, of a noble man and gifted woman, recognizing other elements in life as stronger than those of passion or the fatal *tyranny of fate* too often dignified by the name of love. But the woman would not forget; absent from him she loved, forbidden by fate to seek reunions from him directly, she could endeavour to speak to him as she knew it would please him to hear, through the pages of the novel written for him, and for him alone:—he, "our reader."

Not that every woman who writes enshrines in her work the story of her life, though perhaps the half-time saying, "No happy woman writes," was suggested by the feeling that with most women the instinct which forces them to write is prompted or fostered by some emotional influence. Even in the case of Mme. du Rocher, who said that she never could love anyone, her biography, M. de Lescurie, in noting the difference between her letters to Walpole and her earlier ones, observes that she only learns how to think when she learns how to feel; this passion of her old age, perhaps

the only real emotion of her life, awakens her genius, and transforms her from a woman of *esprit* into a great writer.

It is not the women who can write who die of a broken heart; their grief, their anger, their remorse, or their remembrance and forgiveness, find an outlet and relief. It is those other women, shut up like Ariel in the cleft tree, in a rigid life, incapable of effort or aim, who wither slowly, or harden themselves into forgetfulness or bitterness or cold despair. If a woman who has so suffered be spurred to literary effort by the memory of joy or sorrow, or even by the desire to appeal like Marie Riccoboni to the "one reader," surely it is well for her.

How many such monuments of dead love like "Fanni Battler" and "Leonora" rest on our shelves, their true import unsuspected! In some cases, as already said, chance or time betrays the hidden meaning of the cipher engraved thereon, and the world turns eagerly to read there the secret history of the woman it has till now failed to discover. But if on such monument be found inscribed the chronicle of a woman's error and weakness—

"Let no rude hand deface it,
With its forlorn 'He loved.'"

ETHEL COXON.

How to Make a Bathing-Dress or Gymnasium Gown.

IN offering a pattern for a bathing-dress, I feel called upon to consider all young lady bathers as swimmers, present or prospective, and I am therefore giving a style of dress in which this class of bathers is more particularly considered. I give a close-fitting combination garment, sufficiently long from neck to knee for comfort and style, and loose enough in the body length to make exercise in it agreeable and pleasant. Non-swimmers always wear a short scanty skirt over this, fastening it at the waist with a broad belt. Swimmers sometimes dispense with the skirt, but that is simply a matter of individual fancy, as the skirt does not interfere with the freedom to any appreciable degree, if it is not made too full, and it has a distinct advantage where the combination alone, heavy with the water, might be felt to chafe the figure too closely. This is, however, altogether a matter for personal decision. If the combination is worn without a skirt, it should be made close-fitting to the sides and waist by means of darts and hip-seams. There is not a word of extenuation to be offered for the shapeliness bag of flannel—tied in sharp at the waist and bulging out both above and below it, filling with air and water at every movement, and rendering its wearer ridiculous and uncomfortable—which some bathers affect, with the idea that it is more delicate than a close-fitting garment. To all such bathers, and any who are at all

self-conscious or sensitive on the score of appearances, I give one brief scrap of advice—wear skirts. With the skirt the baggy style of dress is all right, and a girl floating on the water in one can feel that she looks like a flower, even if her unskirted sister does look like a mermaid.

To come back, however, to prose and the rules for cutting the dress. It really consists of two separate portions of two separate garments laid together, and cut as one. There is the upper part of a bodice and the lower part of a pair of knickers. We will proceed to draft the latter first, and I may here remark that as the measures are rather awkward ones to take, and would need a good deal of explanation, which would take up in its turn more space than needs at present to be devoted to the question, I have put against the names of the measures a set which will, I think, serve the amateur better than any set which are taken without experienced overlooking. Those given will fit a lady whose waist is 24 inches, and whose skirt length ranges from 38 to 40 inches in front. Stout figures may cut extra-wide turnings on the pattern, and slender ones may cut it without any turnings to the width at all; whilst the smaller figure may be fairly dealt with if an inch is cut from the edge of the pattern all the way round after it is made. The names and sizes of the

measures are given, and the places where they come on the drafting clearly explained, therefore any amateur can measure up the various points on a garment of her own, and if necessary, vary the measures which I have set down to suit herself, always remembering, however, that ease is the first consideration in a bathing-dress, and that further shrinking must be allowed for, even if the flannel has been shrunk once already.

MEASURES FOR KNIKKERS.

Waist	say	24
Length of leg (waist to knee)	26
Depth of body (waist to chair-seat)	15
Width of body	54
Size round knee	17

To draft, take a large sheet of paper (an uncut newspaper will serve) and a thick pencil or chalk. Let the fold in the paper represent the line from 0 down (Diagram I.), and about four inches below the top edge of the paper square a line across from the fold. This line gives us our starting-point. The line and fold together form "the square," on which all draftings are started. From 0 measure down the fold seven inches (7) and put a dot. From 0 measure down the depth of body (15) and square a line across the paper. From 0 measure down the length of leg (26), and square a line across also. We have now the fold with three lines across from it—one from the fold at 0, one at 15, and one at 26. From the fold at 26 take across half the knee measure ($8\frac{1}{2}$) and put a dot. From the fold at 15 take across a fourth of the body measure ($13\frac{1}{2}$); then from $13\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$ draw as lightly curved line, as shown on the diagram.

From the fold on the line across from 0 take $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and make a dot. Connect by a line the $1\frac{1}{2}$ dot and the 7 dot previously made; this is the hip dart. From $1\frac{1}{2}$ take a fourth of the waist measure, with three inches added to it (for two front darts) and put a dot (9). Square up from the 0 line at 9, one-eighth of the total waist measure (3), and put a dot. Draw to this dot from $1\frac{1}{2}$, as shown by the dotted line on the diagram, and continue the dotted line from 3 to meet one brought straight up from $13\frac{1}{2}$, as shown. From 9 to $13\frac{1}{2}$ rule a firm line, which will complete the drafting of the knicker portion, which is the half of one leg. To open the drafting, wheel through the knee-line from the fold to $8\frac{1}{2}$, thence up the curve to $13\frac{1}{2}$, and up the dotted line to the corner, where it joins the dotted top line from $1\frac{1}{2}$ through 3. Go also down this line to $1\frac{1}{2}$, and thence down the line to 7 at the fold. If it is then opened and the wheeled part cut out in the wheel-pricks, and the drawn part cut from the fold by $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ up the straight line to 9, and along from 9 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ and down to 7, it will look like the opened Diagram III., where is

shown the knicker pattern laid flat and the bodice laid to it ready for cutting out. If the knicker pattern has to be altered from my measures it should be done now, before the bodice is put to it, for it will prove exceedingly awkward to make alterations once the whole thing is properly balanced together.

I have given the leg-length down to the knee, to meet the requirements of all, but they may be cut four

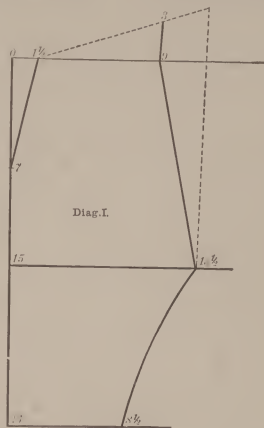
or five inches shorter, where a short gown is preferred. They are certainly prettier cut short.

For the upper portion, my previous instructions for bodice-drafting should be followed, as far as drafting the neck and arm-hole and all the pattern down to the waist is concerned. The darts may be put in (the first one two inches in from the front edge), but the body divisions should not be made, nor the waist checked out to size. Only one seam is required under the arm, which should run with the three-inch wide hip dart already made. To manage this, measure from the back seam six inches, and put a mark (6); then from the front edge also six and the size of the two darts, and put a mark (9). See Diagram II.

I must here pause to explain that in this calculation I have allowed $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for each dart,

which is the average needed by most figures. If the darts are required larger, the additional quantity should be added to the nine inches allowed both in the knicker and body portions. There is no particular need to diminish the quantity, even if the usual darts are smaller, unless the wearer is particularly desirous of doing so, as in an easy-fitting garment like this, without corsets, a trifle of extra size does not matter. This being understood, after putting in the respective marks 6 and 9, put a dot half-way between them, and from it square up to the arm-hole, where make a point T. From 6 and also from 9 draw a line to T, letting the two lines meet at the arm-hole. The body-portion may be left with the ordinary high neck, or may be lowered in a round curve or V. To lower for a curve go one inch down the shoulders (1 and 1, Diagram II.) from the neck, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches down the front and back respectively (see $1\frac{1}{2}$ down front and back, Diagram II.). Connect each 1 with each $1\frac{1}{2}$ by a curve as per dotted curves on the diagram. If a V is preferred it should not be large, or the movements of the body will throw it open. From the 1 on the shoulders to about three inches down from the front and back respectively will give a nice V, as shown by the V lines on the diagram.

Square openings are not much used, but if one is desired, square a line down from the 1 at each shoulder-top, and another line in from the 3 to meet it. This



give the square, but it is a little too wide to be really pretty at the bottom; an instead of cutting from 1 to X and on to 3, put a dot half an inch inside X₂ and from it dot to 1 and you get by this dotted line instead of the firm one. To cut the drafting cut up the front, round the neck according to the style decided upon, down the shoulder and armhole as far as T, from thence down to 3, and across the waist to the front. The back is got from 6 up to T, round the armhole and up the shoulder, round the neck and down the back, and across the waist to 6 again.

The sleeve is given on a very small scale, laid in the back of the combination body. To draft it, form a square, the line from 3 down representing a fold.

From 0 across, take half of the armhole measure less an inch (4) (with an average armhole of 16 inches, this would be 7, as per diagram), from 7 down, one-fourth of the armhole less an inch (4). From 3 to 0 form an upper sleeve curve and back to 3, a lower one (see diagram). Below 3 the sleeve may be from 4 to 6 inches long, and at the bottom, half an inch should be dotted off to make the sleeve a little narrower there, and so keep it close to the arm. This is a very plain sleeve, and where

a prettier one is liked it may be cut by the curved line X to X₂ these points being only three inches below 0 and 3 respectively. If a still more open sleeve is preferred by the enthusiastic swimmer, the one from X to 0 may be chosen, which leaves the top of the arm quite free. If either of the first two sleeves is liked, they are cut with a fold from 0 down, the seam being from 3; but in the third sleeve given, the line from 3 is made the fold, as the curve does away with the necessity for a seam. The inner seam, or in the last case the fold from 3, is put to the star on the armhole, which gives the line of the sleeve, as usual, the full curve being put to the front of the armhole, and the under-curve to the back, exactly as a dress sleeve would be.

The pattern given here would take two and a half yards of flannel, flannelette, or serge for the garment alone, if it is from 28 to 30 inches wide. As the width of body is 27, it will be seen at once that it must be a little wider to allow for turnings, otherwise twice the quantity of flannel must be used, or the unsightly alternative of "piecing" resorted to. Assuming, however, that the flannel is wide enough, it should be doubled across, the two ends pinned together, and the knicker pattern laid on the knee-line being put to the edge if it is meant to embroider it, or with an allowance of an inch and a half for a hem if one is preferred. The fold of the paper would be laid straight up the flannel, and it will then be seen that a full width is required at one point. The pattern being pinned down, the pattern of the front of the body is next laid to it. The combination is to be cut without a seam across the waist,

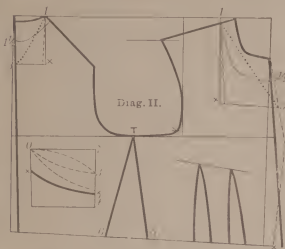
so the paper patterns should fall together, the side-seam from T down to 9 running into the hip-dart down to 7. The two darts should be cutting down into the lower part, the two lines being tapered together at seven or eight inches below the waist. The back part of the body is also to be put to the knicker pattern to make the line from T to 6 run with the hip-dart. If, as sometimes happens, this makes the pieces overlap at the top of the side-seam (T, Diagram III.), the patterns may be kept together at B, but the upper part drawn away from the lower at W as far as may be needed to make the side-seam right. Outside B the knicker part of the pattern will be found much wider than the body part. This extra width is to be gathered, and set on

the lower part of the back. As, however, this gathering is better set a few inches below the waist, both for comfort and style, the dotted lines on the diagram are put in to show where the cutting and gathering should be done. The back seam, as shown, is continued down two, or even three inches below the waist, and then the cut to 2 made across, the lower part being cut to the same slope as the paper pattern (as the dotted line shows), but, of course, it is the two or three inches below the waist already

mentioned. This cutting of the lower part short of the waist has another great advantage: it allows the sleeve to be cut from the same length of flannel, as shown, which would hardly be possible if the back seam came down to the waist only.

The pattern all being pinned into place, the flannel should be cut with half an inch of turnings all the way round, except at the fronts, where the surplus flannel should be left to turn in for the fastenings. To mark the shape of the front, chalk or tack down the outline of the paper pattern on the top piece of flannel, then lift up the paper sufficiently far to fold the top flannel back a few inches to leave the under piece free to be marked in the same way. For the other seams it is sufficient to have all the turnings the same size, and for the side-seams and darts to roll the pattern down to allow a dot on the waist for each side of the dart, and one dot to indicate the top of each, and another the bottom, and the top flannel can be folded back to allow the bottom one to be marked in the same way as explained for the fronts. One of the darts on Diagram III. is put in simply with the four dots, to make my meaning quite clear. The two waist dots can be laid together, and the dart sewn by them from the top to the bottom.

To make the garment, machine and fell the leg, back, and shoulder seams, also the side-seams and darts, if you use them; then turn in the front edges for the fastenings, which should be buttons and buttonholes, as far as seven or eight inches below the waist; this opening should be as short as possible, and may be less if the



neck is much cut down, but it must be large enough to let the wet gown slip down easily after bathing. If the selvedge is a different colour it should be removed, but if not, it may be left, and by a little management the fronts may be finished without cutting it. The left-hand or button front only needs turning in sufficiently far to ensure a second thickness of flannel under every part of the outline, as it will have to stand the strain of the buttons being sewn to it. The right-hand or button-hole front should follow the shape of the outline, and be turned about half an inch outside it, and, if it cannot be managed otherwise, the turnings must be snipped at the waist, and a piece of flannel slipped in behind to strengthen it. Having finished the fronts to the requisite distance below the waist, the remainder of this seam, from 8 to P, should be machined and felled, the tops of the leg-seams being, of course, joined together. When this is done the top of the knickers from P to P should be gathered as near the edge as possible, and the gathering machined to the four inches of the body part, which the slit to 2 has left raw-edged. Only enough flannel to give a firm hold should be taken up, and the turnings brought to the inside of the bodice, where they should be covered by a piece of strong tape or a strip of flannel being sewn flat down over them. The sleeve seams should then be machined and felled, and the sleeves set in, when the garment will be ready for the buttons and button-holes, and then for the finishing at neck, sleeves, and knees.

There should be at least seven buttons, and they should be the real home-made flannel soft buttons, which anybody can make, if they are not to be continually coming off. Each button should be made of two or three thicknesses of flannel cut the size of a three-penny piece, and firmly button-hole-stitched round the edges with thick knitting-wool; they are quickly made, and wear wonderfully well, besides being quite in keeping with the dress.

If the neck is cut circular, as is most usual, put one button at the waist and one at the top, a third between,

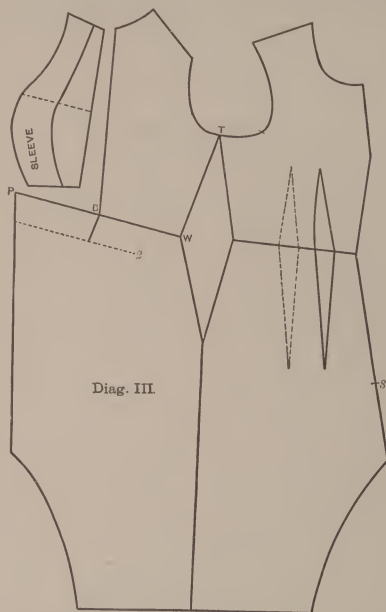
and another between each, making five from the waist upwards; the other two (or three if required), at the same distance apart below the waist. The edges may be variously finished. Braid binding is pretty, and so also is a piping, and then a very thick ruche of self-coloured lace if the gown is light or white, and a skirt is worn. Sometimes the edges have lace turned up and

over them, or they are scalloped out and button-holed. A good plan, and one I recommend strongly for all woollens, is to crochet the raw edges with thick self-coloured knitting-wool, using a thick steel hook to pierce the flannel; finish with some pretty "scallop" crochet edging, which can be very quickly done (of course with the same wool), and then work a broad spray of double or treble feather-stitch in on the flannel below the edging. This does away with hems and fells, and is as durable as the flannel itself, with which it wears admirably.

If only the combination garment itself is worn, a belt about three inches wide should be made and tacked to the waist at the back, that it may not be constantly mislaid. This belt should be finished with a flannel button and button-hole, and should be amply loose to allow for free movement. Where a skirt is worn it should average twelve inches long, and should consist of two to three widths of flannel run together and hemmed, with the top gathered and set into the three-inch band, which should fasten a little to one side to keep the opening out of sight. No stiffening of any kind should be used, and special care should be taken to have all the sewing firm and good.

The dress as given will be seen to cut well from three and a half to four yards of flannel, and if it is desired to follow any special style of bodice ornamentation, it can easily be calculated for.

I think I have already explained that if the wearer is slight and a skirt is used, the side-seams and darts need not be made; if the quantity of flannel is left in the dress instead of being cut away, it makes a pretty blouse, and a yoke-piece can very easily be sewn above it, when the character of the dress will seem entirely



different. With blessed bodies, however, the deepest belt possible should be worn, and I wonder how many of my readers could apply to the *bedding-dress* the rules for the blouse which I have given previously, and so impart to it some of that variety which is—nearly always—charming.

I may add that the same sort of combination gown, varied in a very few respects, will give a comfortable and slightly gymnastic gown. It should be cut to the full length of the pattern, and the knee-line made $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches instead of $8\frac{1}{2}$, and then slightly gathered into a

band an inch deep and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The skirt may be a width of flannel fuller, and a long sash, made of half a width of flannel two yards long, may be passed round the waist, brought back loosely, and knotted carelessly to hang down giraffe-fashion at one side. Long blouse-sleeves, or short ones, full to the elbow, may be substituted for the swimmer's short sleeves, and, of course, the bottom of the skirt, &c., may be more elaborately trimmed if desired, but substantially the garment is the same as the one for bathing.

J. E. DAVIS.

Our "Residential."

MOST folk know of that fanciful rhyme which tells the story of four-and-twenty blackbirds who, though baked together in one pie, on that party being opened burst simultaneously into song, evidently of a jubilant nature, judging from the light and airy rhyme to which the legend has been set. There are birds and birds, and these I am now concerned with, though packed almost as closely as the harmonious four-and-twenty, show no disposition to fly away, or to peck at serving-maids or others; on the contrary, they are content, in a quiet chirrupy sort of way, to bide in their pie. Also, being mostly birds of a feather, they take it as a matter of course that they should comport themselves amiably together, twittering variations of the same notes, and occupying themselves with somewhat the same objects and interests.

But my "birds" are not precisely of one feather. They display theirs, when they have them, mostly in plumes perched on "ducks" of bonnets and hats, and though they dearly love flowers—garden or wild—they also favour cambric blossoms fresh from the hands of dainty French florists, ribbons woven at Coventry or elsewhere, and silk, muslin, or stuff garments, like Joseph's robe, of many colours. My "birds" are, of course, my sister residents, and the "pie" is our "Residential," in which we have taken up our abode, finding that, whether maid, wife or widow, it is not well for woman to dwell alone, either in the dreariness of genteel apartments or, at best, with the incongruous companionship and unlimited inconvenience afforded by ordinary boarding-houses.

Not yet a twelvemonth old, this club owes its origin to the enterprise and ability of Miss Dickenson, its sole proprietress—one of those ladies whom someone has described as 'living hammers to knock down all false theories respecting women's feebleness, all prejudices against women's independence, all jealous fears that freedom for women may mean what it too often does for men—impunity.' By her the scheme of this club was planned, and she it is who is bravely working it out, with what results I will try to make plain to those outside the circle of such enterprises who may feel interested in what has, so far, proved to be a thoroughly successful venture.

To begin with, it must be understood that, like the Capulets and Montagus, we are two houses, though fortunately in a very different sense. Literally, indeed, we are two and two—one pair at Earl's Court, the other at Campden Hill, Kensington. This may sound like an architectural impossibility, but it has been accomplished by the simple device of openings in the wall, forming deep recesses, hung about by that heavy-woven woollen plush, which now takes the place of the rare arras and "fingerwork" tapestry our ancestors favoured for such purposes. One such opening divides our warm cosy drawing-room—rather crowded with open-armed, easy basket chairs, and handy independent cornery tables, suggestive of afternoon tea and evening whist—from the dining-room, around the well-spread board of which we unite three times daily in full and hungry conclave. It is noticed indeed that at the seven o'clock dinner the most erratic member seldom fails to put in an appearance, bringing with her perhaps some tired country cousin or even uncle friend errant, only too glad to share in the pleasant and social meal, where everybody has the day's sayings and doings to chat about, and everybody is natural and unrestrained, feeling perfectly at home, no "company wit" being expected either of them or of their neighbours. A great deal more might be said, if it were met, about the success with which, in spite of her inability to be at Earl's Court and at Campden Hill at one and the same moment, Miss Dickenson guides and governs her subjects. The only hitch, indeed, which we ever become conscious of, is caused by those who rule the "roast" in the kitchen—shifty autocrats mostly, who rise, reign, and are deposed, vanishing generally in a sudden revolutionary skirmish, after having, as *Punch* says, succeeded in making the kitchen too hot for the mistress, and too cold for the sirloin. Considering the difficulties, it is not wonderful that these women *do* come like shadows, and so depart. The only marvel is that our much-tried superintendent does not give notice to *herself* at least once a week. Why, even our last *cuisinière*—a handsome Parisienne with a ten years' character—proved the usual failure in less than the usual time; partly, no doubt, because of certain kitchen obstruc-

tives, who, being true Britons, objected with passive obstinacy to having "your nasty foreigner" within their demesnes, and also because of as deep-seated a conviction in her Gallic mind that all English people eat their meats *saignant*, *boudin*, flabby, with vegetables boiled hard and oiled and vinegared, until at last we rose to a woman and protested in regular round-robin form.

Now, passing from drawing and dining rooms, outside which a whole range of tiny square oaken lockers represent so many private wine-cellar, you shall peep into the "Temple of Silence"—otherwise the reading room—where members assemble to write and read, generally uninterrupted by the chatter which pervades most of the other apartments. As a rule, the said members are non-political, or at least avoid debates by not airing their opinions too freely, though if you are curious enough to peep, those half-dozen dailies will possibly enlighten an observer somewhat on the subject—one *Telegraph*, one *Standard*, two *Morning Posts*, and locals. Then there are the *Graphic* and a few light monthlies and odd serials. For the rest we provide our own literature, consisting, I am bound to confess, of more novels and shilling shockers than improving works, a fact which is the more surprising that most of these members are well-read, and many of them well-travelled, ladies, who might be expected to "talk like books," but do nothing of the sort. Others play and sing well, but have to be coaxed to do so—all inclined to listen rather than be heard, afraid of practising what Hannah More styled "a frenzy of accomplishments," lest they should be accused of the desire of "showing off."

Perhaps it will be well to give a definition of the several classes of members. This I take from the printed rules, arranged and approved of by Miss Dickenson and the committee of some half a dozen gentlemen nominated by her to aid and abet in the general management, though they share with her neither liability nor responsibility:—

"Members may be either resident, non-resident, temporary, or holiday members.

"Resident members are those who reside not less than six months at the club during the year. Non-resident members are those who use the club as their town address, for meals, &c., and occasional residence. Temporary members are received for short periods when there are vacancies; pay no entrance fee or subscription. They must be proposed and seconded by members of the club. There are special terms for such arrangements. Holiday members are governesses, companions, and other *bona fide* working gentlemen, who, during the Christmas and summer vacations, can take up residence on reduced terms, but cannot use the club at other times."

The terms are, for a resident member, 5s. entrance fee, and 5s. 6d. yearly subscription; non-residents pay an annual subscription of 10s. 6d.; and holiday members 2s. 6d. on allotment of apartment. All rent for bedrooms becomes due on the day from which they are engaged, and all payments have to be made to the manageress, who attends on the general rent day, Saturday, cash-box and ledger in hand. Then is the time when members flit about restlessly, with a little red book, asking of each

other, "Have you been in yet?" This general impatience to get their rents paid produces quite a ferment about doors and passages. A stranger might imagine there was money to receive, unless he were acquainted with men's clubs, where, no doubt, the same eagerness to pay is to be seen! The regular resident pays but 9s. a week for board—breakfast, lunch, tea, and late dinner—all thoroughly good, if not luxurious. The temporary member pays by the meal, or about 2s. a day, which cannot be deemed extravagant. In case of illness, dinners are taken up to invalids, for which extra attendance a small charge is made, as it is also for light refreshments, in the shape of odd morning teas or sandwiches, which some of us affect, especially when we are busy, and the quiet first hour is necessary to the task which happens to be in hand. The rent of the bedrooms varies according to situation and size, the cubicles ranging from 5s. 6d. to 9s. a week, and the separate rooms from 8s. 6d. to 20s., the living and all else, however, being uniform; even the furniture does not greatly differ, being all, more or less, of the dainty, harmless, æsthetic order, draped about with fanciful muslins—all roses and lilies and daffydown-tillies. A fair average of our regular settled and stay-at-home members have their own single private apartments, the remainder—somewhat of a changeable public—camp in cubicles, tiny and toy-like at best, garnished with flower-sprinkled walls of gay cretonne, dividing one large lofty room into three or four compartments, each of which contains the same amount of art bedroom furniture, all of the folding-up and gipsy-like order, and all painted in delicate tints of pale blue, pink, or buff, the great advantage of which arrangement is that it *must* be kept clean and dustless. However busy the housemaid or careless the lady inmate, there is no shirking spot or soil, which insists on being seen.

The rules generally are accepted willingly, even to that curt one which declares that "no member is allowed to bring dogs, or any other animal, into the rooms of the club." It does seem hard to think the door is fast closed against all soft, purring pussies, and lovely, curly-tailed pugs, but we see that the stern decree is a necessary one. Imagine some twenty-five purring pussies, "in residence" and out of temper, or as many curly-tailed pugs differing aloud, as the sweetest doggies will do; then imagine as many mistresses rushing to the rescue! Why, verbal fisticuffs might follow, even in a Kensington circle, for the feminine mind is easily roused when pets are in question. Another delicate and disputed point, which has been finally settled of late, is that, as free and independent members of a club, each lady may, on occasion, have a latch-key, subject to the following conditions:—"In case of losing the key a fine of five shillings will be inflicted." "A member can only be provided with a key in case of her being out late at night. The last member in must lock the door, turn out all gas-jets, and sign her name on the slate as having done so." Much else there is which seems to me not without interest, but I had better, perhaps, stop, lest some impatient reader should exclaim, "A plague o' both your houses!"

C. L. MATÉAUX.

Reviews and Notices.

THE publication of *Till and Its Author*, with Memoir by H. Rider Haggard (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.) was an act of filial piety, recently conceived and gracefully carried out. This being so, serious criticism of the little work is out of place. It is evident that Mrs. Ella Haggard was a woman possessed of energy of mind and some of literature, and those who are interested in literary will find in the success achieved by the author of *King Solomon's Mines* another proof of their pet theory. The brief memoir which precedes the "essay in verse" is sympathetic and self-restrained. The poem itself displays intelligence and cultivation, and the heroic couplet is managed with skill and a strict regard for form. The following specimen will give the reader a fair idea of the author's style and treatment of her subject:—

"Say who the art, the solar plan divined?
Or accident, or all-creative mind?
Who movement, feeling, reason, could instil?
Or 'force-motuscular,' or sovereign will?
Behold that mighty will—it impresses traces
In undulating waves to furthest space!
Undivulging, clear, nor break, nor flaw,
Speaks the well-balanced, comprehensive law.
Resolute as it speeds, and 'thine on line,
Precept on prompt,' swells the vast design."

IN *"A City Girl"* (Authors Co-operative Publishing Company, Limited) by John Law (Miss Margaret Harkness), we have a story of the work-girl and the gentleman. There is a certain remote likeness between Nellie Androse and Hetty Sorrel; but John Law entirely lacks the charm, power, and knowledge of the human heart displayed by George Eliot in her masterpiece, *"Adam Bede"*. There is, however, more excuse for the City girl, with her sordid surroundings and want of wholesome rational amusement, than for a girl brought up amid the surroundings of the Hall Farm. When the author writes from actual experience, as she often does, we are glad to listen to her words. The visit to the East-end theatre, the glimpse of the cheery, unselfish, enthusiastic Salvation Army captain, are extremely interesting. Captain Lobe's pride in the "service," as he calls it, the part taken in the work by women, all helps to confirm us in our opinion that, in spite of its ridiculous and noisy methods, the Salvation Army has a distinct influence for good among the lowest classes. The book is not without power, though of a somber kind, and it will doubtless answer the purpose for which it was written; yet, after all, it should be remembered that vanity, frivolity, and silliness are not the monopoly of East-end women, and that selfish and unprincipled men are to be found in all quarters of a town.

"A VERY STRANGE FAMILY" (London: William Heinemann) is an excellent example of Mr. F. W. Robinson's method. It is a good enough story, but it is not

literature. Of subtle character-drawing there is none; the style is careless and often incorrect, and we do not think that the author always succeeds in making his meaning plain. But still there is an atmosphere in the book, and—even if the people whom it envelops have more sawdust than blood in them—for that, much should be forgiven. As he has done before, Mr. Robinson takes us across the water, and gives us a glimpse of life as it is lived on the Surrey side. There is a sketch of a "good old crusted academy" in the Waterloo Road, and of a grotesquely fatuous schoolmaster, who is an enfeebled cousin of Mr. Squeers. Mr. Darrell, senior, the head of the "strange family," is a third-rate transpontine actor, who suddenly comes into wealth and an estate. Whereon, much to the disgust of his sons, he marries (or thinks he marries) a barmaid. The ceremony of marriage was a mockery, for the lady's real name was Mrs. Purkiss, and Mr. Purkiss was still known in the best public-house circles of South London. The family breaks up suddenly, and one son runs away and becomes an actor, while the other stays at home and (in all innocence of heart) looks after his brother's wife. Thence follow, not unaturally, misunderstandings and a tragedy, which the reader must find out for himself. The survivors make it up, and live happy ever after. The worst blot on the book is the shadowy character of Lewis Darrell. We are meant to sympathise with him, and ultimately discover that from the first he has been actuated by the noblest motives. But all that we know of him previously is that he was a self-conscious prig, and we do not think that this was the sole impression which Mr. Robinson meant to convey.

A GENTLEMAN, like a poet, is born, not made, and the world is as likely to be converted to sobriety by Act of Parliament as to learn good manners from a book of etiquette. An easy carriage is the fruit of intuition and observation; and the maxims of all the well-dressed snobs in the world, though they may assist in the creation of a venerated funkier, will afford the humane (in the classical sense of the word) neither interest nor amusement. *"Bad Breaks,"* compiled and edited by one of the Four Hundred (New York: Van Rensselaer & Co.), is the worst and vilest of its class. We presume it is written for the other three hundred and ninety-nine; and if they are boorish enough to need instruction in manners, we hope they will stay at home. To English people the work is merely ridiculous. We do not need an American to tell us how to talk. It is not our custom to call clothes or fruit "elegant," nor do we generally refer to a man or woman as a "party." "Clever" is not our most frequent epithet for a ragout; and though we are familiar with shops and railway stations, we are not in the habit of calling them stores and depôts. The ideals of the Yankee arbiter of manners are contemptibly mean. If you wish for salvation, you must employ none but the best tailor, and you must never varnish your "patent leathers."

"A man who can afford one pair," says this valiant 'one of the Four Hundred,' "can afford another," which is much the same as saying if a man has five hundred a year he has a thousand; and this, unfortunately, does not follow. Then you must never employ diminutives. "Fanny" and "Jimmy" are barbarisms. To the American mind they may be; we take a different view in England. If you desire to swear, you must say nothing but "damn" — for this privilege much thanks — as "anything beyond it is vulgar." Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and before teaching others to talk, this most cultivated New Yorker should take some pains to refine his (or her) own diction. In England gentlemen do not live in "apartments." This word is the exclusive property of the keepers of lodging-houses. "Snug fitting" is not an elegant description of a shirt-cuff, and the half-penny newspaper (in London) would recoil in horror from the adjective "briny." There are some pleasant *obiter dicta* in "Bad Breaks." It is interesting to know that "silk underwear, except for brides, is an abomination." It might escape the observation of the most cultured that "gentlemen do not frequent saloons and hang around their doors. They take their drinks and get out." "Hang around!" and "get out!" There is neatness of phrase for you! There is grace of expression! One maxim it is important for all of us to treasure in our minds: "Use your brougham in the morning and at night, and your Victoria and carts in the afternoon." But in another page we are told that "it is morning until after one has dined." When, then, is it afternoon, and what is the good of "Victorias and carts"! In the land of the lotus-eaters it was "always afternoon." The home of the Four Hundred is governed by other laws. For these it seems to be always night or morning.

FROM Plato to Herbert Spencer, the education of children has been a pleasing subject to philosophers. The latest contribution to such literature, though scarcely the work of a metaphysician—Princess Mary Ouroussov's pretty little volume, addressed to young women and entitled "Education from the Cradle," translated by Mrs. E. Fielding (George Bell & Sons)—will be read with interest by all who recognise the importance of rightly bringing up and educating the young. Since it is impossible to separate our interests from those of the people among whom we live, the author not only appeals to women who have children of their own, but points out how all may do something helpful in the cause. The part of the book devoted to the moral training of the child strikes us as excellent; it contains perhaps nothing that is very new. Locke and Herbert Spencer have said it all before, but the Princess Mary's suggestions are practical, and with patience might, to the lasting benefit of the little ones, be easily carried out. One of the most difficult points in the management of children is of course

the question of punishment, and we cordially agree with the author that there is no better way than letting the child learn by experience the consequences of his own foolish acts. Faults, she further declares, are often to be treated as diseases, being caused not seldom by inherited disposition, or the state of the physical health. Equally are we at one with her in thinking that educated young women needing employment might become children's nurses. It would open up entirely suitable and eminently useful work, and, as with sick-nursing, the idea that such an occupation was derogatory would soon pass away. In view of the recent successes at Cambridge, it is interesting to find a Russian lady of high degree advocating that boys and girls should study together, and should study the same things; boys should even learn to sew and cook, and do household work, while girls should be taught many things hitherto restricted to the curriculum of their brothers. But the most important thing of all is, we venture to think, that mothers, and nurses, and teachers should themselves thoroughly understand the great influence the work entrusted to them has on the world's future. We could wish the translation had more literary merit. It is faithful, no doubt, but at times singularly inelegant.

THE latest addition to the Badminton Library (Longmans, Green, & Co.) treats of Tennis, Lawn-Tennis, Rackets, and Fives. One might have expected to find Badminton and one or two other kindred games included in this volume, but, at least, the four games mentioned are dealt with in the most thorough and comprehensive manner, the editors having obtained the literary services of such past-masters in their various lines as the Messrs. Heathcote, Mr. H. F. Lawford, and Miss Dod, who gives some useful advice to lawn-tennis players of her own sex. One other contributor there is, however, who calls for special notice; this is one Mr. William Shakespeare, whose writings have been zealously ransacked for chapter headings, and who is made to perpetrate puns of varying vileness. To Chapter IX, for instance, on "Service" in Lawn-Tennis, is prefixed the quotation, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks!" These quotations, dragged in, so to speak, by the nape of the neck, are not an improvement to the work. It is somewhat surprising, too, that in dealing with fives not a word is said about the Rugby games, and that, with regard to racket-games, the editors have not succeeded in throwing more light on the anomalous system of scoring. Players are beginning to feel that there is something unsatisfactory in a system which permits of the winning of a game by, say, 12 games to 16, viz., 6-5, 0-6, 6-5, as it would appear on the scoring sheet. However, on the whole the book is thoroughly well done; it is profusely illustrated, and some of Mr. Lucien Davis's drawings are extremely pretty, forming not the least attractive feature of the work.



Notes and Comments.

The Bishop of Manchester is not among those foolish persons who think that a girl is admirable in proportion to the degree with which she has refrained from cultivating her mind. Speaking at Preston recently he said that "to repress the highest development of the highest mental and moral faculties of women was nothing less than a striving against the providence of God, because why were those faculties given to women if they were not to receive their highest development? Did anybody suppose that Mrs. Butler and Miss Fawcett would be more perfect and complete women if their classic and scientific acquirements had been suffered to perish of atrophy? He, at any rate, did not, for one could no more believe that than he could believe that senior scholars and senior wranglers would be made better and more perfect men by the same process."

As to any danger of women taking in the work of the world that part which, from a man's point of view, belongs to man, the Bishop has no fear. Women he says cannot be soldiers, and men cannot take care of children; and therefore Nature will keep the balance even. He ended by saying that "if anyone told him that by higher education a woman would be made more able to discharge those duties of life which God had specially committed to her, he could only say that he seemed to him to be stating an absurdity." These are sensible words, and it may be hoped that they will reassure the timid, who have been frightened by recent occurrences.

The opponents of the higher education may carp and cavil, and tell us that examinations are no real tests and so forth, but this is never said regarding men; and those truly splendid performances of women at the Universities have won popular notice. This it was advisable to obtain. The multitude has been impressed, and is somewhat sweetened. The value of practical example thus set before them has done more for the cause of women's education than any amount of theory and generalising—no matter how sound—could have done. The encouragement these results have given to women cannot yet be measured.

The old arguments in favour of admitting women to the University degree of B.A. have been revived as a matter of course; but perhaps the most interesting contribution regarding it came from a gentleman in the leading clerical organ, who pointed out that the B.A. degree was, of course, a mere preliminary step to that of M.A. This carries with it the right to vote in the University Parliamentary representation; and thus a difficult element of complication would come in. But, asked this gentleman, why do not women demand the incorporation of their own colleges, and thus possess their own degrees? This is a sensible suggestion, and would be more worthy of our new-earned dignity than clamouring to gain what would assuredly be a grudging concession—if, indeed, it were made at all. The present colleges at both Oxford and Cambridge would be a good nucleus for such a scheme. Endowments would gradually become richer, and more scholarships would be

founded. A woman's learning would then have a definite status, and perhaps true equality of the sexes would be even more nearly realised in each having its distinctive schools. Foolish people tell us we should not care at all for a degree unless it were obtained in direct competition with men. We do not think women capable of taking a degree are likely to come down to this petty standard.

Never has nursing attracted more attention than it has been doing of late. The scheme of affiliation in connection with the Queen's Jubilee Gift Fund is now complete, and promises to realise all Her Majesty's gracious intentions for the improvement of the nursing of the sick poor. In towns the value of trained nursing assistance is becoming more generally understood, and the gentle devotion shown by many ladies has done much to dissipate foolish class prejudices. In the country, however, there remains still a great field for this work. This is, perhaps, the most arduous and thankless branch of a difficult profession. The lonely lives, the long, trying journeys from village to village, and the truly difficult business of cottage nursing, demand all a woman's best courage and resource. The Queen, whose broad sympathies seem to extend to every possible class, felt this before many of her subjects; and in devoting the Women's Jubilee Offering to this purpose, she gave a noble encouragement to an order whose claims have, perhaps, never been properly appreciated.

THEN we see Princess Christian, ever busy with gracious presence and eloquent pen, founding a home and holiday fund for overworked nurses. The Princess is too practical in her philanthropy to take up an unneeded work; but there are many who think that a holiday home need only be a very small one. Happily, few nurses are entirely friendless, and to change the routine of one institution for that of another, however well planned, is by no means an ideal form of recreation. A holiday fund, on the other hand, worked on somewhat similar lines to those which are carried out successfully in many working girls' clubs, would enable nurses to enjoy a really beneficial relaxation, and to visit spots of historic interest in our own country, to enjoy the breezy freshness of Scottish moors and mountains, and even to reach easily accessible towns on the Continent.

LASTLY, there was the reception and garden-party given by the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, to the first thousand nurses who joined, and therefore created, the National Pension Fund, of which she is the President. Her Royal Highness handed to each nurse her certificate of membership, and also received from them the purses which they had filled towards establishing a benevolent fund for nurses in temporary straits, in memory of the late Mrs. Junius S. Morgan. The Prince of Wales addressed the nurses with that happiness and clearness with which he can plead for any good object; and there can be little doubt that the example of thrift and foresight shown by these ladies will extend to all ranks of working women.

hood. From a mere business point of view, the financial advantages offered by the Pension Fund are quite unsurpassed in the annals of life assurance. And yet they say that women don't understand business! The gardens of Marlborough House never presented a prettier aspect than when the "march past" of this army of mercy took place before its sweet and gentle Princess-President.

It seems as though the Princess's Theatre were destined to remain in women's hands. Miss Grace Hawthorne has disposed of the remainder of her lease of it to Miss Harriett Gooch. In spite of the huge sums spent upon *Theodora*, its success in London has only been moderate; but Miss Hawthorne takes it on tour in the country, and the performance is certainly one of very great interest. The character makes fearfully heavy demands upon its exponent, and Miss Hawthorne may be honestly congratulated upon such success as she has been able to achieve.

Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT's appearance in *Jeanne d'Arc* proved more attractive than many people prophesied that it would; and Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded most nights during her brief season. In spite of the wholly inconsequential character of the piece—a mere string of disjointed tableaux—her splendid acting carried it through; and few more pathetic pictures have been seen than poor Jeanne's cruel examination in prison, and her death at the stake.

The Irish Women's Work Society, of Holywood, County Down, is showing at the Edinburgh Exhibition some of its fine embroidery and other specimens of women's skilled labour in laces and the Mountmellick work, illustrated in *THE WOMAN'S WORLD* some months ago. The Skye and Harris tweeds make a good show, and are seen to be a very different style of material from the ordinary so-called tweeds of the London market. One historical dress of this material has been worn during the rough work of nineteen winters, and is laid away, unworn and unfaded, after repeated washings and cleanings, only for the sake of a change, after which it may re-emerge into a new career of usefulness.

ANOTHER stall, called "The Scottish Home Industries Stall" (Women's Industries Section), has some good exhibits. Those who live in and near the centres of civilisation, and speak of the fierce competition of cities, can hardly realise the hopeless stagnation of outlying districts and far-off islands. Nothing but fishing, with a far-off market, and only a very remote possibility of selling any of the things that may be produced by the labour of industrious hands. This patriotic society attempts to suggest possible employments, and to find a market for the work. Hence the contents of the stall are rather heterogeneous—handloom tweeds, suitable both for ladies' costumes and for gentlemen's suits, handloom plaids and shawls, handloom blankets, handloom bed and table linen, handloom cotton and woollen petticoats, embroidery on cotton, linen, and flannel, Ayrshire embroidery, ladies' and children's under-clothing, Shetland shawls, knitted shawls, stockings, and gentlemen's under-clothing, nets, fishing-tackle, wood-carving, thatching, baskets, brooms, "bent" grass door-mats and horse-collars, beehives, carved chairs, chairs made of grass from the Orkney

Industry, beaten iron work, violins and other musical instruments.

EQUALLY interesting is the stand devoted to literature regarding woman's work and labour, chief among which are the reports of Miss de Broen's Medical Mission in Belleville, Paris. Built on the spot where a number of Communists were shot down after the Franco-German War, and bitterness roused in the hearts of their frantic relatives, Miss de Broen's little iron mission-house delivers its message of love and brotherhood, of hope and faith. Hundreds of patients daily come, attracted by the famed cures in this little settlement. When we visited it, we could not understand what was meant by the crowds seated patiently in the little chapel-like building, with only an occasional hymn to break the monotony, until we were told they were awaiting their turn to enter the little dispensary, and receive advice and medicine from the physician-in-charge.

THE London School of Medicine for Women dispensed this year with the speeches that usually accompany its annual distribution of prizes and certificates, on account of the structural improvements which are being effected in its premises. A pleasant garden-party, however, was given instead; and the list of awards was read by Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in her capacity of "Dean." The list of distinctions was a very long and satisfactory one, and shows how thoroughly efficient is the course of medical training given here. There is no doubt that it will be attended with results even higher than those already attained, now that the new hospital for women is open and in working order. This will be an unrivalled place of study for the pupils of the college, who have hitherto had to be satisfied with limited concessions in the wards of the Royal Free Hospital; and when the new anatomical lecture rooms, laboratory, enlarged libraries, and other useful features are added to the college, the lady aspirants to medical degrees will enjoy many advantages which they do not at present possess. The demand for highly educated lady doctors, both from India and China, is far from being supplied; and to energetic, devoted women a noble sphere of usefulness still lies open.

LADY cooks are beginning to establish themselves among us. Mrs. Miller, an Irish lady, who has taken the highest culinary diplomas possible, has boldly donned a cap and apron and goes out to ladies' houses to dress lunches, dinners, and ball-suppers. The recent cookery exhibition at the Westminster Town Hall had a class for ladies who had studied at any recognised school of cookery, and it brought the largest and most attractive display of any section. Possibly, therefore, before long cookery will be as "lady-like" a profession as nursing is now. Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester, remarked the other day that the cook's is the most understocked of all callings; and certainly the wages which are obtainable in this sphere by well-qualified women compare most favourably with earnings in other occupations. But it is necessary to thoroughly understand high-class cookery; and Mrs. Miller is of opinion that this knowledge can only be acquired by long actual kitchen practice, under a really accomplished cook.

At last the Jungfrau's snowy height has been scaled by women's feet. Three German girls from

Berlin accomplished the task at the end of June, and were in consequence the berries of the district for many days. It is something noteworthy that a fest forbidding such gross powers of athletic endurance should have been first achieved by ladies of a race which we have hitherto regarded as phlegmatic and stolid. Many English and American girls are excellent and enthusiastic mountaineers, and it might have been thought that they would have led their way up these heights. However, we need not yield to any small insular prejudices on the point, but rather view it as a proof of the advances women are making in all countries.

A project is on foot for the institution of a Model Kindergarten and a College for training Kindergarten teachers, on the system of Froebel and William Ellis. Many well-known and influential persons have interested themselves in the scheme, and it is intended that the College shall be dedicated to the Empress Frederick, who has promised her assistance and patronage. It is desired that the College should be made to accommodate fifty students, and the Kindergarten to hold three hundred children, for which £25,000 will be necessary. Considerable progress has been made of late in the Kindergarten education of children, and there are in existence many training schools for teachers, to meet the constantly increasing demand for them.

Attention has been directed to the fashionable craze of palmistry by a gentleman, who points out that cases of melancholia, broken-off engagements, and even suicide, are attributable to sorrowful predictions made by the lady "professors" of this art. Probably the people who are weak-minded enough to let such prophetic visions oppress their souls would have equally had their vacuous brains turned by any other agency, and so palmistry only becomes a kind of whipping-stock for their feebleness. To practise palmistry as a joke is all very well; but how is it that those ladies who hire out their services as "hand-readers" at a guinea a *seance* for evening parties manage to escape the law? A gipsy woman who swindles a servant-girl out of a shilling on the pretence of fortune-telling is sent to prison. Where is the difference, then? Some day one of these "professoresses" will find herself standing before one of the metropolitan magistrates, unless they discontinue the bold advertisements which they have lately taken to flout in the papers. They had better take warning in time.

The Women's Trade Union Provident League, of which the annual meeting has just been held, is the oldest organisation for the promotion of women's trade unions, having now been sixteen years in existence, for the first twelve of which it enjoyed the advantage of having for its secretary the late Mrs. Emma Paterson, herself a working woman by birth and in feeling. During the first few years of the League some half-dozen or more unions were formed in London, most of which still continue to exist. As benefit societies these have fulfilled their obligations, and some of the provincial unions which

have been founded through the League's instrumentality have carried out the express function of a union, and have either gained for their members an increase of pay, or preserved them from their employers. The London unions formed by the League with the exception of the comparatively recent organisation of the cigar-makers and the laundresses, have not, it would appear, succeeded either in getting within their borders any considerable percentage of the women in each trade, or in making any improvement in the prices paid to them. This is a distinctly disheartening result, and the efforts of those who care about the organisation of women ought surely to be directed towards making the oldest existing unions of women something more than merely friendly societies.

An umbrella-maker has worked for rather over two years for a firm in the City. She was a machinist, and was paid by the piece, so that any loss of time was no loss to her employer. Like most women in this trade she was often kept hours waiting for her work, and was, of course, paid nothing for the time thus spent, though she was fined if she did not arrive punctually. Her fines for this and other trivial matters—all these fines being of questionable legality—are shown by her wage books to amount in the two years and a little over to the sum of £6 6s 9d. No account of the sums thus deducted is rendered by the employer. The average wage of this woman was about 10s. a week. Comment may very well be dispensed with.

The Americans are really ahead of us in some things. For years we have been busy asking for women factory inspectors; but there are none in England yet, and no near prospect of any being appointed. But in New York State women have been appointed, and are in actual work. Their term of office began on June 15th. There are eight of them, and one, at least, is a working woman. They are not required to visit factories in which women and children are not employed. Best of all, they are to be paid at the same rate as the men inspectors, who do precisely the same work.

MRS. DARMESTETER's article in the *Fortnightly* for July, upon "The Workmen of Paris, 1390-1890," has some interesting information about working women in Paris five hundred years ago. A man who had worked for a year and a day at most trades was allowed the assistance of his wife, even though she had not been apprenticed. In a good many trade guilds not only *prud'hommes*, or guardians, but *prud'homes*, or guardians, were elected. The widows of masters frequently continued their husbands' trades; but in some guilds they were not allowed to take an apprentice, since they were not held competent to teach a man. In the accounts of Charles V. the following *fournisseurs* are enumerated:—"Kathelot la Chapeliere and Guillemette de la Poudre, milliners and florists; Martine la Thierre, merchant of silks and stuffs; Peronelle de Foulloy, glover; Jehanne dite Sauvage de Serre, goldsmith." Clearly the business capacity of the Parisian woman is of no new growth.



NEW CLOAKS.

(See p. 573.)

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Madame Albani at Home.



LONDON—In lovely London as it is in the imagination of many of our country cousins—affords many delightful examples of the *rus in urbe* if one is only good Cockney enough to know where to look for them. One such example is to be found with some difficulty off the Earl's Court Road, to the denizens of which thoroughfare it is familiar enough as "The Boltons." In shape and design the place is as odd as its name: a semicircle of houses, with a church and a garden in the centre, "The Boltons" forms a little colony of itself, having only one outlet to the world, and hidden from the general view by a plenitude of flourishing foliage. In the garden on a summer's afternoon, just in the shadow of the church, a game of tennis is proceeding, and the sounds of ball and racquet, with the merry scoring of the players, alone disturb the silent air. To one of the houses in "The Boltons," with its large garden, broad balconies, and old-fashioned comfort, Mr. Ernest Gye took Mme. Albani after Cardinal Manning had performed the ceremony by which the famous singer exchanged her maiden name, Marie Louise Emma Cecile Lajeunesse, for that of the impresario with whose triumphs in producing Italian opera the musical world was then ringing. That is twelve years ago, and to this house Mme. Albani has returned home from tours in America and visits to various cities on the Continent, to say nothing of much journeying in our own little island. In this house her only child was born, and has grown to be a pretty boy of nine summers. In this house she and her husband have entertained half the aristocracy of worth and birth. To add another link of affection for her home, here Mme. Albani enjoyed the friendship of a great sister-artist; the grey-turreted house in which Jenny Lind spent her declining years being quite close to "The Boltons."

I enter the house through a long portico which bespeaks the many parties Mr. and Mrs. Gye have been accustomed to give, and their care for the comfort of their guests. For some minutes I wait in Mr. Gye's study, a small room which yields much of its space to a bookcase containing, among many standard volumes, the copies of "Our Life in the Highlands," which the Queen presented to Mme. Albani.

Madame is concluding an interview with her dressmaker. "Which is doubtless one of great consequence," I remark.

"Yes, my wife has always taken great care with her dress on the stage. In opera she always devotes much

attention to the costume, from a desire that it shall be as historically accurate as possible. She has generally gone to the South Kensington Museum, finding out any old prints and designs that would be of help. Copies have then been made, and from these copies the dressmakers have designed the costumes. In preparing the dress for *Otello*, as you see it in this portrait, for instance, she spent hours at the Museum, and derived much assistance from one of the gentlemen engaged there."

In passing into the drawing-room my attention is drawn to a fine etching of Westminster Abbey, which hangs in the hall by the side of a marble bust of Mr. Gye père—the father of Italian opera in London. The etching was given to the singer by the governors of the hospital as a memento of a concert in aid of its funds, at which Mme. Albani sang. A circlet of silver leaves, betokening the gratitude of the good people of Amsterdam for the gift of song she and Jenny Lind made to a fund for the relief of distress caused by a flood, reminds one that Mme. Albani and the Swedish Nightingale were often *camarades* in the cause of charity.

It is needless to say that during its twelve years' tenancy Albani's drawing-room has become a storehouse of professional recollections. It is not of presents and tokens, however, or of the brilliant events in the career of the *prima donna* which they bring back to memory, that Mme. Albani is readiest to speak. Her memory quickly passes over the eighteen years of fame and power which her *début* at Covent Garden in *La Sonnambula* one April evening in 1872 initiated, to her probationary studies, her musical training in Canada, even her childish hours when the first germs of her splendid voice appeared.

"My master in Italy," she begins, "was Lamperti, and to his teaching I owe a great deal. I was only nine months in Milan, but it was sufficient to convince me that nothing is equal to the Italian method of teaching. Of course there are masters in London as clever as in Milan—Mr. Shakespeare, for instance. But they have all had their training in Italy, and in regard to voice production, there is no method to compare with the Italian. There is not yet an English school of teaching; whether there will be it is not for me to say."

It was in Italy that Mme. Albani acquired the name by which she became famous. It has been erroneously stated that the name was chosen out of compliment to the city of Albany, where Mme. Albani spent part of her girlhood, fulfilling the arduous duties of organist and choir-mistress in the cathedral there. Albani is the name of a noble family in Italy who were kind to the young *Canadienne* during her tutelage in the land of song. When Lamperti advised her to make her *début* under an Italian name she chose Albani, doubtless feeling pleased that the name of her good friends so nearly corresponded with that of her patron city.

"Before going to Italy," Mme. Albani explained, "I stayed for some time in Paris, where I was introduced to

the Baroness Larive, who proved a very good friend to her. In Paris I studied, and received much encouragement from several distinguished musicians. But I was most anxious to proceed to Italy, and the baroness, therefore, organised a concert in my benefit, which was well attended by the American colony in Paris. It produced about £250, and with this money I was able to go to Milan."

Although she told the story modestly and quietly, one quickly learns that Mme. Albani's brilliant career has been of her own making—the fruition of pluck and perseverance, united with something of the divine spirit of genius. On that eventful night when Mlle. Albani—fortified for the ordeal by some appearances in the Italian towns—was introduced to the London public in the character of Anina, those who, when her first song had been sung, welcomed a new queen of opera, must have wondered in what way the girl of twenty-two had so soon gained the throne of music. Their imaginings could hardly have exceeded the reality.

The daughter of a music teacher in Montreal, Emma Lapomousse was placed at five years old in an English school at Pittsburg. The quick ear of her father had already detected in her voice the signs of latent power, and its development became his final care.

"At Pittsburg," Mme. Albani says, "I practised five hours a day, and was never allowed to touch a note before having seen it in the book. When I was about eight years old I returned to Montreal, and then a Scotch gentleman who was organising ballad concerts in different towns in Canada happened to hear me sing. My father allowed me to appear at the concert he gave in Montreal, when, among other things, I sang 'Robert, toi que j'aime.' I suppose I must have been successful, for Mr. Crawford would have me sing at his other concerts, at which my sister Cornelia also appeared. After a short time, however, my father very wisely resolved that I should sing no more in public for some years. I was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Sault au Recollet, near Montreal, and stayed there till I was fourteen."

Mme. Albani retains the pleasantest recollections of her convent life. When she revisited her native country for the first time several years ago, the famous singer spent a day at Sault au Recollet, and called upon several of her old schoolfellows. At the convent the girl's talent was not quite dormant, although for some time all thought of a professional career was abandoned. Blood is thicker than water, however, and genius is stronger than circumstance. On Sundays and saints' days little Miss Lapomousse's valuable aid was requisitioned for the choral services at Montreal Cathedral, and in the convent on odd-litter occasions she would compose pieces for her sister-pupils to sing. The spirit of art was thus kept alive, and when, the fame of the girl's performances in sacred and operatic music having spread abroad, an invitation came to accept the position of organist in St. Joseph's Church, Albany, it proved irresistible.

The introduction of a large choir in an important city was an arduous undertaking for a girl of fifteen, but her boldness was justified by ample success. In

Albany she once more devoted herself to mastering the theory and practice of music in all its spheres, gaining proficiency on the harp and violin, among other instruments. The presence of a harp in the corner of the drawing-room as the companion of the grand piano, shows that even now the profound care of a few friends occasionally enjoy Mme. Albani's delicate touch on the instrument of romance.

At Albany she formed the resolve of obtaining a European hearing, and seeking the verdict of the world upon her voice. This high resolve, however, required patience, thought, and courage for its fulfilment. When at eighteen she crossed the Atlantic alone, and took lodging in Paris—that Mecca of youth and ambition—it was as the *protégée* of no powerful friend, the favourite of no Dame Fortune. Her purse was filled only by her savings in Albany and the proceeds of a farewell concert given before her departure. In Paris, however, within a few months the girl's powers won warm acknowledgment, and the words of Strakoski, the eminent *maestro*, only expressed the general sentiment of the circle in which she found herself. In writing her letter of introduction to Lamperti, he said, "I am sending the most accomplished musician and the most finished singer in style that ever left my studio."

Of Mme. Albani's first seasons in London in the years 1873-78, when Italian opera was in its palmiest days, Mr. Gye can tell me as much as his wife. When in *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Carmen*, *Nozze di Figaro*, she added triumph to triumph, and moved the Covent Garden audiences to enthusiasm by the excellence of her acting as much as by the beauty of her voice, he must have again and again congratulated himself on the happy hour in which he discovered the ambitious young singer, until, as a romantic sequel, in the *prima donna* he found his ideal wife.

It is Mr. Gye, too, who with a fond admiration for his wife's career that time has not worn, tells me of the incidents with which so many objects of interest in the room are associated. Of course there are photographs galore; very many of the Royal Family alone, each bearing the autograph of the giver. Of the Queen there is, moreover, a picture by a Windsor artist—one of the many marks of esteem which Her Majesty has bestowed upon Mme. Albani. The latter has a villa at Braemar, within a short distance of the Royal residence in Scotland, and Her Majesty has warmly appreciated the many pleasant hours she has spent listening to old English ballads and Italian arias. Mr. Gye shows me a portrait of his wife decorated with half a dozen medals upon her breast, like some great victor in less peaceful arts than music. One of the most prominent is the Jubilee medal, of which Mme. Albani was the only recipient among musicians. Another is the medal cast in commemoration of the old Emperor William's eightieth year of service in the German army. It was given by the Kaiser to Mme. Albani during a visit to Berlin a few years ago when she sang in *Lohengrin*, to the great delight of Wagner's countrymen. Some years before this—as early as 1875—Mr. Gye had with much daring put Wagner's opera upon the boards of Covent Garden, with Mme. Albani



MADAME ALBANI IN "OTELLO."

(From a Photograph by Seaman, of New York.)

as Mrs. His wife still remembers the occasion—so full of interest to the fans of Wagner in England—when the enthusiasm of the audience in demanding encores and recalls protracted the performance till the small hours of a Sunday morning. During this visit to Berlin, in December, 1882, Mme. Albani sang at a private concert in the Palace of Charlottenburg. The same evening there was brought over to her hotel the magnificent vase which attracted my glance on first entering the room. It comes from the Royal Porcelain Factory, and has on one side a view of the Palace, with the old Emperor at the window, as he used to sit every afternoon, observing the drill of the soldiers.

One of Mme. Albani's presents had just arrived at the time of my visit. In its way it bore more eloquent testimony to the true "inwardness" of the *diva's* character than the gifts of monarchs. It was a silver soup service, conveying in a simple inscription the affection and esteem of the members of the concert-party with whom Mme. Albani was associated during her last Canadian tour.

"Canada is always full of pleasant thought to me," she is fond of saying. "Although parted from it since childhood I have always remained *une Canadienne*. When I first revisited it I was almost overwhelmed by the kindness of the people. The Legislature of Quebec actually adjourned in order to attend the concert, and the Town Councils would persist in making presentations. Do you know, I think there is much more patriotic feeling in regard to art over there than in England?"

Of some great occasions in her career—when

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name"—

Mme. Albani has naturally a vivid recollection. Next to her reception in the city of Montreal, the incident in her American tours which most impressed her occurred at Chicago in 1879, when, in celebration of the Republic's centenary, she sang "Folks at Home" before an enormous audience. On May 12th, 1876, she was singing at the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, when suddenly the Prince of Wales entered the Royal box. He had returned that day from India, and the performance of the opera was at once stopped by a demonstration of welcome. Mme. Albani sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and then the "National Anthem," to the accompaniment of the orchestra. Only five years ago she was the heroine of a scene even more historic, when at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, in the presence of

the Queen and representatives of all parts of the Empire, this gifted daughter of the Dominion sang "Home, Sweet Home." It is only on such occasions, Mme. Albani tells me, that she has suffered from "stage fright," and the performance of her task has required the strongest effort of her will.

Mme. Albani is most assuredly a songstress "by the grace of God," and yet I am not surprised to learn that every song she sings, no less than every oratorio or opera in which she appears, is conscientiously rehearsed, no matter how familiar it may be to her. "Even though one has given a thing any number of times," she will say, "there are always new points to be brought out by a fresh rendering. I am often amused to receive a new song from some composer in the morning with a request to give it as an encore at a concert for which I am engaged in the afternoon."

As a matter of fact, Mme. Albani does not often sing a new song. She declares her aversion to the royalty system, by which the music publishers subsidise vocalists for singing the pieces they wish to have advertised. Whenever Mme. Albani learns a new song it is because, it having been sent by the composer, she has been particularly pleased with the melody. "Just now," Mr. Gye adds, "we received a song from Tosti which my wife likes so well that I dare say she will sing it."

The festival season, I am told, is Mme. Albani's busiest time. Then she sings five or six times, perhaps, in fewer days, while, as a rule, she will never sing on two days in succession. With all her French vivacity and gay spirit, however, the cantatrice has, I should think, a very devotional nature (her brother I learn, is at the present time a priest in Canada), and her heart is thoroughly in the work of oratorio. In preparation, too, for the heavy labours of the autumn Mme. Albani has a long series of half-year days in her cottage at Braemar.

Before I make my adieux Mr. Gye shows me a picture by Tucker of the valley of the Dudd, with a view of their home on one slope of the hill, and the castle of the Duke of Fife on the other. This scene of pastoral beauty had, I must confess, more attraction for my eyes on a hot afternoon than the canvases by Murillo and Hogarth, with which the walls of the room were also adorned. In catching the light from the broad window, Mr. Gye explained, the picture seems to reflect every mood of the weather, so that it truly forecasts sunshine and storm. And Mme. Albani freely confesses that when wearying of London towards the end of the season the picture is as one of the Promised Land.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



The Cult of Candy.



IS it due to the invasion of English society by the Americans, or to other causes, that sweets have suddenly jumped to the fore-front of fashionable favour? Whatever be the reason, the fact is plain. Confectionery is now as essential an item of a smart table as the flowers, the lamp-shades, or the savoury itself.

Certainly we must admit at the outset that bonbons have made greater artistic progress than any other branch of the culinary art. The day is not very far back when "sugar-sticks," "bulls'-eyes," and hardbake constituted the whole stock-in-trade of the vendors of such wares. The first were long and hard, and were coloured with some highly deleterious substance; but what could one expect for a halfpenny when sugar was four times as costly as it is at present? "Bulls'-eyes," and their near connections, brandy-balls, were made of the coarsest saccharine substances, unduly flavoured with strong peppermint. Yet these were highly appreciated, and the old man at Brighton, with his dismal ditty reciting the praises of his brandy-balls, earned a considerable livelihood with his detestable wares. Hardbake covered the whole field of rock, and included various greasy forms of toffee and butter-scotch, and a thick hard mass, dotted sparsely with almonds. There were lemon and raspberry rocks, too, while highly twisted barley-sugar was, perhaps, the least objectionable member of the class. Such formed the staple of the sweet-seller's goods, and lighter faucies came in only in the form of hard sugar-plums, containing a single caraway-seed, discs highly flavoured with peppermint again, and bearing sentimental mottoes, such as "I love thee," "Be my own," or "Take the ring;" and acidulated drops, of the kind with which the Reverend Robert Spalding of the *Private Secretary* used to regale himself in alternation with the "Bath bun." These stood in the windows of the shops till the flies ate them and the sun melted them, and they became grimy and dusty, and even less inviting than at the beginning. But they found purchasers in the children, who, however, are more fastidious now than they were. Perhaps this is on account of the practical disappearance of the sugar-barrel from the grocer's door. It used to be a common enough occurrence to see the boys and girls eagerly scraping out these emptied puncheons, and licking their sticky little fingers first and their lips afterwards. Now this is rarely seen, though we have the picture in the earlier editions of Tom Hood's "There's Nothing half so Sweet in Life," to remind us of it.

Not only has the sweetmeat attained to heights of quite artistic finish, but there has been a most noticeable increase in the number of sweet-shops or "bonbon

bondoirs," as our American friends would call them, within even the past few months. Three years ago it would have been a very easy matter to name all the principal shops of the kind in the Metropolis. By this time last year more were springing up, and during the past winter several seemed to come into existence as by magic. Now, London seems as plentifully supplied as Paris; and it is possible to obtain the very best French, German, Spanish, and American confectionery here at very little, if any, higher cost than upon its own native soils. All this indicates a very remarkable change in public taste, and affords, perhaps, an indirect proof of the spread of temperance, since it is a well-known fact that a taste for sweets seldom goes with an excessive propensity to drink. The demand for sweets has developed a really considerable national industry, and there is no need to make any apologies for dwelling first upon the products of our own manufactures.

We may take as a typical example of the important advances made in this branch of commerce Messrs. Cadbury's huge chocolate factory at Bourneville, near Birmingham, which now employs over 1,300 hands. Their buildings, which amply repay a visit of inspection, cover five acres of ground, and are being repeatedly extended. Every possible scientific improvement is at once taken up by the firm, with the result that all sorts of cheap, wholesome preparations of chocolate are within everyone's reach. Round the factory itself is quite a townlet of modest model dwellings; and while the men employed have their cricket and football clubs, their bands, and similar recreations, the girls are equally cared for with a gymnasium and in other ways. The processes of preparing and mixing large quantities of chocolate involve a certain amount of hard labour, which is most suitably given to the men, while the decorative and packing departments are chiefly in the hands of women, whose noticeably clean and neat appearance contrasts most favourably with the too often squalid, unkempt "get-up" of the London factory-girl. A large brown holland apron and sleeves, completely protecting the dress, is the uniform provided, and a clean one must be brought every Monday morning. Men, women, and clerks have their own dining-rooms, and above seven hundred dinners are cooked daily. It is also to be recorded to the credit of Messrs. Cadbury that they are strongly opposed to long hours of labour, especially in the case of women, the usual hours being from nine to six, with an hour's interval for dinner, which may be taken in the garden, where there are seats among the flowers for from two to three hundred. The output of chocolate in the form of cocoa powders, eating-chocolate, and all sorts of fancy creams, is simply astounding; and the various preparations now find their way to the remotest parts of the world.

A hardly less famous firm is that of Messrs. Buszard,

to Oxford Street. It does not quite mean under the scope of this article to treat of colour, but it is impossible to avoid noticing the wonderful beauty of the designs in sugar-cakes used upon wedding-cakes, and almost as difficult to believe that this delicate and lace-like tracery is produced by nothing but sugar. The flowers are of the most complete structure, but every petal is separately modelled, and stalks and stems are reproduced with the sharp detail of fine white china. Messrs. Buszard have one chief "artist"—for he is nothing less—in this department, who may be regarded as its master; and over an important order, as say for a Royal wedding, he will take from five to eight months of intermittent work. Under him are various assistants, but none of them can be imagined his equals in this most delicate branch of the craft. In the factories of Messrs. Buszard, situated in Camden Town, no women are employed. This they explain largely by the fact that they use very little machinery in the manufacture of their sweets, and that the handling and manipulation of large masses of boiling sugar is work more suited to men than to women, while the packing is performed by boys. It was not possible to resist asking whether this did not prove somewhat costly, from the amount of sweets that the boys might be expected to consume. But the answer was "No; when they first come into the factory they are told sweets are plentiful, and that they may eat as many as they please. They take ample advantage of the permission at first, but after three or four days they are effectually sickened of the sight and smell of a sweet, and never try to taste another." A great speciality of Messrs. Buszard are their various and comparatively inexpensive dessert bonbons. "You can't have more than the absolute best," say they, "and if at the present price of sugar we can afford to make them at our prices, it is only right that our customers should have the benefit." There is a great fashion about sweets, and that of soft and delicately flavoured ones is distinctive of the hour. Various glazes are dealt with by the ton at Messrs. Buszard's in the course of the year, as are walnuts in the same mode, and fruits, creams, chocolate creams, nougats, and fondants are the chief demands at present. "There are hundreds of well-to-do middle-class families," remarked the courteous manager here, "who, ten or twelve years ago, would no more have thought of ordering sweets than an elephant steak, but who now regard the pound or two for the dessert during the week as an essential in the housekeeping accounts, as much as the tea or the coffee."

The Maison Charbonnel & Walker, in Bond Street, is one of the oldest ministrants to the taste for sweets, and upon their counters will be found the latest dainties from Paris. Thus was when French sweets were viewed as the only eatable ones in the world; but we have learnt the art of making them here, and need not feel ashamed of comparison. The great feature of Messrs. Charbonnel's wares is the beautiful manner in which they are always packed. There are pretty baskets, which will be charming ornaments on the toilet table afterwards; bags made of lovely brocades, available

as *valise-poches* or work-bags; little shellarrows, that will hold fern or flower-press and innumerable other quaint fantasies, to enable a person to say, "I shall send you a few sweets," and then make a really costly present.

Within the last few months Messrs. Stollwerk, of Cologne, have opened a pretty little shop in Regent Circus, for the sale of the chocolate for which the great cathedral city is hardly less celebrated than for its *eau*. Besides the particularly delicious fondants, varied fancy sweets, and chocolate creams of unfamiliar types and flavours, this house makes a speciality of its plain chocolate, which is prepared with great care, and more than usual regard for the digestion of the eater. The sustaining power of good chocolate has been recognised by many travellers, and it could hardly be found in more attractive or portable form than it is at this establishment. Chocolate for the nursery, from which the oils and starches have been removed, is another feature here, and it is put up in the most attractive of kindergarten or toy forms for the amusement of the little ones. Fishes, soldiers, dominoes, railway trains, and countless other fantastic devices are employed, or else it is packed in quaint boxes, which are ornamented with really amusing pictures, such as only German taste can invent.

Only a few steps from this, along Regent Street, is the larger of the two American "Candy Stores" opened by Mr. Fuller, the other being in the Strand. There is almost always a crowd round the window, for it is draped most artistically, with soft coloured silks of the most delicate shades, and has indeed been almost a revolution in the art of window dressing to many of our London shops. A scheme of colour runs through everything placed there, and if, for instance, the sweets should be crystallised violets, and a crisp thin leaf of sugar that can be tinted to any shade of the rose, the draperies will be of heliotrope crimson, with here and there a knot of the other shade. One of the smartest ideas in table decoration this season was to employ only one colour in it, and these clear twists or flakes or shavings could be shaded to match anything. A great feature in real American sweets is their freshness. Unless they are eaten quickly, the creams and fondants, the "buttercreams" and "kisses" become "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and their peculiar qualities cannot possibly be fully enjoyed. Many of Mr. Fuller's sweets are made fresh three times a day and will not bear packing for long journeys. Some of the flavourings used do not altogether commend themselves to English taste, nor are we as yet used to the much greater share which nuts play in trans-Atlantic confectionery, but they are indisputably winning their way, and deserve mention among the specially characteristic sweetmeats of the day.

But this brief list is by no means exhaustive. Mr. Whiteley has a very large department devoted to them, as have Messrs. Shoolbred, and also the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores. Down Regent Street, Oxford Street, and even in the bustle and business of the City, numerous smaller depôts have sprung up. Mr.

Harrington's shops, where cheap but perfectly pure and wholesome sweets are to be bought, will soon be as ubiquitous as the Aërated Bread Company's places; and Mr. Pascall's agents are to be met on all hands, proving that, instead of being confined to the rich, sweets are becoming a luxury accessible to the poorer classes also. The possible effects of this really notable change in national taste upon the national health need not be dealt with here. Alarmists such as some who have lately rushed into print with laments on the general deterioration of women's complexions and the widespread tendency

to decay and loss of teeth, may perhaps find the cause here. Possibly there is some slight connection, yet a moderate use of sugar is not likely to produce any very serious results. Into the more delicate processes of manufacture women can and do enter, and the industry therefore has a special interest for the sex. One is only surprised that the growth of so important an industry as the making of bouillons has excited so little remark. Could it be calculated in figures by a patient statistician, perhaps even the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not deem it beneath his notice.

M. F. BILLINGTON.

One Woman's World.



O a certain class of minds, fatigued with all the artistic amenities of modern life, there is a positive pleasure in what is a little Philistine. Such people experience a stern joy, for instance, in contemplating a really, a barbarically old-fashioned room. To their jaded taste there is happiness in the sight of a round table unequivocally in the middle of the floor; even in marble and horsehair they find something respectable and restful. They maintain it is refreshing in these days to meet with these solid and uncompromising articles of decoration, which defy the soft allurements of "Liberty" draperies, and have been able to resist with sober dignity all the blandishments of Mr. Aspinall's enamel.

It is a sensation something akin to this which the modern reader sometimes experiences in turning from the literature of his own day to that of a calmer and more simple age. Momentarily fatigued by the lush beauties of his favourite writers—the impassioned poets of his own life time, the sparkling journalists of the day, the involutions of the last new philosophical novelist—he finds a certain unexpected sweetness in a dip into the unimpassioned pages of some old-fashioned writer. It may not be a very substantial pleasure, or a very lasting one; but it is a change, and change is wholesome.

The present writer has been moved to these reflections by the recent perusal of a volume of verse by Mary Howitt. This lady, whose name has been familiar to the last two or three generations, and who not long since passed away from her friends, was essentially a child's poetess. Her simple little verses about birds, and flowers, and country things were addressed to a simple audience. Our learned children of to-day would probably despise the artless little rhymes in which she celebrates the mild virtues of the camel, or the attractions of the "bold, adventurous coot," or dwells upon the humbler beauties of nature. But we—not perhaps so learned as we once were—may find a certain sweetness in these simple lays, a certain quality of charm, pure, if a little thin. And as an accompaniment to these little volumes of verse the reader can now turn to the pages of as delightful a volume

of autobiography as any that has been recently added to our literature—the Autobiography of Mary Howitt, edited by her surviving daughter. In this unpretentious record of tranquil and happy lives there is, certainly, nothing eventful or exciting. But there is the charm of a great serenity and of a certain all-pervading "sweetness and light." Wherever they went, this amiable lady and her family seemed to carry their little world of content and happiness with them, always keeping the alert mind, the open heart, the eager soul, and gathering everywhere the plentiful "harvest of a quiet eye."

Mary Howitt, whose maiden name was Botham, was born in 1799, the child of Samuel and Ann Botham, who were both Quakers. She and a little sister Anna (frequently mentioned throughout the autobiography) were brought up among surroundings characteristic of the most severe community in England. "I find it difficult," Mary Howitt writes, "to describe the stillness and isolation of our lives as children." The "Friends" of that time were evidently a people reserved and exclusive, mightily fearing contagion for their children at the hands of the outer world. Samuel Botham prided himself upon the seclusion in which he reared his family. The little girls were not allowed to sit on the same bench as the other children at school; no one was allowed to give them religious instruction, the Quakers holding it unnecessary to interfere with the workings of the Holy Spirit in the infant mind. But evil influences will arise, even in Paradise itself. The serpent which entered this innocent Eden of a Quaker nursery took the feminine form of naughty servant-girls, one of whom (with a tray on her knee to represent a card-table) taught Anna and Mary to play whist, while another initiated them into all the mysteries of the tender passion. Mary, at the early age of nine, instigated by this abandoned young person, inscribed a love-letter (it is not said to whom, but it was probably regarded as merely practice—an improving form of literary composition), and this early amatory effort being placed by accident between the leaves of a sober work which was the favourite reading of Samuel Botham, was discovered and read by that worthy man, to the utter destruction of his peace of mind as a parent.

After this appalling episode it was decided to send the little girls to school at Croydon and at school they were very happy, on the whole, doing well at each of the successive establishments; they were sent to as their ages advanced. At first they suffered a good deal on account of certain home peculiarities of which they naturally became conscious upon contact with the outer world. The oddity of their Quaker garb cost them many a pang. "We had little brown pelouses," Mary Howitt tells us, "cut plain and straight, without pleat or fold, looked and eyed down the front to avoid buttons, which were considered by our parents as trimming; silk drab however bonnets without a scrap of ribbon or cord, except the strings, which were a necessity, and which were fastened inside." Here was a costume simple to unsightliness, yet it was not enough to keep down the "old Adam" of vanity justly supposed by Samuel Rotherham to be rampant in the female breast. In spite of every parental provocation, these little Quaker girls grew up with an innocent fondness for dress—an innocent fondness, indeed, for everything beautiful and beautiful.

Very early the barrenness (to natures like theirs) of the creed in which they had been reared began to strike them; very early they learned to long for the freer and fuller utterance of their being which a wider life than that of their home circle would give. But and this is to be remarked as curiously characteristic of the serene and genial natures with which these sisters were gifted—they seemed to pass through no phase of that crude rebellion, that somewhat acrid tendency to insubordination and independence, which generally characterises the efforts of a younger generation struggling against the dictates and the prejudices of an older. They came home from school in all the flush of ardent intelligent girlhood, with minds overflowing with new ideas and vague aspirations after the beautiful, and longings for liberty and light; but they settled down to their home life, with all its barrenness and all its little restrictions, in a spirit of perfect and most sweet content. Their girlhood was passed entirely in the quiet Quaker home at Uttoxeter, in the remote green heart of Midland England; there they "grew in wisdom and in grace," and so came at last to marriageable age.

But when this important era was arrived at, Anna and Mary were lively and independent young women, decidedly inclined to look down upon the young men of their own community as narrow minded, ill-educated, and ignorant. Each was determined she would never marry a Quaker. However, towards the year 1820 they began to hear a great deal, through a mutual friend, of a certain William Howitt—a Quaker; it was true, but also, they were assured, a most delightful young man, highly intellectual and cultivated, and altogether a most superior person. For a long time they panted in vain to behold this paragon, but at last he came to visit some cousins in Uttoxeter, and the common friend introduced him to Anna and Mary. Great was the delight of these critical Quaker maidens when they found in this young man all that they had been led to expect—the fulfilment of their ideal. They seem to have plunged into the closest

intellectual intimacy with him at once, in the most delightful way. "Botany," Mrs. Howitt writes, "was the first intellectual topic upon which Anna and I ventured to open the treasures of our minds to our new acquaintance. It was in a walk which he took with us that same afternoon" (the afternoon of first introduction), "crossing pleasant pastures, where we had gathered in spring the meadow fritillary, a peculiar and beautiful flower, which this accomplished botanist told us he himself had never found; we went by the banks of the sweet placid Dove, to the old mill, where all around was peaceful and picturesque."

It is easy to imagine the trio, young and light-hearted, wandering over those quiet fields, and discussing the meadow fritillary, learning to know each other with the knowledge which, between two of them, was to ripen into love. That special flower held ever afterwards a sacred place in the heart of one of those happy girls. Years and years afterwards Mary Howitt wrote her "Lines on the Meadow Fritillary": lines full of tenderness and the fragrance of a sweet memory—

"Like a joy my memory knoweth,
In my native fields it groweth,
Like the voice of the brig parrot,
Calling to the faithful-hearted,
Like an unexpected pleasure,
That hath neither stint nor measure,
Like a bountiful good fairy,
Do I hail thee, Fritillary!"

The courtship so innocently begun over botany came to a happy culmination, and Mary Botham married William Howitt in 1821. After a short expedition to the Highlands of Scotland, the young couple settled down to the quietude of their long and happy wedded life. Like the nations which have no history, and are said to be the happiest on that account, that marriage is certainly the happiest which has no startling chronicles. The annals of celebrated people, especially of the literary class, are too frequently "history" in no edifying sense. To marry in haste, and repent—not even at leisure, has been the fate of so many of our writers of both sexes, that it is very refreshing to read the history of a literary pair who married, not to disagree, but to live happily ever afterwards, like the people in old-fashioned story books. So William and Mary Howitt certainly lived; and it is a pleasure to follow the course of their wedded life, winding like a golden thread, through sun and shadow, never lost in devious ways, never knotted, never broken. The birth of children in hope and joy; the sacred sorrow of the loss of one or two in infancy and childhood; literary struggles and early ventures, ending now in success and now in disappointment; household cares, and all the other little joys and sorrows—idylls of early married life, tender and touching to read of—such things, and such only, make up the united history of the Howitts.

The first years of married life were spent in Nottingham, and there, among the hawthorn hedges and the crocus fields, Mary, always passionately fond of country life, was very happy. A wandering mood seized them as years went on. They went to Heidelberg for the education of their boys, and on their return to the

mother-country they seem to have flitted perpetually from one pretty country cottage and pleasant suburban freehold to another. They certainly moved about with astonishing frequency, but there seems to have been no discontent or restlessness in their movements; and in the pleasant and varied history of these in the autobiography there are intermingled no harrowing complaints of the agonies of "families removing," or evidences of any details of that kind. They seem to have enjoyed all the delights of a Bohemian life, with no knowledge whatever of its shady or sordid side. As time went on, they gathered about them, as such genial and delightful people were sure to do, an immense circle of friends and acquaintances. Their literary reputation gradually brought them into contact with distinguished men and women of letters, and it was a privilege of the long lives granted to both of them that they knew the poets and writers of more than one generation. They knew Wordsworth in old age, and Tennyson and Browning in youth. They admired Mrs. Hemans and doted on Byron, and outlived the fancy for both. They knew the Rossettis, and lived to weigh in the balance the good and bad qualities of nearly all the most modern of our latter-day poets and writers.

So passed, in pleasant intercourse with many friends, and with multiplying interests on every hand, the fruitful years of middle life with William and Mary Howitt. But it was not until the advance of old age that they began to taste what was really the greatest delight of their lives—experiences of foreign travel. It was not until 1870, when William Howitt was seventy-five years of age and Mary Howitt sixty-nine, that they first went to Italy. Mary Howitt's was essentially one of those fortunate natures which "never can be old," and at an age when most people—women especially, perhaps—are too old to throw themselves into new experiences, to enjoy new sights, to take in new ideas, she was to experience all the thousand new impressions, intellectual surprises, mental revolutions incident upon life in the most interesting and absorbing country in the world. In Italy, Mary Howitt found the final and full expression of her rich and many-sided nature. When Rome was reached she felt it was indeed the "City of the Soul," and ever afterwards the World's Capital exercised over her that peculiar fascination which it has had for so many and such widely differing minds.

In Rome the Howitts, as may be imagined, did not lead the mere tourist-life of hotels and *pensions*; they enjoyed the semi-Bohemian delights of life in apartments, cheerfully accommodating themselves to the picturesque discomforts and amusing hardships which everyone must expect who attempts to share in the domestic life of the most lazy and good-natured and slovenly people in the world. Now they pitched their tent on the Quirinal, near the Quattro Fontane; now in the Via Sistina, with its high narrow houses; now in the delightful Via Gregoriana, with its outlook over the brown roofs and towers and cupolas of the wonderful city. William Howitt's figure became a familiar one on the Terraces of the Pincio, where he walked daily—not, it may be imagined, to watch the beauty and fashion of Anglo-

Roman society perambulating the miniature drive under the palms and olives of the gardens, but to lean, no doubt, on those marble balustrades which overhang the Piazza del Popolo, and watch the panorama of a Roman sunset, lingering until the last streak of flame died out behind the great dome and vague and massive pile of St. Peter's.

The summers that were not spent in the Tyrol were passed in the villages of the Campagna and surrounding country—more than one at Rocca di Papa, that strange nest of hovels clinging to the tumbled rocks at the foot of Monte Cavo. Albano and Frascati knew the aged couple, and wooded Tusculum, and Tivoli, among its olive orchards and with its sound of falling waters, and Genzano, with its flower festival and fountains. All the beauty, all the richness, all the passion of that wonderful country—the garden of the world run wild—became the possession and inheritance of these two minds, so ripe with age, and yet with so much of the flexibility and enthusiasm of youth. In 1871 the pair celebrated their golden wedding, and—in Rome, with new faces on every side, with new ideas thronging in their minds, with all the emotions of a new faith probably already knocking at the heart of one of them—their thoughts travelled back, with infinite tenderness, to their wedding-day in the quiet English town, amid all the primitive surroundings and narrow associations of their youth. "It had been a fine April morning, fifty years earlier," Mary Howitt writes, "when William and I walked to meeting, all the little town of Uttoxeter looking on. We had some of the Friends to dinner, and then William and I and all the young people strolled in the garden. After our return rain fell, and we had more Friends to tea. Afterwards the sun came out, and we left in quite a brilliant sunset. I remember so well how bright the evening was after the rain, and have often thought it was, like our life, marred by April showers, with a lovely calm sunset."

In 1879 the long and happy partnership of fifty-eight years was closed, and William Howitt died in Rome, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there, under the violets and daisies which make that spot, as Shelley wrote, a place in which to be in love with death. Very likely, to her who laid him there, where the deep and classic gloom of the cypresses is just starred with white bloom of camellias newly blown, came thoughts of that walk long ago in the far-away green English fields, when she and William and Anna talked of flowers, and looked for belated fritillaries among the summer grass.

It was after her husband's death, in 1882, that Mary Howitt took the step which will probably alienate from her the sympathies of many who read the simple records of her life. In that year she entered the Roman Catholic Church, towards which it is likely she had had leanings for some time past. Years ago, in her youth, she had written of the Roman Catholics as "they, of all people, who have faith." There are many to whom a step of this kind, especially as taken late in life, is a matter of unlimited surprise and disgust—a step, in fact, perfectly incomprehensible. But it is not difficult to understand

the workings of such a mind as Mary Howitt's towards this vital change. She had a nature to which such changes came easily and naturally; without, indeed, the shock of change to all her nature mild and open, sensitive to new impressions and to new influences. It had been always easy for her to shake off the prejudices of her youth—prejudices of a kind which cling through life to most people who have been brought up in them. As a young married woman, she writes to her sister: "Do not be shocked at our attending a Unitarian chapel; they are the people, after all, with whom we seem to have most unity, of thought and feeling. If, however, we lived in a village where there was a good clergyman, I should go to church" (meaning the Church of England). And the same liberality of mind, the same freedom from anything like bondage to the conventionalities of mere sect, shows itself in another extract from a letter to the same sister: "Why, dear Anna, if thou feels the disadvantage and absurdity of Friends' peculiarities, dost thou not abandon them? William has done so. He is a good Christian, and the change has made no difference in him, except for the better as regards looks." It may be seen from other passages that Mary Howitt's was a mind easily to be influenced by the fascinations of a ritual the most

seductive in the world. Its beauty appealed to her; in the feebleness and loneliness of old age it seemed to offer her support and consolation; in its expansiveness, its fulness of outward expression, it seemed to give her that outlet for the fulness of her own soul for which she had longed through all her life. She died a Catholic in 1888.

By the permission of her Church, Mary Howitt was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, by her husband's side. According to custom, her coffin lay for a night in the Church of St. Isidore—one of the many gloomy churches of the Renaissance which are a bewilderment to the sojourner in Rome. There, in the incense-laden twilight of those quiet aisles, came the Seminarists from the colleges—those young priestly figures which the Romans know so well—bearing tapers and chanting a solemn requiem for the departed soul.

Little did Samuel and Ann Botham, long ago, in the early Quaker home, think that any child of theirs would come to die in the shelter of such a faith, and be buried with rites so mysterious and strange. But perhaps it would have consoled them to know that she rested at last in that shaded nook to which, in a foreign country far from home, the alien English dead have given the name of the Reformed Faith of their fathers.

CHARLOTTE STEWART.

Persistent Delusions in Etiquette.



RRORS in etiquette are frequent enough, but society is far too busy to be always criticising the behaviour of her votaries. But delusions about etiquette are another matter, and it is quite curious to see how some of them are fixed in the middle-class

mind, and the tenacity with which they cling to the soil. To be a little in doubt as to the proper course of action under unforeseen circumstances might easily happen to any of us; but the number of people who go on acting wrongly in the serious conviction that they are doing right presents quite a curious factor in social life. In many cases the error is in reality a survival of some ancient custom; and it is extraordinary to find how long a custom will continue amongst the middle-classes after the upper classes have altogether given it up. The questions on etiquette propounded in the correspondence columns of the ladies' papers betray the most curious unanimity of error, and week after week the same query turns up from every part of the kingdom. The majority of the questions turn upon weddings, and the fossilised ideas presented to the arbitrator are almost worthy the attention of the antiquary. It must be thirty years at least since the bridegroom was expected to provide the carriages for the bridesmaids, yet every expectant swain writes to the authority on etiquette (or gets his womenkind to write for him) to know if this is still his duty. Worse still, the bride's mother imagines she has to supply all the carriages for the guests—the idea of guests with carriages

of their own not entering into the arena of possibilities. I suppose a week never passes but what the writer on etiquette has to soothe the expectant bridegroom with the assurance that he has to provide no equipage with the exception of the one in which he takes his bride from the church to the house, and afterwards to the railway-station.

The introduction of afternoon weddings has done away with a great deal of the formality which used to characterise the ceremony, but still there is more knowledge of etiquette required with regard to a wedding than there is about almost any other function which comes within the experience of every-day folk. There is the proper order for going up the church, and for going in to breakfast (or tea, as the case may be), and there are various little matters of detail to be considered, such as the bride going up the church on the right arm of her guardian, and coming down again on the left arm of the bridegroom. But to none of these matters does the correspondent direct his attention. His one idea is to be informed concerning the proper order of precedence which should be maintained when going down the church at the conclusion of the ceremony. Now there is no order of precedence for the guests after the ceremony, except the wedding is a Royal one. The happy pair go first, followed by the bridesmaids; the mother of the bride flies off to the house directly after the young couple have gone, so that she shall be at home in time to receive the guests—one of the few instances, by the way, of its being correct for a hostess to precede her visitors—but

with regard to the others there is no precedence whatever, the matter only depending on the quickness of the servants in getting up the carriages. The bridegroom has no sooner rejoiced to find that he is not expected to pay for the carriages of the entire party, as his ancestor would have done, than he is plunged into despair again by finding that it is no longer customary for the bride to provide the house-linen. This custom has been abandoned now for many years, and it is only curious that it should have lingered so long, as it dates from the days when the maiden used to spin the linen herself, and take it to her new home as part of her dowry. No sentiment hangs about the linen which is purchased at the Army and Navy Stores, and it is to be hoped that the bride has employed her girlhood more profitably than in sitting for long hours over picturesque but purely mechanical labour. The bride is, therefore, no longer expected to invest capital in long-cloth and damask; the bridegroom providing these things with the rest of the household furniture.

But the uncertainty of the bridegroom with regard to his behaviour at the ceremony is as nothing to the hopeless state of confusion apparently experienced by the fortunate youth whom he has selected as best man. The invitation must always be regarded as a peculiar compliment, but judging by some of the correspondence on the subject, this kind proof of friendship more often than not plunges its recipient into a sea of doubts and difficulties. The poor young man thinks the matter over from every possible point of view, and has but the haziest idea of his duties, and his state of bewilderment may be gauged from the following queries actually received from one of the correspondents of a fashion paper. "1. Do I pay the bridegroom's fees? 2. Is this expense borne by me?" The duties of a best man may be onerous, but it must have been a pleasure to the writer on etiquette to be able to inform the youth that he had not to pay for the privilege of performing them.

Like the rest of the wedding party, the best man labours under the idea that there is a certain order in which he should proceed down the church, and a particular carriage in which he should drive to the house. It is the province of the etiquette-writer to assure him that, although his duties on entering the church are clearly defined, it does not in the least matter how he proceeds to the house. Many best men prefer to go in the last carriage of all, so as to make themselves useful in assisting the ladies into carriages, and generally superintending the traffic. The best man calls for the bridegroom on his way to the church, reminds him of the ring before the ceremony, and sees that he does not forget his hat after it. During the ceremony he stands at the bridegroom's right hand, a little to the rear. It used always to be the fashion for the bridegroom and best man to mope at the top of the chancel until the arrival of the bride, but the Duke of Portland broke through this custom at his wedding (filling up the time instead by speaking to several of the guests in the front row of seats), and his behaviour has been copied by several subsequent bridegrooms. Another question that turns up regularly in the wedding correspondence con-

cerns those extinct specimens of humanity known as groomsmen. In America they are still existent, under the title of ushers; but one has some difficulty in persuading the correspondents that over here this pleasant functionary is as dead as the dodo. Minute inquiries as to his order in the bridal procession may therefore be looked upon as somewhat out of place.

It would be difficult to give the reader any idea of what the etiquette-writer suffers from the wedding-tea. This function is comparatively modern, and anxious inquiries come from country rectories and foreign residences as to the correct manner in which to achieve it. Countless queries pour in as to how the meal is served, where the people sit, and what is the nature of the refreshments. There is one sentence which might be always set up by the printer and kept ready for use, and that is, "Let the servants stand behind the buffet and hand the cups across to the visitors." Another sentence so often reiterated as to produce a feeling of sickness on the part of the writer, is "Tea, coffee, and champagne, various kinds of cups; every kind of sandwich"—but why pursue the wearisome theme? In the course of another half-century the idea of a wedding-tea will have reached the mind of the average reader, and the etiquette-writer of to-day may feel an unselfish pleasure in thinking that she has made the path easier for her successor.

After all a wedding does not happen very often in a family, and it is a tiresome thing to manage when it comes. People who entertain at no other time like to make a little display on these occasions, and if they are not in the habit of going much into society they naturally fall back upon precedent. And one can well imagine that the giving of a large entertainment must present difficulties to a class which cannot even safely accomplish the management of its own visiting-cards. The questions about visiting-cards are so constant and so extraordinary, that the writer is ready to clasp her brow in despair, and wonder how anyone can have got their ideas into such a hopeless muddle. Strange are the uses of a card-case when it gets into unaccustomed hands. Its possessor wants to send up her card in front of her to herald her approach, or to cram it into the hostess's hand at leaving as though it were a tip to a servant, or a fee to a physician.

The correct number of cards to be left on an acquaintance seems a hopeless enigma to the correspondent, and the words "Two of your husband's cards and one of your own," might well be stereotyped in company with the refreshments for the wedding-tea. I remember some singularly muddled inquiries from a widow, who thought she ought to leave two of her own visiting-cards on a newly married couple. Some writers cherish the conviction that the leaving of visiting-cards without inquiry as to whether the hostess is in, is quite sufficient equivalent for a visit. One of the most curious delusions about cards is that wedding-cards should be returned by the visiting-cards of recipients sent through the medium of the post. As for the brides who want to put their "at-home" day on their wedding-cards, their name is simply legion. The proper way of printing cards in the case of

a widower with young unmarried daughters presents a considerable difficulty, and probably few people would evolve the correct method of procedure out of their inner consciousness. The names of the daughters must be printed beneath that of their father, and the card must be the size of a lady's visiting-card. But most of the questions are purely rudimentary, and some of them present an inconceivable state of confusion.

But however different may be the ideas of the correspondents with regard to the distribution of what they always style their "calling-cards," they are on one point perfectly united, and that is their desire to turn them up at the corner. They don't know what it implies, but they are rigorously determined to practise it. Many and anxious are the queries as to the exact significance of this custom, though the following is perhaps the most frequent form of inquiry:—"1. The other day a lady called on me and left a card turned up at the right-hand upper corner. What did she mean by this? 2. What would it have meant had it been turned up at the left-hand upper corner? 3. Or the lower corner of the right or left-hand side? 4. Or straight across one side?" By this time the etiquette-writer feels somewhat distracted, but recovers sufficient strength of mind to sit down and assure her correspondent that it is quite immaterial which corner of the card is turned, and that the custom of turning one side completely down is only the foreign version of the same custom.

Dances present great difficulties to the neophyte, and one almost wonders that a person who gets so easily embarrassed attempts to go out at all, and does not rather elect to spend her days in peaceful but honourable obscurity. A number of young ladies write every week to the fashion journals to know what they should say when a gentleman asks them to dance. What can they think they ought to say? Why does not some commonplace phrase, such as "I shall be very pleased,"

rise naturally to their lips? or cannot they hand their dance card to the questioner with a smile, which is more pleasant than words? Do they think they should bound from their seat with a *promette*, or execute a Court curtsy? One does not know, but it is plain that there exists a distinct idea in the middle-class mind that there is some exact form of address to be used on this occasion, and that it ought to be produced with unvarying regularity. Questions as to how often a young lady may dance with the same young man occur with the regularity of clockwork, and the etiquette-writer has to assure them that three is the outside number permissible, while she hopes in her heart that her advice on this point will not be too carefully followed.

Supper appears to be a great trouble to the *débutante*, and she often writes to know what she should eat and drink, and whether she should wear her gloves or not. New-fangled invitations seem often to strike terror into the heart of the recipient, and perhaps the etiquette-column is never more besieged than when an entertainment is to be given by a local mayor. There arrives a great number of letters from the favoured town, in which the inhabitants earnestly entreat for enlightenment in the next week's issue of the paper, as to how the invitation should be answered, and what they are to say to the mayor when they arrive. But this is as nothing to the inhabitants of a distant colony where the "at-home" card had not reached, and who were seriously offended when the governor's wife sent out invitation-cards in light-hearted ignorance of the alarm which would be spread by such a proceeding. "Should such a card be answered at all?" writes the indignant querist; "can that be called an invitation in which no mention is made of the pleasure of my company?" Curious ignorance of the backwoods! There still exists an Arcadia in which the guests who are bidden to an entertainment fondly imagine that their presence is a source of unmitigated joy to their hostess.

LUCIE H. ARMSTRONG.





NEW CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

The Latest Fashions.

By MISS. JOHNSTONE.

"'Tis an heir got,
Since his father's death, into a cloake of gold
Outshines the sunne."

"The Rebellion," a Tragedy by Thomas Ravelins, 1640.

EVEN so long ago as the seventeenth century cloaks had become articles *de luxe*, and in our day they have not lost their ancient reputation. It is possible to have well-cut graceful brocaded woollen mantles, and short smart tailor-made jackets, which, while looking well, do not cost a king's ransom, but the more costly and handsomer mantle is generally cheaper in the end, and the three illustrated in our frontispiece from Messrs. Smith and Acklom's store at 19, Sloane Street, are well worth close examination and description. The first of the three is made in black velvet and for September; indeed, for the matter of that, velvet can in these days be worn with comfort in June. The mantle indicates the figure well, and gives dignity to the bust. It is slashed and richly ornamented with jet, the collar high, a cascade of lace down the front, and it has high-pleated pagoda sleeves. This model has the advantage of belonging to a class that remains long in fashion with slight alterations, and, indeed, without. The materials are all good, the finish excellent, and the shape of the newest. The second cloak is one of the richest that could

be made, as far as texture is concerned, without fur or the addition of costly lace. It is a thick rich plush brocade, showing a design of fine full-blown roses, ready to fall almost with their luxuriance of growth. The collar is as deep as those we associate with Anne Boleyn and other Tudor Queens. It is made very high on the shoulders, and the lining is nearly as handsome as the exterior. The picture will explain its shape better than any verbal description. The last is a favourite mantle for brides, and one or two notable trousseaux have contained a similar shape. In the present instance it is made in fine red cloth, lined with silk, the cape is handsomely trimmed with passementerie, and ball fringe hangs at the edge of the cape, which is as high on the shoulder as it well can be, for otherwise it could not be said to be *à la mode*.

The galons and fringes now employed are of the finest quality, and often jewelled clasps fasten the front. In "Mundus Muliebris," 1690, we read

"A curious hasp
The Manteau 'bout her neck to clasp,"

as it is not a new notion. The French word *mantoux*, however, has given a name not often used now for the makers of ladies' gowns. Mantua-makers and many of our best dressmakers are establishing their fame as mantle-makers also. It is a marked feature of modern trade that one business combines many, and even the most conservative would seem to consider that trouble is saved by having one dépôt for many trades.

There is much that is interesting in the study of this century's fashions. There has been more variation in the outer garments worn by women than there had been for centuries before. Indeed from the time of the ancients to the reign of Henry VIII. they had undergone but little transmutation. Then they began to be adorned with all kinds of lace, jewels, and embroideries. In "Patient

forgetting the all-important point of becomingness also. The check grey material (p. 575) is gathered in the back; the cape has the appearance of forming oblong over-sleeves, the collar and ribbons give finish, and a sash encircles the waist. The long comfortable dust-cloak, made with one revers, is to be had in all colours, and is always desirable, while the third needs but little description—a short skirt, loose jacket, and waistcoat in durable woollen stuff, the most fashionable and useful garb for a child's country wear.

It is a great boon both to adults and children that woollen goods can be so perfectly waterproofed now without any rubber showing; to all appearance the material is just the same, as supple and as capable of falling in easy folds, as without the treatment. The



AUTUMN COSTUMES.

Grissell," written in 1603, we read of "my rich cloak loaded with pearls," but it could hardly have been more elaborate than the gold-and-turquoise embroideries employed at the end of the nineteenth century. In the seventeenth century a cloak was almost a passport to gentility, the lower orders walking in jerkins and hose. Charles I. favoured short cloaks. The three mantles sketched in our frontispiece are all long, and adapted to promote comfort as the season advances.

As the months roll on, children have to be thought of as much as their elders, and Messrs. Swears and Wells, Regent Street, cater successfully for their comfort, not

consequence is that charming little coats slightly shaped to the figure have rounded yokes to which a frill of the material is gathered. As long as the weather keeps cool there is every reason for clinging to the small jersey suits, which are accompanied by capes made on the same principle with a gathered frill, but are not waterproof. The entire little dress is made of elastic cloth in white or navy-blue, brown, and some other colours. In lieu of trimming they have graduated spots in a contrasting tone: white spots appear on black and on navy-blue, blue spots on red, yellow, and brown, and so on. The weight of the whole costume is infinitesimal. They are

quite simply made—bodie and skirt in one with the additional cape. Some have skirts made of silk lace, like Maltese, principally blue with a very little white in the pattern here and there, while others are red and blue combined.

The group arranging flowers at a table in the hall (page

finely embroidered: the make is a most graceful one, and, moreover, new. The last costume is of grey cashmere, combined with velvet. The zouave and the under skirt are of this richer material edged with narrow gold passementerie. There are folds of grey crêpe de Chine in the front of the bodice, which are confined at the waist by one



EVENING DRESSES.

576) wear some of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's most fashionable autumn gowns. The first figure is arrayed in blue habit cloth; the draperies are edged with blue-and-gold interwoven braid, showing a poplin petticoat of Campbell tartan. The sleeves are also composed of the same plaid, and the vest is trimmed with a succession of arrow-shaped points formed of the plaid. There is for the moment both in England and France what tradesmen describe as a great "feeling" for tartans. But I doubt if it will continue, for country wear especially; it is well to embrace the opportunity, for tartans are bright, and as a rule becoming to the complexion, but those who contemplate buying a dress to last two or three seasons should abstain from either the real Scotch plaids or the fancy ones. Dresses in which they appear are generally not soon forgotten by those who see them.

The middle figure wears a figured foulard of a réséda tone, with ficelle trimmings introduced on the bodice and as panels on the skirt, where the said trimmings are

of the very deep gold buckles which are now fashionable. They find much favour in England and have been brought out in silver, jet, and even in paste. Grey continues to be a well-worn colour, and in the latter part of the London season it was trimmed with gold braid quite an inch wide, which bordered the edge of the skirt, and often the edge of the bodice. Soft primrose-coloured chiffon found its way into the front of many bodices, and combined admirably with grey. Seamless bodices continue to head the fashion; they fasten invisibly on the shoulder-seam, and beneath the arm. Two points are essential, viz., that the material should follow the outline of the figure entirely, and that no effort should be apparent; indeed, slight folds are often carelessly secured with gold-headed pins. Bright colours and remarkable styles of making were to be seen in the Park, and at all fashionable resorts, before the London world started on the annual holiday. A bright mauve-pink trimmed with gold was one of the most noticeable novelties, and

flowers were slashed and trimmed in such an extraordinary manner on the shoulders that it was a matter of wonder by what further extent the absurdity would reach.

Mme. Thérèse at 12 Orchard Street is the maker of the three headpiece coming green (p. 577), which are exactly what is wanted for autumn visiting. One is made of yellow satin with plain lace extraordinary in many ways. The shoulder arrangements on this green should be specially noted, and also the grace of both skirt and bodice. The Pompadour bonnets bring out a front of sage-green, which is entirely covered with lace. The double full-rings at the waist, which are now coming by sets to reduce the apparent age. The other rich broadened dress made no exception; the sketch speaks for itself.

In tailors as the great alterations yet to go to more and more for simplicity. I saw the same admirably. I have seen a woman of fashion with two gold buttons and three small buttons for a bonnet and making the. But being well kept, the lace especially arranged for the bonnet, they have looked well. The same headpiece I have seen some kept and worn under the most favourable circumstances, the latter being confined to the extreme. A band of flowers and a feather and quite a large yellow and black floral materials, and gold and silver play an all-important part. Flower bonnets have been worn, and are likely to be into the late autumn, but they are not the last modes. For the present month, however, there is a greater demand for hats than bonnets, and our illustrations show those prepared by Mme. Josephine St. John of 37, Conduit Street, who has achieved a success for specially handsome and stylish hats and bonnets. In truth, just now hats



NEW HAT.

that are of secondary consideration; the point is how they are applied. The best hat is of pink ostrich feathers, ribbons and straw, how disposed you will best glean from the picture; the crown in this model being somewhat high. In the bonnet, on the contrary, it turns upwards, and is composed of Tuscan straw. It is trimmed with cherries and garlands, ribbons, velvet placed both over and under the brim. The scarlet is the vivid coquelicot colour, and a large blue bottle fly is seen on the brim also, too natural to be said to be ornamental, but fashion has decreed that a fly should appear in millinery, and Mme. Josephine St. John introduces it freely. The third is made of lace and tulle with black and yellow jonquils, the brim turning up behind. Hats and bonnets, though such airy makings to all appearance, are becoming snug, and many of the summer open-work straws are now being lined with velvet to render them suitable for autumn; and the result is satisfactory when the shape is well chosen. Black fancy open cloths show up well with amber or espadon, and this of feathers to correspond peep from the crown. The brims of hats increase in size, and the regularity with which they are bent at one side, both back and front, is indeed a revelation.

Yellow throaters to be even more popular this autumn than it was in the summer. Descending juncos, yellow roses, yellow poppies put in an appearance; jewelled galon is frequently placed round the crown or about the brim. Blowaways adorn black hats, and are often fastened with pins having flies for heads. Basket-work of various kinds, close and open is used for hats, and some of the close straws streaked with pink are novel and pleasing, recalling the peasant baskets in the South. One of the new shapes has the brim turned up at the sides, pinched up I would rather say—with an ostrich feather starting from the bend, and brought round to the front, where the brim stands up well. Another novel notion is a series of hoops of ribbon placed round the peak of the hat, like a thick hedge.

In autumn, perhaps more than at any other season, boots and shoes occupy attention. Messrs. Phillips and Barker are busy with many good-looking kinds at Cadogan House, Sloane Street. For riding, the best kind of boot is cut after the military regulation, and answers equally well for hunting and for park work. It is made principally of patent leather, or with a cloth leg; brown Russian leather is also used.

Ladies are such sportswomen in England that their wants under this head have to be considered. The feminine shooting boots are made like a gentleman's, with wide welts and hollow tongues, which means that the leather tongue below the lacing is wide, and is sewn the entire length to either side, so that it cannot shift. The best leathers for the purpose are calf, white whale, or porpoise, which are all very light. Fishing-boots fit

the leg and are quite as high as riding-boots; they are laced in the front, and are protected by the same make of tongue below the lacing. These fit to perfection about the leg, and are easily slipped on and off. The question of the best walking-boots has never yet been satisfactorily answered; but with a sufficiently wide sole, and carried up high enough at the ankle, it is hardly possible, be they calf or buttoned, to go wrong in selecting glove kid with patent or calf leather for the gaiter or toe-cap. This of course is for dressy occasions; for ordinary use, stronger leather is preferable. Shoes are generally worn now in London during all but the depth of winter for outdoors by young people, and the shoes prepared for them are trim and becoming. Some are made in glazed kid, others in patent alligator or porpoise hide; for very strong wear, porpoise hide has many merits which the public have not as yet realised. Evening shoes are less trimmed and more embroidered, and certainly have never been more dainty and becoming. Bronze-coloured kids, satin and Suede kids, are all called into requisition, but their beauty is in the embroidered fronts, which carry out either the colour or characteristics of the dress. I have just seen a lovely pair of broadened shoes with the design

embroidered in coloured silk all over. Wedding shoes are embroidered in pearls, silver, and white jet; and as quite the newest idea of all, we have the silver and gold kid shoes.

Talking of boots and shoes for fishing and shooting reminds me of the many wonderful preparations for such sports made by Anderson, in Queen Victoria Street.



TUSCAN STRAW HAT.

Hitherto, I have always considered one of the drawbacks women have to encounter in entering on these sports is the unbecoming raiment necessary. But this firm have dainty little fishing jackets which might be worn at any time, adding to the charms of the wearer, and a skirt which may be slipped over the head or buttoned down the front. The wading boots are hardly so becoming, nor are the strong brogues which accompany them, but they meet the requirements of the case, which after all is half the battle. All waterproof garments are now carefully ventilated; some new shapes in waterproof coats and cloaks are improvements on old models. They nearly all have useful outside pockets; the sleeves form a part of the cloak in many models. Blue, caped water-proofs lined with red are considered best for yachting, and some of the close fitting coats have triple capes. Medicis collars are finding their way to waterproofs, and with advantage, as they protect the neck from the wet.

The short open jackets, which give the opportunity for wearing waistcoats and blouses of all kinds, are often now made with revers on both sides straight from shoulder to hem; and to give the necessary fastening, some are united by a couple of straps. There is a new tint after the order of Gendarmes blue (closely allied to peacock), which is much employed for these short jackets, and occasionally the long pendant sleeves are trimmed across with bands of black galon.

Woollen muslins are the novelties of the day. Some look a little like Nottingham lace, others are striped or chequed; all are light and durable, and exceedingly stylish dresses are made of them. They are sufficiently light, yet warm, to be worn late into the autumn. Shooting-suits are in demand. These are made of some serviceable woollen; the skirts, without foundation, are

accompanied by an open jacket to be worn with a shirt. By the-by, the new make of shirt, which is certainly more ladylike than the mannish stiff linen front, is arranged all over with small inch-wide box-plaits drawn in at the waist beneath a belt; this looks well in a striped material. The new woollens have many of them a furry surface, green and black stripes, for example, covered with a hairy surface, so that two tones are seen as in a haze. Bordered fabrics are worn with silk edges and fringe interwoven.

We are beginning to abjure cotton and muslin balayouses, and to replace them by silk, but a thick zephyr in various colours embroidered in white is used by some of our leading dressmakers with great effect. There has been a large importation of Cairo embroideries at reasonable prices into England by the Liberty firm, and they are largely used on the winter dresses as vests and cuffs, pockets and Señorita jackets. They are exquisitely embroidered, and, moreover, can be prepared in any colour and in any design, for not only are the wares brought over but the workers are coming too. The silver and gold Boleros are most effective, and we are likely to see them adapted to tea-jackets, dinner-gowns, and a variety of purposes.

Lace is coming into favour once more for bridal veils, and the newest have a slightly sprigged centre, round which the deep lace flounce is gathered somewhat full, especially at the corners.

Medlin lace is used for trimming the most costly kind of under-linen, and the soft delicate make is well adapted to the purpose. Coloured flannel petticoats have been quite banished, white alone is worn, and very well embroidered in silk to the depth of a quarter of a yard, set at the top into deep bands.



LACE AND TULLER HAT.

Lisle thread petticoat bodices which fit the figure perfectly would seem to have the preference over every other kind; they are made high or low, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace for riding; spencers of the same nature are cut shorter at the back.

The newest notion for a dressing gown is a monk's robe with a knotted cord girdle.

Paris Fashions.

WE are a pleasure-loving race, and even at the
moment the price for virtue we pull upon us.
 We must thank; we must feel ourselves harmingly and

be scolding over the fields, go in bank in coquettishly
 masculine costume.

I do not think that you in England quite understand



FETE TOILETTE.

appropriately dressed. All through August we have
 dallied by the seashore, bathed in the sea, haunted
 the pleasant casinos, and our lashing dresses, our shore
 and casino toilettes, have all been more or less, we flatter
 ourselves, works of art of their kind. September has
 come, and ere long those of us who care for sport will

what the Casino means. It is a word that brings to your
 mind uncomfortable associations of gaieties that your
 good Mrs. Grundy would not approve of. I admit there
 are casinos and casinos; but in the fashionable watering-
 places they are admirably conducted, and form social
 centres, where every evening excellent concerts, good

acting by some troupe engaged for the purpose, or dancing, bring the charm of art and social gaiety into a life which otherwise would be solely consecrated to repose and the recruiting of one's health. Now, recruiting

In the casino are to be seen the most charming specimens of the "French dressmaker's art."

It was commonly supposed that dress would become one of the lost arts in France when France became a



TOILETTES FOR FLORAL FÊTES.

one's health is apt to become a somewhat depressing occupation; we prefer to make the fulfilment of this praiseworthy object as lively as possible. For this purpose we have invented the casino and its pleasant round of gaiety.

Republic. In this art, it was said, leadership was above all indispensable, and where acknowledged leadership is wanting we must fall into that eccentricity of individualism which is the chaos of the art of dress. It seemed a safe prediction, but it has not been verified by the

ment. What was forgotten was that people must dress, whether they live under Empire or Republic, and that where they are French people they will continue to dress well. In this as in so many other things indeed, democracy has proved equal to the task of saving itself. Nothing could have looked less promising than the state of things from which it was saved. Not only did the Empire disappear, but it was succeeded by a regime which was less promising for the cult of magnificence than perhaps any other known to history. M. Grévy was every inch not a king, and Mme. Grévy was in this, as in all else, his good and faithful wife. It says wonders for the energy and resource of the French spirit that even in the period of gloom covered by their prolonged Presidential term, France continued to lead the world in dress. Everything was against her. The noble, and such of the rich as wanted to appear like them, kept away from the Court—if Court it was to be called—at the Elysée. They gave no great entertainments in Paris, and they dressed with a staid plainness, if only because the enforced quiet of their lives offered them no inducement to dress in any other way. They felt fully confident of their power to starve the Republic into submission by fostering discontent in the thousands of ateliers which live by the labours of Parisian luxury. They studiously forbore to take counsel with the great costumiers for the launching of new fashions. In the days before 1870 this function regularly engaged the attention of the ex-Empress and her principal ladies. As spring, summer, autumn, and winter came round, the great inventor of the Rue de la Paix, or some fortunate rival, went to the Tuileries to submit his suggestion for the appropriate costume of the season. Like the makers of the Christmas cards, he was compelled to look a long way ahead, and often he was busy with ideas in gauze in the midst of December snows. His designs were submitted to an informal committee, which nearly always included the Princesse de Metternich as an arbiter of taste, and when the great mortal had come to a proper accord with his patron divinites, one of them was selected to "launch" the fashion which all approved. The only thing that remained was to find the opportunity, and of course there was never wanting some State ball, State dinner party, or outdoor fête, at which, according to its style and texture, the costume might be most appropriately displayed. The Empress, as it were, watched the effect from a distance, and if it seemed favourable, she finally gave the new "project of law" the sanction of her example, and seemed to lead, where indeed she had only followed on a well founded assurance that all was safe. It was just as simple as that in the good old time, but no one knew what was going to happen when all this machinery was thrown out of gear. What has happened is that the wealthy bourgeoisie, the middle class who make their money by trade and speculation, have taken the matter into their own hands, and have found the means to establish a kind of universal suffrage for what was formerly the exclusive concern of a dominant few. Both necessity and opportunity have conspired to promote the change. People had to dress, and, while they were about it, they saw no reason why they should not dress well. So much for the necessity.

But the opportunity was even more potent in its effect. The social abdication of the great families left the field clear to the merely rich ones. The Elysée had to be filled sometimes on ceremonial occasions, and it was filled by the wives and daughters of the prosperous traders who found their social emporium under the Republican régime. You might meet your grocer at a Presidential party, but your grocer's answer was "Why not?" The most influential of these tradesmen's wives gradually assumed that leadership in matters of taste which had before been exercised by the Empress and her Court, and it came to be understood that nothing was sanctioned until it had obtained the approval of a feminine junta, who had won their way to the office by the right divine of their charm and beauty, and their determination to set them off to the best advantage. The great costumiers sulked for a time, but they had to live just as the others had to dress, and they finally accepted the new state of things, for the very substantial reason that it paid them considerably better than the old.

This has been a long digression, but the history of the change of leadership in fashion in France has seemed to me interesting to record; and in the review of the fashions of a month where life at the casino plays an important part it does not seem ill placed. At the casino all sorts and conditions of men and women meet. The bourgeoisie and the aristocrat posture against each other daily, and in the evenings they dance to the same band of music.

Nothing brings such a note of gaiety into seaside life as these informal dances at the casino. The strictest etiquette is observed, and the sets are composed of friends dancing together. As ladies keep on their hats or bonnets, poetic head-gears have been made, specially designed for these occasions. The round hat is in greater favour than the bonnet. This year it is usually made of white or cream spotted net, gathered and garlanded with flowers. The azalea is one of the blossoms most in favour. I have seen some imitations of this delicate flower rivaling its natural loveliness. Roses, ox-eyed daisies, the sweet field clover, the bravery of the harvest fields, are all called in to adorn these hats. A rose-crowned white net hat was destined to be worn with a pink crêpe de Chine gown of the tint of the sweet-briar rose, embroidered with tiny blossoms of the same shade. A wide interlude of white lace, disposed in arabesques, circled round the hem of the skirt. The bodice, cut in a long narrow V at the back, was finished off at the waist with a pink *chou*; in front the V was shorter and wider. White lace over a transparency of pink filled in the two V's. The sleeves, high at the shoulder, and tapering down to the wrist, were of white lace over pink. The bodice, edged with a flounce of lace, forming a basque, was fastened on the left side with pearl buttons.

A foulard dress was of a charming tone of blue—lake-blue—spotted over with white. The bodice, cut over a chemisette of white silk-muslin, was gathered into a white sash, fastened on one side with a *chou*; a cascade of white bows, held, on the left side, the slightly draped skirt, the lines of which were as skilfully ordered as are those of the draperies on an antique statue. This dress

was a *chef d'œuvre* of line, and was destined for a young married woman of title. A white straw hat laden with pale blue corn-flowers and clusters of barley, through which gleamed the azure wings of dragon-flies, accompanied it. The parasol matched the gown; its handle of unvarnished wood was surmounted with a cluster of daisies and blue corn-flowers. Another charming dress was of pale yellow India muslin, covered with pale purple irises; the corset bodice was formed of folds of mauve *peau de cygne*. The hat of old lace was trimmed with a nosegay of irises, veiled with a scarf of mauve tulle, the ends of which were intended to form strings. A small knot of mauve velvet was placed under the border of the hat, where it touched the wearer's fair hair. This gown and hat suggested the Empire style; a flavour of which is still hinted at in some of the most graceful costumes of the day. Mme. Day-Fallette, Place de la Madeleine, has made some *casino* dresses that surpass all others, I think, in style. These gowns are of white cloth, embroidered in silver, worn with a Henri II. cape, and a straw hat wreathed with white feathers.

A charming novelty in some of the costumes destined for open-air gala occasions are chaplets of flowers, divested of their foliage, to be worn round the throat. These flower boars replace the feather boars that were so much worn during the spring. The flowers are sometimes placed between two rows of lace, quilled high like the old-fashioned ruches: sometimes the blossoms are wrought in silk, and sometimes in velvet. One of these floral necklaces was made of roses in ruby velvet; another of poppies with petals of crimson silk. The former was worn with a black grenadine dress, covered with large spots of ruby velvet; in the black hat the roses were repeated. The poppy necklace accompanied a cream foulard gown, patterned over with posies of corn-flowers. The white hat was covered with a cluster of corn-flowers and ears of corn. Both these costumes were seen at a fête given in the grounds of a sea-side château.

Another charming feature of the present fashions is the habit of wearing natural flowers in the hats and dresses. The Princesse de Sagan at a garden party wore a dress made by Mme. Day-Fallette of nut-brown *crêpe*, embroidered in silk of the same shade. The sleeves were of pink velvet of the vivid sweetness of the Bengal rose. The waistcoat, of the same shade of pink, appeared to be fastened by chaplets of natural roses, stripped of their foliage. The large hat, such as the beautiful Mme. de Lamballe might have worn, was of white straw, covered with sprays of freshly gathered roses. At this afternoon party, given under the shade of ancestral trees, might be seen gathered some of the most beautiful women and eminent men of France. The charming Countess Hoyos wore a dress of lilac mousseline de soie; the sash of supple silk, starting from under the arms, crossed under the bust, and was knotted behind. The round hat was covered with marvellous orchids. The Marquise de Saint Sauveur wore a Louis XV. dress in pink *surah*, embroidered with a dainty design of palms; the bodice was fantastically draped with *écaru* lace; the hat was garlanded with the pale and delicate blossoms of the *minosa*. The most suavely fresh of all these charming

costumes was one worn by the Duchesse de Mouchy. It was composed of pale straw-coloured mousseline de soie, finely pleated; at every breadth came an interlude of white guipure; the sleeves and yoke were of guipure. The round Leghorn straw hat was covered with clover and its trefoil foliage. The shoes were in *peau de Suède*, the last "cry" of fashion.

Another graceful feature of dress at outdoor festivities is the custom growing into vogue of decking the parasols with fruit and blossoms. The rustic handle is made of unpolished wood. It looks like a freshly cut bough. An original parasol was festooned with glossy cherries shining amongst fresh green leaves. A young bride carried a white spotted net parasol, every seam of which was hidden by chaplets of daisies, ending in a small posy. One of black net, over a transparency of mauve silk, appeared like a dainty pavilion of velvety pansies. Another was covered with blue corn-flowers.

For dinner and evening parties in country houses the dress is simple. The skirts are round; the bodices *à la vierge*. Gauze, net, striped and flowered supple silks are the favourite materials. Frou-frous of lace and floating knots of ribbon are much affected, the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. grace being aimed at in rural costumes; flowers in the hair replace the gems that were so much worn during the season in crescents and starry crowns.

Before closing an article which has perhaps already overstepped its limits, I should like to notice the development of the costume worn for outdoor sports. The taste comes to us from England. Besides hunting and fencing, our ladies are taking to lawn-tennis, and there is a tendency among them to ride the tricycle.

The first care of the French when they put any new idea into their life is to adopt a costume to suit it. It would be easy to ridicule this as one of their weak points, but in its way it is a strong one. It is part of their artistic sense of the becoming. They are now inventing costumes for tennis, and even for tricycling for ladies, and this is to be taken as a sign that cycling and tennis are coming on. They are not here yet, for of course the perfect costume will precede the perfect practice of the art, but we may take it for certain that the French matron is now ready to re-consider her position on the subject of athletic sports for girls. Hitherto, for the French girl it has been the gymnastic hall or nothing, or if anything more, only a little "equitation." The French matron has probably taken counsel with the French father of a family, and he, as we know, is well advanced in his conversion towards athleticism on the English model for his boys. The exile of M. Grousset in England, after the Commune, had one good effect in making him aware that France was not the only country with a public school system. He spent some of his enforced leisure in looking at the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, and when the decree of exile was cancelled, he went back an eager partisan of English sport. The result has been a radical change in the playground habits of the French schoolboy, a change hastened by the patriotic movement for the physical education of French youth, which has led to the formation of

gymnastic societies throughout the length and breadth of the Republic. The important point to note for our present purpose is that the French girl is becoming



DEMI-SABON CAYOTE.

Angloised, just like her brother. What English girls have long done without blame, and with every kind of profit to themselves, she is now learning to do, and in due time we may hope to have international tennis matches between ladies rivalling in interest the matches between Newnham and Girton. The time has not yet come, but in matters of this sort we can afford to live upon hope. The care which is now given to the designing of costumes for these sports is, as we have said, one great sign of the coming change. Englishmen played cricket and rowed for a good century before they had anything like a proper costume for field or river. The earlier pictures of boating on the Thames, or of cricket, were pitiable as displays of "toggerly." The French would have escaped this absurdity at least, no matter into what other they might have fallen. Their boating costumes for men have attained a fulness of artistic development which has yet to be approached by the boating itself. The crews on the Seine pull in every variety of jersey, and their accessories, examples of the adaptability of means to ends, are wonderful, if also sometimes fearful, things to behold. The touch of the French costume artist is, however, notoriously less sure when his subject is the adornment of man. The English artist may never care to follow his lead in boating flannels for what he has himself called, in a kind of amiable despair, *le sexe laid*. But he may follow him with unhesitating confidence when he has to produce something becoming for the female form. It is certain that ladies on a tennis lawn will never look their best until they have called in

his aid. The following may be regarded not as his matured effort, for he has but lately turned his attention to this branch of the art, but as an earnest of what he may be prepared to do, when theory and practice have learned to work together in perfect harmony under the supreme direction of taste. The material is usually light white wool, striped with grey or with varied colours. The make aims at giving as much free play as possible to the body. The skirt is round, well off the ground, and edged with rows of stitching. The jacket, made with silk revers, opens over a chemisette draped loosely above the belt, *à la Matador*. Sometimes the jacket is fastened cross-wise, with two rows of mother-of-pearl buttons. A skilled and very graceful player wore at a match a short-skirted scarlet costume, edged at the hem with two



CONCERT DRESS.

rows of white braid; the jacket was buttoned cross-wise; the wide sailor collar left the throat uncovered; the sleeves, somewhat wide, were fastened at the wrist; black stockings, and a soft grey felt hat, completed the costume.

Now a few words as to our illustrations. No. 1 is a *fête toilette* of Eiffel red foulard, trimmed with guipure and silk; the latter figured with black flowers. The Figaro jacket is black velvet, and has guipure revers. The pointed pieces of figured silk are tied with gold cord and tags. The fancy straw hat is edged with gold beads, and trimmed with black velvet, and red and black feathers.

No. 2. These dresses, worn at a *fête* in the Riviera, had much success. The first is of white canvas sprigged with Pompadour bouquets. The square yoke and epaulettes are of pleated black lace, and the ribbon streamers are black velvet with a picot edge. Rice-straw hat trimmed with point d'esprit net and pink crêpe. The parasol is in pink silk, covered in white chiffon, and trimmed with black vel-



DIRECTOIRE HAT.



LACE HAT.

vet ribbon. The second dress is in flowered delaine, with blouse and cuffs in embroidered muslin. The Tuscan hat has on its crown bows of white muslin, intermingled with loops of fancy gauze, ribbon, and moss roses.

No. 3. Demi-saison capote in gold embroidered net, edged with wheat-ears; bronze velvet bow in front, ornamented with velvet flowers and foliage; strings in bronze ribbon.

No. 4. This concert dress is in cream crêpon, trimmed with bows of turquoise-blue ribbon; corselet in blue velvet. The neck-frill is in chiffon muslin, and the speckled straw hat has cream feathers and blue velvet round its up-turned brim.

No. 5. This hat is in black fancy straw, trimmed in a quaint fashion with ostrich tips; gold braid edges the brim; the bows, loops, and strings are of black velvet ribbon, edged with gold.

No. 6. A young lady's hat, consisting of a gilt wire shape covered with pleatings of black and white lace, and trimmed with variegated roses and velvet leaves.

MASQUE DE
VELOURS.

footsteps and murmuring voices were heard approaching, and Sir Justin Boyne, in his dressing gown and slippers, followed by half a dozen sleepy servants, hurried forward. With startled eyes he looked from his daughter to the nurse.

"What has happened?" he gasped with white lips. "Norah, what is it, child?" he asked, putting his arm tenderly around her.

"I have been frightened, father," she answered, taking hold of his hand.

"Frightened—by what, by whom?"

"Someone—something that came here just where I stand, looked into my eyes, and vanished in a second."

"It's the white lady that comes before the death of any of the family," whispered the housekeeper, drawing her shawl closer around her shoulders.

"Poor Master Kevin," responded the butler with a sigh as if he feared a calamity.

"Your imagination has deceived you," remarked Sir Justin recovering himself.

"No," the girl answered firmly; "I saw him as plainly as I see you, father. He was not so tall as Kevin, his eyes were blue as the sky, his hair light, and his face was kindly and true."

"I believe you were walking in your sleep and dreamt you saw the figure."

"But Alley will tell you I had just left Kevin's room, where I complained of restlessness."

"Go back to your beds," said the baronet, addressing the little crowd of curious and frightened servants; "and, mind, not one word of this—this—dream," he added, as they departed, looking wan and bewildered.

"It's not the white lady after all," said the butler, evidently relieved. "In my opinion it's someone just lost in the gale Miss Norah saw."

"Lord rest his soul!" replied the housemaid, in a whisper, looking with a frightened glance at a distant corner where darkness was deepest.

Alley, considering herself a privileged person, remained.

"Come back with me, Miss Norah, to Master Kevin's room till you've got over your fright," she said, noticing how pale the girl's face remained.

"Yes, that will be best," said the baronet; "I expect you've been reading too much, and not taking enough exercise, so that your nerves are out of order and your imagination excited."

"I am sorry to have frightened you, dear," she replied, "but I couldn't help crying out, though I know he didn't mean to harm me."

"He! It's all fancy, child," Sir Justin said, kissing her forehead as he turned to depart; "don't speak or think over it and you'll be all right to-morrow," he concluded, a look of mystification and misgiving on his handsome face.

A faint smile crossed her pale lips, "I would not forget it even if I could," she replied, as she went with Alley down the spacious corridor.

CHAPTER II.

DAYS and weeks came and went. The clouds had passed from the sky, sunshine fell upon the teeming

earth, the purple sea slept in the warm light, but the memory of that night when the winds shrieked round the castle, and the hour when she had seen the phantom she came to call her ghost, remained with Norah Boyne. Some subtle change, perceptible only to the eyes of those who loved and watched her, had taken place in the girl. The usual buoyancy of her manner subsided into gentle gravity, the vivacious expression of her dark eyes deepened to tenderness, her face assumed a look of thought and wistfulness it had not previously known.

Her father, attributing the alteration to the nervous shock she had received, resolved to take her to London in May, where, under the guidance of her aunt the Countess of Kerry, she would be presented at Court and launched on society, a prospect that seemed by no means agreeable to Norah. Her nurse held her own ideas concerning the change, to which she dared not give expression. "The darlin' child is bewitched," she thought, looking at her sadly. "It's some wanderin' spirit has met and put a spell on her, Lord save us! sure she's not herself at all since that night she near frightened me out o' my wits with her screech; but what matter if she's not taken away from us entirely? for I know me heart would go with her down to the grave."

Her brother Kevin regarded the matter more lightly; there was no accounting, he thought, for girls' fancies; it was impossible to gauge a young maid's moods. Towards the afternoon of a day that had the freshness of spring and the warmth of summer, he lay on a couch by the window of his room, looking over the wide sweep of rocky headland and out on the glittering sea beyond. Norah seated beside him had just closed the book from which she read, and let her eyes rest upon the invalid.

"Are you not better to-day, dear?" she said, noting with pain the pallor of that face, only a little while ago so ruddy with health.

"I hope so," he said, striving to smile, whilst unable to banish his sadness.

"But Sir James Keating said you would gradually improve."

"And I suppose the famous surgeon's words must be fulfilled."

"Don't you believe him, Kevin?" she asked, his tone even more than his sentence filling her with sudden anxiety.

"I think doctors know very little of their patients, and we know less of ourselves; we are as helpless in the hands of fate as leaves in a blast of wind. A few brief weeks ago and I stood upright amongst my fellow-men, rejoicing in my strength, proud of my skill, yet without sign or warning, and in a manner scarcely recognisable, I was rendered helpless, and may have to remain a cripple, carried from place to place, until I am at last borne to my grave."

"Oh, Kevin!" she cried out, feeling the misery that prompted his words, for which she was unprepared, because he had never before complained. "Surely you have hope. It is not fate which governs us, but Providence which orders all things for the best, though we blind mortals cannot see the wisdom of His ways."

He turned away his head and let his eyes rest on the

boneless power plundering in the soul. He thought of the days when he had sailed his boat across the blue of the trout-ponds in which he had fished, of the green glens in which he had shot of the birds and fens over which he had ridden with a young heart and a little more spirit; and these he might never see again. The shadow deepening on his face revealed his thoughts.

"Can nothing be done, dear?" Norah asked in a tremulous voice.

"Everything skill can do has been done already. Keating is the most famous surgeon in Ireland."

"But in England perhaps there are men of higher skill and wider practice, why not let us take you to London?"

"Because I mustn't be moved at present."

"But we might send for one," Norah suggested.

"No famous doctor would come to the wilds of Connemara without a fee that would mean a fortune, and we cannot afford that."

"Why not, if it's a question of your recovery?"

"But even if he came he might not be able to do any good."

"Yet you would have the satisfaction of knowing you had the benefit of the best advice," the girl pleaded.

"Keating is skilful," he replied with a hopeless sigh.

"But doctors differ. Supposing you had your choice of famous London surgeons, which would you call in?"

"Alec Maitland, my old college classmate."

"But he's not famous?"

"He will be one day. There's no humbug about him: he knows the science of his profession better than many of the crack surgeons, and there's no man in whom I would place more confidence," Kevin said.

"Then you must ask him to come at once."

"Nonsense, Norah! he couldn't leave his practice."

"Not even for a friend?"

"Friends mustn't be exacting," Kevin answered.

"But he would probably come if he knew of your accident; just think, dear, if he was able to cure you!"

"It would be too much to expect him to leave his work for the sake of seeing me," the invalid remarked.

"Then write telling him what has happened and ask his advice."

Kevin hesitated, and Norah, seeing she had gained a point, said—

"You must do this and leave it for him to decide whether he will come or stay. I insist upon it, Kevin."

"And if I refuse?" he said half-jestingly.

"Then I will write to him myself," she answered.

"Do so," he said, not believing she would carry out her word.

"Certainly," she replied. "I now feel the confidence in him that you do; your faith in him is contagious, and I'm sure he is the man of all others who can cure you."

"You are delightfully enthusiastic, Norah."

"No, I'm only in earnest. Give me his address."

He mentioned the name of the street in which Alec Maitland lived, and smiled as he watched his sister leave the room with a determined air.

More than half an hour passed before she returned, saying, "It's done."

"What?" asked Kevin, forgetful of their recent conversation.

"I have written my letter and signed your name."

"You really did?" he said in surprise.

"Yes. You know our handwritings are much alike. I made mine rounder than usual so that it might seem quite like yours."

"And what did you say?"

"I explained how the accident had happened, and asked his advice. My letter is now on its way to the post."

"You have lost no time."

"Why should I when there's so much at stake?" she asked.

"Ah, Norah, you are a brave little woman, even though you scream at seeing your own shadow on the wall."

At this reference to her ghost the girl's colour brightened, and a deep wistful look dawned in her dark gentle eyes.

"When Maitland comes I'll ask him to prescribe for you. He's one of the most practical fellows in the world: believes in nothing that he can't turn inside out and dissect."

"What a horrid man!"

"Up at Oxford he trapped a charlatan who pretended to manufacture ghosts to order, and gave him in charge of the police. He's just the man who will argue you out of your delusions."

"I'm certain I shall hate him," she remarked.

"On the contrary, I feel sure you will like him—that is, if ever you see him."

"How could I like a man such as you describe, without a grain of imagination, a dry-boned, hard-skinned, bald-headed, spectacled scientist, who analyses everything and believes in nothing? He must be detestable."

Kevin laughed. "Poor Maitland!" he said; "he'll frighten away your ghost. By the way, have you seen the young gentleman lately?"

"You will only ridicule me if I reply," she said pointedly.

"No; I shall be quite serious."

"And you will keep my secret?" she asked.

"From the world," he replied, with mock gravity.

"Then," continued Norah, unheeding him, "I have seen my ghost almost every evening since the night he first appeared to me."

"You are surely jesting," Kevin said, becoming serious.

"No, I'm perfectly in earnest. He always comes soon after dusk. I have seen him in the garden walking under the apple-trees; I have met him in the hall, and I saw him sitting in the library. I am no longer afraid of him, for he always looks into my eyes as if he would speak to me, and say that he loved me."

"For God's sake, Norah, don't deceive yourself with this hallucination," her brother said anxiously.

"It is not an hallucination; he is as real to me as you are, and if three days pass without his appearing I begin to feel lonely and long for his coming; then no

sooner has my desire to see him grown strong than he stands before me."

"Conjured up by your own fancy. I fear you are quite out of health. You must have change and get rid of this ridiculous notion. The sooner my father takes you to London the better."

"He will find me wherever I am," she answered, a delicate glow creeping into her cheeks, the light in her eyes softening to tenderness.

"My dear Norah, this fancy may lead to madness if it is not checked; you must rid yourself of this absurd idea."

As he glanced at her face he saw her eyes dilate and a smile of gladness part her lips. "Look," she whispered, rising suddenly, and pointing to a distant corner of the room where the evening shadows had begun to gather. "Don't you see him with his eyes fixed upon me, his features beaming with joy! We have not met for two days."

Kevin followed the direction of her glance, but saw nothing save the walls. A fearful thought crossed his mind that his sister was mad, and stretching out one hand, he grasped her arm. "Norah," he cried out, "my poor child, you are ill."

"Don't you see him there? Now he comes forward," she exclaimed delightedly.

"No, there's nothing there, save what your mind has conjured up."

"But he is so tangible, it seems impossible that you don't see him."

He looked again, his blood turning cold from horror, his mind overwhelmed with fear. "There is nothing there but the empty air," he said.

"Now he has gone," she said with a deep-drawn sigh as she sank into a chair, apparently exhausted. "I wish that you had seen him too, but I suppose he comes for me alone, and will not be visible to others."

Kevin looked at her with terror and pity, believing her brain was turned. "Has some dark doom come upon our race?" he thought to himself, and his heart felt crushed by despair.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK later brought Kevin a letter from Alec Maitland, expressing his grief at the accident, but withholding his opinion until he could see what the injury really was; for he would come over in another week, when he had found a substitute. He had been long desirous of seeing Ireland, he wanted a holiday badly, and above all he was anxious to serve and to save his friend if possible. In return Kevin wrote saying what relief and delight he should feel on seeing him; telling him there were two trains leaving Dublin daily which would bring him to his destination. If the night on which he crossed was calm and the Holyhead boat made a quick passage, he could catch the first train and arrive at Boyne Castle about four in the afternoon; but if he missed this he would have to wait four hours, and not arrive until nine o'clock.

Some eight days subsequently a telegram from Alec Maitland announced that he was on the point of leaving

London. At the Castle it was believed he would not be with them before evening, but Sir Justin sent a trap to the station to await the afternoon train in case his visitor came, and the baronet remained indoors ready to welcome him. Soon after four Alec Maitland drove up to the Castle, and Sir Jasper stepped forward to receive him, and then conducted him to Kevin's room, where after a few minutes he left the old friends together. The young surgeon was shocked at the change which had taken place in Kevin, asked a few questions as he sat by the invalid's couch, but deferred making an examination until aided by the clearer light of morning.

"I'm sorry Norah wasn't in to bid you welcome, old chap; but the fact is we didn't think you'd be able to catch the first train, and my father and I insist on her having a long ride every afternoon, for she's not been well lately," said Kevin, when the conversation had somewhat drifted from their own concerns.

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Maitland, with a medical man's quick interest in the ailment.

"Well, she's been out of sorts, nervous, and she imagines she has seen a ghost."

"A ghost! I suppose they still hang about this damp romantic country," said Maitland, with a laugh.

"One night, a couple of months ago, she startled the household by a scream, and declared she saw an apparition in the passage outside."

"A clear case of indigestion. A morsel of bacon or the claw of a lobster will occasionally conjure up most ghastly sights before a young maid's eyes," the medical man explained.

"But the strange thing is she has gone on seeing this ghost in all parts of the house, and is no longer afraid of him. Now, you are the very man of all others who can argue her out of this absurd fancy; you who are the most practical and sceptical fellow in the world," said Kevin.

"I would have quite agreed with you in this estimate of myself up to half an hour ago; but since that time I'm beginning to think myself mortal."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Kevin wonderingly.

"That I also have fancies, experiences, what you will, for which all the science I ever swallowed can't account. The fact is, old man, that in driving up to the Castle I became conscious I had seen it again and again; and on entering the hall I recognised its antlers and its armour."

"Nonsense! hundreds of halls have antlers and armour."

"Yes, but going into the study with your father, I felt perfectly sure I had been there before. There's not a room in the Castle I don't know, yet how I came to see them, whether in a dream or not, I can't say. It puzzles me; nothing I have heard or read explains the matter."

"But you have no imagination!"

"Not a bit. Yet I can tell you that a door at the end of this passage leads to a big drawing-room with yellow furniture, a harp in one corner, a marble statue of Ariadne near a window; that below it is the library, with a picture of a man in a red coat and a wig above

"The usual pose, and—there's someone coming," he said, rising and breaking off in the middle of his sentence, a look of expectation, wonder, fear, dawning on his face.

"They'll come, but not until we are visible."

"What did you hear?" asked Kevin, somewhat surprised, and a little awed.

"Nothing; but I know someone is approaching," he replied, walking over to the far window in a restless, troubled manner. Then as he passed they heard a light step, the door was thrown open, and Nora entered quickly.

"I've had such a delightful gallop," she said, going over to Kevin, "and you see I'm back in time to receive your friend when he comes."

"Are you indeed?" asked her brother, smiling at her assurance, as he took his hat.

Before she could reply she glanced at the window where Maitland stood; her eyes became fixed, a smile parted her lips, her heart beat as loudly as though it were hers. "Look!" she whispered, pointing her brother's arm. "What do you see this time?"

"What?" asked Kevin bewilderedly.

"My dear, you see how this man has fixed on me. Look, look, don't you see him, Kevin?"

"Where, in Heaven's name?"

"By the window. Surely he is visible to you now as he comes forward, if you could only see him."

Kevin burst out laughing. "My dear Nora, that's Alice Maitland."

She stood still, a faint blush on her cheeks, a bright light in her eyes, as Maitland advanced and took her

hand; an air of mystery, a sense of wonder enveloping him. "We are not strangers," he said, "for we have met before, though where or how I cannot say. I only know I have waited for you, longed for you many months, and at last fate has brought us together, never more, I hope, to part us in this life or the next."

She heard his words with deep delight, it never occurring to her they were rather than he should have spoken; for they had known each other for a period that seemed to cover years, though they really met now for the first time. She let her hand rest in his, let her eyes gaze into his own as her lips murmured—

"We must never part."

More than a month later, when the roses in the far-reaching Chateaux gardens had burst into the glory of crimson bloom, on a day when the sky stretched an arc of amethyst blue above a sea that sang in low tones of its freedom and joys, and over the earth swirled with the sun and drenched with delight, Nora Bayne and Alice Maitland became man and wife. The marriage ceremony was devoid of pomp; Sir Jasper gave the bride away, and Kevin had so far recovered that he was enabled to act as best man. Alice was likewise present, arrayed in a black satin gown that had sported the greater part of its days in the security of a strong box; a heavy gold chain, the gift of the bridegroom, round her neck; a gold watch, presented by the bride, secured in the band of her ample waist.

"Sure I always said Miss Nora was bewitched," she whispered to a friendly gossip, "but I thought it was by a dead spirit, and not by a live man. But strange things happen now-a-days."

A Holiday Resort with Three Climates.

FOUR miles of seawall as straight as a die crowned by a wide, smooth, treeless promenade, which the wisdom of the Street Commissioners has laid with glaring asphalt. Oh! why don't they plant some trees? That is the front, from which you look down on flat, firm, yellow sands stretching away on either hand; on the long lines of stakes that descend from the sea wall far down the beach; on the broad waters to the seaward, smooth rollers that sweep in with almost resistless force, from the open sea; on the distant point that divides the promenade into three portions; the central one here, on the pier-fronted tip, a jostling mingling of stalls, shops, hotels, and houses, the north and south divisions still plentifully besprinkled with hotels, but otherwise devoted to the lodging or "company" houses which hardly give as many rooms with a good outlook as possible, have rows of large bay windows, one above the other, running up to unobstructed ceilings low or six, seven, high. Around you a gulf of air always well-dressed, saved, sporting what is surely the most varied and unique collection of seaside head-gear to be found within the limits of Great Britain or out of them; everything that set butter fluttering in a

never-failing breeze that comes like an elixir of life to the drooping frame; the hum and movement of cheery life and ceaseless activity all about you, and over all a sky so "far and blue" that the purified air glows with light—behold Blackpool!

Presumably there were dark days in the world's history when Blackpool was not, and the whole of the low lying Lancashire coast, between the estuary of the Ribble and Fleetwood, was an unbroken spread of marsh and sand-hills, dotted over perhaps with small hamlets and an occasional fishing village, but utterly unknown as a playground to the inhabitants of the busy towns around. It seems difficult of belief, but it must have been that the wide treeless dunes and hillocks of the Fylde (the local name of the district from the coast to Preston) were once beloved only of the hairless grey "climber" of retail commerce which still abounds among them, and is only now falling back, in an attitude of reluctant protest, before the rapid advance of the jerry-builder of nineteenth century civilisation. There must once, too, have been a time when the sunny spot now called Central Beach was only a sandy hollow, a

veritable snartrap facing the gleaming sea, protected on the north by the sloping hill now covered by Claremont Park, which, rising gradually but to a good height, received on its own broad breast the first rush of the strong wind, and kept the favoured spot free of any rougher visitant than the pure elastic sea-breeze brought in by the tide from the wide Atlantic. It requires a very vivid imagination to picture a sleepy little village, inhabited only by shrimpers, with the wide-spreading sand-hills about them, and all very calm and still until the keen-eyed townsman came by, saw the spot, decided that it was good, and brought his wife and family down to spend the summer there.

Blackpool has grown very much since then. It has spread itself up to the summit of the hill to the north, and round the sweep where the very end of the estuary opens out into the sea, at the south, and it is still growing. It has three distinct climates. At the north it is keen and bracing, every breath of air is new life, and the sea sweeps down in long, straight rollers to break on the pebbly beach far below us. Central Beach, sunny and sheltered, is now, alas! given over largely to the tripper, and those who cater for his requirements; shrimp and oyster stalls, photographers and "Present from Blackpool" marts jostle each other, and the reek of beer and tobacco too often mingles with the tempered air; whilst the south, lying lower than the north, and with its broad stretch of sands to throw up warmth and glow, is favoured by invalids or those sun-loving folk who find the north too keen. A walk along the front, from one end of the promenade to the other, will make the difference in climate quite apparent to even the least critical observer, and this is one of the great attractions of Blackpool. You may be there near to home and friends, with all the conveniences and amusements of town life to the one hand, and all the delights of the most popular watering-places in the north to the other, and yet choose your own climate. What more could human heart desire? It is possible that the ungrateful hankerer after novelty might suggest a little scenery, and certainly there is a monotony about oysters and shrimps which makes them less thoroughly satisfying to the soul than to the body, but one cannot get everything at once. It is a pity Blackpool does not give us a promontory or even a few boulders and trees to satisfy lovers of the picturesque, but the Lancashire folk are reasonable souls, and they go to the Isle of Man for that.

Yes, the absence of scenery is undeniable, but ask any Lancashire folks what there is to see at Blackpool, and they will tell you there is a fine sea and a grand front where you can get a "good blow," and that is what they go for. No "mild and salubrious climate" tempts them; weary with standing and moving between looms in the mills, they want the "blow;" and certainly hat-guards are a species of stock in which the most cautious of Blackpool dealers need not fear to invest, for they are used by lads and lasses alike, and the demand always equals if it does not exceed the supply. The boisterous breeze is a friend who sports and laughs with them, sometimes rough but always kindly, and they know him and accept him for what he is, and love him accordingly.

Blackpool is like the people—straightforward, sturdy and uncompromising, and they love it with a love which is as strong and faithful as themselves. They are hard workers—few work harder—but they are believers too in the adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and they seize with avidity the opportunities for change and play at holiday times which the enterprise of the railway companies puts within their reach. The day trips, giving six or eight hours at the seaside, are run at almost nominal fares, and the week-end tickets at equally low rates. There are trips for the masters too. A few days at the Clifton Arms, or Bailey's, or my favourite Imperial, are not by any means to be despised, even by the lover of Nature at her wildest. For it must not be for a moment supposed that Blackpool is favoured only by the working classes. The Lancashire gentleman loves it as fondly, if not as blindly, as the boys and girls out on its broad strand for their first Saturday half-holiday there. Claremont Park on the sloping hill of the north, with its jealously guarded gates through which only residents and their friends are allowed to pass, is as far from the hum of the crowd as if it were a train journey; and the end of South Shore is a tram journey, or at least is made one by the residents, though the electric tram runs the whole length of the front, for they are very anxious indeed to impress upon you that South Shore is a totally distinct and different place from Blackpool proper, which indeed it undeniably is. The South Shore folks have this excuse for their haughty bearing towards the sister town, that their district is largely residential, which Blackpool proper is not. Furnished houses abound here and are largely patronised. Blackpool and its environs are so comparatively near to Manchester, Bolton, Preston, and a number of other large towns, and the train services are so good, that many gentlemen have furnished houses at the seaside, and go to and from business morning and evening, sometimes only for the season, sometimes altogether; for the fine, brilliant atmosphere, innocent of fog, has postponed for many a poor weak-chested soul the dreary walk down the Dark Valley. There is one of them at St. Anne's now, a genial, active old gentleman, who will tell you how he "came here to die seven years ago and hasn't succeeded in doing it yet."

Such a life is pleasant enough. Express trains bring the gentlemen in by half-past six, and it does not take them long to slip into their flannels or tweeds, and there they are ready to walk, boat, sail, or drive, or to go down to the North Pier, where everybody meets everybody else and walks and talks in a way unknown in town; whilst the fine bands play on, and the promenaders sweep round in time to the music, and the sun sets in the level sea in a blaze of passionate glory that makes you think of the sunsets at Oban, if you have ever had the delight of watching them there. All Blackpool gathers on the pier on fine evenings. Huge as it is, it is often difficult to find walking or standing room; and once it grows intoxicated with its own importance, and stirred by the impulse of the regular step of the promenaders moving in time to the rhythm of the music, it grew giddy and tottered. It was only for a moment.

With the golden crescent of the promenade it realised itself and gone shall and never again at ours; but Blackpool still speaks of a sunny-haired man, whose wife and young family were on it at the time, and whose hair turned white with the shock when "collapse of the North Pier" was reported round the town. It has never forgotten this, though it is as popular as ever.

The piers are, like the boats of ancient Rome, cities in themselves. You can buy and sell, be entertained in many ways, have your character described and your fortune told; in fact, do everything but sleep there. And I shall not be at all surprised to see a tourist hotel at the pier-head some fine day. Beyond the pier-heads run the jetties (where the boats wait) for various places of interest around; they are "topper," not tourist boats, and are noisy of the poor folk look when returning from their day's outing, they have to make their way off the pier through the fashionable crowd of evening promenaders. In the enclosed courts of the jetties there are splendid swimming arrangements; indeed everything that can be done to make the piers interesting is done, and it is only fair to add that entire success has been the effect, and that the North Pier is the centre of resort for all the better-class visitors to Blackpool. There it is that the bands play three times daily during the season and all the people congregate.

The fine North Pier is sacred to the kippers, who come in their thousands and tens of thousands and take possession of it, spending themselves over the sands and promenade and filling the boats of the pier. I have seen Central Beach so packed with people that even to get an occasional glimpse of the water was impossible. All the family come together—strong father and mother, big boys and girls, children and babies, all as happy and noisy as possible, and generally accompanied by a wicker basket containing the day's provisions, which the mother disposes at short intervals with a fine freedom from any of the restrictions of the one of fingers which modern table-d'epique imposes. Between the periods of refreshment the "piddle" is taken in the tide, ride donkeys and "daddy horses," fill the pockets of the negro minstrels and bands, photographers, leave boats and "house" sails, and generally speaking have a good time all round.

If the weather is hot there are places of entertainment for everybody—the Theatre, Winter Gardens, Raikes Hall, the Aquarium, entertainments in the pavilions on the piers, and in the baths, concerts and lectures; indeed if Blackpool were not the playground of a number of large towns, and supported by a large resident population as well, the "biggest showpiece in the world" which the great establishments offer could not prosper in it, in summer with more expensive forms of entertainment, undoubtedly so. The outdoor amusements are all they should be, but there is no climbing; short

of that you can do as you like, bathe, walk, ride, drive, fish, row, sail—for the channel of the river flowing between the sandbanks gives plenty of water even when the lowest tides are out, you can play tennis or golf—the golf-links at St. Anne's are the finest in England—at least the St. Anne's folk say so; you can go about taking instantaneous photographs with a pocket camera, if your spirits rise refreshed and eager for the fray again from repeated failure, or you can follow the usual Blackpool fashion and do nothing. One gets into a lazy way of living at Blackpool. In the morning there is the promenade on the pier, or perhaps the bathing; in the afternoon people sometimes drive. I quiver now when I think of it—the wide white roads, unblinking in the sun shine, with never a tree to cast even a fleeting friendly shadow. There are clumps of pollard willow everywhere, their silvery leaves rustling and waving in the breeze; but oh! for an avenue of leafy oaks with their branches interlaced quite across the road and filling the air beneath them with their cool freshness!

To call Blackpool the "City of One Walk" is more witty than correct. There is the promenade, and to walk from one end to the other is quite a feat of pedestrianism. You can go "sticking" on the beach (collecting all the flat sand and jetsam in the way of sticks that the tide brings in) the favourite amusement this year; you can take the grassy cliff walks on the face of the north hill, or go out botanising on the sand-hills. There all is as flat as the palm of your hand, which, they tell us, is not so flat after all, but is a very wonder of hills and valleys to the initiated. Thus the sand-hills near the sea are sandy hills covered with really star-grass, but the hollows are carpeted with creeping pollard willow and bramble, and in them wild flowers flourish in the most lavish profusion. In spring and early summer they are blue with pansies and violets, and one beautiful growth succeeds another, glorifying the barren waste throughout the year. Indeed, one of the local celebrities is a botanist of repute who has perhaps one of the largest correspondence circles of its kind, and who has taken up his abode at St. Anne's by reason of the abundance and variety of the flora of the hills. Water does not lie in the dells, but drains away through the sand at once, so that they are comfortable as well as charming places for an informal picnic even on the day after rain. You can visit the gipsy camp at the south, or Uncle Tom's Cabin at the north, but probably you would sooner look through the telescope at Fleetwood, where the rigging of the vessels in the harbour, making a tracery of lines against the clear sky, can be distinctly seen, or perhaps search the western sea for a shadow, which you can triumphantly point out as the Isle of Man, for to see Fleetwood is a sign of bad weather, and nobody wants that during their stay at what is without question the most popular watering-place in Lancashire.

JANET DEE.



Suggestions for Decoration in Gesso.

IN spite of the improvement that has taken place in artistic education of late years, it is somewhat singular that there should be various arts and branches of art in common use amongst professional workers which are unknown to the general public even by name. This is still more surprising in a time like the present, when the general rush after novelties and little-known industries is so great, and when almost every woman who

rarely executed these raised details himself, the successful moulding of them requiring special training. During this same period the ruder kinds of modelling were often used for decorations at the time of great festivities and holidays, and the paste was compounded with chopped straw or tow, to enable broader and bolder effects to be gained than were possible without some such addition. Now-a-days many sculptors use



TWO STAGS AND OAK IN GESSO ON MAHOGANY.

has leisure at command imagines that she is possessed of sufficient talent to enable her to paint or model with success. Modelling in gesso is one of these little-known arts, yet it has been in use for many years amongst sculptors and other artists. It offers a large field for the amateur who is gifted with a certain amount of talent, but without this, gesso degenerates into as commonplace and mechanical a process as were the scaling-wax or boiled rice modellings executed by our grandmothers and great grandmothers.

The work may be traced back to the Middle Ages, when painting and the sister arts were flourishing in Italy. By the old masters gesso duro was not unfrequently used to raise certain portions of their paintings into high relief, and occasionally also to serve as a frame to a panel. In the National Gallery, an example of the first-mentioned use of this modelling is shown in an altar-piece by Crivelli. Here there is an edging in relief to the orphreys of the cope worn by St. Peter, while the keys held by the pontiff are of similar raised work and are suspended by cord which has been overlaid with gesso. In the fifteenth century the artist very

gesso to form models of their works, as it is, when dry, sufficiently hard to be carved or chiselled.

Those who propose to work in gesso may avail themselves of the composition sold for the purpose, or may, without much difficulty, prepare their own. The materials are to be had in two tins from the Society of Artists, 53, New Bond Street, for about eighteenpence; one tin contains a white powder, the other the medium with which some of the contents of the first tin are mixed until of the consistency of cream. Should the worker intend to make her own composition, she must procure some good plaster of Paris, pound it to as fine a powder as possible, and use size or glue as a medium, mixed with a few drops of glycerine. The glue must be melted with boiling water, and should be used hot when the powder is mixed with it.

A second method of compounding the materials is recommended by Mr. Walter Crane, to whose efforts much of the recent revival of the art is due, and to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce here some specimens of his work. One part of finely powdered resin is boiled down with four parts of linseed (boiled) oil; to this

mixture are added six parts of melted glue. When this is thoroughly amalgamated, whitening is soaked in a small quantity of water, and mixed with the solution until it is of the consistency of cream. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules as to the quantity of whitening to be used, as this must necessarily depend upon the style of the design and the purpose for which the work is intended. This mixture, when dry, is far harder than that first given, but as it requires a longer time to become thoroughly set, it is more suited for fine and rather elaborate work. On page 593 is given a mahogany panel of which the design, by Mr. Walter Crane, was worked up by his son Lancelot, a boy of nine years old. It is coloured with lacquers and lustra paint.



CATS AND GOLD FISH.

In mixing all these pastes, the main matter to be attended to is that they shall be entirely free from lumps, and accordingly nothing is more convenient for mixing upon than a china slab or a thick sheet of glass. The lumps may be broken up and dispersed with a good sized palette-knife. It is advisable not to mix more of the materials than can be used at one sitting, as the composition, when it has hardened on the slab, is useless and can only be scraped off to make room for a fresh mixture. When the work is first finished, it should be put by to harden in a place that is as free as possible from dust, and should be laid where it is not likely to be injured by coming into contact with anything that may spoil the outlines of the design.

The method of applying the gesso must be regulated according to the material upon which it is used. Wood is generally considered the most suitable foundation for it, as it presents a smooth surface, but it may also be laid upon a background of cement, or upon a bed made first by spreading three or four coats of the mixture. Many of the white wood articles prepared in view of the present mania for decorating every imaginable article with painting, whether appropriate or otherwise, are suitable for gesso ornamentation. Nothing should be procured, however, that is not of good quality, as the wood is apt to warp, and the design will, after a short

time, be likely to crack, and perhaps fall off in consequence. A charming way of ornamenting the panels of a small cabinet or cupboard door is to stain the wood first to resemble mahogany or rose-wood, and to form the design upon it in gesso coloured to look like ivory. By using powder colours when mixing the paste, or by using water-colours or dyes, it is easy to tint the mixture so as to increase this ivory-like appearance.

The wooden foundation requires coating first with gesso, or with a thin layer of glue or size, that there may be no difficulty in getting the ornamentation to adhere perfectly. The amateur must next transfer her design in the manner in which she traces those that are to be painted in the usual way. Needless to say, those

workers who can draw and originate have very great advantages over those unblest with this talent, but for all that, wonders may be done by procuring patterns prepared for other work, or tracings of finished pieces, and applying them to the surface chosen. Another thin coat of gesso is then laid over this, but should not be thick enough to hide the outlines of the pattern.

The paste, in all fine work, is laid on with a brush, but with a palette-knife where size will allow. A good quality of sable brush should be used to apply the gesso, and should be long and pointed in shape. The modelling of the minuter details must be executed entirely with the brush, more of the composition being laid on just where required. In the larger designs, many impromptu tools will be found of use. Amongst these are pieces of wood cut at the ends into sharp, blunt, or one-sided points, bone knitting-needles of various sizes, and even a watch-key. The worker will soon discover many such homely implements suitable for her purpose as the work advances.

When the design is such as to need more extensive modelling and is in rather high relief, the chopped straw of the old workers is replaced by cotton-wool, and the work is then known as "fibrous" gesso. The wool is used in small tufts, which are dipped into the cream, laid on the design where required, and moulded into shape.

Should the substance of the wool be too conspicuous, some additional gesso must be applied with the brush and worked up to suit the necessities of the design.

The "cats and gold fish" on page 594 are painted on a panel of fibrous plaster with new material, recently introduced by the Church Manufacturing Company, 127, Pomeroy Street, Hatcham. This is known as Alabastine, and can be procured in about a dozen pale tints. It is in the form of fine powder, is very inexpensive, and simply requires mixing thoroughly with boiling water to any desired consistency. The panel in our illustration was coated first very thinly with the mixture, the design drawn in strongly with a brush and coated with the paste, which was then made fully as thick as cream. One advantage of this new preparation is that coat after coat may be laid one above another until the relief is sufficiently raised, without any addition of glue to cause these layers to adhere.

It is always advisable to begin working at the top of a panel and to carry the ornamentation gradually down. A very large surface of the composition should never be laid on at one time, or it will set before the artist has been able to work it up. A little experience will render the proper consistency of the gesso more easy to decide. For delicate parts of the work, it should be more liquid than for the bold portions. The time taken by the paste to harden must vary according to the degree of thickness with which it has been laid; half an hour is sufficient when the paste is so thin as to have been laid on with a brush. The gesso duro before mentioned, made by mixing resin and oil with the whitening, is sufficiently firm to enable certain portions, when dry, to be scraped down with a small file or with sand-paper, and four panels worked in this way are shown above. They are intended as designs for door-plates, to be copied in metal. In a case like this it often happens that if certain portions have to be pared down to get a desired effect, others require raising. This can only be done by laying a thin coat of glue

over the place to be raised, and then applying the gesso in the usual manner.

The scope for the talents of the artist is by no means confined to the modelling, for next comes the all-important question of colouring.

With the other materials supplied by the Society of Artists is included a set of metallic colours, the use of which offers no difficulty, even to the most inexperienced of workers, but after the amateur artist has had a little practice, she will be able to try fresh effects and combinations of colour, and will find much that is new and beautiful in the result. Some workers recommend that, as the modelling progresses, a varnish consisting of a solution of shellac and methylated spirit shall be laid over it to assist it in hardening. This shellac varnish has been used as a finish for the mahogany panel on page 596, where the decoration of plaster of Paris has been worked with a brush only, thus forming one of the simplest of the subjects illustrated here.

Gold leaf may be applied over shellac varnish just when it is not dry, but "tacky," that is, moist enough for the finger to stick slightly to it, but not wet enough for the varnish to come away when touched. If the modelling is to be simply coloured, it requires to be thinly but thoroughly coated with size as soon as it is set, and this acts as a medium for the colours. Gold and silver are included in the set of metallic paints sold for the work, but most

artists find that gold or silver leaf answers far better, being more durable and offering a better basis for the metallic colours used upon it. For the benefit of those workers who have not had any practice in using gold leaf, a few directions may not be out of place. The work to be gilded should be covered, first with gold size, which should be left for a day to become dry, or at any rate nearly dry, like the varnish above mentioned. The gold leaf will not bear any handling, so the book must be opened with care and a leaf allowed to fall on a small gilding cushion. The gold leaf must be cut with a knife, as it rests on the cushion,



MODELS FOR METAL DOOR-PLATES.

into pieces of the required size. A gold's flat camel's-hair brush, known as a "tip," is next taken, and passed lightly through the worker's hair; the gold will then cling to it if gently touched. The leaf is placed with it on the portion to be gilded, and is pressed down with a lump of cotton-wool or a smooth piece of chamois leather. Rub it down, but not too hard, take the tip and brush off the loose pieces. Leave it for a day, then wash it over with clear size, and add a coat of varnish. Silver leaf is used in much the same manner. There is no better way of procuring the metallic effect than by the use of gold or silver leaf, but if colour is required, it may be laid on over the metal and touched up with lustra paints. The device for the Art Workers' Guild on page 597 is finished in this way, and so has an appearance of lacquer which is both rich and artistic.

A few suggestions as to effective colours may not be useless to the worker. A panel for a cabinet door would be handsome if the background were left in its natural colours, especially if the wood is oak, rosewood, or even walnut. The gesso may be simply of the colour of ivory, touched here and there with gold. The use of ivory is becoming once more very popular, and certainly few combinations are more effective than ivory and gold upon such articles as cabinet or cupboard doors, where high relief is by no means out of place. When used for table-tops and for similar purposes, the gesso must not be much raised, and must be only such as can be laid on easily with the brush. The work is much used for friezes and dados, and can then be executed in a series of panels which are fixed in place after they are completed. The design for such a purpose should be not in the least degree worked out with any idea of rendering it naturally, though a certain amount of relief may be tolerated here. Few backgrounds can equal in effect one of a rich coppery gold, upon which the design is raised and coloured in metallic greenish-blues, deep red, and pure gold. If a background of the natural shades of the wood be preferred, there is scarcely anything more generally useful for it than oak. This will take almost any and every colour with success, but naturally it is not an easy matter to lay down a scheme of colour without acquaintance with the shades used in the furniture of the

room in which the frieze is to be placed. The background often adds greatly to the effect by being stippled, and it is in forming all the tiny dots of such a background that a small watch-key forms a convenient tool.

A lovely effect is often obtained by gilding or silvering the design and by painting over it with oil colours laid on so thinly that the metal is distinctly seen through them. Another plan is to gild the background only, and to overlay it with a thin coat of greenish-blue

or coppery red. The design in such a case as this may be left in its natural whitish condition, touched here and there with silver, or it may be entirely silvered. Ideas and hints for colouring can often be gained from a visit to a collection of Japanese lacquers, such as that at the South Kensington Museum, and the worker must beware of ever going there unprovided with a notebook and pencil, or, better still, with a box of colours with which to record the tints used in any special piece that takes her fancy. Many of these lacquers look well upon a piece of furniture, such as a chest or bracket, made of black or dark carved wood. Hints innumerable are to be gained from the study of a collection of carved ivory panels and plaques, and old Spanish leathers often prove good studies of metallic colours. Gesso, too, is frequently applied

to panels for a chimney-piece, and for this purpose there are many figure designs which are admirably well adapted. Those require a master-hand in the modelling and working up of the features and draperies, and under treatment by a bungling amateur will raise only ridicule and amusement. For smaller articles, such as photograph frames, light wreaths of flowers are often suitable, and require to be only slightly raised. The worker, and especially she who prides herself on her skill in modelling, must beware of falling into the habit, however tempting, of imitating wood-carving; an excellent imitation of wood-carving may be made of this composition, but then it is not gesso-work.

Since writing the above I have received some information from the London representative of "La Subérine Cie." of Paris, respecting a new material called Liégine, which is well adapted for gesso modelling, as it can readily be made into a paste with water and secured to any surface by the addition of glue. It dries slowly,



SIMPLE DESIGN IN GESSO ON MAHOGANY PANEL.

so will lend itself to a considerable amount of finish, and the more slowly it dries the harder it becomes. Liège is composed of cork, ground to an impalpable powder, and has the advantage of drying a warm colour very similar to terra-cotta. It is to be had from the English Agency, Blomfield House, London Wall; or from the manufactory, 36, Rue Guersant (les Ternes), Paris.

At present gesso has been seldom applied to textiles,

process of adding gold to the designs they have executed upon their pottery, but as no firing has to be undergone, they must not be disappointed if the metal has not so brilliant an appearance as it has upon the porcelain.

A rough kind of gesso for producing simple patterns that require little working up may be executed with a recently invented tool known as an air-pencil. This has been introduced by Messrs. Caspar & Co., of 194, Regent Street. It consists of a fine tube or point connected



DEVICE FOR THE ART WORKERS' GUILD.

but an Indian curtain I saw recently may suggest a few experiments to be made by the worker in this direction. The design in the middle carried out the old Persian idea of the "tree of life," and was surrounded by a curious border which repeated the ancient "swastika," or crossed fire-sticks. The pattern appeared to have been covered first with a thin paste such as that used in gesso, and overlaid with gold. The effect of this on the dark crimson background was very handsome, although the whole work was executed with more roughness than would be generally admired. The lustra paints, which are more especially adapted to textiles such as plush, velvet, or satin, would lend themselves well to this style of raised work. The gesso must not be too wet, or the moisture will run and spoil the outlines. It must also be allowed to get perfectly dry before the colour is applied. Those workers who are accustomed to china-painting will find a certain resemblance here to the

with a bulb which is filled, or nearly filled, with the paste mixed in a somewhat liquid condition. The left hand works the bulb, squeezing it as required to set the fluid in motion. When dry, the design may be painted in one of the ways already detailed. This process will doubtless remind readers who are possessed of a culinary talent of the way in which they are accustomed to decorate hams and tongues with piping, or cakes with coloured icing; indeed, the funnel of stiff paper used for this purpose answers quite as well for distributing the paste on the edges of photograph or mirror frames, small boxes or plaques. Needless to say, this is a very low form of the art, and no worker taking a pride in her occupation will remain long content until she has tried her skill at modelling and working up the paste into more elaborate designs. I can promise her she will find this a truly fascinating task, and one which gains in interest as more and more proficiency is attained.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



Confessions of a Lady Graphologist.



Is there anything in graphology? Given a handwriting, does the writer's character come out in that writing? Is it possible to diagnose a whole string of characteristics by the curve to right or left of the tail of a *y*, or the exact breadth of the bar of a *t*?

To judge from recent articles in sundry magazines, the subject seems at present to be under discussion. Perhaps a few jottings—the outcome of several years' practical experience of the art—may be of some interest.

I had discovered—by a mere chance, and greatly to my own surprise—that I was apparently possessed of the gift. At the time it had so happened that I wished for a certain sum of money for a certain object. And one day a friend had said, "Why don't you get that money by telling character from handwriting? I know someone who built a schoolhouse in that way."

Before a week was over I was a professional. I never, indeed, advertised; in fact, there was no need. I had always as many writings as I cared to do—often more than I cared to do. And yet I had merely written to some half-dozen friends in Great Britain and Ireland, stating my purpose, and asking each friend to mention it again.

I got my certain sum of money. I devoted it to its special purpose. And then—I had grown so sick of the very sight of handwritings that I unprofessionalised myself on the spot.

One point I should like to make clear at starting. In an important sense I am afraid that this paper will seem very unsatisfactory. It can only consist of a few general remarks loosely strung together. For, although I believe there is something in graphology—although I believe there is a great deal in graphology—I must frankly own that my several years of practice never enabled me to reduce the art to a science. Never once did I achieve the elaboration of any system of fixed laws.

More than this. I feel convinced that the more a graphologist relies upon rules and regulations, the less successful he or she is likely to be. I do not deary rules altogether; sometimes, indeed, they are helpful, and, before ending, I should like to give a few of the most reliable. But still I am persuaded that to base your system upon rules, to trust blindly to rules, is simply to lean upon a reed.

I could give scores of instances, but perhaps one will suffice.

A wide space between words is supposed to indicate a lavish, open-handed nature. Looking over a friend's album lately I came upon a copied poem. Between each word the gajing space amounted to caricature. Pointing to the lines, I observed that if there were any virtue in graphological rules, that writer was on the high road to

the workhouse from sheer, mad, reckless, spendthrift prodigality.

I was suffered to reach the end of my adjectives unchecked. Then—"He is notorious," said my friend, quietly and cheerfully, "He is notorious for a mean, narrow, grasping, miserly stinginess."

But if graphology is not based on rules, what is the process?

I hesitate over the answer. I feel so strongly that it must sound most vague and most unscientific.

Briefly, I believe the case to be entirely one of *nascitur, non fit*—a purely natural gift, like all natural gifts, to be developed and strengthened, but still distinctly a gift.

Do you wish to know whether you possess it or not? You can settle the point for yourself in ten minutes.

Get a friend to give you half a dozen strange writings. Look through them. If you have a sort of feeling that one is promising, pick it out. Look at it fixedly; look, and wait, and see—again I am aware how unscientific this sounds, but it really best expresses the process as it seemed to my own experience—see if first one thing and then another does not suggest itself to you, and that, as it were, of itself, and absolutely without any train of conscious reasoning on your part.

And then? Is your character right? Has it life—individuality? Has it out-of-the-way touches, the outcome of inexplicable promptings, and are these very points pronounced specially telling? Then, feel already a little modest confidence, and try again.

But was the process this?—A blank, my lord. Or else an arguing of the matter out. This jerk, this distinctly sharp jerk in the tail of that *y*, surely that must mean temper; that irregular, scrambled, untidy-looking general effect—yes, naturally, want of order.

No results; or none without a painfully elaborated process of reasoning first? Then—give it up. Indeed, you are not a born graphologist. And if not, believe me, you will never become one.

I spoke just now of inexplicable promptings. People with the gift will know what I mean; people without it will not.

From my own experience I could give case after case. But perhaps three will suffice.

The first was in the diffident stage of early practice. Through a mutual friend a scrap of unsigned writing was forwarded to me by a complete stranger. This writer is exceedingly High Church—the thought seemed to flash across me. But, no, to put that down would be too preposterous. As if such a thing could possibly come out!

Weeks afterwards I found who the writer was—found, too, that my common-sense and my cowardice between them had been responsible for my having omitted a striking, individualising touch, which would have made the whole character curiously complete.

My second case is this. An Oxford man sent me a

specimen of a college friend's writing; a mere scrap torn off a letter; as in the last instance, four or five lines of quite unsuggestive commonplace.

Again the same struggle between that unaccountable prompting on the one hand, and what seemed the merest common-sense on the other.

But this time I took my courage with both hands. It seemed—it was—a ludicrous thing to say, but said it should be.

And it was. I forget the exact words; but they were to the effect that the writer was singularly unsceptible with regard to women.

A month later I was placed in possession of a small fact. During the previous Long, that young man had, to my informant's certain knowledge, been engaged twice, and, my informant *believed*, three times.

My third case is a rather curious instance of a double impression.

At an afternoon party I met a new arrival in the neighbourhood, the recently installed clergyman of an adjoining parish. Being asked afterwards what he was like, I described him as a pleasant man to talk to, as seeming cultured and refined, and as having specially pleasing manners. But I added that, though I could not in the least say why, he had given me the impression of being one of those people who are not quite to be trusted.

Some weeks later I was spending the evening at a friend's house. A bundle of letters was produced, and a few lines selected and proffered as a test of my powers.

"Well?" said one of my friends presently.

"Well," I said, "I should say that she"—generally I ask for sex of writer, but on this occasion I had taken for granted that it was a woman—"I should say that she had very pleasant, taking manners, that she could talk well, and was intelligent and companionable; but do you know I have the oddest feeling about the writing as if she were not a bit to be trusted."

The writing was that of my clergyman of the afternoon party. Some months after, events occurred which showed that the double impression had been most unfortunately true.

But enough of unaccountable impressions. Only be very sure of this—the more bravely you trust to such, the sooner will your character as a successful graphologist be established.

At the beginning of this paper I tried to tell the novice what to do. Now for a few hints as to what not to do.

Never attempt a writing if you feel that you cannot manage it. All graphologists—the most successful—come across such writings. Unfortunately, under pressure they attempt them. Hence the cases of individual failure, and of discredit to the art as a whole.

Avoid envelopes. There is usually a subtle difference between the writing of an envelope and the writing of the letter within. As a rule, the character comes out far more clearly in the latter.

Do not force moods. Dr. Johnson's "sit down doggedly" may hold as to literature; it certainly does not as to graphology. You will find that a couple of hours'

study when you are not in the mood is less productive of results, either as to quantity or quality, than five minutes' when you are.

Never take a whole letter. It is essential to come to each writing with a mind absolutely unbiassed; and even in a quite ordinary letter indications of character may crop out here and there. Therefore decline the proffered sheet. Request that four or five lines be torn off, and beg that such be chosen as will be wholly unsuggestive.

Don't—I speak feelingly here—don't be tricked. Do you find the subject of graphology being led up to with a very innocent nanner and a singularly indifferent tone of voice? Get instantly on your guard. Distrust that half-torn note, carelessly produced from your companion's pocket, and addressed to himself from, let us say, his obedient servant, John Smith. Five minutes later you may find you have been telling that man's own character from his own writing to his own face.

Lastly, never reason from one point to another; having detected one trait, do not, from the mere fact of its existence, assume a second. Human nature is surely too contradictory for any such process to be trustworthy. Besides, if you really have the gift, as a matter of fact, no such process will be necessary. Each trait will suggest itself separately.

I spoke at starting against graphology based on rules. But I guarded myself against discarding rules altogether; and though I have small faith in those that deal with points of detail—special shapes of special letters—yet I think that there is little doubt that certain broad general types of character do very frequently go with certain broad general types of writing.

Reserve and openness, for example. A little experience, and you may know the two types at a glance. A little practice, and you may have a dozen picked writings—six of reserved and six of outspoken people—spread before you, and you would be able to say which was which at a glance.

Take openness first. As a rule, a larger type of writing, more ease in the construction of the letters, fuller loops, more rounded curves, more general flow and movement throughout.

And next, reserve. How the self-contained nature comes out in each line, almost in every word! The letters are smaller, closer together, more pointed; loops diminish in size or disappear altogether; there is less of general freedom; and a sort of condensed, concentrated look about the whole.

Only remember that quite possible combination—openness on surface matters, reserve on deeper points. But then both sides will probably be in the writing too; the first in the flow and ease of the type as a whole, the second creeping in in perhaps even a single letter here and there.

And then cheerfulness and depression. A bright, elastic temperament—look at the spring, the energy, the life of the entire writing; notice, too, that frequent sign of hopefulness—the mounting tendency of the lines as a whole, or in words and letters here and there.

Whereas, depression—absence of all freedom and

case a flag, an effort, a restraint in the very formation of the letters; and, very usually, a running downwards, either of whole lines or of single words.

Sequence of ideas, good reasoning power, faculty for mental classification and arrangement, are generally indicated by a writing in which the letters of each word are, as a rule, all linked together, and the letters themselves well and clearly formed.

Imagination comes out strongly—distinct phases of it too; the imagination of mere delicate fancy, or of artistic grace, and also the depth, strength, and creative faculty of high imaginative power.

The former will show in a special grace and delicacy of lines and curves. Not the mere flow and ease of the frank and cheerful temperament—it is more than this. The eye rests with absolute pleasure on the peculiar grace of the curves in question. This is to be sought chiefly in the capital letters—the flowing round of a capital P for instance.

The other and stronger form of imagination is quite distinct. The graceful curves may appear, too, but not necessarily; and the writing is apt to be more pointed, more vigorous—as a rule, more black-looking; and running

through it all is a marked appearance of concentration and depth.

One last instance—this time a rule not, as above, dealing with general types of writing, but a rule on a point of detail—the shaping of a single part of a single letter. Of all rules, as I have said before, this is the most untrustworthy, only, having found this special one often strikingly true, I give it here.

Self-confidence—trust in one's own judgment—belief in one's own powers—very usually goes with a deeply curved, sweeping flourish below the line of the capital C. The more obvious and flourishing the sweep, the stronger the characteristic.

I have given the above types and rules as fairly trustworthy. But as I began, so I would end, with one warning. Trust no rule blindly. Has one on nine separate occasions led you right! On the tenth be equally careful to verify it anew on that special point by your own instinctive judgment of the writing as a whole. And if on any occasion your rule, your hitherto satisfactory, triumphant rule, says one thing, and your impression, undefined, apparently unreasoned as that impression may be, says another—let your rule go.

MARY KENNETT.

A Born English Cook.

L'HOMME ne vit pas de ce qu'il mange, mais de ce qu'il digère" (Man does not live by what he eats, but by what he digests).

Given this, the question is to know whether all our efforts ought not to be directed towards the study of the most nutritious and most easily digested articles of food. This study has been made and is constantly being made by people who ought to know what is easy of digestion; but what people do not know is that according to the treatment these divers materials receive so they become beneficent or injurious to the system, and what is absorbed with the idea of nourishing the body, becomes if badly prepared a source of ailment. How important it is, therefore, that all we eat should be properly cooked! No one knows the irreparable mischief caused by inferior cooking; if people could but form a just idea of it they would do everything in their power to guard themselves against such a calamity. I was recently discussing this question with an English friend who related to me numerous cases of friends of hers who had been the victims of bad cookery; and in the course of conversation she took me by surprise by announcing that she was born a cook. And indeed she must have been so, for she was only five years old, and this is what she did. She was going to have a doll's dinner-party, and she wished the roast to be a goose—"A stuffed goose, Nurse, stuffed with sage and onions like the one we had at Christmas; and I want to pluck it, and truss it, and cook it all by myself." "Very well, Miss Carrie, as it is your birthday, and your mamma said you might have whatever treat you wished most to have, provided

it was within doors, I will see what I can do for you. My first condition is that you must not move the high fender off." This being agreed to, Nurse went downstairs, and soon returned with all the necessary implements, the goose included, in the shape of a sparrow. The little girl plucked it, trussed it, stuffed it, and floured it, and then, fastening a long piece of worsted to a nail in the mantel-piece, the other end being furnished with a pin bent into a hook, she affixed the little bird to it, and after some little time devoted to basting, had the immense satisfaction of dishing it in the largest dish of her doll's dinner service; and actually the next sparrow she obtained she larded. No wonder she describes herself as a born cook.

Fortunately for her she had a very wise mother, who encouraged this talent so judiciously that although she was a very accomplished girl, and became and is now a most delightful ornament to society, she never lost any opportunity of adding some new dish to her repertory, and thereby made her own home most comfortable, and was able with a moderate income to offer its inmates all the luxuries expected only in the households of those able to keep professional and expensive cooks. She travelled a great deal, accompanying two brothers who were so accustomed to good wholesome living that they with difficulty put up with the ordinary English lodging or hotel fare, and her culinary talents had often to come to the rescue. Travelling is delightful; excursions in such a picturesque place as Scotland are most enjoyable; but if you have to encounter inferior fare in crowded and stuffy rooms, the enjoyment is very much discounted,

and the benefit obtained by the fresh-air excursions is sadly diminished if you cannot have good, wholesome, and tasty meals in comfort and peace. What suffers most from these discomforts is the temper, but this we have been taught of late is itself ruled by the liver, and what rules the liver but the digestion?

When, therefore, I read in a very popular and clever book that among the requisite qualities of a good husband, one is that "he must not make himself objectionable when there is a dish of lukewarm mutton for dinner," I shudder at the thought of all the discomforts this good husband will have to submit to, and cannot help wondering how long under these circumstances he will remain a good husband. For in time digestion will rebel under such treatment, and the liver will get weary of the lukewarm mutton and its congeners; then the temper will lose its equanimity, and I shall hear of this good husband having so altered, and being so different from what he was, &c. &c. Like a new Cassandra, I point out the remedy, and, as in the case of this Greek princess, people turn a deaf ear to my warnings, and trifle with one of the most wondrous of the gifts of the Almighty—our digestion; without which none of the others can be enjoyed. And when people seem to think it is wrong to be so particular about one's food, I am always inclined to say to them (and frequently do so): It is *you* who are wrong, for by your carelessness in your commissariat duties you daily and systematically help to injure irreparably all the digestions committed to your care, beginning with your own. The little girl who roasted the sparrow at the age of five, and thereby exhibited her culinary proclivities, rendered in her life more service than any woman competing against mathematical students. A new dish, a new sauce, a new pudding, is a boon to humanity; a female wrangler is an abnormal growth, an excrescence, the fewer of them the better! Of what use can they be to humanity, seeing that the supply of eligible unmarried heads of colleges is necessarily limited! A woman doctor is all very well; she, as someone has said in my own tongue, is the sister of mercy armed with the torch of science. But a female wrangler is quite another thing. I am not sorry to see that the Bishop of Chester has lately pronounced in the same sense.

To turn to another branch of our subject, I have often been amazed at the extreme difference which exists between English and French modes of living, and am still wondering which is the wiser of the two nations. It is true that each adapts its hours of meals and their composition to its climate, its habits, and its special wants; and what would suit the one would in many points be repugnant to the other. I never saw this more thoroughly exemplified than last Christmas, when a newly married French couple came over here to attend the wedding of an English friend of theirs who had assisted at their own wedding in France. They had rather bad luck in arriving in London on the Saturday when the densest fog of the year began, and having to leave on the following Friday, when for the first time it cleared off. They kept saying to me, "*Mais quel sale pays! mais quel affreux pays!*"—How can you live in

it!" In spite of all this, I repeated over and over to them that I loved my adopted fatherland, and that I loved and admired its inhabitants, my adopted countrymen. Still I drew my line at the food and at the cooking, and acquiesced with my young friends in their eloquent expressions of dislike at sundry English customs so new and disagreeable to them.

To have to come down on those cold dark mornings at a quarter to nine o'clock, instead of having a nice cup of chocolate and a hot roll and fresh butter brought up to your room, and then take your own time to dress and be ready for an eleven o'clock *déjeuner à la fourchette*, seemed to the pretty little French lady one of the greatest hardships she had ever had to go through. "I never got up so early since I left the convent," she said. And then the stale bread was another source of woe (the French never eat stale bread), "and the hard eggs every morning." At first I could not understand what she meant, until I suddenly remembered that in England boiled eggs are usually brought on the breakfast-table in the most inconsiderate manner, whether the guests are down or not; indeed, I have seen the whole breakfast served before prayers were said!

In France, on the contrary, the guests wait for the eggs, therefore they are in perfect condition. "And sausages and bacon," said the husband, "and mushrooms, and a number of dishes so early in the morning, it made me quite sick even to look at them!" "I longed to ask for a glass of water," put in the young bride. "Would you believe," said the gentleman, "we have not had beef once since we have been here, and I had told my wife of the splendid sirloins of beef she would see, and how delicious they were. No, at luncheon we never had anything but veal, veal every day, veal that was not larded, and with balls of seasoning that tasted of nothing but lemon-peel and curious herbs! And at dinner pheasants every day!" "Well," I said, "that surely was very nice." "No," they both exclaimed, "for they were quite fresh, were roasted very dry, and there was no gravy, but some bread mixture, which much resembled a bread poultice! And then for the dinner, it was, I admit, splendidly served upon magnificent damasked linen, with an abundance of plate and beautifully cut glass. And then one had to dress as if it were a ceremonious dinner, even when we were *entre nous*!" This, by the way, is one of the ostentatious habits obtaining here to which the French can never get reconciled.

I can quite understand that really great people, accustomed all their lives to a grand way of living, should always dress for dinner—*noblesse oblige*; but that men who have been busy all day long in their city offices should, the instant they come home, go and pinch themselves in a dress coat and discard their warm waistcoats and expose their chests for the purpose of displaying a great expanse of white stiff shirt, and exchange their warm boots for cold patent leather shoes, is beyond the comprehension of us French people. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Hundred Days in Europe," criticises this custom, I remember, with great humour. "And," added my shrewd and pretty young friend, "if after all this

elaborate dressing, and this grand display of damask, silver, glasses, cutlery, china, flowers, &c., you had a correspondingly good dinner there would be some compensation; but, alas! the soup, clear as amber, tastes like hot water with bits of pepper in it; the fish has lost its flavour in boiling water, and the sauce is a thick greasy paste; the entrees are most indifferent dishes; the game ruined by being burnt to a cinder, the vegetables merely boiled in water, spinach scarcely chopped up and innocent of butter, and a salad chopped up with a knife, and swimming in a quantity of salad-dressing half-drowned in the water in which the leaves had been washed but not dried! I expected every minute on the first day of our visit that our hosts would apologise for the shortcomings of their cook, but not a word was said, and it became evident that this was the normal state of affairs. All the members of the family helped themselves largely to condiments and sauces contained in elegant and costly cruets, and offered on a silver tray with great decorum by a butler whose clothes were the counterpart of his employers; and not one remark of any sort was ever made about any of the dishes. The champagne and other excellent wines were poured out by the butler in the same silent and decorous manner. At dessert a splendid display of fruit was placed on the table, over which towered a most fragrant pineapple, sailing aloft for praise, but my husband's expression of admiration of the fruit got no response, and fell flat to the ground. I felt as if we had made a breach in our manners!"

I informed her that in this country it was not considered well-bred to express any opinion, either favourable or otherwise, on anything that appears on the dinner-table, but to seem perfectly indifferent to everything you see and eat. "Don't speak so enthusiastically about your food, Mabel," said a charming friend of mine to her little girl of twelve years old, who was expressing emphatically her liking for some pudding set before her. Etiquette and good manners are very good things, but they may, I think, be carried too far. The French are evidently more the children of nature than the English in this respect, and give their feelings vent. They are more particular about the essentials of the dinner-table, the English about the surroundings.

Now, do you not, my readers, think with me that many of these shortcomings might easily be remedied if the ladies of these large luxurious London abodes trod softly in the footsteps of their countrywoman who at five years old proved herself a born cook, and who all her life has managed with marvellous industry and wisdom the commissariat entrusted to her care, priding herself on having every article of food brought on her table in perfection? This requires a knowledge of cooking, certainly; but this is now-a-days easily acquired. If your cooks find out that you allow ill-cooked dishes to appear on your table provided only that they are made to look pretty, they will take no pains with their work, and you will to the end of the chapter have to put up with such faulty cooking as will by degrees undermine the strongest constitution; for however plainly you may wish to live, still it is necessary that these plain dishes

should be well dressed. A mere mutton chop not properly done will not only be unpalatable but will, instead of renovating your exhausted fuel, set you against your food, be a waste of money, and finally irritate your temper. And yet what can be more easily done, more wholesome, appealing and nutritious, and more easy of digestion than an ordinary mutton chop, with fine bread-crumbs well beaten into it with the rolling-pin; no egg, no, never any egg; then broiled artfully on the gridiron—which must first be well heated so that the chop or cutlet may not adhere to it—over a very clear fire, and turned incessantly over and over again till done, never allowing the juice of the meat to escape! Such a chop as this is placed almost every day before every guest at French tables, at the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, accompanied by steamed new potatoes cut in two, with butter and salt over them, or other vegetables, such as French beans, or peas, or *flayodels* well cooked and well seasoned with butter mixed with chopped-up parsley, and followed by a little cheese and fruit or jam.

If you get tired of your chops, order for the next day a nice soft *Omelette aux fines herbes*, as described in "Economical French Cookery," followed by a slice or two of any cold meat you may have in the house, with the accompaniment of a salad dressed according to the instructions given in "French Cookery for Ladies," now in course of publication. But whatever you do you must come to the table before the omelette is served, and wait for it, if you wish to eat it in perfection.

Whenever you have cold meat, a little dish of fish, the surplus of the previous day, dressed with a well-made Béchamel sauce, will be very tempting; and any fish, be it cod, turbot, hake, brill, salmon, or haddock, with the addition of half a pint of shrimps, will be quite luxurious. The complete recipe of this every-day dish will be found in "French Cookery for Ladies," but the following recipes are not to be found there; and as they are very easily made I have great pleasure in giving them at length. The first is neither a dish nor a soup, but a combination of the two. Only those who have travelled in the south of France, where it is very commonly eaten, will know it in perfection. It was taught me by a Bordelaise friend, a thoroughly good housekeeper, whose great study was the daily fare of her family. I am rather puzzled to know which to choose of the half-dozen ways of doing it. The following I believe is the most popular, and is calculated to wake up and to satisfy the most whimsical or the most gargantuan appetite. It is called *Garbure au gratin*, for which I cannot possibly find an equivalent in English.

Take a nice hard Savoy cabbage—the other sorts may do as well, but might sometimes be too strong—cut this into thin strips, as well as three very hard French lettuces.

Take half a pound of streaky bacon, cover the bottom of your stew-pan with thin slices of it, and place over all your cabbage and lettuces with small slices of bacon; add two carrots, two onions with two cloves in one of them; pepper and a little salt; a bouquet (two sprigs of parsley, two of wild thyme, two of lemon thyme, and the quarter

of a bay-leaf); put in a tea-cupful of very good stock, and let it simmer *very gently* for one hour and a half. In the meantime boil *very gently* in some very good stock the crumb of a rye loaf, and rasp two ounces of Gruyère cheese and two ounces of Parmesan. When done, take your cabbage off the fire, sprinkle the bottom of a pie-dish with some of your cheese, put in a layer of cabbage and lettuce, sprinkle them with cheese, put in a layer of rye bread equally sprinkled with cheese; add little bits of bacon strewn about, and begin again with alternate layers of cabbage, cheese, and bread until your dish is full, then finish with bread more thickly sprinkled with cheese than previously, mixing with the cheese very fine crumbs of rye bread, and pour over the whole the liquor in which it has been cooked. Then put it in the oven to get *gratiné*, or crisp. Of course you will have removed the carrots, onions, and the bouquet.

Then you serve with it in a soup-tureen some very good *bouillon* or clear soup for those who prefer to eat it as a soup.

There is the same sort of dish with chestnuts and the leg of a goose, which is very delicious; but instead of giving the recipe of this now, I will give that of a very excellent *entremets* or pudding called *Clafoutis aux fraises*. Put in a basin one-quarter of a pound of very fine flour, a little salt, two spoonfuls of melted fresh butter, and the yolk of an egg, and mix it up with half a pint of tepid milk in which you have put some sugar. Now butter slightly a pie-dish, sprinkle some powdered sugar all over, put your strawberries all round, beat up two whites of eggs very hard until they can be cut with a knife, mix them up with your batter, put in the dish the remainder of your strawberries, pour your batter all over, and bake it for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven.

EMILIE LEBOUR-FAWSETT.

Marguerite.

YOUR casement shines in the evening gleam,
Marguerite,
And strange low melodies float and dream;
Tis the wild swan, chanting adown the stream.
Heed it not though the song be sweet,
Marguerite, ah Marguerite!

"Follow, follow,
For who would stay!
Life is weary, and Love's away!
Follow, follow
Beyond the sky,
Sâli, Sâli, 'tis best to die."

She heard the mystical mournful cry,
Marguerite,

She lifted her head with a sudden sigh:
"Farewell, farewell, I must surely die,
Death draws near with his noiseless feet,"
Marguerite, ah Marguerite!

"Follow, follow,

For who would stay!
Life is weary, and Love's away!
Follow, follow,
Beyond the sky,
Sâli, Sâli, 'tis best to die."

She folded her hands across her breast,

Marguerite,
And the swan passed by to a last, long rest,
And the red sun died in the golden west,
And her aching heart hath ceased to beat,
Marguerite, ah Marguerite!

"Follow, follow,
For who would stay!
Life is weary, and Love's away!
Follow, follow,
Beyond the sky,
Sâli, Sâli, 'tis best to die."

EDYTHE H. CROSS.



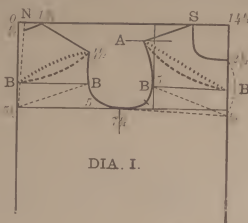
The Making of Children's Frocks.

DURING the last few years little frocks of soft material, gathered or smocked on the shoulders and fastened a little below the waist with a soft silk sash, have grown very much in favour with mothers who like to see their children simply and prettily dressed. These frocks have several advantages—there is not a great deal of fitting in them, for as long as they “hang” prettily they fulfil all that is expected from them in that respect, therefore they can be more easily made at home than little dresses that betray the amateur at every point; they are straight, wide, and loose, and generally unlined, therefore they are easier to laundry than much-lined and be-draped little garments; and being loose and waistless, they are, one must presume, more healthy than dresses which confine or restrict the body and its movements. Their becomingness is almost generally admitted, though I have seen the children of artisans or peasants in little garments of the kind that have looked anything but well. The points to be observed in making them are: first, that they shall fit well about the neck and shoulders; secondly, that they shall hang with an even bottom edge; thirdly, that they shall not be too long; fourthly, that they shall not be stiff. It is best to use soft materials which fall in pretty folds, and a double-width material (such as cashmere or merino) saves unsightly seams down the back and front, places where, according to the principles of good dressmaking, seams should never come.

Very little cutting out is needed; the shaping is usually done by rows of gathering, which draw the material into shape about the neck and shoulders; but to accomplish this satisfactorily a yoke pattern is generally useful, either in the form of a lining on which the material is to be fixed, or simply as a pattern by which to shape it on the gathering threads. The yoke as given above (Diagram I.) is about an average size for a child three or four years old, and I think the figures I have given will be found more reliable than home-taken measures, unless the child happens to be measured in a close-fitting dress; amateur measures over a loose frock are of little or no use.

For those, however, who may feel inclined to try, the measures are taken as follows:—Pin a tape round the child's body close up under the arms, but not high enough to be uncomfortable or to force the shoulders out of place (amateurs as a rule put this too high, but on the other hand, the hang of the frock is spoiled if it is too low). Measure first the size of the child round the body (bust); next the width from the centre of the back to the armhole, where the sleeve is set in (back width);

then the widest part of the front from centre to sleeve-seam (chest); next an easy armhole measure (armhole); next the neck measure, round the little throat itself, not round the collar of the dress; lastly, measure the depth of the back from the bottom of the collar or neck band to the top of the tape which has been put around the body (the level). The entire length of the frock should be regulated by a measure from the neck at the back and another from the neck at the front.



The sleeve should be measured by the inside length of the arm, taking the measure as far as the wrist-bone, as these sleeves should be amply long.

We will first proceed to make a yoke pattern, which we will do by taking a sheet of paper, pencil, and tailor's square, and with the latter beginning in the usual way by “forming a square” about an inch inside the edge of the paper and marking the corner 0. From 0 measure down half an inch ($\frac{1}{2}$), and below $\frac{1}{2}$ the level (here $5\frac{1}{2}$), and square a line across from it. From 0 then measure across the top line half an inch (N), and from N draw the dotted back line of a yoke to $5\frac{1}{2}$. From N measure across one-sixth of the total neck measure ($1\frac{1}{2}$ will generally serve for any child's neck), and from the level of $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ put in a neck curve, as shown by diagram. From $5\frac{1}{2}$ take across the width of the back (5), and then from 5 square up one-third of the armhole measure (here $4\frac{1}{2}$, which is one-third of $13\frac{1}{2}$), and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ put in the shoulder line.

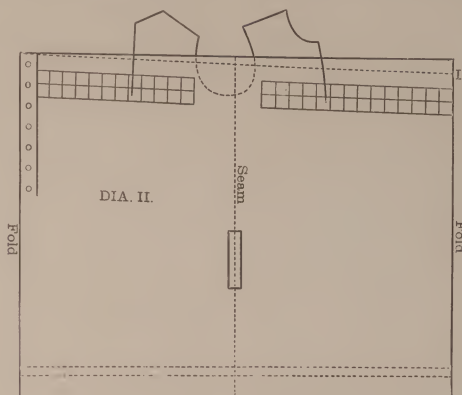
Now take half of the bust measure across the line from 0 ($14\frac{1}{2}$), and from it square a line down the front of the pattern; on the corner made by the two lines joining proceed to form the front neck curve. Use one-quarter of the total neck measure down below $14\frac{1}{2}$ ($2\frac{1}{2}$), and the same across the top line (S), then between S and $2\frac{1}{2}$ put in a slight curve.

Continue the drafting. At about an inch and a half above the line coming across from $5\frac{1}{2}$, measure in the chest measure from the front line (5), and through 5 square up a firm line to the top of the pattern, as shown by the diagram. The next point is to get the sloping line of the front shoulder, to do which we must place the little guide-line A an inch below that top line of the pattern which comes across from 0. Do this, and next measure how long the back shoulder is from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$. Whatever its length, make the front one the same, putting the end of the measure at the front S, and tilting it to let the figure that indicates the shoulder-length (in this case $3\frac{1}{2}$) rest on the little guide-line A. The armhole has then to be shaped from the end of the front shoulder down to meet the chest line at 5, thence

round to $7\frac{1}{4}$ (which is just a dot put at $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches from $5\frac{1}{2}$), and from $7\frac{1}{4}$ up to $4\frac{1}{2}$, or the end of the back shoulder. From the front of the neck ($2\frac{1}{2}$) it is as well to dot down a slightly curved line, which comes out from the $5\frac{1}{2}$ line about half an inch at the front ($\frac{1}{2}$), and about half an inch below it, from the $\frac{1}{2}$, the true yoke-line, the one which is to be cut, is dotted in on the diagram back to $7\frac{1}{4}$. These rounded lines help to make the yoke lie close to the neck, and yet set easily about the shoulders. If the straight line from $5\frac{1}{2}$ is taken for the yoke, instead of this dotted and slightly sloping one from $7\frac{1}{4}$, it will not look straight across the chest, but

rarely pointed ones are preferred; but the pointed ones are better put into blouses with separate skirts for larger girls, unless the top of the frock is gathered or smocked into that shape, in which case it is quite correct to use them for quite young children. The diagram shows several shapes of yokes. From $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{4}$, and from $7\frac{1}{4}$ down the dotted line to $\frac{1}{2}$ at front, gives a deep yoke, which is not particularly smart, but which is very often put into useful little every-day frocks of self-coloured print, or washing zephyr, or gingham.

B to B is a smaller straight-across yoke, which, however, runs at exactly the same slope as the deeper lines,



will rise slightly in the centre, giving an unsightly and distinctly amateurish appearance to the whole frock. Those readers who have followed my paper on yoked blouses in the July number of *THE WOMAN'S WORLD* will more fully appreciate this precaution, and the necessity for impressing it on all who attempt to cut yoked dresses of any kind. If anyone is following the instructions for yoke-making with her own measures, it will be easy enough to apply them in place of those I have given. If it is preferred to use my measures, but is desired to decrease the size of the yoke, a little should be taken from the front line, also from the back line, and from each dotted shoulder line, and a little pinch out of the armhole at $7\frac{1}{4}$; to increase, exactly the contrary rules should be observed, but in that case the neck need not be cut quite as large as it will come, or it will be too low in proportion to the other parts.

The next question to arise is the shape and size of the yoke. The one drafted contains all the actual fitting required in one of these little frocks, and for that reason I have given a rather large one; but for good style I think the yoke should not come lower than the chest. Sometimes straight yokes are used, and more

but is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above them. It will be seen that whilst the deep yoke takes into itself all the shaping of the armhole, the shorter yoke, B to B, leaves the lower part of it to be put into the lower or skirt portion of the frock. This must be carefully remembered; it is not at all difficult to do, but proves very troublesome if it is forgotten. The third variety is the pointed yoke: there are two shown in the diagram, one set coming from the ends of the shoulders to the front and back of the B lines respectively, the second set coming from the armhole ends of the B lines to a little below the original deep yoke lines. The former are the newest style, but lines for pointed yokes may be put in almost by individual fancy, as long as it is remembered that whatever portion of the armhole is not included in the shaping of the yoke must be put into the skirt of the frock. The circular yoke should, strictly speaking, be only the length of the shoulder, below $2\frac{1}{2}$ at the front and $\frac{1}{2}$ at the back respectively, but it may be made a trifle more, and each gathering line (if it is shaped in that way) set a little further apart down the front than it is at the shoulder. The circular yoke is also shown dotted in on the diagram.

Whichever pattern it is decided to use, the full yoke

should be cut in paper by the dotted fitting lines, with-out much allowance for turnings; the lines of the fancy yoke, if one is to be cut, should be marked on it by the wheel, but the lower part of the yoke should be made by the drafting, by the line *B* to *F*, and thence by the dotted line to *A*. At *F* the pattern should be divided, so that it is left in two pieces—one back and one front. The pattern being prepared, it is best to mark arrange the material. For the convenience of the diagram, I will suppose we have two lengths of muslin or smooth silk, a yard wide. One length will then be sufficient for the back and one for the front, thus cutting the frock with only two seams—one under each arm.

With prints and zephyrs, which are sometimes only thirty-two inches wide, two lengths may be allowed to *serve*; but for narrower stuffs three lengths are required. Three lengths put the seams of the material in a more awkward place, but by making one down the centre of the back, and allowing one to show at each side of the front, they pass in without showing too conspicuously.

Presuming, however, that care has been taken to provide a material of the width best suited to the style of the frock, we will next calculate the length required for each half. Supposing the frock to be twenty-four inches long, we must allow an extra three inches for the hem, and one for the turnings at the top, then an allowance for three or four tucks, or as many as may be desired. For each tuck, twice as much as the size of the tuck must be allowed—thus, half-inch tucks consume an inch of stuff; and inch tucks, two inches. As a safe rule, two yards of stuff may be allowed for a little frock which is to be from twenty-four to twenty-six inches long when it is completed; this does not include the sleeves, which require from twelve to sixteen inches extra. Thus, the little frocks I am giving may be managed closely from two and a quarter or easily from two and a half yards of yard-wide material. We will begin with the frock on Diagram II., where we will suppose we have a short, straight yoke of velvet, to which a smocked silk skirt is added. The same idea may be carried out in any material, it may be a print skirt added to a print yoke; but I am speaking of silk and velvet to make my meaning clear. We will also suppose the velvet yoke is to be lined.

Referring to Diagram I. we find the silk must be measured from *D* to *B*, these being the highest points of the short, straight yoke. If the circular or pointed yokes from the ends of the shoulders were being taken, we should need the lengths of silk from the highest point, however far down into the skirt the depth of the yoke might reach. We will next suppose that the two seams of the silk have been machined together and pressed flat, and then the silk folded down the length and laid on the table as per diagram, which shows a fold at each side and a seam on the top leading down from the centre of the armhole; of course, we know that as the stuff is folded there is a similar seam underneath and out of sight on the other side of the silk. It is not at all a bad plan to have all the bottom finished, the hem and tucks made and pressed, before starting to shape the top; however, that may be done afterwards.

We will suppose our skirt part to be hemmed and tucked, and to be just the usual one inch longer than the measure required; the one inch counting as turnings or for a heading. If these little frocks are cut the same length back and front, they usually hang long at the front, unless the child is full in the stomach and chest and so lifts it. To obviate this, go down the front fold one inch from the top (*F*), and cut, as per dotted line, nearly across to the other fold. Put the scissors straight when starting the cutting at *F*; if the slope is taken rapidly, there will be a V at the fold when the stuff is opened. This inch need not be pared away if it is preferred to "bag" the dress on the child by pulling the front up and letting it blouse a little over the sash; unless this is done, however, it is better taken from the top, where it does not interfere with the lie of the hem and tucks, as it might do if the bottom were shaped.

The inch having been parcel away, the proper yoke line is laid to the top of the silk, as shown on the diagram, the armhole being half on each side of the seam, and the bottom of it coming one and a half to two inches down into the silk. This is to be cut away, leaving the skirt each side of the seam exactly the shape of the armhole of the pattern below the yoke. This, I think, is made quite clear by the diagram; and the top of the silk is now simply to be set to the bottom of the yoke. If it is done by gathering the silk raw-edged, and setting it between the lining and velvet of the yoke, it is best to gather each quarter of the frock on a separate thread; beginning each one at the fold for the two halves of the front, and taking care not to gather to the fold at the back, but only to within an inch and a half of it, as indicated by the dotted lines down the back, which show where the fastenings—usually buttons and button-holes—are to be placed. This is to close the opening down the back, which is usually from ten to fourteen inches long, according to the size of the child. It must be cut, and should only be large enough to let the dress slip easily over the child's shoulders—not larger. The top of the skirt is now very often turned over and gathered, half an inch below the fold, in a frill, and then set on the yoke with a pretty gathered heading. When this is done, feather-stitching or some fancy cording is generally used to hide the gathering thread; and the upper part of the sleeve is headed into the armhole in a continuation of the frill round the shoulders.

If, as is frequently the case, several rows of smocking or gathering are wanted, it is a good plan to mark the lines for the gathering on the wrong side of the material with a piece of tailor's crayon or French chalk. For smocking, put three lines, each an inch below the other, and the first one an inch below the top of the silk; then, beginning from the centre fold, put lines across them each an inch apart. This will give a check-board of squares each an inch wide, as shown by the diagram; where it will also be seen that the gathering is not carried across the armhole, but only as far as the chest on the front, and the back width on the back, not forgetting to leave the allowance for the fastenings.

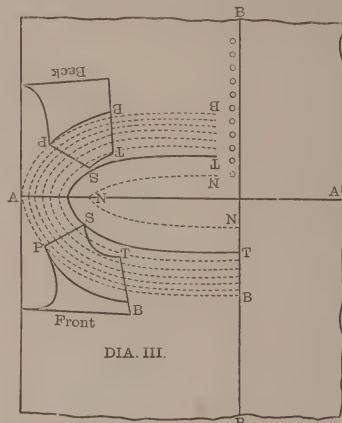
To draw this up in the regular ridges required for honey-comb smocking, begin at the first line, taking up three stitches to each inch, then another row of stitches half-way down to the next line, then another on the next line, and so on. This gives three stitches across the inch, to two down it; and is a very useful size for smocking on dresses. The stitches must all be regular in size, and must come exactly below each other, thus:—

Then, when all the gathering is done, the threads can be drawn up and a series of firm ridges will be found on which the smocking may be quickly and easily executed. If it is decided only to gather, the lines of gathering should be half an inch below each other, and the stitches not too fine, about six to the inch. It is pretty, with either smocking or gathering, to take half a cheek less at each end on each successive row of stitching. If it is continued low enough, it brings it to a pretty point at the waist, and in any case saves the hard ending to the lines which they must necessarily have if the work is kept square.

To return, however, to the cutting of the frocks. The manner of shaping the top of the skirt to the shape of the armhole has, I think, been given with quite sufficient clearness to enable anyone who has studied the paper on "The Making of Blouses" in the July number of *THE WOMAN'S WORLD*, to adapt the various styles of yoke cutting and making given there to the adornment of their little ones; it being always borne in mind that when a separate yoke is not made, the quantity of material gathered or tucked for the neck of a child's frock must be large enough to allow the bottom of it to be a fairly full skirt. If this is carefully remembered, the plain, pointed, or circular yokes may be cut; or the tucked, smocked, or gathered lines, either straight or slightly sloped, to draw the frock to the shape of the neck, may be quite as easily substituted for them. Still, there has lately been a reaction against the straight or pointed yoke, and the circular one has been much favoured, either as a plain yoke of velvet or as the gathered or smocked top to the little garment itself. The adaptation of the velvet circular yoke to the top of the skirt is to be managed in the same way as any other yoke, but Diagram III. gives the rules for the gathered circular yoke. We are to suppose the diagram to show two yards of silk laid open on the table. The firm line across from A to A shows where under ordinary circumstances the shoulder seams would come; but this particular style is not to be cut on the shoulders. The line B to B going down the length indicates the middle fold of both back and front. The whole size of the piece of material is not given, as it would necessarily make a very large diagram; only that part on which the marking is done is shown, but this, I hope, is made quite clear.

When the yoke pattern is cut out, the silk is laid out open on the table, and the line A to A dotted across it. The line B to B may be dotted down, or it may be

folded down the length. The yoke being divided at the point T, we first begin to mark the front. From the line A to A measure down two inches, and place the point S of the yoke pattern on the silk at the 2. The bottom line of the yoke is to be straight across the silk, and the armhole as close to the selvedge as the size of it will allow. Care has already been taken in making the yoke pattern to have the yoke from the front of the neck only as deep as the length of the shoulder. This



being understood, put a ruler to the front of the neck T, and level with it make a little chalk mark on the fold or line B to B, which is also marked T on the diagram. Level with the bottom of the yoke B also put a dot at the B to B line. Next divide up the space between the T and B on the B to B line into half-inches, and put a dot for each (the diagram yoke being three and a half inches long in the shoulder gives us seven dots here altogether). Next put a chalk dot at S on the neck end of the shoulder, and another at the armhole end of it (P), and then, putting the pattern aside for a moment, draw a curve from T through S up to the A to A line, taking care to make it only very slightly curved from T to S, but more shapely between S and the top line. This firm line is the neck line of the frock. Next from B to P sweep another curve, following the shape of the neck-line curve as nearly as possible; the line through P should come nearly to the selvedge at the top (A to A line). Between these two curves as many more must be put in as there are dots between T and B, all the curves starting at the B to B line and ending at the A to A one. They are shown dotted in on the diagram.

The dotted curves for the back are next to be considered. First, from the B to B line dot off an inch and a half of space for the fastenings, and take care not to carry the curves across it. Then put the back of the

yoke on the side with the point S two inches below the A to A line, the bottom line straight across the silk, and its portion of armhole close up to the selvedge. Proceed to get the level of the neck T and the level of the bottom of the yoke B on the fastenings line, and after dividing the space between them into the half-inches, sweep the curves as before to meet them from the front at the A to A line. It is not imperative that the neck-line curve of the back shall pass through the point S if by doing so it spoils the row of the curves; it may in that case be allowed to pass a little above it. This variation, however, must not be applied to the front. When all the curves are marked, the paper pattern may be replaced and the portions of armhole cut out by it; the neck only will then remain to be shaped. Before leaving the shoulder, it will be as well to remark that at times the length of the shoulder seams may not be accommodating. For instance, a length of $3\frac{1}{2}$ would leave the seams amature with an odd quarter-inch to dispose of. For her comfort, I may here mention that a trifle of extra length on the shoulder in little frocks of this character does not signify. Another quarter-inch may be added to the one in hand, and another row of gathering added to the yoke.

To return to the neck, where these little frocks are generally finished with a frill, which, with the present prevailing fashion of high collars, is expected to stand fairly high. This frill is easy and pretty made in one with the frock, and the rules for making it in that way can now be applied. The firm curves on the diagram, running from each T through the S of each shoulder up to the A to A line, represent the neck line, on which, if an ordinary neck-band were used, the bottom of it would be stitched. Above this line we are to allow for the two or three rows of gathering, which are to take the place of the neck band, ending with the frill. For this an allowance of two inches is made on the diagram, where a curve is marked by three N's. There is an N two inches above the back and front T, and a third two inches from the neck line, where it goes through the A to A line. This neck-band quantity leaves very little silk indeed to be cut away, but the little that is left inside this N N N curve is to be cut out, and the edges turned over half an inch, when it will allow two more rows of gathering, and yet leave a little frill. It is somewhat difficult to manage this turning over near the A to A line part of the neck, as the raw edge when turned down is found to be a little smaller than the next curve, with which it is to be gathered in, but by a little careful easing in of the outside silk the two can be made to lie together without showing this. Sometimes a length of silk of contrasting colour is used to line the neck; this would then be cut to the shape of the N N N line and neatly faced and whip-stitched to it, when the little trouble of the turning-over could be avoided. When all the marking is done on the one side, it is a good plan to fold the silk down the B to B fold and transfer the curves to the other half by means of a tracing-wheel. Silk or print will show this

method of marking quite well enough to follow if the gathering is done at once, but with woollen stuff it is best to mark each side separately, or, if it is feared that this may result in inaccuracies, to mark it on the wrong side with tailors' chalk and then transfer the marks to the other half by carefully folding the material over and putting it to transfer the chalk lines to the unmarked side.

When the frock is cut out and marked, the gathering should first of all be done, four gathering threads being used for each curve. The gathering should be started at the front and back, and the threads brought up on each shoulder and left long, and the gathers should not be drawn up till the side seams have been machined, the hem and tucks made, and the back opening strengthened with strips of holland faced in with silk, ready for the buttons and buttonholes. Sometimes a lining just the shape of the yoke is placed under it, and all the gathers are firmly set upon it; but where it is considered that the gathered silk makes the shoulders sufficiently full, the paper pattern of the yoke is fixed to the table and the frock laid to it, the neck line drawn up and fitted to place, then all the curves are drawn up separately and finished off securely to the size of the paper. The gathers should be gently drawn up one thread at a time, and when all are drawn and fixed, the frock pulled gently but repeatedly from neck to armhole at the part marked P, to make them lie prettily. At this same part (P) the armhole will be quite a frill of raw-edged silk when all the gathers are drawn up. This raw edge of silk should be either pleated or gathered down to leave the armhole only the size of the paper one, and when the sleeves are in and the sash-straps put on, the frock will be completed.

The sash-straps are shown in Diagram II. They are straps of the same material as the dress, about half an inch wide and from four to six inches long, sewn on the side seams a little below the waist to keep the sash in place. It is slipped through them when it is put on, and is prevented by the straps from rising or slipping down. I should not advise the use of the straps, however, when a sash of contrasting colour is used.

I have spoken of this yoke as a gathered one because I hesitate to involve anyone in the labour required to arrange all these circular curves in regular ridges for honeycomb smocking. I have seen some done very nicely, but the trouble is certainly very much greater than that of gathering, and as I do not like the idea of trusting to the gathering thread, especially if it is a washing frock, I would suggest the compromise of gathering first and then ornamenting with any fancy stitches done in thick crewel or knitting silk. One of my students made such a one last session of cream Indian silk, each row of gathering laid with treble feather stitching in cream crewel silk, and I hardly think it possible to find a prettier little frock.

J. E. DAVIS.

(To be continued.)

The Heroine of Spetzai.

SPETZAI, which is one of the smallest of the islets of the Grecian Archipelago, lies only two or three miles from the shore of the Peloponnesus, just at the entrance of the Argolic Gulf, and is quite sheltered from all the north winds so prevalent in those parts during the winter. Unattractive to the tourist who has no special bias towards seafaring pursuits and shipbuilding yards, little Spetzai is not much frequented by travellers. Its products are only two—ships and sailors. It has no villages, no antiquities; it is only three miles and a half in length, and about half that measurement across. It possesses a few trees, and some vineyards; the inhabitants cultivate a small quantity of vegetables for their daily consumption, and in this respect they boast a natural advantage superior to that possessed by the sister island Hydra, which, although it is double the size of Spetzai, is a mere rock in the sea, to which soil has to be carried for the few gardens in which the islanders strive to rear some pot-herbs for their ordinary consumption. In all other respects the two islands have one character in common. They are wholly devoted to maritime pursuits; their food is all imported. The Peloponnesus supplies them with meat, fruit, and vegetables; Russia and Turkey give them wheat for bread-stuffs; and dry goods are obtained from Italy, France, Austria, and England. The habits of their people are, therefore, almost identical, but it is with tiny Spetzai alone that these pages are now concerned, from its having been the home of one of the most remarkable women of the times of the Greek War of Liberation.

At the present day little Spetzai possesses over a hundred large vessels—large, at least, comparatively, for they do not carry more than three or four hundred tons, as speed is the chief aim to be attained in their construction. Their cargoes are principally grain from the Danube and the Baltic to the ports of the Mediterranean. Their captains are almost always their owners, who have

themselves personally superintended the building. The day upon which a fresh vessel is launched is a gala day. Wives and daughters have been busy all night making and frying in olive oil the most indigestible of cakes, compounded of flour, eggs, and sugar, plentifully be-

sprinkled with honey, which drips all over the place when distributed with no niggardly hand to the crowd assembled. The captain's family and friends are all in their holiday clothes. The priest has blessed the ship, which, after this consecration, all gay with flags, glides into the water. As a crowning ceremony, still observed, the captain is then pitched headlong into the sea by his friends, amidst many cheers and fluttering of handkerchiefs, as a pledge that he is willing to bear all fortune, good or bad, equally with his crew and vessel. The Spetzaiote men have no other ambition than to become captains, and the lads of Spetzai think it a happy day when they enter upon the dignity of cabin-boys.

Whilst the men are at sea, the women are scouring and scrubbing; this operation never ceases with them any more than with the Dutch housewives. When the master is expected home, his house undergoes an extra purification from garret to cellar, if any, and all the outside is well white-washed. After a thorough cleaning is thus effected, out come the Turkish rugs and other ornaments, in the shape of crockery, and pictures (of course of ships), from their hiding-places; the women don their best gowns and finery, and all is expectation; for will not the master bring home a silk dress, or some more crockery, or cut-glass, or possibly a handsome bureau?

At the beginning of the century these islanders made large fortunes, obtaining fabulous prices by running the blockade of closed ports. They ran dangers enough, 'tis true, but they got rich, and they stored up their moneys in their houses, in cisterns built for the purpose. How useful was this accumulated wealth when the day of trial came! It enabled them to turn all their trading-ships



NATIONAL COSTUME OF SPETZAI.

into sea-vessels, and the exploits of the brave man who commanded them have left their mark in history. Little Spetzai can well be proud of the part she played; she may also be proud of a few less often obscured by other brilliant names, that have Laskarina Bouboulina lived and died—the Heroine of Spetzai.

Laskarina Bouboulina, whose latter name is derived from her second husband, was literally, in the language of Italy, *clama to monde in the spicce dy upwards*. This was, perhaps, no exception at the trying period in which she lived; other women, by hundreds, if not by thousands, suffered as much, or more. But the exception in her case was that she, a young, married woman, was struggling with the misfortunes which cling to her and followed her through life to death, in valour, apparently being able to shake her destiny and to strike her destiny. She was not a Spetziote by birth, or she would be spelt out as another witness to the heavy indignities to that sterile little island, in itself no much more than a rock in the sea. On the contrary, she was born in that city, which of all cities is the most advantageously endowed by nature, both as regards its site and surroundings. The daughter of Stavros Pirodoss, however—the father who, presented by the Ottoman Government, languished some years in a dungeon of Constantinople, and finally died there—could hardly have found much happiness within its golden gates. Her real life—the only life suited to her nature—must have dated from the time of her first marriage to a hardy Spetziote mariner. This first husband, Demetrius Goudouza, lived long enough to be the father of three sons; when he himself, his crew, and vessel were all lost together in the Mediterranean, his ship having been struck by lightning. Laskarina passed four years in widowhood, when, yielding to the urgent representations of her relations, she married Demetrius Bouboulin, who was also a Spetziote, and who, of course, was also a mariner. Laskarina, now bearing the additional name of Bouboulina, bore him two daughters and a son, which she survived to take the inheritance. Of the daughters it may be mentioned in passing that one of them married Parnis Kolodotronis, nephew to the General of that name, who was killed during the war when she afterwards married Theodoros Grivas, General of the Land Forces. Bouboulin, a brave and enterprising man, lost his life in an engagement with Algerine corsairs, who were harassed by the Ottoman Government to harass the Greek ships sailing in the Mediterranean and round its coasts. In this encounter he is stated to have behaved with uncommon skill and bravery, having to contend with two well-armed ships of the pirates. He succeeded in defeating them and putting them to flight, saving the whole cargo and wealth which his vessel contained; but, unfortunately, being seized with the desire of seeing his conquered enemies in full flight, he raised himself up, and received a ball in his forehead.

The Ottoman Government, which had long had a grievance against Bouboulin for the assistance which he had given to the Russians in many an exploit by sea, made an attempt to seize upon the ships and wealth belonging to the dead man. His widow, Laskarina, now for

the first time left solely to her own energies, those energies which had hitherto been devoted to household cares and the rearing of her six sons and daughters, began to show heroic qualities which had hitherto lain concealed. She promptly embarked on one of her ships, the *Korion*, and sailed forthwith to Constantinople, carrying with her the papers which her late husband had received from the Russian admiral, Sinjar, in testimony of the signal services which he had rendered, and went straight to Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople. Stroganoff at once admitted her claims to his protection, and, seeking an audience from the Sultan, complained that the widow of a Russian officer had been unjustly persecuted, and threatened with loss of subsistence, demanding from the Porte an acknowledgment of her rights, and the promise of abstention from annoying her in the future. This the Porte unwillingly granted, whereupon Stroganoff advised Laskarina to remove to Odessa, where she would be more under the protection of his Government, from which, on account of her husband's services, she would probably also receive help in money. Bouboulina did not follow this advice, her health having suffered from her griefs and frequent journeys. She therefore returned to Spetzai; but after a short time, by reason of family matters, went back to Constantinople.

It was about this time that emissaries from the secret society of 'Friends to Liberty' were indefatigably going throughout Europe, endeavouring to rouse the dormant energies of their countrymen who were scattered in all the cities of the Continent and elsewhere, and induce them to help forward the projected emancipation, either by personal aid or money. These emissaries found Bouboulina at Constantinople, when she enrolled herself as a member, and took the prescribed oath. After this act, the more readily to devote both herself and substance to the cause to which she was pledged, she left Constantinople, and again established herself at Spetzai. Seeing that for the impending struggle larger vessels would be required than those ordinarily used by the Spetziotes, she at once set about building one. Although this would now be considered quite a tiny craft, as it was only ninety feet in length, it was ten feet longer than those usually built. This *frigate*, as it was called, small as it was, was large enough to attract the notice of the Porte, and the Turkish admiral, Hussein Bey, was sent expressly to Spetzai to report upon it. It has been confidently affirmed that Bouboulina employed a portion of her wealth so satisfactorily, that the eyes of the Sultan's admiral were blinded to the extra ten feet, and he reported to the Ottoman Government that it was no larger than was required by the Spetziote traders for their long voyages. This vessel, however, carried eighteen guns,* and was so well built that it was afterwards bought by the Greek Government as a model, and their vice-admiral's report on it was that its late Spetziote mistress "had not made a ship, but a rock."

Before the rising was effected, Bouboulina sailed to

* It has been represented to me by one versed in ships and ship-building, that ninety feet is an absurdly small length for a ship carrying eighteen guns; but the size of the guns is not mentioned by my authority.

Malta in her ~~own~~ vessel, and there thoroughly fitted it out with arms and ammunition, whence she returned fully supplied with all that was needed to Spetzai. During this interval three similar vessels had been built—the *Achilles*, the *Bouboulina*, and the *Hercules*.

Germanos, the Archbishop of Patras at that time, a man in whom were united all the qualities befitting a Christian teacher of the people, was among the first to take the oath enjoined by the "Society of Liberation." Indefatigable in his eloquent endeavours to rouse the sympathies of Europe, he never allowed energies thus employed to interfere with his episcopal duties. Ever impressing upon his compatriots the sacredness of their coming struggle, he neglected no effort calculated to affix, as it were, a divine seal upon the rising—the rising having been arranged to take place on Lady day, the greatest festival of the Orthodox Church. Germanos consecrated the Greek flag at a monastery of Mount Athos. The Spetziotes under various commanders had prepared altogether fifty-two vessels, large and small. Bouboulina, however, was her own admiral, and acted for the most part independently. The massacres at Argos

by the Turks had already commenced. She, therefore, made ready her four ships, appointed her two brothers and son-in-law to be captains of the other three, whilst she herself commanded the *Agamemnon*. They forthwith sailed for the Argolic Bay, and at the news of their approach the Turks who were anchored before the walls of Nauplia, not caring to encounter these determined islanders, whose desperate courage they well knew, retreated under the protection of the strong fortress there. Bouboulina then entered the bay in triumph, having with her all her sons and many other armed Spetziotes. A large force of Turkish troops, under Moustaf Bey, shortly after arrived and occupied the Argolic plain, and the slaughter of the inhabitants recommencing, Bouboulina sent out the ship's boats to bring off the unhappy fugitives fleeing to the shore, whilst her guns, playing on the enemy, covered their embarkation.

The siege of Nauplia, which had been almost abandoned by the disheartened Greeks, was again prosecuted with fresh vigour when this woman with her ships entered the bay. The Argives had a natural contempt for women; but the mere sight of *this* woman, full of fire and bravery in the face of their own timidity and downheartedness, roused their enthusiasm—they hailed her as their queen, and renewed the siege. Their united efforts by sea were, however, quite unavailing, and as the siege of Tripolitza was commenced about this time, the other forces sailed away to join the besiegers there, and she

was left almost alone. She made a desperate attempt to take the fortress by storm with her boats, which were commanded by her brothers Nicholas and Emmanuel. But the brave Spetziotes were met by such a hailing fire of balls and red-hot stones that they hesitated before advancing. Bouboulina, seeing them pause, called out to them from the prow of her own vessel where she stood, "You are women, and not men." Her officers, upon this, hesitated no longer; they obeyed her orders, they fought and they died—but all in vain. It was found useless to carry on the siege by sea alone. Although the forts by



LASKARINA BOUBOULINA.

the sea were eventually destroyed, it was deemed necessary to prosecute operations by land. For these purposes Bouboulina expended her treasures freely, and she is reported to have commanded her pallikars in person until the surrender of Nauplia in November, 1822. It was in one of the encounters which took place on shore during this protracted siege that her eldest son, John, was slain. It does not seem that Bouboulina considered herself subordinate to any commanders, either naval or military, which must very much have neutralised the efficiency of her aid.

Tripolitza fell a year before the surrender of Nauplia, and thither after her son's death Bouboulina also went with her ships. Some writers have attributed the rescue of Houssein Pasha's harem to her intervention. Others have accused her of showing the old mercantile greed of the Spetziote trader; but the heroic spirit is generally

also from the thirst of gold, and the great sacrifices she made of her wealth, and one may say of herself, hardly aware of her having been a creature of character. The following letter of passion recorded by Ponteville seems to display an attitude of disinterested patriotism quite foreign to the harcourting of any selfish passions:—"I have lost my husband, thanks be to God! My first-born son died with arms in his hands, thanks be to God! My youngest boy, fourteen years old, is fighting at this moment, thanks be to God! I have devoted all I have to my country, thanks be to God! But we will conquer or cease to live, together, with the great idea that we will not leave an enslaved Greece on the earth." The lesson was, however, saved, and if it were really through the instrumentality of this woman, it was well done.

It is interesting to note how prejudices made away in the face of facts. The Argives, as we have said, had a contempt for women, but when Bombolina had proved her capability it was frankly acknowledged. After the deeds previously recorded, the Presidents of Argos write to those of Spetzai to justify the fortunate arrival of the ship with its commander, Bombolina, and desire that this writing shall be circulated

far and wide among our brethren to assure them of the love and bravery displayed by her for our brothers, and for the liberation of our nation."

During the three following years she took part in many battles, both by land and sea, generously defraying all the cost, both of her ships at sea and her forces on the land. George Andreikopoulos in the introduction to his drama, *Bombolina; or, the Taking of Trapezitza*, considers that his countrymen in their histories have done scant justice to this brave woman in hardly mentioning her at all, whilst names of men far inferior have had their second and third-rate claims to be remembered, well blazoned before the Greek public.

It is sad to reflect that this enterprising woman was murdered by an unknown hand while sitting in the balcony of her own home at Spetzai in May, 1825. Thither after four years of turmoil she had possibly retired for rest, in order to recruit her health; and here, after having braved every danger incident to war by sea and land, whilst looking out upon the blue waves encircling her island home, thinking, possibly, over all the eventful scenes amid which she had been mercifully spared, her heart kindling with the hope that she should see the redemption of her country, she died by the cowardly hand of an assassin.

E. M. EDMONDS.

Reviews and Notices.

A PLEASANT, unpretentious little story is the "Treasure Tower of Malta," by V. W. Johnson (T. Fisher Unwin). It contains no thrilling incidents, but it is gracefully written, and the author has made the best of her local colour. Its simple plot we will leave our readers to discover for themselves.

"SONG-STRAYS" (T. Fisher Unwin) is an exceedingly dull little book. The author has a modicum of erudition, although he and his printer between them make sad havoc of Greek accents, but there is really no reason why he should publish to the world 210 closely packed pages of poetical exercises. It is his ambition, we imagine, to be an impressionist in verse; but his touch is always heavy, his rhythm always halting, and his efforts are seldom successful. His translations are singularly glibrous and clumsy. Why on earth should so tough a specimen as the following be preserved?—

"Go to the Spartans, and tell them, O thou thatapest by,
We have obeyed their behests, therefore here we lie."

We are glad to welcome a new edition of Miss A. Mary F. Robinson's "New Arcadia, and other Poems" (T. Fisher Unwin). There is not one number in the "New Arcadia" which is not dramatically constructed, and has not its psychological moment. The element of weakness in the poems is their manifest indebtedness to Browning, who was a poet with a strong personal gift,

and for this very reason one of the worst models in the world.

"With a sick, strange wonder, I ask, who shall answer
The sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine?
Or he who left standing thy loved to perish in:
Or I, who gave no sign?"

Who is there that can close his ears to the echo which rings through these lines?

"ONE OF THE WICKED," by Godfrey Burchett, is an ingeniously constructed story. The author has perhaps made too great a parade of his cunning, and he might well have spared us a map of the place where his murder was committed. The contemplation of documentary evidence is almost sufficient to destroy the illusion of the most thrilling romance, and Mr. Burchett's performance would have been convincing if more had been left to the imagination. Antony Malleroek is a drunken but well-intentioned country squire; Pedro is his sober and malign brother. The latter, as his name would suggest, has beetling brows and Spanish blood. He is a conventional villain, and you suspect all the while that he is stuffed with sawdust. However, he manages to murder his brother, whose property he inherits, and to fix the guilt on Esther, a country girl, who has been secretly married to Antony. With considerable subtlety, the gentleman of the beetling brows and Spanish blood

contrives to insinuate that Esther committed the crime, and the poor girl, worn out with suspicion, finally confesses that she did. Both in real life and in novels it is common for the innocent to make a frank and free confession of guilt, and the device is employed with admirable effect in Dostoevsky's "Le Crime et le Châtiment." However, Eve Wynside, the wicked Pedro's cousin, is quite convinced of Esther's innocence, and determines to track the murderer down. At last she accomplishes her purpose, with the aid of a worthy country gentleman named Ayesmere, who doesn't seem to be very anxious to save poor Esther's life, but is prepared to endure any hardship if he can only win the hand of the beautiful Eve. Of course, Pedro is discovered, and at once makes tracks for "foreign parts;" but he is followed by detectives and others, is traced to a ship bound for Sweden, and avoids capture by taking a header over the side. The book is not well written, is quite free from the taint of literature, and would, we should imagine, have done better as a shilling shocker than as a solid two-volume novel.

IX "The Health of the Skin, and its Nervous Affinities," by E. B. Shulldham, M.D. (Cassell & Co.), the author remarks that "it is better to know the outlines of disease than to be in hopeless ignorance of every form of ill-health," and the assertion is true enough, though like most other truths it needs to be handled with discretion. Dr. Shulldham writes in a familiar gossiping style. His remarks are sensible and practical, and his remedies easy of application. All intelligent men and women know that the condition of the skin is contingent on the general state of health, and would never dream of applying local external remedies alone. That "the health of the skin is greatly dependent on the health of the great nervous centres" is, perhaps, less well understood than it should be. The pressure of modern life has unfortunately so abnormally developed the sufferings we endure on account of our nervous systems, that the effect of them on our physical well-being is becoming an extremely serious matter. Nettle-rash, for example, is very often an alternative for neuralgia, and is brought on by worry, overwork, or some disturbance of the nerves. Dr. Shulldham does not forget to point out that there is nothing like daily exercise in the open air—walking or rowing—for keeping the skin in good condition, and the complexion bright and clear.

THERE have lately appeared two biographies of Mary Shelley, and it is with one of these, "Mrs. Shelley," by Lucy Madox Rossetti (Eminent Women Series: W. H. Allen & Co.), that we have to deal here. Out of the seventeen chapters which make up this little book, twelve tell us over again the well-known facts of her life with Shelley; the other five treat of her career from the time she became a widow in 1822 until her death in 1851.

We must not forget that by the time Mary Shelley was twenty-five she had lived through the best part of her life, counting time, not by years, but by experiences and emotions. Writing to Mrs. Gisborne shortly after

Shelley's death she says: "How long do you think I shall live? . . . I am now on the eve of completing my five-and-twentieth year; how dearly young for one so lost as I! How young in years for one who lives ages each day in sorrow! Think you that these moments are counted in my life as in other people's! Oh, no! . . . The eight years I passed with him (Shelley) were spun out beyond the usual length of a man's life; and what I have suffered since will write years on my brow and entrench them in my heart." Byron's death affected her strongly, and brought home to her the forlornness of her own life. "God grant I may die young! a new race is springing about me. At the age of twenty-six I am in the condition of an aged person. All my old friends are gone; I have no wish to form new." However, she did not really wish to die; she desired to live for the sake of her little son. The rest of her life was outwardly uneventful. She had to earn money by her pen not only for herself and her child, but also for her father. It is now well known that Godwin was always more or less in difficulties, and as far as we can judge, he never hesitated to let his daughter know it, neither did he scruple to worry even Shelley himself for money. Yet, on hearing of Shelley's tragic death, he could write to Mary in this cold-blooded fashion: "You are now fallen to my own level; you are surrounded with adversity and with difficulty; and I no longer hold it sacrilegious to trouble you with my adversities. We shall now truly sympathise with each other; and whatever misfortune or ruin falls upon me, I shall not now scruple to lay it fully before you." And to Mary's credit, he it said, she never at any time failed in her filial duty, but was always ready, no matter at what sacrifice to herself, to give her father all the assistance in her power.

Having lost the beloved companion to whom, for eight years, she had been accustomed to pour out all her thoughts and feelings, Mary was forlorn and lonely indeed. Her diary then became her familiar friend, and to its pages she confided the history of her inward life. In 1823 she returned to England, and continued her literary work with much energy. Her most famous novel, "Frankenstein," however, had been written at the age of nineteen, and published before Shelley's death. As everyone knows, it has for its subject the actual making of a human being by a student who "being the ideal scientist, devoid of all feeling for art, . . . without any ideal of proportion or beauty," only succeeds in creating a horrible monster, which dogs its creator all the days of his life. It is a weird and terrible tale, written with an ease and vividness truly remarkable in so young an author. "Valperga," though written in 1820, was not published till 1823, the year after Shelley's death. The scene of the romance is laid in Italy in the fourteenth century, during the struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines. It is a decided advance on "Frankenstein," and Mary's personal knowledge of Italy helped her greatly. Her third romance was "The Last Man;" here again we have a strange, weird idea. A plague kills by degrees everybody in the world, till at last only one man remains. "Lodore," published in

1858, is a sort of an entirely different kind; it is a domestic story, and in the characters we get glimpses of many of the interesting and distinguished people Mary had known. Her last novel, "Talker," published in 1857, is in some ways the least interesting of all. It is full of suggestion, tender, and thought into character. Mary had wished at one time to write for the stage, but was dissuaded by George, who was always her trusted adviser. Besides writing novels she contributed to periodicals and did some of the Italian and Spanish poems for Landino's Cyclopaedia.

There is no doubt that Mary's love of intellectual work helped her to bear her troubles. A correspondent writes to her: "I cannot help envying your calm, contented disposition, and the calm philosophical habits of life which possess you, or, rather, which you pursue everywhere." "This is indeed," writes Mrs. Rossetti, "the key-note of Mary's character, which, with her smiling, retiring nature, enabled her to live through the stormy times of her life with equanimity." Mrs. Rossetti has done her work sympathetically, and in spite of an unflinching style her book may be read with interest, if not with pleasure.

The fact that a new edition of "Delia" has recently been issued by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, goes to prove that this story, which is written by the author of "Miss Molly," has won a more popularity. Yet it contains much gringiness and not a little sentimentality. It is written in a difficult style, the dialogues seldom run smoothly; the humour is generally wooden and does not always escape vulgarity. Cyril Stevens, who sustains the rôle of hero, is so contemptibly mean and self-conscious, that the reader can hardly be expected to care whether he marries the girl who is in love with him, or not. There is a middle-class family in the book, which shows that the author has devoted more study to the works of Rhoda Broughton and the incomparable Jane Austen (who, after all, alone made the author of "Nancy" a possibility) than she has ever done to mankind or womankind. We confess that the heavy witticisms of the spectacled Betty Stevens never failed to bore us, and that we can feel no sympathy with the misfortunes of the pious and prudent Delia Maravering. But the tone of the story is unimpeachable, and it may be placed in the hands of the "young person" without the slightest fear for the consequences.

Notes and Comments.

WE write with pleasure that another medical school for women is to be opened next October in connection with Queen Margaret College Glasgow. As India and the East open up to civilisation, the demand for highly qualified medical women becomes greater and greater. All experienced observers, like Lord Ray and Sir Montagu Grant Duff, are unanimous in the praises they accord to the work women are doing in India, thanks to their medical attainments, and add with equal significance of voice that the room is yet unfilled. The New Hospital for Women, which is now in working order, will be an adjunct of the greatest value to the London School of Medicine for Women; but it is right and meet that Scotland should possess another medical school for the sex besides the one at Edinburgh, which for the past four years has been so signally useful.

THE Royal Horticultural Society is taking a practical step which will commend itself to most women, in holding during October an exhibition of jams and preserves and bottled fruits. It may seem to revive an interest in this useful domestic art which, it is to be feared, does not receive the attention it had in our grandmothers' days. There are many of us old enough to remember how apricots sparkled like yellow topazes in the store cupboard, and strawberries and currants flashed like diamond rubies, and a taste of those wonderful boards was a joy not to be forgotten. But now, alas! we buy our jams from East End factories, and they have a suspicion of gelatine about them that is not wholly satisfactory. Let us not then ignore this gentle feminine craft, and let us thank the society for this timely encouragement of its revival, which we hope will show that we still possess some past-mistresses in this branch of confectionery.

IT is always pleasant to know of women doing good work in out-of-the-way paths, and everyone must admire the patience and perseverance with which Miss Ormerod must have pursued the study of entomology to be able to hold the post of Consulting Entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society. Her reports this year upon the Hessian Fly and the other insects which have troubled farmers as a consequence of the wet season have been singularly interesting reading, and she is always glad to hear of and investigate any new many-legged creatures which may be doing damage in our field or garden crops. She has undoubtedly developed a profession for herself, and may be regarded as the leading authority upon a subject which has hitherto been rather severely let alone by the sex.

IN the death of Miss Lydia Becker, one of the warmest and most consistent champions of women's rights has been lost. It is history now how, in the days when it was "unfeminine" to speak on a platform and "strong-minded" to hold an opinion, Miss Becker feared not to take a determined line of her own, and to pursue it with steady purpose. Her life-story is soon told. Her father was a manufacturing chemist, living near Accrington, and she passed her early days there, receiving a first-rate education in spite of the fact that she was the oldest of a family of fifteen children. When the question of female enfranchisement came to the fore in 1867, Miss Becker was among its very earliest advocates, and assisted largely in the foundation of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, of which she afterwards became the secretary, as well as editor of the journal devoted to its interests. She was a popular member of the Manchester School Board from 1870 up to the time of her regretted

death, and her extreme conscientiousness in the discharge of the duties she had taken upon herself won her true and deserved respect.

MISS BECKER's death at the age of sixty-three was the result of chill which seized upon the throat, and induced diphtheria. For some months past she had suffered from rheumatism, and had derived some benefit from a course of treatment at Aix les Bains lately, intending to resume it in September, when the hand of death was laid upon her at Geneva. At one time her name was synonymous with all that was radical and advanced in the demands of the sex; but in later days her views had been out-distanced by more impetuous minds, some of whom regarded her as being out of date. And we can all remember the side she took when there came a split among the promoters of the suffrage movement. As a hostess she was charming, and those who only knew her upon the platform would have been surprised at this genial, gentle side to her powerful character. Whole-hearted and supremely honest, perhaps those who disagreed most with her political views are the ones now who render warmest tribute to her immense ability and the depth of her convictions. As a leader of thought among her sex, Lydia Becker deserves our regret and respect, for she was the pioneer along a path as beset with ridicule and contumely as any trodden by man or woman, but she persevered bravely till she had brought women out into the clear road leading on to their rights.

THE event of the past two months in the world of women's labour has been the strike of the chocolate makers at Messrs. Allen's factory at Mile End. These girls had no union, and were afraid to belong to one, so that when an attempt was made to enforce a fine upon one of them for a trivial—and indeed accidental—offence, they had no resource but to stop working. They then applied for help to the Women's Trade Union Association, and Miss Black and her colleagues of that society, having convinced themselves of the reality of the grievances complained of, promised all assistance in their power. Mr. John Burns, who has always been an ardent supporter of women's trade unions, came down to help, and for a fortnight the usually dull little district of the East End enjoyed the excitement of open-air meetings twice a day, bands of girl-pickets, and the continual presence of their favourite hero. Subscriptions for the support of the girls flowed in with eagerness, and in quantities sufficient to have kept the strike going for many weeks. The admirable behaviour of the girls, the moderate attitude of their leaders, and perhaps even more than these, the tone of the letter which the firm was foolish enough to allow to be published in its name, and which gave an opportunity to Mr. Burns and Miss Black to state in reply the exact wages received by all the girls, caused public opinion to be virtually all on one side.

THE conditions secured were a complete triumph for the girls, whose condition has been greatly improved. They now have an interval of ten minutes for lunch, and instead of being shut into the factory during their dinner-hour, are allowed to come out for the whole or part of it as they please. The oppressive fines are almost entirely removed, and the few reduced ones which remain are to be abolished at the end of the year. The letter setting forth these points of agreement was signed by the head of the firm, Mr. Burns, and Miss

Black, and printed by nearly all the London papers. Never perhaps has any strike been carried through so completely and perfectly, and the chocolate girls may fairly pride themselves upon the testimony of Mr. Burns to their business-like management of their affairs, and upon that of the police superintendent who was on duty all the time as to their perfectly orderly and quiet behaviour.

ON Sunday, July 27th, when the gas-stokers held a demonstration in Hyde Park to celebrate the anniversary of their securing an eight hours' day, the chocolate girls, whose strike was just over, marched up from the East End, and were the heroines of the hour. By a very apposite coincidence, it was also the anniversary of the founding of the Match Girls' Union, which at the end of its first two years continues to increase in numbers. A club-house has lately been secured for the use of the members in Bow Road, and promises to be a valuable institution.

THE newly formed Confectioners' Union, which was, as a fact, started with a membership of twelve on the very evening before the occurrence of the chocolate girls' strike, has now a membership of nearly 300, and a fund to start with of £170, the surplus of the donations received for the strike. Girls from other factories are joining fast.

THE women working at brush-making in the East End have formed a trade union, chosen one of themselves for secretary, and appointed a committee. They meet on Thursday evenings at the office of the Women's Trade Union Association, 128, Mile End Road, and they show a business capacity and general intelligence that promise well for the union's future.

ONE of our most notable visitors this season has assuredly been Miss Ada Rehan, who has established indisputably her claim to rank among the very first of English-speaking actresses. Her strong sense of fun is infectious, and the dullest would have to feel merry under the catching cheeriness of her ringing laugh, while her swift changes from farcical mirth to womanly seriousness show how wide is her dramatic power. As Rosalind she provoked more comment and notice than any lady has won in that oft-tried part for many years, and small wonder either, for even in the small points round which criticism centred and disagreed, there was evidence of her thoughtful originality. The performance was one to see and to remember, for it will be a standard one for comparison among the Rosalinds of the modern stage, and the veterans of dramatic criticism who could call up recollections of their twenty-five or thirty exponents of the enchanting part were forced to admit that none had impressed them more in freshness and vivacity than Miss Rehan's.

THE statistics compiled by the Lyons syndicate of silk merchants regarding the world's production of silk last year, show that the crop was considerably beyond the average. The European harvests of 1889 were bad, but the deficiency was met by the greater attention that this valuable industry is meeting in the Levant, and especially Syria, as well as in large districts of Central Asia. These light Eastern silks are responsible for the soft, pretty, and relatively cheap nakes of pongees,

forwards, and similar types of silk, the manufacturers of which is now building up so splendid a trade at Macauliffe and other Northern towns, and a good silk harvest, therefore means prosperity to our own craftsmen and craftsmen as well as the growers in those remote regions. It is of course too early as yet to speak of the prospects of the present season's output.

The amended Factories Act of New York, which has just come into effect, contains some useful provisions for the protection of female and infant labour, and provides that no young woman under the age of twenty-one shall work longer than sixty hours a week, or more than ten hours a day, unless in the latter case it can be shown that it is with a view of shortening correspondingly the duration of the work-time of the last day of the week. Inspectors are empowered to demand a full report upon the health of any child who appears physically unequal to the work it is performing, and should this be unsatisfactory, to prohibit its further employment. Fire-escapes must be provided in all factories, while sanitation is to receive the consideration. Unfortunately, the inspecting staff is unequal at present to the demand it is supposed to perform, and it is recommended that it should be largely increased. Ten inspectors to 50,000 factories are obviously insufficient, and it is to be hoped that so well framed an Act as this will not be thus rendered a dead letter.

The Women's League has done good service in making inquiry into the rates of payment for needlework given by charitable institutions, as a belief has arisen amongst poor needlewomen that such establishments—thanks to their charitable funds—can undersell fair commercial prices, and so are largely responsible for the present scarcity in adequate remuneration of such labour. We are very glad to be assured that this is not the case, and that the scale of payment adopted in fifty asylums, penitentiaries, and houses compares most satisfactorily with that adopted by the Women's Co-operative Society, in Brook Street, Holborn. The question of the competition of prison labour with that of the ordinary workman has long been a difficult problem in economics; but as long as the charity is not employed to the detriment of the unassisted labourer, there is no ground for objection. It would be most unworthy if philanthropic committees were to undersell in the market from another point of view, since it would give to the average buying class an indirect share in funds raised for charitable uses.

It is always pleasant to record voluntary efforts in philanthropy, and perhaps few know how large is the proportion of this work done by women. A truly useful undertaking has just been successfully carried out at Worthing by Mrs. Fooks in the erection of a "Home of Rest" for tramps and poor travellers. It seems that a more than usual percentage of this class pass through Worthing in the course of the year, as it is upon the high road from London and Brighton to Portsmouth and Southampton. Up to three years ago, such poor wanderers were quite overlooked, and had no better lodging within their reach than a bed at a law public-house. Mrs. Fooks' attention to their crying needs was attracted by visiting a poor fellow who was dying, and she at once resolved to do something on their behalf. She opened a small home, and soon her resources were taxed to the uttermost, and indeed quite inadequate for the demands made upon them. She found

the men were deeply grateful for her efforts, and by helping those honestly in search of work to obtain it, by restoring long-lost sons to their families, and by such acts of gentle sympathy she won their hearts. A larger home became a necessity, and with the help of Mr. T. A. Denny, Mrs. Gurney Shepherd, and others, this has been built to accommodate sixty. It was opened last month, Lady Schright and Mrs. Fooks taking part in the ceremony. The well-known "Victoria Chambers" in the East End have furnished its model, and it contains a well-stocked library, and cheerful kitchen. As soon as the cost of erection is paid it will be practically self-supporting, as, save in cases of utter destitution, a charge of fourpence a night is made.

The performance of *Coel Eira Tyste* by the pupils of the Royal College of Music, at the Savoy Theatre, was in every respect a brilliant success. The orchestra did its work with splendid spirit and almost faultless accuracy; the chorus did only less well with its much more limited opportunity; and in the solo parts the success attained on the histrionic was at least as great as on the musical side. The sprightliness of Miss Maggie Davies as Despina is something to be long remembered. Mr. G. J. Magrath was hardly less happy as Don Alfonso, nor can anything but praise be given to Miss Ella Walker and Miss Ethel Webster, who represented the faithful ladies, or to Mr. E. G. Branscombe and Mr. John Sandbrook, who impersonated the credulous lovers. Professor Villiers Stanford sat in the seat of the conductor.

The Government has made a move in the right direction in the employment of lady typists in one or two departments, and there seems a strong probability that more will be engaged thus in the course of a few months. It is to be regretted, however, that an extremely low scale of pay has been adopted, as it sets a bad precedent. In some instances it is as little as fourteen shillings a week—an utterly inadequate remuneration for the degree of education which a girl must possess for good type-writing. It has been conclusively shown that women are better typists than men, but we are sorry to see them accepting payment for their work quite out of proportion to its value.

There has been much amusement down Fleet Street and the vicinity at the removal of the young women clerks from the large post-office at Ludgate Circus. The manners assumed in many of the post offices were certainly the reverse of prepossessing, and the conceited diatribe of the purchaser of a penny stamp. Perhaps, however, this is not to be regarded as an entirely one-sided matter. The innately vacuous youth who cannot buy himself a glass of beer without pretending to flirt with the barmaid, carries his objectionable attentions to all places where young women are employed; and these girls of the Post Office, brought up as a rule in the strict school of lower middle-class primness and propriety, have taken refuge in hard, ugly manners towards everyone outside the network in front of the counter. We do not profess, as some have done, to view it as an evidence that the Post Office is tiring of women clerks, but we hope that the reproof will be taken to heart by the class of young women whom it affects, and that idiotic young men may learn that girls are placed in such positions for business reasons, and not to afford them amusement.



NEW GOWNS.

(See p. 61.)

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Mrs. Fawcett at Home.

TWENTY years ago, when the Birmingham League was advocating the principle of gratuitous education, many authoritative voices and "eminent pens" strenuously opposed the claim. Of numerous more or less convincing protests, probably none exceeded in closely

opponents, have lost none of their original force. And the considerations which influence opportunist statesmen fail to commend themselves to the logical mind of the consistent political economist.

"My husband entirely concurred in the opinions



MRS. FAWCETT.

(From a Photograph by Wolery, Regent Street.)

reasoned argument or popular interest a letter signed "Millicent Garrett Fawcett," which occupied several columns of the *Times*. Much has happened since then. Other interests thrust the question into the background of politics, where it remained during a long interval of years. To-day, however, leading representatives of both the great political parties in the State manifest a disposition to agree in regarding free education as a natural corollary to the compulsory system. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. Yet the crucial difficulties, heretofore urged by

expressed in the *Times* letter," says Mrs. Fawcett. "So far from conducing to the permanent welfare of the working classes, gratuitous education would make the lives of working men and women much harder than they are. What its advocates call 'free education' is in reality an extravagant method of providing education, that tends to discourage a habit of providence and self-restraint. Of course, there are cases in which the State must provide free education, just as there are cases in which it must gratuitously supply food and clothes. But by its exten-

tion, indiscriminately to all, every section of the working classes would be infected with the pernicious influence of a new kind of outdoor relief. Selfish and unprincipled parents are now deterred from neglecting the educational interests of their children by the stigma of pauperism that attaches to the non-payment of school fees. The removal of this stigma would deal a heavy blow at the obligation of parents, in whom, for the most part, the sense of responsibility, never too strong, is seriously diminished by the general tendency to relieve the reckless at the expense of the prudent section of the community."

I have called at the pretty house in Gower Street where, since her husband's death, Mrs. Fawcett has lived with her sister, Miss Agnes Garrett. Mrs. Fawcett has been with her gifted daughter on a visit to Bavaria, whence, after witnessing the performance of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, they hastened home to be present at the opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales, as a public park for Lambeth, of a piece of land hitherto known as The Lawn, where, in a very picturesque old-fashioned house, Professor Fawcett and his family resided during the Parliamentary sessions in the last ten years of his life.

The lady Senior Wrangler has gone back to Newnham, and Mrs. Fawcett is working hard at her favourite science, with special reference to pauperism and poverty. She has been lecturing on those subjects to the lady students of King's College for the last two years, and has been appointed to deliver a course at two centres, Islington and Marylebone, in connection with the London Society for University Extension, during the ensuing autumn and winter. While appreciating the motives of those who, prompted by religion or natural kindness of heart, or influenced by the social compunction of the time, devote themselves to the service of the poor, Mrs. Fawcett is mostly concerned with the mischief that often results from their methods.

"The intention of my lectures," she explains, "is to apply the principles of political economy to social topics of pressing interest. There is urgent need in London for a knowledge of this subject. From want of it, it often happens that liberal gifts towards the alleviation of poverty intensify the evil they are intended to relieve. This is largely seen in the case of ladies who visit and work among the poor. I want to make practical philanthropists so far political economists as will enable them to avoid any remedial treatment that would aggravate the cause of poverty."

It was in connection with economic science that Mrs. Fawcett made her first appearance on a public platform. That was as far back as the autumn of 1868, the year following her marriage, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Social Science Association at Birmingham, under the presidency of the late Earl of Carnarvon. A large company assembled in the Friends' Meeting House to hear an address by Mr. Fawcett on "Economy and Trade." Mrs. Fawcett read her husband's paper, and was congratulated by Lord Carnarvon in the name of the meeting "for the singular clearness of enunciation with which she had done justice to it." It provokes a smile at this distance of time to read the comment of the *Times*

that she behaved "with remarkable propriety." Then, however, it was a most unusual thing for a woman to be heard in public, and, as Mrs. Fawcett's early experience serves to show, lady speakers incurred gross misrepresentation and abuse. A twinkle is perceptible in the clear greyish-blue eyes, which, like those of the heroine in her novel, "speak of the tenacity and honesty of her character," as she tells me of her maiden speech.

"I made my first effort in public speaking in 1869, at a women's suffrage meeting in London, at which Mr. John Stuart Mill was present and spoke. Mrs. Peter Taylor and myself were the only lady speakers. I was very nervous, but as I had prepared my speech and learnt it by heart, I succeeded in saying what I wished. A very slight error of judgment on my part would have been held to prove the unfitness of women for political responsibility. Even as it was, although I believe Mrs. Taylor and I said nothing that could be used against us, the mere fact of our having spoken at all was referred to in the House of Commons by a well-known member as a disgrace to our sex."

It was in reference to Mrs. Fawcett that Lord Derby said in the House of Lords recently that the best political speech he ever heard was made by a woman. Doubtless many who have listened to her logical argument and precise statement of facts, enlivened by frequent flashes of humour, concur in this high praise. To those who are familiar with her short, slight, erect figure, her soft, clear voice, her simple dignity and self-possession, it will be a surprise to learn that the ease is more apparent than real, and that whether speaking in a fashionable drawing-room, at the People's Palace, or in a crowded political assembly, she is beset by the same feeling of great nervousness which she experienced on the occasion of her first attempt.

Mrs. Fawcett's next public appearance was at Brighton, her husband's constituency, where she lectured on the enfranchisement of her sex. Some of Professor Fawcett's leading supporters in the borough urged him to dissuade his wife from doing so, because of the injurious effect it would have upon his prospects at the next election. But her husband, whose own interest in the women's movement had been deepened by her influence, encouraged and supported her in the cause she had so nearly at heart. Thenceforth her name has been closely identified with women's suffrage as one of its foremost champions; and to her conciliatory, reasonable advocacy is in a great measure due the steady progress and development of the movement.

Mrs. Fawcett realises the value of legitimate compromise. Not that she is a whit less sturdy in her convictions than she was in the days of girlhood when, with her clever sisters, she argued and persuaded her father, Mr. Newson Garrett, out of his Tory faith, to the consternation of the good people of Aldeburgh, the Suffolk town immortalised in the verse of Crabbe, and among the past occupants of whose civic chair Mr. Garrett is the oldest survivor. Nor has her loyalty to the principles of Liberalism caused her to conceal her contempt for the manner in which the Liberal leaders have dealt with women's questions. For Mr. Gladstone's treatment of

women's suffrage she can neither find nor admit excuse. But, apart from these considerations, Mrs. Fawcett is not dissatisfied with the progress of the cause.

"Nearly all the genuine hostility on principle," she remarks, "has died out. Women's suffrage is now opposed purely on party grounds. At first the movement was mainly supported by Liberals, but some well-known Conservatives affirmed the principle. Now, both in Parliament and in the country, it numbers as many Conservatives as Liberals among its friends."

In the movement for the higher education of women Mrs. Fawcett has taken a leading part. In Cambridge the first of the meetings in connection with the founding of Newnham College, of which she is a member of the council, was held in her drawing-room.

The enfranchisement of women, and the bearing of political economy on great social needs, are not the only subjects of Mrs. Fawcett's oratory. From the time when Mr. Gladstone's adoption of the principle of Home Rule made a cleavage in the Liberal and Radical ranks, her voice has been frequently heard advocating with no uncertain sound the maintenance of the Union. During our conversation on the subject she said, with that quiet decision which stamps her utterances:—

"I am a decided Unionist. The well-being of Ireland depends upon the ties of union with England being brought closer, not loosened or separated. My intimate friends in that country, with whom I have worked in economic and social questions, are all firmly of opinion that the moral welfare of Ireland would sustain infinite injury by the granting of Home Rule. The late Professor Cairnes, the political economist, who was a strong Liberal, strongly deprecated Home Rule. I hardly know any highly educated Irishman or woman residing in Ireland who is not in favour of the maintenance of the Union."

An allusion by me to the effect of the Irish controversy on the fortunes of the Liberal party brings from Mrs. Fawcett a significant reply:—

"Mr. Gladstone's action in respect of Ireland precipitated the disruption of the party under his leadership. But that disruption was bound to come even if the Irish question had not arisen. A considerable section of the Liberal party had already displayed a marked tendency to identify itself with socialistic legislation. The Irish question is really a branch of socialism."

"And do you think this tendency will continue to develop?"

"Yes, until there is some manifestation of violence."

"And then?"

"The good sense of the nation will assert itself, and the more moderate and reasonable adherents will detach themselves from the movement."

Thus far Mrs. Fawcett has been the dispassionate politician, the hard-headed economist. But as the conversation turns on her effort to bring theatre children of tender age under the Factory Acts, another aspect of her character, its true womanliness, is disclosed. The customary conciliatory allowance for prejudice marks her reference to a somewhat embittered controversy, but one is conscious of a deeper feeling beneath that calm exterior. It does not need this momentary revelation, however, to convince one that Mrs. Fawcett's nature has its sentimental side. The order and pure reason of her logical mind are not more conspicuously reflected in her contributions to the "Manual of Political Economy," and "Essays and Lectures," or in her separate writings on these subjects, than are her appreciation and possession of the sweetest, tenderest, and most lovable attributes of womanhood in "Janet Doncaster," a novel which she wrote during convalescence after a serious riding accident. The broad scope of her womanly interests, too, is evidenced in her latest publication, a collection of short biographical sketches of eminent women of strongly contrasting temperament, aims, and walks in life.

The refinement of feminine taste is apparent in the decorations and appointments of the room in which we are sitting. The range of Mrs. Fawcett's sympathies may be inferred from the variety and contrariety in character of the volumes in the dwarf book-case that occupies the larger portion of one end of the room. Very pleasantly, too, is the sentimental side of her nature suggested by the collection of antique china, which fills a long case against the adjoining wall. It is also illustrated in the spoiling of a little dog, called Oddo after a character in "Feats on the Fiord," which was treated with great tenderness and considered as a humble friend by Professor Fawcett, and still lives to be loved for his master's sake.

Mrs. Fawcett's zest of life, not less than her feeling for nature, is visible in her love of riding, mountain-climbing, skating, and other outdoor exercises. In this respect, as in others, her tastes coincided with her husband's, who, as Mr. Leslie Stephen tells us, "heartily enjoyed all the good things of life."

JOHN F. ROLPH.



A Smart Apron, and How to Make it.

MOST women, and young girls more especially, are fully aware how very becoming an apron is, and they thoroughly appreciate its good services in freshening up a shabby last season's gown. Except when needed while busy about the house, in the kitchen, or storeroom, or studio, it is considered very essential that this apron shall be smart and rather elaborate in make, if only to distinguish it from that worn by the family parlourmaid.

Few ladies have, as yet, had the industry and patience required for the manufacture of such a one as that given on this page. This apron, as seen in the illustration, looks a very simple sort of affair. In reality, the pattern on the stripes is worked with the needle stitch by stitch in gay ingrain cottons, the stripes themselves being red, white, and blue. The original model was brought home from Russia, and was adapted to the requirements of Englishwomen from those worn on fête days by Russian peasants. Aprons similar in general style to this one, but less elaborately worked, are by no means unfamiliar to us; but those prepared at many shops for ladies to work are tedious in the extreme to execute, owing to the pattern being stamped with small blue or red lines on the material. These lines require covering with stitches, and no true lover of her needle will find this operation otherwise than exceedingly wearisome. The secret of the long-continued success of cross-

stitch lies in the very fascination of seeing the intricacies of the pattern gradually growing beneath the hand, and in the consciousness that the power of producing any particular pattern lies with the worker herself, and is

by no means dependent upon a machine-printed model.

The materials required are Turkey twill of a good and soft, though tolerably firm quality, and white and dark blue twill to correspond with the red. One yard and a quarter each of the red and blue and one yard of the white will be enough. Besides these must be procured one yard of white Penelope canvas of a medium quality and about a yard wide, and some skeins of D. M. C. embroidery cotton, No. 18. The colours of this are blue of two shades, light and dark, those known as *indigo* (*très-clair*) and *indigo moyen* being used respectively. Yellow, *jaune orange* (*clair*), red, *rouge cardinal* (*moyen*), white, and black

will also be wanted. There is always some doubt as to whether black cotton will keep its colour, so the worker will do well to substitute black knitting silk, being careful to choose such as will correspond in thickness with the cottons. An embroidery needle with a moderately large eye will be wanted. One yard of Russian lace and five and a quarter of insertion such as is shown on page 626, must also be selected. This lace must be pillow-made of pure linen thread, red and white. A good machine-made imitation will answer as well, but



RUSSIAN APRON.

(From a photograph by Dupré and Compagnie, of Richmond.)

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FIRST STRIP BELOW THE WAIST IN PROCESS OF WORKING.

the commoner sorts must be avoided. The work is so durable that it would be a great mistake to use any lace for it that would not wear equally well, and the proper kind will wear and wash as long as the linen and ourselves.

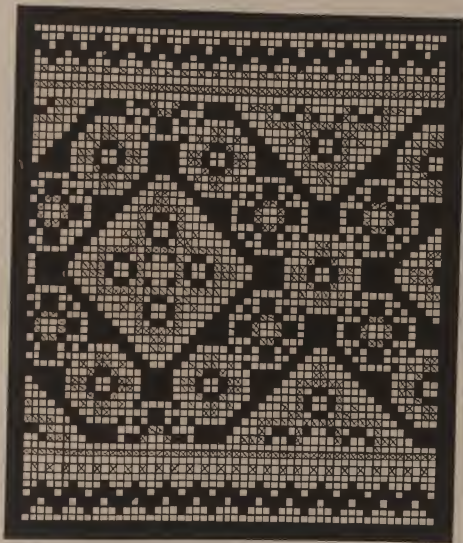
The strips must first be cut out, and I will consider those required for the skirt of the apron before those of the bib, as being more important. Each strip measures thirty inches long, and about an inch must be allowed for the hem that will have to be made at each end. The first strip, coming just below the waist, is Turkey twill, and four inches and a half in width. It is well to reckon an extra inch in the width to make a hem along each side, but as the strips are all cut

lengthwise out of the material, some of them may be against the selvedge, and so require a hem along one side only. The second band is white, and five inches and a quarter wide; the third, of the dark blue twill, is six

wider strips, choosing a narrower one for the others. The apron, to look really well, should be scarcely shorter than the dress over which it is worn. The canvas must now be cut into strips along the selvedge to correspond

inches and a half wide; the fourth is of Turkey twill, and six inches wide; and the fifth, and last, at the bottom of the apron, is white, and six inches and a quarter wide. These measurements will make an apron sufficiently long for a girl of medium height, and it is easy to cut some strips narrower or wider to suit a taller or a shorter figure, and to add a slight pattern to the

with the pieces of material in width, but as no hem will have to be made, they need be only the width of the twill after this is hemmed. A strip of canvas is then tacked firmly down to each strip of twill. The worker must see that the canvas is laid upon the right side of the other material, and great care will be needed in getting the two fabrics to set quite straight and even; for should the canvas be in the least degree crooked, the whole of the embroidery on that particular strip will be on the slant and



PATTERN FOR SECOND STRIP.

the work will, of course, be practically useless.

When the strips are thus far ready, the cross-stitch may be begun. Everyone accustomed to this stitch is aware how important it is that all the stitches should be

runned exactly in the same direction; otherwise the work will always look irregular and as if executed by an unpractised hand. The embroiderer must be careful to take each stitch through both materials, as otherwise she may have a good portion to unpick and to work over again after she had thought her task completed. Progress, when the canvas is over the right side of the twill, can be best judged by examining the wrong side and seeing if all the stitches have been brought through. Another fault to be guarded against is bringing the needle through any of the threads of the canvas itself; if this should happen it will be difficult to draw away

that they are easily counted, and hence it is specially convenient for drawing cross-stitch and other geometrical designs upon. A good substitute for point paper is often to be found in the ruled pages of certain note paper and pocket-books of Continental manufacture.

The third strip is figured below, and is worked on the blue twill with red, white, and yellow, and the paler shade of blue. From this the threads of the canvas have been only partially drawn away after the embroidery is completed. The first thing to be done is to remove the tacking threads which hold the canvas down to the material, the canvas is then pulled away thread



THIRD STRIP WITH CANVAS PARTIALLY REMOVED.

the thread when the work is finished without disturbing some of the cross-stitches. In this case it is well to draw the thread and cut it where it is caught down by the stitch, then to finish removing it by drawing it in the opposite direction.

The first strip below the waist is shown in process of working on page 623. It is embroidered on the red twill with the paler shade of blue, yellow, and black.

The second strip is of white twill embroidered simply in the two shades of blue. On the same page, the pattern of this is shown drawn on paper, in a manner that renders it easily copied, the crosses representing the paler shade of blue, the squares the darker. The paper used is known as "point" paper, and at some shops as "papier quadrillé." It may be had ruled into squares of different sizes; these are divided into fives and tens so

by thread so carefully as not in any way to disturb the set of the stitches. The pattern of this strip is rather a complicated one, so there is no opportunity of cutting away any part of the canvas to render the task of removing the threads less tedious, as may be often done in the case of a less well-covered design. It is as well to draw the shortest threads first, for it is difficult to take out the long ones along the whole length of the strip until this is done. The worker will find, too, that it does not answer to try to draw out more than one, or at most two threads, at a time, until nearly all in one direction have been removed. She will soon see also that too much vigour is apt to disturb the embroidery, which has had to be worked rather tightly so that it shall not set too loosely against the twill when the canvas threads have been drawn away.

A SMART APRON, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

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The fourth strip is given below, and it is worked with the darker blue, yellow, white, and black. All the canvas has been removed from this portion of the strip, and the various colours used tend to make it one of the handsomest designs of the whole apron.

The fifth or bottom strip is also shown below. It is worked in dark red and blue, and the row of cocks along the upper part is a pattern very frequently found in Russian embroideries upon linen, and which is generally worked in the three colours, red, white, and blue. By drawing this pattern from the illustration on point paper, the worker should have no difficulty in reworking so simple a design; but she will probably find that the embroidery is not so pleasant to execute upon the white strips as upon the darker ones. The reason for this is that the canvas and the twill are so exactly the

same colour that the threads of the former are not easily distinguished. Should the twill be found at all

harsh to work upon, it may be well rubbed between the hands till it becomes quite soft; all the creases thus made can be very easily smoothed out when the work is finished.

The bit is the next part of the apron to be executed. Here there are but two strips of embroidery, each eight inches and a half long, and two inches wide exclusive of hems. The upper one is worked on the red twill in the little pattern shown on page 626, with dark blue, black, white, and yellow; the lower one, on blue twill, repeats on a larger scale in red, pale blue, and yellow, the border of the third strip on the skirt.

The waistband is then worked on Turkey twill with pale blue, black, and yellow. Almost any simple design for cross-stitch will do for this, as the band need be only about an inch in width. When all the



FOURTH STRIP WITH THE CANVAS REMOVED.



PORTION OF THE STRIP AT BOTTOM OF SKIRT.

strips are finished, and the edges taken away, each one must be finished with a narrow hem wherever necessary, care being taken to get them perfectly straight.

The strips are then sewn together alternately with a band of the lace insertion, as shown in the illustration below. The upper edge of the first strip is not



PORTION OF A STRIP FOR BIRD.

and all belonging to the skirt of exactly the same length. This is very important, as will be proved when the time arrives for making up the apron. When all the strips are finished, they must be laid between the folds of a damp cloth and pressed with a moderately warm flatiron. Workers must notice that I advisedly use the word "pressed" instead of "ironed," for a too vigorous ironing without disregard to the general "set" of the strip is as likely as not to force it out of shape,

hemmed, but is gathered to a width of about thirteen inches, and sewn into the band, which is finished off with a button and button-hole. The strips for the bib are made up in the same way to alternate with bands of the lace insertion, and are fastened to the upper edge of the waistband. The apron would be greatly improved were the number of embroidered bands on the bib to be increased, three worked ones being used instead of three strips of insertion—two of these in the case will be



LACE INSERTION AND BEGINNING FOR TUCKING APRON.

and thereby to render it crooked. A skilful hand will manage the iron so that it does away with existing imperfections instead of creating fresh ones. If the iron is too hot the colour of the embroidery will be apt to be affected by it, and the yellow more especially, though the makers guarantee that it will wash thoroughly well, is likely to deepen in tone under the influence of the heat.

sufficient. Any pretty cross-stitch pattern will do for this third band, provided only that it well covers the background, and that the colours correspond with those on the rest of the apron.

There are innumerable variations to be arranged, many of which correspond with the general plan of the apron I have detailed so minutely here, though perhaps

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they may not be so thoroughly Russian in character. A very pretty one may be made by seaming together, as invisibly as possible, three bands, one each of red, white, and blue twill, as a border to a skirt of white or coloured twill. The cross stitch pattern should be in the colours I have mentioned here, but should be taken over the three bands of twill, irrespective of the seams, and should finish with a slight design worked upon the groundwork of the skirt, and which should be only sufficient just to cover the seam, and, as it were, carry the eye on to the foundation of the skirt. Of course if the worker prefers something more

Penelope canvas as required for the apron. The ancient pieces of such cross-stitch left for our admiration are, as often as not, alike on both sides, but it can scarcely be expected that modern workers should attempt so gigantic a task as that of making so elaborate a pattern reversible as the one given here. It will be seen that by the use of a design such as that on the sideboard-cloth, a very pretty, and indeed elegant, apron may be made, especially if the strips of embroidery be alternated with wide bands of lace insertion. The worker, too, will soon understand that by overlaying the material with



CROSS-STITCH USED AS A BACKGROUND.

simple, she has ever open to her the choice of a plain background of a single colour, with an embroidery of many different colours. The bib, too, is open to many changes and variations. It can be sloped more if the plain straight shape given here is objected to, and nothing is easier than to arrange it with two straps which fasten between the shoulders, and which give an opportunity for a further display of embroidery.

Much of the true Russian cross-stitch is so arranged that the stitches form the background for the pattern which is left unworked, and so is of the plain material. A portion of a sideboard-cloth thus worked in two strips, the design upon which dates from the year 1546, is given above. Here, as the material used is fine white Java canvas, there is not any need for the

Penelope canvas in the way I have described, she can embroider in cross, tent, Gobelin, or any similar stitch upon any fabric whatsoever, without for a moment considering whether the general make is convenient for such purely formal treatment or not. In this way, she has the power of making great variety in her work by adapting it to dress-trimming, and to the ornamentation of all kinds of fancy articles that are usually worked in long and short, or satin stitch. For the richer materials, such as plush or velvet, a good make of single-thread canvas is preferable to Penelope canvas, for it is easier to draw away, and therefore less likely to fret the fabric beneath. The stitches will look better if taken over two threads, unless the pattern is such as to necessitate their being carried over a larger or still smaller number.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



The Modern French Girl.

IF we are to believe the witty authors of "Paris Fin de Siècle," there has grown up lately in France a very curious and not altogether attractive specimen of youthful womanhood. Kindly apart from the exaggeration which seems inevitable in such a phrase, it must be admitted that there is just a grain of truth in that diverting young person, Claire de Chanesmes. Anyone who has studied the manners of modern France—for it is not in Paris alone that the new type of girl is to be found—must admit that the *jeune fille*, as we know her in the French novel and the French play of the last thirty years, no longer, as a matter of fact, exists.

Primarily, to be sure, the modern French girl was bred in Paris, where slowly but surely the large American colony has spread its influences in many directions, but in none so permanently as in that which affects the ways of life of women. Education, too, has effected a great deal, for your modern Frenchman is no believer in clerical training, and prefers the lycée and the lecture room for his daughters to the convent garden and the chapel. Many girls, again, are sent to school in England, where they acquire new theories about women's privileges and possibilities, theories which they naturally proceed to put into practice when they return to their own country.

The old system consisted of some seven or eight years passed in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, of which the last scene was a formal interview in the convent parlour with a strange suitor (whose means and manners had been previously found satisfactory by the parents), *suivent* bouquets, a *cerémonie de mariage*, and then the great experiment of life. Doubtless it had its advantages as well as its drawbacks, as is the way with most systems of education, but from the Anglo-Saxon standpoint it was but a painful preparation for a battle with the world.

But to-day it is only in special cases that girls are married out of the school-room, and every year French women enter the bonds of wedlock later than they used to do. Twenty years ago, a spinster on the verge of thirty would have been held to be a hopeless old maid; to-day, young ladies of twenty-eight are still, as in England, enjoying the liberties of "female bachelorhood," with every intention of settling down and becoming excellent wives when they find a congenial husband. It is for this reason that we have now more ample opportunities for studying the French girl. Formerly she hardly existed as a living, thinking being; she was a cloud of muslin, a rosy, a pair of drooped eyelids; now, mademoiselle will in all probability not refuse a cigarette; and, though if you are a stranger she may not talk of it, you may be sure that she has read, and formed her own opinions of, the latest psychological romances of M. Paul Bourget, or the newest realistic study of M. de Maupassant.

Sometimes, as is inevitable in a new movement, the pioneers of the new school go a little too far in

aping the unrestrained manners of the English and American women they are anxious to imitate. A French girl of seventeen will twin a young Frenchman on his amatory affairs—affairs which do not, as a rule, bear the strictest investigation—with an audacity which would astonish a married woman in a smart London set. To do them justice, however, it must be admitted that this licence is confined entirely to their talk. If the French girl has learned to talk to her brother's friends on equal terms, it is always more or less under the eyes of her mother, and her reputation will be gone if she were to be seen walking down the street alone with the same man with whom she had flirted an hour before in her own drawing-room.

In literature, the modern girl—the girl who can not only take care of herself, but who means to choose for herself—has been drawn again and again by French writers. If Balzac's Modeste Mignon, with her secret correspondence with a strange poet, and her carefully conventional behaviour to the world, is not altogether an attractive character, he must be hard to please who has not fallen in love once or for all with De Musset's Cécile in that most exquisite of comedies, "Il ne faut Jurer de Rien." In his "Aventure de Mlle. de Saint Athis," M. Henri Rabusson has drawn a type more modern (if somewhat slight and superficial) than the heroine of his master M. Octave Feuillet, an author who, twenty years ago, was thought to have done a daring thing in delineating the charming young person of his "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre." It is but a short time since M. Ludovic Halévy took the town by storm and crowned a somewhat audacious literary career with the honours of the French Academy, by introducing to a blasé Parisian public a young American girl who proposes—in *propre* *personne*—to a French officer of artillery whom she adores. In "Dénise," M. Alexandre Dumas fils strikes a more sombre note, and in re-creating the story of Clarissa Harlowe, demonstrates once again the right of the modern woman to choose for herself, even when the choice is in the teeth of the generally accepted theory in such cases.

But it is in that powerful study of a young girl in which the De Goncourts have put much of their most enduring work, that we have the type of the modern French girl at her best. Renée Maupérin—with her wit, her infinite charm, her clinging tenderness for the father whom she adores, her wholesome scorn of the petty aims and base intrigues of the *bourgeois* world by whom she is surrounded, her vague, unbreathed affection for "the friend of the family" who watches her slow and pathetic death—is at once one of the strongest and most touching figures in French fiction and the very incarnation of the new type of woman. Innocence—in the sense of ignorance—is hers no longer. She sees the world as it is, and judges it accordingly. "The French woman," says the brilliant author of "French Traits,"

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"is simply almost *never naïve*, in great things any more than in small. The French ideal excludes *naïveté*, and from a French point of view she is never more *femme* than when she is least *naïve*; to be *naïf* is the next thing to being insignificant, and to be insignificant is ignominy." Renée Maupérin is anything but insignificant. To the consternation of her mother and elder sister (a young lady who has duly "settled down" in the conventional French way, and whose *intérieur* is described by the Goncourts imitatively), this girl not only refuses every marriage "strangled" for her, but secretly undertakes to interfere in her brothers' very dubious matrimonial plans, with the disastrous results which might be anticipated when youth and purity natch themselves against ambition and vice. We hold our breath as we watch her fading away—a pitiful little victim of remorse and unfulfilled hopes—and feel that once more a master-hand has created a living woman.

But it is not, after all, in the novel or the play that we can satisfactorily study the modern French girl. It is an inexorable necessity in literature that a type must be strongly marked. To be quite true to nature might prove to be untrue to art. It is at Lougchamps, in the Rue de la Paix, on the Promenade des Anglais, that we must study from the living model. Much pleasant intercourse in Parisian drawing-rooms, as well as many months spent in more than one of the best-known Parisian ateliers, have enabled the present writer to make many observations on the French girl of to-day. In the atelier, especially, she is seen in her most characteristic mood, for there she is removed from the influence of her family, and, as is inevitable under such circumstances, her idiosyncrasies have full play. One or two types, observed in the intimacy of many months of studio life, will suffice.

Here is the daughter of one of the most celebrated barristers in Paris, a man with a European reputation, who has transmitted not a little of his brains to his girl. Mlle. Jeanne is turned twenty-seven, and has taken up painting as an object of interest. She has little talent, but an astonishing love of work, and is considered slightly Bohemian by her mother and sisters, who resent her spending so much time in a stuffy, ill-ventilated studio. She has had many offers, but declares her intention of remaining an old maid unless she meets someone with whom she could fall in love, an astounding statement from the lips of a young person who otherwise poses as a type of the matter-of-fact. Pince-nez on nose, you will find her laboriously toiling at her easel from noon till dusk, wasting no time in frivolous chatter and laughter, and it is only when she invites you—a rare favour for a Parisienne to show to a foreigner—to her own home that you become aware of the infinite tact and charm of this type of modern French girl. Mlle. Jeanne will probably marry a politician of forty whom she will adore, and taste, for as long a space as the vagaries of French politics will permit, the joys and responsibilities of the wife of a Cabinet Minister.

Mlle. Léonie, a tall, dark young lady who may be anything between twenty-five and thirty-five, supplies the wit of the studio. She has already "arrived" so far

in her art as to be hung on the line in the Salon, and has even had one of her pictures engraved as a popular print. Nevertheless, she is far more *femme du monde* than artist, exhibits under an assumed name, may be seen every afternoon driving in the Allée des Acacias, and has a perfect genius for dress. She has a decided flirtation with the master, but occasionally announces her intention of marrying "an Englishman with red whiskers." Thoroughly *bon camarade*, she is the most charming of companions, and her little breakfasts, served in an artistic *appartement* in a smart street, are among your pleasantest Parisian experiences.

The tom-boy of the studio will have made your life a burden before she was pleased to fall in love with you. Stout, blonde, pink-cheeked, and in the enjoyment of rude health—and spirits—Mlle. Louise is as successful a perpetrator of practical jokes as she is a laboriously careful imitator of such familiar farm-yard sounds as the clucking of hens, the crowing of cocks, and even the grunting of pigs. This is an accomplishment of which she—at any rate—never tires, and the long studio hours are frequently beguiled with these realistic studies of farm-yard life. But much is forgiven to Mlle. Louise, for she is the genius of the studio, throwing off the most astonishing work in the airiest manner. Handsome, good-natured, and egotistical, she dresses *à la diable*, and will quickly degenerate into the Parisian *femme artiste*, a strange sexless being who lurches furtively in cheap restaurants alone, and whose talk is confined to the current *potins* of the studios and the Salon. A provincial of the most pronounced type, she appears to have no friends in Paris, and you cannot picture her without a painter's blouse and a dirty palette thick with the paint of many months.

Mlle. Berthe, the orphan daughter of a well-known novelist, is one of the women whom you will always feel better for having known. A strict Protestant, she has lived much in England, and will talk to you of Browning and Farrar, of Huxley and Burne-Jones. Her hair—already grey, although she is quite young—is drawn straight back from a striking forehead, and her large grey eyes are the windows of a beautiful soul. If she is somewhat intolerant of the noisy element in the studio, it is because she is a laborious and conscientious worker, supporting herself by teaching in order to paint all the morning. Mlle. Berthe is engaged to a well-known poet, for whom she will presently make an ideal existence in some quiet little street in a distant quarter of Paris.

Taking the subject all round, we must admit that the modern French girl is more searchingly observed, more truly typified in Renée Maupérin than in Claire de Chancenay. With her never-failing tact—a faculty which is essentially hers in the great no less than in the small things of life—the young Frenchwoman will assimilate what is good and reject what is bad in the new code of manners and morals which is slowly but surely gaining ground in the society of to-day. While morally and intellectually developing herself to the utmost, she will remain, as she has always been, the most influential as well as the most womanly specimen of her sex to be found, perhaps, in the civilised world.

A. L. P.

The Latest Fashions.

By MISS JOHNSTON.

"My love in her attire doth show her wit,
That doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer." *—Athena.*

THESE lines which appear in Francis Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" of the best songs and lyrical times of our forefathers, and show so great a variation, that it is altogether a difficult matter to be able to say



OCTOBER COSTUMES.

poems in the English language comprehend, in my opinion, the whole philosophy of clothes, viz., choosing what is individually becoming and the kind best suited to every season. Our great difficulty in England, however, is that the seasons have so changed from the

what will actually be wanted as the months go round. I have known October as cold as December and if, as sometimes happens, we are favoured with a St. Luke's summer, it is as hot as June.

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Messrs. Liberty and Co., I think I have made certain of doing the right thing, for these singularly artistic gowns are suited to almost every period of the year.

While the trio, dressed for a home dinner in becoming gowns, are waiting in the ivy-grown porch for the arrival of long-expected visitors, baby occupies momentarily their attention. The lady to whom the child is advancing, is arrayed in yellow satin and figured Liberty silk. Note how softly and gracefully the front falls; the over-dress is apparently quite distinct, and is just held together by one fastening across the bust. There is a turn down collar at the neck, showing the throat,

it comes under the head of a tea-jacket. The skirt, of soft white silk, may be short or long, and more or less elaborately made. It admits of bands of silver on the skirt, of small flounces, or of being cut in battlements, then an under-pleating, a style which rarely goes out of fashion for long. The sleeves are cut very high on the shoulders, and are of uncommon design. The bodice is gathered in a pretty and new make of belt. For whereas the Swiss belts have points turning upwards and downwards, this is straight at the top and only pointed in the centre of the lower edge, and made in the right direction, for the downward point as a matter of



NEW BOOT AND SHOES.

as dresses were made in the Middle Ages when the Medicis family rendered the study of costume a fine art. The skirt is long and flowing, the sleeves form a puff to the elbow and are tight to the wrist—indeed, beyond the wrist, for they fall over the hand in a point. The silver embroidery on this is a feature which adds greatly to its beauty.

More simple and less costly, but by no means less graceful, is the gown worn by the figure on the opposite side of the group. It is composed of pale blue cashmere and of pink Liberty silk—a combination which is invariably becoming. It is also made with an over and an under dress, and in this case the over-dress is unattached, and slightly shorter. It has a plain rounded collar, turning well down from the neck, giving ample opportunity for showing the high all-round collar-band of the under-dress, which is worked, immediately below it, and again on the bust in a pointed band. The waist is short and marked with a rosette and belt, but bodice and skirt are cut in one, and this is evident when the dress is worn. A more thoroughly comfortable gown it would be scarcely possible to imagine; it is equally suited to home dinner wear and to lounging.

The central figure wears a costume which could be adapted to full-dress day as well as evening wear, though

course keeps in its place, while the upper one is too apt to turn outwards from the figure. But the beauty of this dress is the sleeveless jacket of the Bolero or Zouave form. We call them by both names in England, but I believe that in good truth the distinction lies in the Spanish jacket being round in front, and the Zouave square. In this instance it is composed of white velvet, entirely covered with close cord and braid embroidery in silver, and hails from Cairo, for Messrs. Liberty have brought over an immense consignment of these beautiful adjuncts to dress. They are worked both in gold and silver on satin and velvet grounds of many kinds; the greys, blacks, and fawns are specially charming, and they will be found most useful for theatre and dinner wear with several varieties of skirts. The embroiderers themselves are coming over too, so it will be possible to have any material or pattern worked, and gold-embroidered waistcoats and cuffs will now be within the compass of women who have longed for them in vain. They not only look well and add greatly to the intrinsic beauty of a gown, but they do not tarnish—a great quality.

When October comes, an outdoor garment of some kind becomes a necessity, and I have selected three different types at Miss Susan Weatherly's, 62, Baker Street. Very smart and pretty, and well suited to



NEW HAT.

autumn wear, is the jacket, with full grey silk sleeves and collar, the fine passementerie introduced on the front simulating the form of the favourite Spanish jacket. It is single-breasted, and shows the wearer off well. The middle figure wears a looser and more comfortable garment. The fronts fly open, fastening at the neck with one tab. There is a roll collar and the wide outer sleeves are quite new. The model was made in iron-grey, which will without doubt continue to be one of the best-work tones this winter. It is a garment easily slipped on, and sufficiently warm without being heavy.

The third figure shows what, for want of a better term, we call a mantle, but it is rather a coat than a mantle, and entirely covers the dress. It is made in red cloth by preference, but grey and dove-colour would be equally suitable; a long pointed in front out lines the waist, the sleeves are tight, and the full cape has innumerable runnings which fill the intervening space between the throat and shoulders. Long cloaks and coats are adopted both for day and evening wear, and for the latter are becoming more and more handsome, made sometimes of fine ladies' cloth, but more frequently of brocade, occasionally entirely lined with fur, often bordered with feather trimmings, the upstanding collar as high as to almost overtop the head, and sometimes lined with feathers which fall softly and becomingly round the neck.

When fashion and common-sense come in collision, I am afraid common-sense goes to the wall: and however the adherents of rational dress may declaim, as long as high heels prove to be becoming to the feet they will be worn. The boots and shoes made by Messrs. Kelsey and Co., Oxford Street, show the sensible and the fashion able school. The boot has a low heel, is laced in front,

and is well suited to serviceable wear; the soles are substantial, the toes broad.

Brogging is more and more taken into play, and the last idea for dress boots is black patent leather, brogued and laid over white; calf may be used instead of the patent leather, which most certainly will draw tender feet, and we all know where the shoe pinches, though, judging from the chaussure I see worn, I do not think we all know what causes the pinch.

The centre shoe has the most fashionable of high heels. It is covered with rows of ribbon sewn on to the foundation, the bright patent leather showing up the dull ribbon. The chief novelty of the season is, however, the combination of two kids, white and black, red and black, or red and brown, sometimes even light pink and white, for kids are dyed all colours and to match any dress; they are more economical to wear than satin. Patent leather is cut out in all kinds of designs, and laid over white or light colours, which is quite a novel idea. Combinations of colour are shown in the other high-heeled shoe, made with a coloured front and contrasting welt. The fronts are cut very low, but the shoe is high on the instep; there is a band buttoned on either side—a new departure.

The last example of modish boots and shoes is the lawn tennis, having the india-rubber sides as usual, but high heels—quite novel. It is to be hoped that being of india-rubber they will not hurt the lawn nor the decks, for lawn tennis shoes are in these days a great deal worn for yachting. For the seaside, children are wearing the Russian leather shoes and exceedingly high boots, and they are much approved of. In good truth there is more novelty in evening shoes than in any other branch of the shoe-making trade. Suede in tan and other colours is dressed to resemble velvet, and is double-lined, thus preventing the kid from unduly stretching.

Brides are wearing silver kid shoes, which are pretty,



CHILD'S HAT.

and diminished rather than increase the size of the foot, but they are costly. Those who do not feel inclined to pay fabulous prices can have satin shoes covered with coarse gold or silver Russian net, which really looks very well indeed.

This is not the best season of the year to speak definitely as to fashions in millinery, for though the wholesale houses are well stocked and their wares are admirable, it is always a difficult matter to say what, among such a large choice of shapes and materials, the leading milliners will adopt as their own and the change-

A plume of shaded feathers falls over the front, where it is secured by a black velvet bow.

The bonnet below is made in fine black straw, the material best suited to autumn wear. Scarlet velvet is brought from the ear to the front of the brim, ending in a bow and surmounted by another, two red birds resting on the crown. The strings, made of velvet, emerge from many loops at the back. Fashion decrees we are still to wear narrow velvet strings, if we have any at all, and to secure them with as many fancy pins as we possess, for their variety is great and the cost not excessive, unless



NEW BONNET.



NEW DOUBLE-CROWN HAT.

able public approve of. I have selected from Madame Leese, of 57, Wigmore Street, some excellent shapes which may be safely relied on to be really well worn and not *outré*.

On the previous page, at the top, is a straw hat, prettily curved on each side, fitting closely at the back. It is trimmed with two long feather tips, and bows of ribbon brought over the crown. The shape is a generally becoming one, and it appears to be entirely covered over with feathers. On this page is a hat with the new double crown, which means that the top of the hat is larger than the surrounding sides and apparently overlaps. The straw itself is ruby-red and is trimmed with a full fold of velvet between the brim and crown; this is continued up the back and is brought on to the crown, where it mingles in loops with black quills, which are pushed through them. This is likely to be one of the best-worn headgears of the present season.

At the bottom of page 632 is a hat for a child. It is quite a new shape, made in emerald-green velvet. The brim is broad in front and is caught up and fastened with a bow of black velvet, which rests on the hair. It is trimmed with a fold of black velvet round the crown.

we are only to be contented with real diamonds. Most women limit their ambition to paste.

But after all, the *pièce de résistance* in a wardrobe is the dress, and the three toilettes made by Messrs. Redmayne, of New Bond Street (p. 634), show the new autumn styles. The group of young people with their dog are just about to enjoy the soft sunshine of a late September day, in the North of England, where the tints of the foliage can rarely be surpassed. The first figure, in the so-called *Marin* costume, has secured a comfortable combination of shepherd's plaid and tweed. The skirt is perfectly plain and simple. The bodice is made as a jacket and double waistcoat. The jacket opens with revers copied from those on a man's dress-coat. The sleeves are made loosely comfortable, but are high on the shoulder. The middle figure, with her hands on the dog's collar, is arrayed in a homespun of a neutral tint made with a double-breasted jacket having two rows of buttons; while the third has selected a checked homespun, which is always good wear in the depths of the country. You can see exactly the style of making from the illustrations.

I have not as yet discovered any very novel departure in the dressmaking undertaken by tailors for this

share of your, though I have lost the grand old coat of the leading houses.

A solid dark, electric grey braided with grey and silver is the combination favoured by one of the brides whose trousseaus have excited great interest.

edge of skirts, but also for waistcoats. Tiny pin spots in blue and black are also well worn for waistcoats. The newest riding jackets are cut exactly like a man's coat, and there are almost as many kinds of safety habits as there are habit tailors. One of the newest is a knee



AUTUMN DRESSING.

Shooting-gowns are made without fastenings to the skirt, with large outside pockets at the side, and an accompaniment of gaiters and knickerbockers to match, but the newest jacket to complete it is just a mass of pockets put to open straight and sideways, and to hold cartridges, and anything else that may be needed. Each year there are improvements to meet the wants that occur, and women have nothing to complain of, as far as their attire is concerned, let their sporting tastes be what they may.

Leather is employed not only as a protection for the

purse attached to the waist at one side with elastic, and so contrived that it would almost break away at a touch in case of falling. The short outdoor jackets are considerably longer in the basque. A new and stylish Georgian coat, with flap pockets and gauntlet cuffs, is edged with cord and trimmed with Austrian knots. It is intended to be worn with plain skirts. So are the short blue serge mess coats. Occasionally Austrian knots are introduced into each corner, and these are enlarged for a trimming placed on either side of the front of the skirt.

Paris Fashions.

THE seaside season is over; it comes to an end about the fifteenth of September, when the casinos close. The vintage, the pleasures of the chase, have replaced

with a gay throng. For cool days and evenings by the sea, the "Stanley" costume was in great favour. It was Fashion's tribute to the heroic explorer, to give his



THE VALÉRIE HAT.

the delights of sea-bathing and loiterings on the shore. Tronville was very full this year, and at this resort were to be seen the most coquettish dresses by the sea. Villers-sur-Mer, which is but a continuation of Trouville, and pretty green Villerville, all meadows and orchards stretching away inland till they reach the wooded hills; old-fashioned Honfleur, which seems to have dropped out of the Middle Ages; Étretat, loved of the English; Dieppe and Tréport, have all been crowded

name to this pretty dress and hat. The costume consisted of a straight skirt of rough white woollen striped with cherry, a small hooded jacket fastened with two rows of large buttons; the "Stanley" toque was of white straw trimmed with loops of cherry velvet, in which nestled African birds. The head-gear next in favour, by the salt sea wave and in the country, was the Trouville hat of rustic straw, trimmed with apple blossom, or clusters of grapes and thick foliage; it was

repeatedly worn with elaborate dresses of blue velvet with jackets to match; the waistcoat being of another style, piped in subtle-colored cloth.

Another costume worn at the assembly as well as in the woods and lakes, was of silver-grey velvet, with skirt jacketed to match, opening over a chemise of cream satin, the jacket lined with cream silk. A morning frock made of black English straw, trimmed with loops of white horse-hair, and black fringe, accompanied this costume, which was worn by some of our most stylish women.

The great social movement that greatly excites the world out of town has, indeed, attracted, in travelling dress. Some of our best houses have declined, concluding that no fixed garments for the year and time of moving about—furnish places in places, and which have a grace of their own.

Dust-colour is the shade of grey most in favour; the make is simple; the style depends upon the excellence of the fit. Some travelling dresses are very picturesque. A costume made for a leader of fashion on her way to Switzerland was of gutta-percha coloured material, the bodice outlined with bands of moss-green velvet. The skirt, slightly draped, opened on the left side over a massive panel of velvet; and it was edged with cream-coloured moiré. The double cape was bordered with bands of velvet and guipure; the Mocha collar was of velvet, covered with guipure. The bodice was a piece of moss-green velvet trimmed with white guipure.

The charms are peopled with groups; reception, from hunting parties, success over other. The charm of holiday life is carried to perfection in our country.

The homecoming of the young Duc de Luyne and his bride to their ancestral home of Damptre, where Margaret of Anjou died, was celebrated with popular

receptions. At the Château de Saintonge, the birth of a daughter to the Comte de Saint-Martin was celebrated with festivities to which the whole neighbourhood, rich and poor alike, were bidden. To the poor a repast was served in the great servants' hall of the château, and

each guest carried away some pretty and useful memorial of the day. The grounds were illuminated with fairylike splendour; there was dancing on the beautiful lawn, a band being concealed under the trees. The dresses worn on this memorable occasion were singularly picturesque. The hats were decidedly smaller than they were at the beginning of the season. The Gainsborough hat, with its grace of drooping

plumes, its knot of velvet hanging with the colour of the gown, was much worn. For this *à la française* style, muslin embroidered and lavishly trimmed with Valenciennes lace formed the material of the prettiest gowns. Made in the Empire style, short-waisted, over a transparency of silk, not a few of these dresses had the dainty charm that we are in the pictures of our grandmothers in the days of their prime. Delusively simple appear these muslin gowns. They are as costly as silks, and their freshness lasts not much longer than the span of a summer day. A charming young Marquise wore a muslin gown

over a transparency of turquoise-blue silk; a frill of lace gathered by a blue cord ran round the edge of the skirt. The stockings were embroidered with tiny blue blossoms, the white kid shoes were adorned with blue rosettes. Jewels were apparently but little worn. We say "apparently," for many a simple costume was enriched with pins the pearl and diamond heads of which were worth several thousand francs. Jewels must not be ostentatiously worn; that is the absolute rule in the country, but many a dress is designed with a view to the wearing of jewels.



APPROPRIATE PROPOSAL OFFER.

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On the bodice, gems may be used to fix a fold of lace, a ribbon at the waist ; on the skirt they may hold the draperies in place. At this out-of-door festivity, at every movement of the wearer, hidden gems sent out sudden jets of flame. Imitations of flowers may be worn, and the most beautiful jewelled *blasons*—*églantine*, violets, forget-me-nots, enameled blades of grass scintillating with diamond dewdrops—appeared mounted as brooches and pins.

The vintage season has been the occasion for many characteristic festivities. You do not know in England the semi-stately, semi-rural delights of life during the grape harvest. The great wine-growing district of the *Medoc*, from the mouth of the *Gironde* to *Bordeaux*, is the scene of extraordinary animation. The *châteaux* are alive with a goodly company. On the hillsides where grow the grapes whose juice makes the wine more costly than melted gems would be, sunburnt labourers, among whom are some of the handsomest men and women in France, toil from early morning. The seigneur of the place and his family mix among their dependents with something of patriarchal simplicity, and the close of the vintage is celebrated by *fêtes* given to the labourers.

The fourteen-skirted gowns have attracted attention. One by Worth was in *Suede*-coloured cloth, the straight bodice and skirt crossed from throat to hem with bands of otter cloth. The simple sleeves of *Suede* cloth were apparently fastened with gilt buttons ; the belt sash of black *moiré* had long fringed ends. The second dress, designed by *Morin-Blossier*, was of grey silk shot with pink. A flounce of black lace edged the skirt. The bodice was quaintly draped with black lace ; the sleeves were covered with lace ; the capote was a wreath of roses ; three black feathers, like those of the Prince of Wales, were placed at the back.

The new style for fastening bonnet-strings is to tie them behind : the ribbon coming from the back, and crossed under the chin, is carried round the throat and knotted behind. A pretty capote of black gathered net spotted with gold was wreathed with yellow velvet roses ; in

the centre, just over the forehead, was placed a tuft of black feathers ; the black velvet strings were tied behind.

There is a tendency to return to the dainty paniers which are so much more picturesque than the straight skirts that were Fashion's last freak. A charming dress of turquoise-blue *crêpe de Chine* was made with short paniers gathered over the hips ; the skirt opened over a petticoat of old-fashioned brocade, covered with a pattern of garlands of roses and leaves ; the sleeves, which were much smaller, were yet placed high on the shoulders ; the upper part of the brocade was gathered into a high blue cuff reaching up to the elbow.

Another marked feature of the coming fashions are the *bretelles*, that are probably used to ease the transition from the high puffed sleeves to the plain sleeve following the droop of the shoulder. Sometimes the *bretelles* are simply carried in front, forming the outline of a *Figaro* jacket, joining in two loops and falling in long ends behind ; at other times they are placed at the back only. Springing from the two knots on the shoulders they meet at the waist, where they are knotted, and the long ends fall sash-like behind. Sometimes the *bretelles* are at the back and in front, and are cut off at the waist.

Cloaks remain very much what they have been ; capes with *Medicis* collars, jackets plain and embroidered for morning wear ; and the *Louis XVI.* mantle, of shot silk, trimmed with pinked-out ruffles, which harmonise exceptionally well with the present style of dress. Some magnificently embroidered cloaks are being made for late autumn wear. Gold will probably be much used for trimming. Buttons also will largely come in for ornamentation. Artistic buttons, painted by hand with devices of fantastic grace, children's and women's heads, etc., will probably be much seen in the dress of our *élégantes* next winter.

The illustrations speak for themselves. The *Valérie* hat is of coarse black straw. The trimming consists of roses and blackberries, a spray falling over the catogan of hair at the back. The promenade costume is in nun's veiling trimmed with lace. The sleeves and yoke are *Bengaline* braided in gold.

The Australian Dying Year.

NOT in the winter of life he dies,
Chilled, and snowy, and old.
In the glory of summer the Old Year dies,
When the midnight chime is tolled.

Not in the sky is a hint of death—
A sky of infinite blue—
Nor is there a sigh in the breezy breath
That is playing the leaflets through.

Not in the winter of life he dies,
But in his summer's prime ;
His labours end, he stricken dies,
And swells the ranks of Time.

The cattle and birds to the shade retreat,
In drowsy, still delight ;
And flowers have scented the noon-day heat ;
Yet the Old Year dies to-night.

And the air is filled with the sound of bees,
The humming of summer flies,
And there's joy in the sound of the rustling trees ;
Yet to-night the Old Year dies.

ETHEL PEDLEY.

A Literary Lover.

TWO already had afternoon Otago Bristow had put on her hat and cloak and taken down all again, and in no way does a woman show nervous excitement by merely so to this simple yet. And now she stood at the window, gazing out over the blue green river as it rushed on between the bald hills to the sea. Opposite lay Kingswear, a hundred of houses nestled on a barren hill with the gray white villas nestling in their perennial greenery; and higher up the road, the hill crested with gleaming golden grass, its patches of vivid purple and red, giving a whole harmony with the distant, hazy, unbroken sea. But of all this she saw nothing. Her eyes were fixed on the wooden shed which formed the railway station at Kingswear, and on the landing stage from which Malcolm Greenslade must embark on the steamer which brought passengers across to Dartmouth. After all, she told herself, as her eyes wandered up the Dart to where a trail of white smoke, denoting the London express, would presently appear, it was only her duty, as a woman, to go down to the landing stage and fetch him. And yet she somehow doubted that first sentence. What if he should find her changed? At Dartmouth a woman looks for him in her own room among her own chosen surroundings; and yet— Suddenly Octavia jumped her hat with an air of final resolution, on to her black-brown coat, hurriedly slipped on her serge jacket, and was in two minutes more standing along the dusty white road which leads from Southtown down into muddy, picturesque Dartmouth. "If you too have yourself away from your beloved Dartmouth in April," she had written, "come and spend a quiet fortnight in Devonshire with me—or rather with me, Miss Gandy is, with me—you remember Emily Grant—one that met once the kind Mrs. Grundy (and she is rampant in those parts) can be manipulated. And then you must come away, as I shall be an old woman, and I know you dislike old women." Now when a lady of thirty-six deliberately describes herself as an old woman, you may be certain that her correspondent is either unaware of her age, or that she looks ten years younger than she really is. On her best days Octavia did not look twenty-five.

She had not seen him for two years, and then only in the lifetime of her husband. He had always interested her strangely, and it had been a curious friendship from the very beginning. Someone had brought him to one of her parties—when she lived in London, and gave parties—and she could remember now exactly how he had looked at her, and what they had talked about, that night. She had always been fond of literary men, and Malcolm Greenslade had just written a very remarkable novel, the sort of novel which is discussed in Oxford common rooms as well as over London dinner-tables. After that night she had seen no good deal of him, and they had always corresponded when she had gone with her husband to Italy. This had come the death of

John Bristow, who had left her suddenly, and off to settle or travel as she chose. For a time she travelled, and then all at once, tiring of hotels and table d'hôtes, Octavia had come back to England and took a house on the banks of the Dart, a snug white villa croning among cecidypus, monkey-trees, and luxuriant, with a quiet garden laid out in terraces sloping gradually to the river's edge. Here she wanted to rest and think, and make her plans for the future. Her mourning was over now, and it was a debatable subject whether she should reappear in London and take up her position again in the artistic and intellectual set which she most affected. Perhaps she only wanted a little permission to do so at once and perhaps, too, she wanted on Malcolm Greenslade to effect the desired change.

So, walking with her brisk step down the Southtown road, Octavia was filled with hopeful thoughts. It was still early in April, but the spring had been unusually warm, and the sky was as blue as on the Riviera in January. As Mrs. Bristow reached the wooden landing stage she could see that the train had already run into Kingswear Station, and in a few minutes more the black little steamer, with its anemone-green paddle-boxes, was bringing towards her the man that she was somehow convinced would decide the course of her future life.

"Is it really two years—?" she said gravely, as Malcolm Greenslade took her hand and held it in his.

"His curious, long eyes search I her face.

"It seems a great deal longer—to me."

The trivial, commonplace phrase might have meant everything—or nothing. To Octavia in her present mood, it meant everything. Her happy eyes rested for an instant on his, and then her lids dropped.

"We will walk up to the house," she said—"my man will see to your luggage. We don't have flies in Dartmouth. Besides, I want to have your first impression of this place. I have travelled a good deal, and I think it the prettiest place in the world."

As the two walked slowly up the Southtown road together, Octavia was able to take more than one look at the man about whom she had thought so much for the past two years. Though barely thirty-three, Malcolm Greenslade had a curiously middle-aged look. His hair, rather thin at the temples, was already streaked with gray. He was always very carefully dressed, affected the smart intellectual set in London, and prided himself on being extremely *fin de siècle*. In appearance, however, he had altered little, being one of those young men who never seem to have had any youth.

By the time they were inside the little drawing room, and Emily Gandy, a stout, expansive spinster of forty-five, had poured out a dozen mellifluous sentences over each of them, Octavia was more than glad that she had her first meeting with him alone.

Miss Gandy was a lady who lived by gushing. Her unrepresable good nature, her never-failing string of

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soothing phrases, which meant little, but which accomplished a good deal, had made her a tolerated guest in many a country house, and many a London drawing-room. Her list of acquaintances was enormous, and her social talents of the most varied order. She could play valses if the young people wanted to dance, take a hand at "nap" or "poker" if gambling was in progress, nurse a sick friend, make an incomparable omelette, and never see anything which she was not meant to see.

"I understand now why you live here," observed Greenslade presently, walking to the old-fashioned bow-window with its modern draperies of amber silk and soft muslin, and looking out over the river.

"Yes," said Octavia softly, "I knew—at least I thought—you would like it. But you must come up into my woods," she added, smiling up at him; "I have got woods of my very own; we will go to-morrow morning."

And the next day they went. Miss Gandy did not accompany them, for she was of that useful order of parasites who are swift to guess when their presence is not desirable. Her enemies said that she owed her popularity to this amiable idiosyncrasy. "All very well for young people like you, dearest," said Miss Gandy, as they started out (she invariably spoke of Mrs. Bristow as a young person of immature years), "but I prefer to see these wonderful primroses of yours on the lunch-table. Kneeling about on a semi-liquid soil is not the thing for rheumatism. Take great care of her, you naughty man," she continued, playfully assailing Malcolm with her knitting needles, "our dear Octavia is very precious."

That day Mrs. Bristow was in her youngest mood. The broad-brimmed hat she wore cast a quaint mask-like shadow across her face, and as she stooped, intent on gathering the primroses which gleamed at every turn, she was the very embodiment of a happy woman. Malcolm Greenslade's eyes rested approvingly upon her.

"You are the very spirit of the woods!" he said smiling. It was a curious trait of such a clever young man that his verbal utterances were invariably commonplace. Possibly he reserved his choicer thoughts for copy. But nothing is commonplace to a woman who is in love, and Octavia's heart gave a little leap as Greenslade uttered this trite compliment. It was not all over then, she told herself. She was still young, still good to look upon, still attractive to this man from whom she had been separated for so long.

"Tell me what you are writing now," she said presently, as they walked slowly along a narrow path.

"I am doing another novel," he said, looking at her with one of his strange, sideway looks.

"Oh! I am so glad. Why, it is more than two years since you wrote 'Michael Dering,' and you have done nothing since. It is very lazy of you," declared Octavia.

"Ah, but I have been collecting 'human documents' ever since. My new book will be far better than 'Michael Dering;' and then, with the unconscious egotism of the man of letters, he added after a moment's pause, "it will be tremendous."

Octavia smiled. She was not unaccustomed to these sudden exhibitions of vanity on the part of Greenslade.

"I wonder," she said presently. "I wonder if I could ever be of any help to you. I always feel as if I were such a useless sort of person. You see, it is against my principles to distribute tracts and soup, and meddling in other people's affairs was never one of my foibles. Then I don't paint or write, or attend anti-vivisection meetings, or even play the violin."

"None of the outlets for superfluous feminine energy," said Greenslade, "but the fact is, you are perfect as you are."

"Am I?" she whispered, growing a little pale.

"You know, don't you, that you have always been one of the few interesting women in the world—to me?"

Octavia stooped to pluck a final bunch of primroses, and he could not see that her eyes were full of happy tears. They had neared the gate of the wood by now, and outside lay the dusty white road which divided it from the villa. She stepped slowly and regretfully across. On the other side of that high white wall were lunch, the commonplaces of every-day life, and the well-meaning but irritating amenities of Emily Gandy.

And so the days went by. Greenslade had begged to have a morning now and then when the mood seized him to write, and, when he had disappeared to his own room—a pretty room with a view commanding a long stretch of the river—Octavia would sit over her needle-work in the little drawing-room below, stitching her radiant thoughts into the tea-cloth she was embroidering. She was one of those womanly women who are at their best presiding at their own breakfast-table, or with their fingers busy with some dainty feminine trifle. Then there were walks, and rides, and drives over the purple hills, and lazy mornings spent rambling along the "Butter-walk," with its quaint old gabled houses, their millioned windows supported by carved wooden beasts of ferocious aspect, its colonnades and carved stone pillars, and its lazy, old-world atmosphere. There were expeditions, too, along the quay, where the wooden houses hung over the river's edge, and a pair of steps from the first floor window dropped straight into the Dart, and a dingy, weather-beaten old boat flopped outside, tethered to a ring in the wall, making little blue and green ripples in the broad river as it hurried to the sea. Here, in "Bayard's Cove," the very inhabitants seemed amphibious. The children played at fishermen, the fathers rowed the ferry boat over the river, or kept a strict look-out for incoming steamers, while the frequent placid with the notice "Ships' washing done" announced the occupation of the mothers. Other days they would cross the river by Kingswear, and, unaccompanied by Miss Gandy, who professed a curious antipathy to any unnecessary exertion, these two would climb the steep road up the hill, past the trim villas in their cool gardens which dropped to the river's edge, on to the down, which was now golden with gorse and studded with pale scentless violets, nodding blue-bells, deep-hearted daisies, and starry lady's-smock. In front lay the turquoise Devonshire sea, deepening into peacock in the tiny bays and coves of the shore, while looking back they could see Dartmouth Castle, with the fort and church, standing out in their grey tones among the

intense green, the swelling, bold hills, and farther on, Dartmoor itself, with the eternal prosperity of their grey moorland. Here, sitting on the down-side and watching the water slip up up the river, Malcolm Greenshade would talk by the hour of his hopes, his plans, of this world and that play that he meant to write, of the new school of literature that he hoped to found.

"I want to tell you advice," said Octavia one day, as they left the grand old walls of the castle behind them, and strode up the road leading to the shore.

"Nothing were valuable than that."

"But it is valuable to me," declared Octavia. "You see, I have no male belongings to advise me. Family is hardly—"

"What is it?" said Greenshade, smiling down into her upturned face. "The world were nothing, but for your tender, bustling, and wholly proprietary, thrilled for through and through."

"I have been trying to think what I ought to do," said Octavia, slowly, her eyes fixed on the ground. "The landlord of this house wants me to decide if I will stay in it for I must sign the lease during the next few days. . . . Alas! I must settle what is to become of me. If I am to be a civilized being again, and live in London, or if it would be better for me to stay in the country, and end my days in a solar and smoking parlour—planning oblique!"

"For Heaven's sake don't do that," he said, earnestly. "Oh, since you must come to London, Everlastingly yours you!"

"Oh, everlastingly or nobody," said Octavia, laughing. "I think, after all, I shall stay in the country."

"Too good good," he whispered, as he scanned her face. "I want you."

There was about after that as they passed slowly together the grey winding road up to the shore. Halfway up Octavia paused and rested for a minute on a rough wooden seat. It was a brilliant April day, as April sometimes is in South Devon. Overhead, a clear span of transparent blue; and behind a bank rising as it winged its way opposite. Over the wall which bounded the road—a wall of rough grey stones loosely put together—they could see the gleam of amber grass, and a flood of white lilies there half-mooned against the opaque blue-green of the sea. To their left, lay the river with its meadow banks, the grey church and fort, and the green hills of the opposite shore.

"How lovely it all is!" said Octavia.

"It is lovely," murmured Greenshade, whose eyes were riveted on her face. He took her hand, and held it quietly in his. Octavia let it remain. He bent to look into her eyes.

"What impossible people you are!" said a voice in the road below, and soon the obese face of Miss Gandy, red, but astonishingly good-humoured, made its appearance under a large redwood umbrage. "Why do you always choose the very steepest roads in the place?" she continued. "one would think you were tramping for the Mother-in-law. I have waited for you quite three-quarters of an hour, and now I have come to fetch you two naughty people. Octavia, my sweet girl,

you are positively looking pale. I found on your coming in and taking some quinine."

And in this way was poor Octavia brought back to everyday existence. For the rest of the morning, she never saw Greenshade alone. After dinner, when he was smoking a cigarette in the little conservatory, and the two ladies were sewing by the light of the amber-sladed lamp, he abruptly announced that he was obliged to go away for a day next morning. "I must run over to Torquay," he said. "I've got to see my publisher, who is down there for Easter, and I may possibly be kept the night."

"Dear Mr. Greenshade, you're not going to desert us already?" cried Miss Gandy. "You clever men never can be content with an ordinary quiet existence. You're all alike—Byron, and Shelley, who positively did such shocking things, and Shakespeares who sode a cow, didn't he? And Coleridge, wasn't it, who smoked hashish? And that dear Dante Rossetti, who buried his best poems with his aunt. I declare you are all alike!"

"But Mr. Greenshade is not going to lead a social revolution, or poison deer, or even smoke opium, at Torquay," said Octavia, trying to smile. "I should imagine it would be the last place in the world in which anyone would feel inclined to do anything unconventional. The atmosphere of bath-chairs, idle apostles, and deacons British villas would be fatal to aberrations of any kind."

The next morning, Greenshade started by an early train. The weather had changed in the night, and a fine drizzle veiled the opposite hills. Octavia felt that the day was going to be long, and for the first time—for she liked her for her many good qualities—she shuddered being alone, with Emily Gandy and her mellifluous phrases. Putting on an old hat and a waterproof, she determined on a long tramp in search of flowers. "The vases in the drawing room had not been filled for three days," she explained, "and she could not live in a house without flowers. Macgregor was an impossible gardener, he never allowed her even a camellia from the conservatories."

Octavia made for the woods which clothe the hill on the other side of the town. Though restless, she was not the least unhappy. How much she had to think about! His words, his manner yesterday were not to be mistaken. If she went to live in London, assuredly he intended it should be as his wife. . . . It had all come right at last! The best thing that life had to offer was to be hers.

"Lilies of the valley—hundreds and thousands of them!" she thought, as a turn in the wood brought a bed of white bloom into sight. "Malcolm loves them; he told me once they were his favourite flowers. I shall dedicate his whole room for him by his return."

When she got home, at half-past one, Octavia was in high spirits, and could face even Emily's playful discourse with equanimity. Luncheon over, Miss Gandy retired to her bedroom, she belonging to that large class of middle-aged women who invariably have "letters to write" immediately after lunch in country houses.

"I shall see you at tea," said Mrs. Bristow, as she bent over her embroidery, and then the door shut to, and

she went upstairs, back to her door, and if not a pink blot, pictures, measure, mother, or a flitting, other, the wind, looking, all morning.

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she was alone. In five minutes more, she was stealing upstairs on tiptoe, armed with a jug of water and the basket of lilies. Entering the little room which she had given up to Greenslade for his writing, she closed the door softly and wandered round, looking at the things with strange, new eyes. It suddenly struck her as ridiculous, if not absolutely in bad taste. Why had she given him a room in which there were so many muslin frills, and pink bows, and puerile little china ornaments? The pictures, too, on the walls must irritate him beyond measure; old-fashioned water-colours, executed by her mother, in which a water-mill, a woman in a red cloak, or a flock of sheep were invariably introduced, highly stippled and all bearing a pleasing resemblance to each other. Ah! there was the writing-table, pushed into the window, where he could look up and down the Dart, with his writing-case, and the manuscript of his new book, all in a litter, just as he had left it in a hurry that morning.

Octavia walked up to the table, and took a sheet of the manuscript reverently in her hand. His new book—the work about which he had talked so much. . . . Ah! well, when it appeared, she would be the sharer of his fame. Her eyes wandered down the lines of ugly, crabbed writing—for, like most clever men, Greenslade wrote an execrable hand—a writing which she knew well, from his constant correspondence with her while she was abroad. The page was full of clever paradoxes written in a slightly *précieux* style, and then came a brilliant phrase, the phrase of a master-mind, which rent the veil of convention and laid bare a palpitating human soul. Octavia sighed as she laid down the sheet of paper. "I am not worthy of him," she thought, but nevertheless she stood motionless at the table, wrapt in a happy dream. Presently her eyes fell on a sheet of paper covered in notes, and she smiled as she took it up. To-morrow he would come back and it would all be settled, and he would laugh when she told him how she had mooned away an afternoon in his room, meddling with his precious manuscripts. . . . To-morrow, when he came back! . . . An author's notes were always so interesting, she thought, they were like the first sketches for a great picture, often containing more life and truth than the finished work. And these, too, seemed to be about a woman. She read on and on, until a hard smile gathered at the corners of her mouth and her fingers clonched the fragile scrap of paper. . . . and then. . . . and then she let it drop.

The notes, elaborate, searching, brutal in their frankness, were about a woman—and that woman was herself.

There was no possible mistake about it; he had been fooling her the whole time, drawing her out, studying his character from the living model. All her foolish, half-tender speeches, her appealing looks, her innocent little subterfuges for seeing him alone, were noted, dissected, analysed and laid bare with brutal fidelity. He had said yesterday that he "wanted her" in London. Well, it was true; he had only done a third of his book, and he would want to study her for a long time to come. Oh, the cruelty, the cynicism of it all! She had been ready to give him everything, and he, with the savage,

remorseless egotism of the artist, was using her as a painter uses a model, to copy and thrust aside. Oh, to get away, to go where she would never have to see his face again! . . .

She sank down into a chair and buried her face in her hands. A dozen different ideas ran through her brain. What should she do—what should she do? . . . And then her pride came to the rescue, and she determined that Greenslade, at least, should never know the truth. It was he who should be blotted out of her life as if he had never existed. Octavia was a woman who had been much admired; she could always pretend that she had only been flirting. . . . And then, as the word crossed her brain, she burst into a passion of tears.

Octavia did not appear at tea, or even at dinner that night, and Emily Gandy, on learning from the maid that her hostess was suffering from a bad attack of neuralgia, sent up five specifics for that complaint, together with minute directions as to how they were to be applied, and afterwards made frequent inquiries as to how the remedies were acting. And indeed, when Octavia came down about twelve o'clock next day, she looked changed enough to have passed through a severe illness.

"I am obliged to run up to town for a few days this afternoon, dear," said Octavia; "I must see my doctor, and also my lawyer about the lease of this house. "You will entertain Mr. Greenslade for me, won't you? You can do it so nicely if you like. He will be back this afternoon, so I shall see him before I go—"

"But, my sweet girl, Mr. Greenslade will never stop and bore himself with an old woman like me."

"In that case he can go," replied Octavia, with an attempt at a smile. "We have had him for ten days, you know."

There was no scene at the last, nothing whatever to show that Octavia was taking the most decisive step in her life. She was in the hall, in her travelling-gown and hat, when he returned.

"So sorry I've got to run up to town this afternoon for a few days unexpectedly," said Octavia with her prettiest smile; "you will stay and do your writing, and Emily will take first-rate care of you."

He looked at her curiously, but her imperturbable smile baffled him. Most women are consummate actresses when their pride is at stake.

"Why—why, won't you let me come with you?" he stammered, "you can't go by yourself."

"No, Barlow is coming with me, of course."

"I shall return to-morrow morning to London," he said, as the pony-cart rattled up to the door. "Won't you let me be of any use to you?"

"Thanks, I have only got to see my lawyer about this house—"

"Then you are giving it up—you are coming to live in London?" said Malcolm, as he pressed her hand.

"No, I'm afraid not," she answered lightly, as she jumped into the cart and collected her bags and rugs. "I signed the lease last night for fourteen years. I am going to live here." And then as the pony started off at a brisk trot, she turned and smiled back at him for the last time.

ELLA HEPPORTH DIXON.

The Decoration of Interiors.

MY advice is full in music about the decoration of their homes would be to sit down quietly and think what their method of life is going to be, but as I am told that "everyone does that," this process apparently produces so many monstrous deformities, that evidently the first thing to be done is to help people think by being led to that business concerning important points for their consideration. In the first place, try and grasp the character of your room; emphasize their beauties, and remember a great deal can be done even with an eyesore if skilfully dealt with. Lay your walls, ceilings, and doors right in line with the many people have more important tidals furnished before your place is fixed upon, and this splendid potential beauty as formidable as the giant child of a doubly ascending tree to give way before its untold threat those belonging to far more valuable functions, the walls are brought into harmony with its colour, and the room which becomes unrecognizable in a track of time and when a living pleasure to its tenant. The best advice given way to the modern era for a "reception" or "red" or a "blue" room is, I must say, to recognize any artistic taste for the owner who has chosen with a pattern of colour, never missing in her colouring and ornament, chairs, lamp, table, curtain, disposition, my, my, piece, framed are one worrying repetition of the same shade. Nature is a very good guide in most of these subjects, and you will find something done for you out of doors.

Then the more nature of drawing room, dining room, and bedroom, where various traditions which have been attached to them from time immemorial, traditions which for many years prevented people from enjoying cheerful dining rooms, more pleasing walks than gilt flowers on glaring white backgrounds for their drawing rooms, or from choosing anything but the smallest of patterns for their bedroom wall-papers. There is no doubt that the reaction in home-decoration has helped to create many well-furnished and charming homes, only there is some danger of getting into a groove of mere fashion, and, by following out a scheme blindly, destroying what was to itself beautiful by its own want of suitability.

A former house's paper and paper are seldom a joy to the houseowner, who should get rid of the latter at once by tearing off all that will come away easily, and then sponge or brush the wall thoroughly with water, when some colour can be scraped away, after which the walls should be swept down with a broom to remove all that the sponger may have left. Then you must proceed to have a thorough examination, and all place where you discover some plaster should be well sized and a piece of thin strong paper pasted over. Cracks or holes can easily be filled up with a little putty, for if these are neglected they are sure to show through the outer paper.

After this you must prepare your painting-tools. The brushes used are of all sizes are both round and flat, and

chiefly made of hog hair. The large round brush called the "pound" brush, and a smaller one known as the "mole," are those most in use for plain work; the "pound" brush is used as a "duster" for some time before being put into colour as by this means it is rendered much softer and it wears down the outside hairs so that it is easier to pick with. The "stopping knife," which has a shorter blade than the palette-knife, and is pointed, is used for filling up cracks and holes with putty. By-the-way, you had better make the putty for yourself, taking common whitening powdered fine and kneading it well with linseed oil until it is of the consistency of dough. Next turn all the rubbish out of the room, have the floor swept and proceed to whitewash the ceiling. Mix into a stiff paste six balls of whitening, add to this two pounds of very hot but not boiling size, and a small quantity of blue-black ground very fine, and let the whole get cold. Whitewash made in this way can be altered to any colour that may be required. Yellow ochre mixed with a small quantity of blue-black makes a stone colour, or without the black a buff or straw; warmer tints are to be obtained with indigo, Venetian or orange-red; vermilion will give different shades of pink, and a mixture of yellow ochre and indigo will make green.

When the ceiling is to be papered, it is desirable to choose a closely patterned paper as the cracks and inequalities which all ceilings nowadays seem to possess are then much less apparent. A cornice should be a connecting link of colour between the wall-paper and the ceiling, but the average design to be met with is so bad that it is better to accentuate it as little as possible. Wooden mouldings can be purchased from any timber merchant, and when painted and placed between the ceiling and wall, they look exceedingly well. In the matter of windows one's sense of proportion causes a feeling of revolt against the unbroken expanse of glass to be met with in many modern houses. This difficulty may be dealt with in many ways, for instance, unglazed casements divided up into four or five-inch squares, and fixed up as shutters, produce the desired effect; or a shelf crossing the window, hung with transparent curtains falling below, serves to break the monotony, besides supplying a place where flowers are sure to look happy.

If new woodwork is to be painted, it must be carefully cleaned, and all projections such as particles of glue or whitening spots removed with the "stopping" knife and "duster," and the knots covered with a composition of red lead called "stopping." After this comes the first coat of paint, when this is dry, all nail-holes, cracks, and defects must be made right with putty. Old woodwork should be well rubbed with pumice stone, and grossy places with turpentine, after which the putty comes into use as before. The first coat of paint should contain more oil than turpentine; the second very little oil and consequently a larger proportion of turpentine,

and the third part chiefly oil and very little turpentine: the duller the coats underneath, the brighter the surface, which is one of the reasons why it is best not to buy paint ready mixed, as you would not be able to regulate it. The most professional way is to buy your paint and then add linseed oil, turpentine, and "driers" yourself. Where much turpentine is used, very little is required in the shape of "driers," which chiefly consist of sugar of lead, litharge, or white copperas, well ground.

When a colour is required to be mixed up, a small quantity of the proper tint should be first prepared on the palette, which will serve as a guide to mix the whole by. With the ground of white lead there should first be well mixed a portion of oil, and then the tinting colour, as ascertained by the pattern on the palette; when these are thoroughly mixed and matched, the remaining portion of oil or turpentine is to be added, this plan being much better than putting it all in at once. When all is mixed, stretch a piece of muslin over a jar and strain the paint through, stirring it all the time to facilitate its going through the meshes; occasionally you must strain twice, as great smoothness is necessary, in fact a surface like enamel can be obtained if only sufficient care be taken.

The next thing to be done is the wall-papering. A coat of weak size should be put all over the walls, as this makes a good surface for the paper to stick to; this will be dry enough in an hour for you to begin papering. The rule is that the edges of the paper when hung shall be towards the window; when this is done, the joints hardly show. Now the edges of the paper require to be cut, and as the hanging is to begin at the window on each side, that edge which is cut close for

one side must not be cut close for the other, and not more than a quarter of an inch of paper should be left at the edge which is not cut close to the pattern. If there are back and front windows in the room, the same rule must be observed, and the finish will come in the corner most out of sight by the mantel-piece. Then the paper has to be cut up into lengths about half an inch longer than the exact height of the room, and cut so that the second length matches the first, and so on; there are certain dots or marks on the edges which show where the match is. Next turn the plain side uppermost and the first one may be pasted; if the paper is thin and common it should be put on the wall immediately, but if it is thick it must be left to soak for a minute or two—eight minutes is not too long for stiff glazed or flock paper. Put the first length up with the close-cut edge next to the woodwork of the window; having brought the top to meet the ceiling, see that the length hangs straight, tying it if necessary with a plumb-line, then, taking it by the lower end, lift it away from the wall all but about three inches at the top, then let it fall and it will drop into its place without a wrinkle. Now begin at the top with a clean soft cloth and press the paper to the wall all down the *centre*, to each side alternately, regularly downwards. Don't press heavily, but dab all over with a light clean touch, otherwise some of the colours are apt to smear. Last of all take the scissors and mark where the paper meets the skirting board, cut off all that is over, and press the end carefully into place. Paste is best made with *old* flour, water, and a little size or glue; alum is also added to make it spread more freely.

ETHEL JOHNSON.

A Southern Song.

LOVE kissed my eyes, until they grew
To sun and moon serenely blind,
Nor saw the shining stars, nor knew
The delicate presence of the wind,
Singing the rose's heart away,
Through many a golden summer day.

Love kissed my eyes, and then he flew
Across the world, nor looked behind;
The terrible mistral rose and blew,
Far off the hills frowned, snow-cushrined—
And wan and comfortless as they,
The sea crept near, athirst to slay!

Ah, happy eyes that never drew
Love's wanton kiss, ye shall not find
Life's prison-house too strait for you,
Nor death a terror half divined!
Sweeter than birds' mid-scented may
The songs ye sing, the prayers ye pray!

EVERLYN PYNE.

Some Humours of the Cuisine.

THE English cannot be excelled anywhere in the refinement of the way in which most of their dishes are served, and their tables laid whenever they have company. What can be more than the pretty fringed doylies placed under the glass to steady them, the pretty multi-coloured cut-out papers encircling the pies or fruit tarts so as to hide the generally burnt edges of the dishes? It is also very pretty to see all the divers velvet ornaments adorning the tablecloth, though I confess for my part I like nothing better than a bright snow white damask cloth, relieved with handsome glass, two or more quaintly painted *jeu-de-plat* or dish stands, and a few flowers. Yes, there is no doubt about it, the English have more refined refinements than the French, and there is no end to the tempting novelties constantly appearing in the shops. Ever since I have been in this country, I have made it my duty not only to adopt these nice inventions, most of them conducing to comfort, but to endeavour to introduce them into my native land, where I am sorry to say they have not always received the welcome which in my humble opinion was their due. I remember having seen years ago a play in France where, tea being introduced and the sugar-basin being handed to the hero, he took hold of the tongs in a puzzled manner, and after pretending for some time to ignore them, at last uttered a joyful exclamation, and attracted the attention of the whole company by saying, "This is the way! this is the way!" at the same time delicately taking a piece of sugar between his finger and thumb and placing it with great difficulty in the tongs, after which he dropped the sugar triumphantly into his tea-cup, eloquently enlarging the usefulness of the invention. I am bound to say I have actually seen this performance gone through quite seriously in ordinary life in France.

Another very useful article not altogether but pretty generally ignored abroad is the salt-spoon. A salt spoon is actually in the present day an article of luxury there, and you may esteem yourself very lucky when you meet with a little ivory spade-like one in the salt-cellar. Fish-knives, again, are another implement perfectly unknown or unappreciated in France, and whenever I have presented friends there with a box of them, they have been regarded as being too pretty for general use, and have been carefully wrapped up, and put away for grand occasions; and as on grand occasions the guests are very numerous, they were then not in sufficient number to be useful, and were finally estimated as being only a pretty, useless toy.

Frequently have I heard English people complain of the small size of the foreign salt-cellars. It is true they are small, but this has a *raison d'être*. Every dish that appears on a French table is supposed to be seasoned to perfection, and to add one centiment to it amounts almost to a silent reproach on the cook. To put a large quantity of salt on one's plate is considered in France a very ill bred act, for which a young person would be

highly reproved by those having the right to do so. Indeed, a very tetchy *chef* one day sent in his resignation to Prince Talleyrand because he had heard that one of the guests had added salt to two of the dishes of which he had partaken. As to pepper, I never saw it used except for dressing the salad, as it is thought exceedingly injurious to the health, especially of young people. If you see anyone use it you generally say, "*Il mange épice comme un Anglais*." I don't say "*Ell*," because I do not suppose a French lady would ever think of using so hot a condiment as pepper.

I remember my father warning me very seriously when I came to this country not to partake too freely of the highly spiced food eaten in England, and particularly of a certain West Indian powder called "*Kari*," the use of which would undoubtedly create an internal fire, leading to all sorts of terrible maladies; and whenever he mentioned the subject he never failed to say, "Your poor mother was passionately fond of it." She inherited this from her father, whose ship was often in those latitudes, and who used to bring with him to France the inflammable powder with which he had learnt to make the much-appreciated "*curry*," of which English people are so fond. I must say, however, that far from having inherited the maternal taste, I have the greatest horror of it; and I must add that, excepting for salads, I never use the pepper-castor unless I am compelled for politeness' sake to partake of some tasteless—or perhaps, on the other hand, too *tasty*—confection of the English cuisine. In such sad case the sensation of burning in the month and throat minimises somewhat the bad taste of the dish.

Another thing which is an equal object of astonishment to both French and English people is the different sizes of the plates used in the two countries. "What small plates!" exclaim the latter, "they are like cheese-plates." "*Quelles grandes assiettes!*" cry the former, "*ce sont de vrais plats!*"—and indeed they are large. And so are the glasses, and the knives and forks, and the soup-tureens, and the dishes—oh, the dishes!—and the formidable handsome dish-covers, what a show they make on the table! But how I lament their being taken away as soon as they have acted their part, namely, to make a grand show! Consequently, whilst one is eating a first help of whatever they were intended to keep hot, the viands are inevitably getting cold, and the gravy is becoming set all round; and however tempted you might otherwise be to accept a second help, you are compelled to decline it, not being of the tribe of those amiable husbands who will not make themselves disagreeable over a lukewarm dish of hashed mutton. The *real* use of dish-covers is so absurdly ignored in this their mother-country, that I actually know people who will not allow their best covers to be warmed before being placed over the dishes for fear of their being spoilt, so that their object is completely defeated, for a cold cover put on

only for a few minutes is more likely to chill the joint and the gravy than to keep them hot.

Again, if from under these sparkling dish-covers some delicious *plat* were to emerge, one might forget and forgive their transitory appearance, but alas! how often have my hopes in this regard been thwarted; how often when all the covers have been deftly whipped off, and I have seen my fate staring me in the face, have I blessed the immensity of my plate which allowed me to mix so many things together that at last neither I nor my kind hosts could tell what I was eating! Oh! this mixture of viands, which so amply justifies the enormous size of English plates, is the very thing of which the French have the greatest horror. Only one thing at a time, accounting for the smallness of the French plates, is the usual custom abroad. Salad, it is true, is served with roast meat, and sometimes French or haricot beans with roast beef or roast mutton, but with the exception of the dishes cooked with vegetables these are about all the mixtures seen on French plates. I even know many people who object to these. Another reason for the smallness of our plates is that they are very often changed. Certainly the smallest number used by each person at a family dinner is six; and supposing the family to consist of six there must be thirty-six plates used at one meal. Imagine these to be of the English dimensions and heavy ware, and you will admit that not only the washing-up would be a serious matter, but also the mere bringing them into the dining-room and removing them when used.

Plates in France are of white china, exceedingly light, and consequently a large pile can be carried in and out at a time. After this preamble you may picture to yourselves the agony which the French relative of an English friend of mine endured when he saw his plate being loaded with a number of heterogeneous things at a London dinner party. He is a captain in the French army, and married his English wife abroad. She has resided in France almost all her life, and has paid only occasional visits to England; she had therefore adopted all the French ways of living, and at her own table had everything cooked and served *à la française*. Oh, the famous description her husband gave me of this grand English dinner in May-Fair! How struck he was with everything, and how he enlarged upon the subject! among other things on the immeasurable size of the plates, and yet, as the sequel shows, he actually found them too small. I was the only French person to whom he had been introduced since his arrival on this his first visit to England, and he poured out his heart in relating his impressions, which were very genuine and most amusing.

Well-bred English people often avoid giving their frank opinion on people and things they meet with in foreign countries. They satisfy themselves with their own reflections, and seldom let out their impressions, either good or bad. The French, on the other hand, being I suppose of a more communicative and impulsive nature, do not hesitate to give vent to their feelings when they find a sympathetic hearer, although in expatiating on the divers ways in which their foreign experiences

strike them they have not the remotest idea of hurting anyone's feelings. So a relative of mine, an officer in the French army, could not speak enough of the nice large houses he had visited in London, of their comforts and luxuries, of the space allotted to everyone from the fact of each family occupying a whole house, of the trees in the park, of the splendid horses, the delightful founs-in-hand, and most particularly of the beauty of the British women. He went on at a great rate, delighting his fellow guests with his praises of their country, but where he was most amusing was in his description of the dinner party he had been present at the evening before. The soup was in appearance very like pale ale, but tasted like hot water with a little salt and a great deal of pepper, but with no character of its own whatever. As every good epicure ought to do, he had begun by studying his menu, and had made his choice of the fish and the different entrées which he preferred, but through some incomprehensible mishap he was always offered the dish he did not want after seeing the last portion of his elect taken by his next neighbour. This was due to the extraordinary custom, unheard of abroad, of having a short supply of each entrée, and two different ones going the round of the table at the same time. As he never liked those he was compelled to take, which were generally quite cold or lukewarm, he naturally concluded the others were much better, and envied his neighbours accordingly. Whilst he was talking a piece of saddle of mutton was placed before him without any adjunct or gravy whatever, and he was beginning to attack it when a butler came with a tray containing some gravy and some currant jelly. The gravy seemed to him an absolute necessity, but the currant jelly! what had currant jelly to do with roast mutton? He looked at his wife, who was placed rather far from him, and saw her complacently consuming the currant jelly with her mutton in the most natural manner imaginable. He threw a stealthy glance at his neighbour, a lovely girl, and she too seemed to revel in the jelly; so he desperately followed suit. Was the jelly to be used instead of salt? No, for the salt-cellar was handed most gracefully to him, and he was wondering what this unnatural amalgamation was going to produce when a dish of potatoes appeared at his elbow, and another of cauliflower. He looked at his plate, he placed some cauliflower in a nice retired corner of it, and was about to cut his first mouthful when another vegetable-dish is at his elbow. This time he cannot hesitate, for it is his favourite vegetable, asparagus, which he had specially marked in his menu, and the dinner taking place, as it did, in March, made this, always a delicacy, a still greater treat so early in the season. What is he going to do? A rapid look thrown over his plate cannot discover an empty place. He thinks of telling the footman to bring them round again in a few minutes, but in a few minutes they will all be gone, like the chosen entrées, and he will have to go without any. No, he has made up his mind, and the asparagus tumble one after another into the plate, over the meat, the potatoes, the cauliflower, the jelly, in the gravy—it is a regular *pêle-mêle*, completed by the necessary addition of the thick creamy melted

Justine brought presently by another servant. Why have not the plates been washed on their edges? However, he must have it, for he could be possibly eat his asparagus with one melted butter, and he depends a good deal on this exact-looking component somewhere in his plate. Now he begins to smile. A side-glance thrown to his right, then to be left, shows him plates in beautiful order, and the tables seem to inspire very comfortably of all the viands which to his unfortunate plate are alternating each other in the most heterogeneous way imaginable. He can no longer find the meat, though he probes for it with his fork. At length, between two stalks, he perceives the meat, he reaches a hand at it with his fork, but the whole leap seems to undergo a sort of *haustrangement*. To establish the equilibrium he will take one of the asparagus, but in his dismay he sees all the company cutting the tips off and eating them with their forks. Shall he do the same? No, never! he gives up the idea of that meat, now surrounded with the fragrant butter, and takes delicately between his finger and thumb the long-erect, unresistible, and after slipping it thoroughly in when he comes to be the melted butter, finds too late when it reaches his mouth that it is strongly impregnated with current jelly! Horror! he puts it down, looks for his finger-glass to dip his finger in, but English custom allows these only at dessert, and so he comes for napkin without, however, being able to rid himself of his sticky discomfort.

In the meantime, as he is an exceedingly clever and talkative man, he keeps up a lively conversation with the lady he dreams, so to speak, when suddenly a certain silence in the table causes him to look up, and he finds himself the only one who has not finished. He lays down his knife and fork with a good grace, and gives up the game, saying aside to his neighbor, "I shall practice this in private," and then upon comes upon an animated conversation on the very different pay-off eating standing in the two countries, being down locally these three axioms. First—that of all vegetables asparagus and such repurgas as this especially, ought to form a separate course; secondly, that it ought to be eaten with the fingers; and thirdly, that *mayonnaise* should be on the table during the whole of dinner. After this episode followed pheasants, perfectly well roasted, but with dried sauce, to which he could not quite reconcile himself; and some nice puddings, forming some compensation for his previous disappointments; and after the pudding and the cheese, and a little dessert, he procured himself a cigar with a nap of *soft scale* and a little *chasse-siff*; but like the young knight of old he had to undergo a fast trial before obtaining this longed-for goal. The pudding plates had all been exchanged for smaller ones, and four servants approached with what Monsieur le Capitaine imagined were by a main rule and *recherché bonne-bouche*, something very expensive certainly, and intended to surpass all the other puddings, for he made no doubt that this must be a pudding, although under a shape he had never seen before, delicately served on a small dish, and resting

appetizingly on a snow white doyley. This confection was carefully cut up into small, very small pieces, and each guest only took one. "I shall never take more than one," quoth le Capitaine, "or I could hardly taste it." When the dish reached him, however, only one piece was left. He took it with a sigh, and made one mouthful of it. Oh! the contortions on his face, and the tears in his eyes, when instead of the rare and delicious sweet he had expected, he was aware of something fishy and fiery burning his mouth and throat! As will be guessed, it was a savoury, one of those innovations from the clubs which are quite unknown in France.

Before concluding this gossip, let me offer my readers a plain recipe for making *oory*. My only excuse is that this recipe was given to my grandfather by my grandmother and that this was the way in which he ate it in the West Indies. Unfortunately I cannot give the recipe of the powder itself, of which he brought immense quantities to his friends. It is called in France *Saves indienne* or *Kari*.

Cut up three ounces very fine, fry them in two ounces of butter, adding one tea-spoonful of *Kari* powder mixed up with one dessert-spoonful of flour, let it become slightly brown, stirring all the time; moisten it with a cupful of very good stock, a little nutmeg, a little sage, and a little salt, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour, then strain it and cook in it anything cooked before, not allowing it to boil or simmer; if it is need that has not been cooked before, it must simmer in it very gently for an hour. Then serve on a separate dish *du Ris à la Creole*, which you prepare in the following way:—Put a quarter of a pound of well-washed Patna rice in a saucepan of cold water with salt in it, and let it boil fast, then as soon as it has boiled two minutes put it on the hob, and as soon as it is done pour one tumblerful of cold water over it, when every grain will separate, and empty it into an earthenware bowl, and put it over the empty saucepan covered with a cloth on the hob by the fire. Serve it in a very hot dish.

In case my West Indian recipe prove a failure, I must try and gain back my lost ground by finishing this article with a French one acceptable for breakfasts, luncheons, suppers, and particularly for picnics.

Cut up two tender chickens; put three ounces of butter in a stew pan and toss your chickens in it, sprinkled with flour and moistened with hot white stock, or water if you have none. Season with salt, white pepper, mushrooms, twelve tiny pickling onions, and a bouquet. Let it simmer for one hour and a half. Take the stew-pan off the fire, and take out the bouquet, and crush the onions to atoms; beat up two yolks of eggs with two tea-spoonfuls of lemon-juice, mix it up with the gravy and stir the whole together. Beforehand you have taken a good-sized round loaf of which you have removed the crumb, then in its place you put your chickens, gravy and all. Put back the first piece you had cut to empty the loaf of its crumb, and mind you let the whole become perfectly cold before you either eat or pack it, so that the crust may be very crisp.

EMILIE LEBOUR FAWSETT.

MIRRORS.

IT would be difficult to assign an exact cause to the invention of mirrors. Was it love of self-admiration, a passion seemingly ever bestowed by Nature on her children with no sparing hand, and in its indulgence often cruelly misleading, or was the impelling motive merely an instinctive desire on the part of all to become acquainted with their own countenance and appearance, and in the absence of that gift for which Burns invokes the power, "to see ourselves as others see us," to learn, even be it in our own way, what manner of folk we are? An old Roman writer places the reason of their introduction on high moral grounds. Socrates, he says, thought them necessary for the training of character, and advised his pupils to look often in the glass, and, pleased with their own beauty, they would strive to preserve it intact by avoidance of stain within.

Numberless passages in the poets occur where female deities and shepherdesses are represented contemplating their image in the limpid waters of the brook or fountain, but as soon as labour and ingenuity began to be exercised on the stones and metals, the knowledge seems to have been turned to account in the construction of artificial mirrors, and with the advance of civilisation and refinement, we can understand how everything that the arts and luxury could suggest was lavished on this indispensable adjunct to a woman's toilet.

The Egyptian mirrors were invariably small and portable, and composed of a kind of bronze made up of copper and tin, the first the prominent ingredient, wrought and polished to an extraordinary degree of

perfection. So admirably did these people succeed in the composition of metals that the lustre of some, discovered at Thebes, has been partially revived at the present day, though buried in the earth for so many centuries. They were inserted into ornamental handles

by means of spikes, and the device and composition varied according to the taste of the owner; they assumed the form of the female figure, a flower, a column, or a rod—decorated with birds or some fanciful design, or with the head of Athor, or the deity Bes, calculated to produce a striking contrast to the features whose beauty was reflected in the disc.

The "looking-glasses" of the women alluded to in the Hebrew Scriptures—doubtless they carried them to divine worship after the manner of the Egyptians—and taken by Moses to form the brazen laver of the Tabernacle, would be composed of the

same mixed metal, and had been brought out of Egypt, the word in the original signifying simply a mirror or reflector of any kind; and brass properly so called, a compound of copper and zinc, was unknown.

Much more remarkable, and infinitely more valuable in an archeological sense, are the specula or mirrors yielded by the tombs of the ancient Italian Etruria. Like the Egyptian they are bronze, but instead of being perfectly flat, the edge, as a rule, is turned up, so as to render them slightly concave and convex. Their peculiar interest and importance arises from the fact of their inner surface being enriched with designs, either incised or in low relief, but it must be borne in mind it was not the side thus ornamented but the convex surface that



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HAND OR POCKET MIRROR, IN GOLD OR CHASED SILVER.

resisted the gold and served as the mirror. Before
Hesiod's time they were called *gamos*, and commonly
believed to have been hollow for four or other dry sub-
stances of the superstition of the Etruscan religion, but he
rejected this notion, and launched forth the idea now
shown in experience and investigation to be correct.
Judging by certain vase paintings of women holding
them before while standing at washing, it is possible
they likewise served to cool water over the body, the
concave side acting as a dish.

The subjects of the designs are drawn almost entirely
from Greek mythology or heroic deeds, particularly the
Trojan War, and often rationalized by the introduction
of personages belonging essentially to the Etruscan
epoch, certainly enough the accompanying inscriptions
are never Greek, but invariably in the native and a few
in early Latin characters. The designs in effect suggest

designs occupied the interior of the lid; the exterior is
often richly ornamented with high reliefs; nearly all
are bronze, though a few have been found in silver.
Others are without a case, with simple plain discs edged
with a little scroll-work, and supported by handles or
stands generally presenting a woman's figure, and con-
stitute some of the most beautiful bronzes extant left
to us of the best period of Hellenic art.

Because we have discovered few Grecian mirrors,
we must not hence infer their former scarcity, for little
search has as yet been made for them; besides, the
metropolises of Greece were in general far less beautified
than the Etruscan, so the number will probably always
remain less. They are frequently painted on Grecian
vases, and as in Egypt and Rome, they played a part in
religious ceremonies. Euripides places mirrors of gold
in the hands of the women of Troy, and makes Helen



APRIL 1891. GEORGE HANCOCK MIRROR, USED BY LADA WHILE PAINTING.

of representations of the national divinities through all
the grades of their wild and comprehensive demonology,
down to the truly *petite* protectors of the domestic
hearth. The art they exhibit differs widely, many of the
groups being extremely rude and feeble, and only a few
displaying elevation of style, yet the faults are not the
ignorance of immaturity, but the carelessness and negli-
gence of disuse. Probably the greater number were
executed in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of
Rome, or during the period included between the years
400 and 150 B.C.

We might have expected these mirrors to be
carried by commerce into Greece, as the Etruscan
bronzes were highly prized there, but none have been
unearthed in diggings out of Italy, and the comparatively
few mirrors discovered in the tombs of Athens, Aegina,
Corinth, and Crete differ essentially, possessing a grace
and subtlety all their own, to be looked for in vain in
even the most beautiful examples of Etruscan work-
manship. Like the Etruscan, they are sometimes fixed
within shallow circular cases or boxes, and an engraved

introduce them into her native country upon her re-
turn, subsequent to the death of Paris and the destruction
of his father's capital.

In Rome, of all places of antiquity, mirrors were
made use of for purposes of magnificence and display, and
it is to be regretted that no ancient writer has left any
detailed account of their manufacture and appearance, for
we cannot but conjecture that many artists were employed
in their construction, and that the trade was carried to a
very high degree of perfection. In the Roman laws we
find allusion to mirrors affixed to the walls of rooms for
decorative effect, and made of the black glass or vitrified
lava of volcanoes, the so-called obsidian stone or Icelandic
agate, introduced into Rome by Obsidius, after his
voyage to Ethiopia. The image reflected is perfectly
distinct, though the colours are darkened. Probably of
this substance or of glass coated with black bitumen and
cut into sheets, were composed the mirrors the height of
a man mentioned by Seneca and Vitruvius, or they may
have been polished plates of silver. Large mirrors
were already known in Greece, for Plutarch speaks of

Democritus and
graceful
glance
Phry-
Pasit-
freed
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silver
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Demosthenes watching the motions of his countenance, and practising his attitudes and movements before a great looking-glass. Its composition, whether of black glass or silver, can only be surmised. According to Pliny, the first silver mirror made was executed by Pasiteles, a famous Grecian sculptor, presented with the freedom of Rome in the time of the great Pompey, but he must mean the first executed in Rome, for certainly silver mirrors were known much earlier than this in Greece. In the Roman code of laws having reference to heirship and succession, when silver plate is mentioned silver mirrors are rarely omitted, in fact so general did they become that the very maid-servants carried them.

As time went on, more and more money and skill

Rome penetrated, mirrors of Roman workmanship have been discovered. The Anglo-Saxons, no doubt borrowing the idea from the conquerors, possessed mirrors of silver, and in 625 A.D. we read of Pope Boniface IV. sending one as a present to Queen Ethelberga of Northumbria. A mirror discovered in the parish of St. Keverne, in Cornwall, in 1833, and now in the British Museum, is Roman in form and substance, but the ornamentation is a Celtic pattern incised; the shape of the handle, too, speaks of native originality. It is interesting to note that many of the sculptured stones of Scotland, belonging probably to the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, bear representations of mirrors and mirror-cases. Not that the earliest in-



ANCIENT GREEK MIRROR, HELD BY LADY WHILE DRESSING.

came to be expended on the ornamentation of mirrors; they were constantly set in costly frames of gold and studded with precious stones; and Roman ladies kept a special slave whose duty it was to keep the mirror in good condition, and present it to her mistress at her toilet.

Strange to say, the ancient Mexicans or Aztecs had mirrors of *utalli*, the obsidian of the Romans, a mineral abundant in their hills, and termed by the Spaniards *gallinazo*. Other mirrors of America in the days gone by were of the so-called Incas' stone, a compact pyrites or marcasite, brittle, opaque and rather bluish, and susceptible of a fine polish; and, if we are to believe De la Vega, the Indians had mirrors of silver, copper, and brass.

In France, the Rhine districts, Belgium and Holland, indeed in every country where the influence of

habitants of Britain, barbarous though they were, needed the civilisation of Rome to bring about their acquaintance with these toilet necessities; mirrors in bronze of the early Iron Period, often decorated in the peculiar and characteristic mode of the time, being discovered in various parts of the island. In a "late Celtic" barrow or tumulus—the mounds of earth raised by these primitive people over their buried dead—at Arras in Yorkshire, amongst various other articles disinterred, was an iron mirror. In shape it is circular, and its diameter is about seven inches; the handle is of the same metal as the disc, and a little over six inches long, with a loop at the end; it is joined to the disc with bronze rivets, and at the point of attachment there is an ornamental bronze plating. These barrows certainly date from an age prior to the Roman occupation, probably between 500 and 250 B.C.

The first indisputed mention of glass mirrors occurs in the thirteenth century, in a treatise on optics, by Johannis Pechham or Peckham, an English Franciscan monk. Notwithstanding, they remained scarce throughout Europe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and silver continued in common use among the royal families and the rich, and iron and polished steel among the poor. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, metal mirrors were finally discarded, when glass became less expensive, and the Venetian looking-glasses were introduced or cleverly imitated in the rest of Europe. From the time we first hear of them until then, Venice had enjoyed the entire monopoly of their manufacture; whenever we come across any previous allusion to a glass mirror, in whatever country, we must understand it was Venetian.

About the fifteenth century, a most odd little toilet apparatus, called a *Damoiselle*, made of wood or metal, sometimes of silver, which was in fact a mirror-holder, came into fashion among the higher classes. The name was given it because it was formed, so to speak, of two arms, a foot with a stand, and a head, intended for the preparatory arrangement of the coiffure; one of the arms held the mirror, and the other a small dish with pins, and on the stand could be laid the combs, brushes, cosmetics, and so on.

On the little cases and frames of the tiny hand or pocket mirrors, many not more than two or three inches in diameter, much used everywhere from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, were lavished the highest decorative artistic efforts of goldsmith's workmanship and costly jewellery. Gold, silver, ivory, wood, enamel, precious stones, and pearls were pressed into the service. Some very charming actual specimens are still to be found in our collections of art treasures, such as in the British Museum, and one belonging to the end of the thirteenth century in the Museum of Cluny. Tiny mirrors were also commonly worn by both sexes, hanging from the girls equally delicately chased and ornamented, with a little handle, but no cover.

When the mirror-makers of Venice had enjoyed their peculiar monopoly for over a century and a half,

they formed themselves into a corporation, and soon the products of the Murano glass-houses became generally known and appreciated in the markets, and a large and lucrative trade was established, rapidly supplanting the use of polished metal. But the graceful shape of the metal was retained, and the goldsmith and silversmith encircled the new glasses with the same beautiful borders; even the locksmiths aided in the embellishment, and we find frames made of iron chased and polished; in fact, the only difference was, that in place of the plate of polished steel or silver, a piece of thick and bright Venetian glass was substituted. The

resemblance was still further preserved by the reflected designs frequently produced in the coating of quicksilver.

In spite of the jealous stringency with which the Venetians guarded their secret industries, in the reign of Louis XIV., the Minister Colbert, a most generous patron of the arts, succeeded in getting some of their glass-makers to France, and before long, by the combined skill of two establishments, France far outstripped the Venetians themselves. A great impetus towards their success was given by the discovery that glass, like metal, could be cast into much larger plates than it had hitherto been possible to produce by the old custom of blowing and rolling. Thenceforth there was no need for

attempt to counterbalance the limited dimensions of the glass by elaboration of the frame, and the latter became reduced to a delicate narrow arabesque design, connected by wreaths of flowers, relieved by various devices. Notwithstanding the increased proportions of the glasses, the effect was frequently heightened by inlaid pieces; sections were placed, for example, at each corner of the principal sheet, others formed a border, there was a pediment at the top, and a pendant towards the base, all cunningly united by gilded wood, carved into every conceivable pattern, the whole forming an extremely graceful and attractive composition.

The manufacture of looking-glasses was introduced into England by Sir Robert Mansel during the early years of the seventeenth century, but cast glass was unknown until 1773.

L. N. BADENOCH.



EPHESIAN METAL MIRROR, REPRESENTING THERSITES AND THE MINOTAUR.

The Violin as an Instrument for Girls.

THE study of the violin by women is not so much an innovation as is generally supposed. It is possible to go back as far as the early part of the eighteenth century, when a good many lady violinists existed. Principal among these were Maddalena Sirnen, who was a very popular pupil of Tartini, and to whom he gave some excellent advice which will be again set forth for the benefit of my readers in the proper place; Regina Schlick, a particular friend of Mozart, who composed the B flat minor Sonata for her; Louise Gautherot, who made a successful appearance in London in the year 1790; Luigia Gerbini and Madame Paravincini, both pupils of Viotti; last but not least, Mrs. Sarah Otley, who frequently performed in London in the years 1721—22; and the Misses Collins, who with their father Isaac, the English Paganini as he was called, and their brothers Viotti and George, made several successful concert tours at the end of the first half of the present century, and were well known as the Collins Family. Each member performed solos or took part in concerted string music, the ladies also varying the programme by vocal contributions. This list is sufficiently large to show that at those periods the violin was played by ladies extensively in foreign countries, and there is no reason to believe it was neglected in England. Queen Elizabeth is stated to have been a performer upon the violin, but this is scarcely possible, as the violin in its present form did not come into use until late in the sixteenth century.

The suitability of the instrument for women, taken as a question, requires an answer which must lead to further inquiries. The most common objection to the fiddle is that it is ungraceful. It will be scarcely necessary to remind those of our readers who have a taste for art that Saint Cecilia is depicted by the early artists as performing as frequently upon the violin as upon the organ, of which instrument she is reputed, without foundation, to be the inventress. Without referring back to more remote regions of time, some of the most beautiful figures in "sculptured stone" which adorn our ancient cathedrals are those of angels playing on bowed instruments. Moreover, those who have seen Teresina Tua, Norman-Néruda, Nettie Carpenter, Marianne Eissler, Arma Harkness, Kate Chaplin, Anna Lang, Adelina Dinelli, the Shinner Quartette, the Fraser Quintette, or the Porter Quartette, must admit that performance on the violin is, on the contrary, conducive to graceful positions. Furthermore, the charge of ungracefulness cannot be maintained, but must be over-ruled at once, when it is borne in mind that the grace of violin-playing is audible rather than visible, is dependent more upon effect than means. There is no reason why ladies should not study the violin. They have the same muscular potentialities as their rougher fellow-creature, man, and they are equally capable of being trained to the exercise of the necessary capacities for the study of the violin.

As yet, violin-playing as a profession for ladies is a

scaled thoroughfare. There have been and still are orchestras composed exclusively of ladies, but the public has not yet overcome its prejudices in the matter. There was a dramatic and operatic company made up entirely of females—*dramatis personæ*, orchestra, and conductress alike belonging to the gentler sex. But the time was not ripe for their appearance, and although they succeeded in directing attention to themselves for a considerable period, they were unable to command the patronage necessary to make their efforts permanent.

It is impossible to read the pages of the foremost musical journals without finding some reference to concerts, more or less ambitious, in certain country places, in which it is stated that several ladies were amongst the orchestral performers. Therefore, while violin-playing for ladies is still a road leading nowhere, by-paths in the domain of instruction have been discovered and traversed. There are many ladies throughout this country who are earning a sufficient livelihood by means of teaching, and there is no reason, in the abstract, why others should not follow their example. For at the present time the teaching branch is the only one freely open to lady performers. Consequently, all who are dependent upon their instrument for a living take up teaching, whether they be fitted for it or not. There is an extraordinary interest taken in music now, and there are many pupils hungering and thirsting for knowledge. There is more work than the good teacher can do, and there are consequently many bad teachers filling the breaches.

The multiplication of bad teachers and bad players is the real reason why female orchestral players are never asked for or wanted. The actual objections to lady violinists are two in number:—First, they do not always play in tune; and, secondly, they produce an unsatisfactory tone. These remarks do not refer to the eminent lady soloists before mentioned, but to those whose defects are the outcome of indifferent instruction.

Therefore, if lady violinists desire to occupy any high place in the profession, they must first of all take the same amount of trouble to prepare themselves as the men have done who already hold positions in the orchestra.

The question which will be asked under such circumstances is of course—How are we to know who is a good and who is a bad teacher? In answer to this it would be well to give a few words of advice. If you intend to learn the violin, seek out first of all someone who is competent to judge of good teaching and get him to recommend a master or mistress. It is not always the most expensive lessons that are the most profitable. At the same time it is not always advisable to choose the cheapest teacher. Not infrequently people have made a little progress by means of an instruction book and their own unaided ability. But this is a course which is not to be advised. Habits are sometimes contracted under

those circumstances that are undesirable not to lay in person. The best point upon which the embryonic violinist should make up her mind is to reach the highest possible degree of proficiency with studies well suited to her. Every stage of learning should be thoroughly watched over and supervised before the next is entered upon. This should be particularly borne in mind, inasmuch as many, on account of amateur orchestral satisfaction, have been compelled to retire the service of fully-qualified on account of their lacking the necessary amount of proficiency which will permit of their playing a piece in a presentable manner at sight.

The Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Guildhall School of Music and kindred bodies, have many eminent teachers, and there are a large number of ladies studying the violin whose performances in the concert in these institutions are often favourably commented upon. Their practice, however, has not been without a great amount of hard, intelligent, and properly directed work.

As to the actual learning for lady violinists, the field is probably as large for this particular subject as for any other. There are many instances where a lady teacher would be distinctly preferable. It is obvious that if ladies take up this important subject of teaching the violin, their success will be commensurate with the amount of careful preparation which they themselves have undergone. Many ladies study the instrument as a means of recreation, and there is no reason why they should not do so. A beginner who will perhaps be undecided as to whether she may or may not have to exert her living some day to her credit, should go through the preliminary part with the best attention she can give, and this attention should be always kept up. A thorough knowledge of the elementary stages of learning will be found of the greatest value even to the most advanced player.

The amount of pleasure to be derived from the study of the violin is incalculable. Treat your instrument as a friend, but not as an intimate friend, for it must be addressed with respect and knowledge. When there are two or three members of the family desirous of taking up a stringed instrument, it will be found a most gratifying plan for each to study a different instrument of the string quartet, either the violin or violoncello. The advantage of this is clear. In the instance of a family of four or five girls, two should study the violin, the other two might study the viola and violoncello, and the fifth the cello. Thus a quartet or quintette would be found in one family, and the pleasure of playing together when a degree of proficiency had been attained would make up for all the trials and troubles of the elementary stages. Another benefit to be derived from such division of instrumentality is that each member would be able to become acquainted with the instrument studied by her sister, an advantage the benefit of which would be reaped in many ways.

The first step of the embryonic violinist is to buy the fiddle. Most buyers labour under the delusion that "anything will do for a beginner," and not a few fall into the advertisement trap so temptingly offering a "violinist's

complete fit out for one guinea." This is the greatest mistake it is possible to make. A new violin is one of the most difficult instruments to play upon; it is full of peculiarities of "speech" which the unfortunate beginner has to find out to her cost. Moreover, the novice will probably be completely disheartened by the recurrence of the "wolf," which is a name given to a note or series of notes present in every violin, which may be either of incorrect intonation or which "come out" with a rattle or a squeak. New violins in the hands of beginners are full of these typical eccentricities, with the most painful and discouraging results. The best plan for one contemplating the study of the violin is either to buy an instrument that has already been played upon, or else to buy a new violin, and to effect a temporary exchange, with a friend who is more experienced, for an instrument that has been used, and whose weakness is known.

As to the instrument itself, much depends upon the amount of money that can be spared for its purchase. Let us suppose, for the sake of the least blessed, that they have determined to spend about £3 on an outfit. The first step is to discard at once and for ever the offer of a "fine-tuned violin labelled Stradivarius," the "useful bow," the "quaintly varnished black case," the "instruction book," which would be better called the "destruction book," the offer of a mute, resin, and tuning fork, included, and leave such deceptive snares for people who think their own judgment safer to follow than the counsel of the experienced. The best plan is to go to a wholesale shop and ask for a violin price £1, £2, or £2 10s., as the case may be. You will be doubtless shown several instruments with attractive varnish and alluring labels. The last-named beauty is of no value whatsoever; it is indeed the greatest mistake to set store by the labels in a violin. They are no guide at all except in a few instances, and these are not likely to come to your hand for the modest sum you are able to bid. The best guides are these: choose a fiddle with a wide grain on the top part or belly, that is the side where the finger-board and bridge are. A clear bright varnish will look well, but this is no criterion in a cheap fiddle. See also that the finger-board is not too wide for your hand, and that the instrument is not too heavy or too thin, or, on the other hand, too thick, to be grasped firmly with comfort by the chin. The great secret about a fiddle is not its crystal varnish or its symmetrical curves, but its suitability to yourself, and adaptability to your requirements. The fiddle having been bought, the next business is to purchase some strings for it. Thin strings are best for beginners, as they answer more readily to the pressure of the bow than thick ones. As with the label of the violin, so with the kind of strings to use. Some people will tell you they use nothing but Padua strings, or other Italian strings, or German strings, or Anglo-Roman strings, and so *ad infinitum*. The best advice on the subject is that which tells you to buy what strings you like or, more truly, what you can afford. Never use silk strings. True they last well, but as they are rarely used except as E or first strings, the acidity and "pinging" quality of tone is quite out of proportion to the gut strings. Use strings made of silk if you like,

but if you do, the A, D, and G must be made of the same material. In buying the gut strings be careful to match their proportion of size. The D will be the thickest and the others should graduate in thinness. The G, or wire-covered string, should be a little thicker or about the same size as the A. Thick G strings are not good, as they are apt to be muffled in the upper register of their scale, and to be also somewhat slow of speech. A tin box should be obtained with two ends, or lids, one in which to keep gut strings, and the other for the wire-covered strings. From this you must infer that the gut strings and the wire-covered strings should be always kept apart. It is as well, also, to keep the gut strings in a piece of oiled paper or flimsy, or oiled silk. Whether you have a string-box or not this should always be done.

You will, of course, require a bow. For this you must afford at least seven shillings and sixpence or half-a-sovereign. Such a priced bow will at least serve the purpose for a time. The bow should always be of light weight and well balanced. The best plan is, as before, to take one that satisfies yourself, but beware of gorgeously bone-fitted and tin-mounted bows. Having selected one you like, screw it up to a tight tension and hold it on a level with the eye in such a manner as to have the length of the stick straight before you. If the line of the stick is not absolutely correct, or if the head is twisted to one side or another, reject it at once without hesitation.

A case of wood for the violin and bow should be bought, which will cost five shillings or more according to quality. The purchase of the instrument having been made, it may be of interest to know something of its component parts. The violin, if taken to pieces, would be found to consist of seventy different pieces, which are made up in this manner:—The back 2 pieces, belly 2, coins and blocks 6, sides 6, side linings 12, bar 1, purflings 24, neck 1, finger-board 1, nut 1, bridge 1, tail-piece 1, button for tail-piece 1, string for tail-piece 1, guard for string 1, sound-post 1, strings 4, pegs 4. The kinds of wood used are three—maple, pine, and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side pieces, and bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coins and blocks, the side lining and sound-post. Ebony is used for the finger-board, the tail-piece, the nut, the guard for string of the tail-piece, the pegs, and the button. It may be further interesting to know that when the instrument is fully strung up to the present English pitch the amount of pressure upon the belly under the bridge is equal to ninety-five pounds. The safest plan, whether a large or a small sum is to be given for the instrument, is to obtain the services and advice of an expert when you are about to purchase your fiddle. His opinion will be unprejudiced, and the means by which the best value can be obtained will thus be within your power. In stringing the violin, if the D and A strings be in three lengths, as they usually are, cut them off so that no ends project from the scroll. Do not cut the E string. This is the most liable to break of all the strings, and does most frequently break. If an E string that has been cut into one length breaks in

the middle or near the tail-piece, the other half is wasted. Therefore it would appear in all reason to be best to put the whole string on, so that it is ready to hand in case of a breakage. The fiddle should always be put away string up to pitch. If this is not done, and the strings loosened, there can be no possibility of their retaining their tension, and remaining in tune.

We are accustomed to hear that "there are two ways of doing everything;" this is very true of the manner in which the violin is held. Pupils of the German or the Joachim school have a preference for holding the instrument in a manner which is best conveyed to the mind when the position is given as parallel to the left shoulder. Advantages of this position there are none except to the lazy student. For with the violin held in such a manner the execution of all passages as far as concerns the left hand is most easy, but the difficulty with the right hand is proportionately increased. In order to carry the bow straight across the strings most diligent practice has to be gone through to accomplish the proper bowing, and then this method very often results in the right elbow being held high in the air, a great weakness with performers of the fair sex, which forms a justification of the charge of ungracefulness. Another objection to this style of holding the violin, is that no satisfactory amount of tone can be produced without considerable pressure of the bow, and this always results in an undesirable quality of sound. The style taught sufficiently in England to warrant the title of the English or Carrodus school of playing, teaches the pupil to hold the instrument in such a manner that the scroll is in a direct line as far as possible with the centre of the body. By this means the left hand has to go through a greater amount of muscular exertion at the outset, but the extra effort is ultimately attended with the best results. The bow arm gains better control of the instrument, and a good round tone is produced without any unnecessary effort. The right elbow cannot possibly be held up in the air, an advantage which should induce every lady performer to hold her fiddle in this excellent manner. The style of sustaining the instrument in front of the performer is familiar to us in the pictures of Paganini, and in the actual presence of Mr. John Carrodus. The real means by which the violin is held are not, as generally supposed, the thumb and first finger of the left hand. These merely act as a support to the instrument, while it is substantially held by the chin pressing, as it were, upon the collar-bone. Chin-rests are undoubtedly an advantage, and that kind made of a thin piece of ebony is the best. With ladies a little bag placed over the collar-bone is required to give support to the instrument, and to serve as a fulcrum to the pressure of the chin.

As to the method of practice no better advice can be offered than that given by Giuseppe Tartini, who was born in 1692, and died in 1770, to his pupil Maddalena Sirnen. In the course of a long and affectionate letter dated from Padua in the year 1760, he recommends her "to exercise herself in a swell upon an open string, beginning *pianissimo* and increasing by slow degrees to *fortissimo*," as practice for the bow. He

given us to say after this: "In order to acquire that light position and play of wrist from whence velocity in bowing arises, practice every day one of the Allegros in Corelli's solos (the two sonatas for violin with figured bass for the harpsichord)." In playing them he gives two precautions. The first is that the notes should be played *staccato*, and the second that they should be first played with the point of the bow, then the upper middle part of the bow, and finally with the middle of the bow. Further on he presents advice which every performer upon the violin should make it a duty to follow. His recommendation is that the violinist should practise so as to reach that degree of proficiency which permits of the performance of anything and everything (as far as possible) on what he describes as the "half-shift," but which is best known to us as the "second position." The value of Tartini's counsel cannot be overrated.

In conclusion, it must be stated that these remarks were made without any intention of supplanting teachers or taking the place of instruction-books. The aim of the writer has been rather to put forward a few statements which it is hoped may give intending students some idea of the advantages and pleasures of the study

of the violin. It is an instrument upon which ladies have attained and may attain perfection. It is, of course, needless to say that the subject demands the exercise of patience and perseverance, and it must by no means be taken up in a half-hearted manner, for the delights which follow are proportionate to the trouble taken to conquer the difficulties.

It was once thought that many feminine accomplishments were independent of commercial value. Recent experience has shown that ladies find successful occupation in fields which were formerly closed against them. We have many female solo violinists, but all who study or may be induced to study the instrument cannot hope to attain high rank. Other opportunities for the profitable exercise of their talents will doubtless come in course of time. It will be necessary for them to be duly prepared to take that position on equal terms with those who already find a market value for their abilities. It has already been shown that the violin can be successfully studied by some ladies as soloists; it remains to be seen whether it is not possible to find profitable employment for others in the capacity of orchestral players and well-versed teachers.

F. JOYCE BARRETT.

A Chat with a Ladies' Doctor.

THE fash and follies of women have superseded big gooseberries and showers of frogs, as the "hardy annuals" of silly season discussions in the newspapers. We hear that the sex is becoming unsexed, that it smokes, that it drinks, and that it indulges in opiates and narcotics. On such points no one could speak with so much authority as a doctor who has made the complaints and ailments of *la femme fin de siècle* an especial study, and accordingly I addressed myself to the well-known consulting surgeon of one of our greatest London hospitals, whose skill in the treatment of all forms of disease incidental to womanhood brings into his consulting room in Stratford Place every grade of female patient, from the great society lady to the brilliant actress, from the poor little governess to the wealthy American visitor, and from whom every woman alike receives the kindest and the best care that she could have.

"Let us begin our talk then," said the doctor, "with the girls, and the first point that strikes me in the present system of training is that they are developing, in the higher classes at least, a tendency to overgrowth. I believe it is a fact that women are becoming taller to such an extent as to affect the average height; but unfortunately they do not always know how to 'carry this off,' and I notice with some alarm how many of them have unequally grown hips, that is to say, that one leg is somewhat longer than the other. Now this is entirely an English failing. As you know, I have lived much abroad, but I hardly ever observe this in foreign girls. Why it should be I confess I cannot say, but

there is the fact. There is a terrible amount of quackery about so-called physical training of the age, much of which is wholly unscientific, and appears to be nearly always directed by the individual teachers' pet hobbies, rather than by sound principles. I do not think that the craze of gymnastics is likely to be overdone, but there is decided room for improvement in many of its departments."

"What do you say to the allegation recently made in one of the daily papers that beauty is disappearing?"

"So far as facial beauty in the lower and lower-middle classes is concerned, it is perfectly true. The deterioration in the looks of the women one sees in the large towns, as well as the country, is very marked. Almost all the counties used to possess a characteristic type of prettiness, or physiognomy, but this is rapidly disappearing with the rush of young women into towns, and intermarriage with the lower and uglier types. You see the hideous results of these mixed races in the slums of London and the large towns, where it is really a rarity to see anything but a positively ugly and repulsive face."

"Are women stronger than they were?"

"They must be strong to endure the lives that they live in a London season. Their indiscretions—in diet chiefly—are the cause of nearly all their troubles. Take the case of the middle-aged matron of the wealthier orders, who dines at the altogether unreasonable hour of half-past eight. A delicate appetite has ceased to be fashionable, and she literally stuffs herself—there is no other word to express it—with six or eight heavy courses,

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settling them down with a lump of ice cream, and putting as a finishing touch a glass of liqueur. This is simple alcohol, covered with sugar, and flavoured with turpentine or prussic acid, according to whether it is called chartreuse or noyau. If she goes on to a ball supper, she eats and drinks again things still more indigestible."

"Then do you think that women drink?"

"Wait a moment, I am coming to my point. The occasional dance in the country or the county ball did not hurt anyone, but the result of this appalling dinner night after night, and the continual late hours through the strain of a long London season, makes her soon begin to wake up unrefreshed in the morning, and she begins to drink her hock and seltzer instead of tea. Breakfast she cannot eat, but you would be surprised if you knew how many women indulge in that pernicious habit of taking a glass of port about eleven o'clock. Then there is more wine at lunch, and even at the afternoon tea at fashionable 'at-homes' there are heavy sandwiches and rich cakes and sweets. So that there is too much of eating and drinking during the day, and the fashionable woman can get abundance of drink without any secret stores of it in her wardrobe, which is perhaps not more prevalent in society now than it has been at any time, because, you see, spirit-drinking has an awkward faculty of telling its own tale in the breath. But eau de Cologne and sal volatile are undoubtedly consumed far more than they should be, since the life is so exhausting that these women feel continual need of some stimulant."

"What are the complaints that such women come to you for?"

"They have not much that is peculiar to the day. What our great-grandmothers called 'the vapours,' they call 'nerves,' and they are whimsical and fanciful to the verge of insanity."

"Do they want hypnotism and 'treatment by suggestion,' or do they experiment upon themselves with new drugs?"

"To the first of your questions, 'Y'es'; to the latter, 'No.' Only this morning I received a letter from a young lady patient now living in the country, asking me whether she had not better place herself under some

itinerant lecturer who professed to cure by hypnotism. Coca wine is a very fashionable 'pick-me-up' in society, but the assertions that one sees on opium and morphia taking are very often made on the dicta of some fashionable doctor, who observes it in one or two patients, and forthwith floats some vague generalities upon the subject without investigating in the least how far it is based upon real fact. The morphia syringe on the châtelaïne is a very old story, which periodically comes forward, but I do not think there is much more morphia used now than at any other time. If you see large statistics on the sale of morphia, you must qualify it with the recollection that it has largely taken the place of laudanum, of which relatively huge quantities have always been used in the few counties as a preventive of ague and fever."

"What about holidays and rest?"

"As it is generally taken it is a mere farce, and it merely seems the object of fashionable women to betake themselves to some place where they can continue to indulge in the same unhealthy dissipation as they have gone through all the season. The dry Continental air often acts as a temporary tonic, but it is absurd to think that twenty-one days at Homburg can produce any profound or permanent benefit."

"Games and an outdoor life may, however, assist in setting them up for a time!"

"Certainly they may, and lawn-tennis and even cricket in moderation are most excellent, and have really had an influence upon dress. They have evolved a new form of skirt which allows freedom of movement, and has set aside the crinoline and dress-improver. There is, however, something of an oscillation between sham prudery and bravado in the dress of the present moment, which is not quite a pleasing sign. As to smoking, only a few days ago a young lady patient of mine asked me if I did not think six or eight cigarettes a day were not too many for a cousin of hers to smoke regularly. It is not in the semi-independence of Bohemia that this exists alone, but in all ranks, and the genuine society woman is as foolish as any of her sisters upon this point."

There was plenty more that one might have asked, but the kindly doctor was busy, and so I bothered him with no more questions.

M. F. BILLINGTON.

"The Legend of the Briar-Rose."

SONNET ON THE PICTURES BY BURNE-JONES.

THE dreamful loveliness enthralled so long
Awaits thy kiss, O Prince, in whose deep eyes
The spiritual strength of pureness lies.
Pale knight, through strife and star-lit vigil strong,
Thy counter-charm shall loose this ancient wrong;
The spell-bound world waits on thy high emprise;
Ah! bid the thorn-girt, perfect woman rise!

For while *she* sleeps, all sleep; the maidens' song
By fount and loom is hushed; with tranced brows
The nation's guides lie slumbering. Prince! not dead
Is she, the world's hope, though her warm limbs stay
Bound as in grave-clothes. See, above her head
The dawn is reddening. Thy pure kiss shall rouse,
With her, the enfranchised earth to Life and Day.

DOROTHY HOLLINS.

What to Make for Bazaars.

THE trouble of deciding this question is greatly lessened by the worker putting herself to those things that are useful as well as pretty and attractive, and are in fashion at all times. And at present there seems to be an absolutely unlimited demand for fanciful bags

pieces for the bottom measuring seven inches square, those for the sides seven inches by three. These pieces are covered with silk, satin, plush, broads, or any other material that is more convenient. If a plain fabric be used, it should be embroidered with coloured silks, but



PASSY BAGS.

of all kinds, for holding everything, from a tennis racket and clubs to work, open glasses, prayer-books and lemon-books and even flowers. Some of the smartest workings are made over a stiff base of card board, like one of those shown above, on the right hand, and the worker is fortunate if she can find a cardboard box of the proper size and shape, and only needing to be covered. The bag illustrated is of salmon-pink satin, embroidered with conventionalised white flowers, which are sprinkled over it in a very informal way. A similar bag may be made by cutting five pieces of cardboard, the

a pretty effect is given by using velvet for the lower part, thickly worked with bullion. The embroidery must, of course, be executed before the cards are covered. The pieces of silk are cut about an inch larger than the cards to which they belong, as they have to be laced across on the wrong side with strong stitches of thread. They must be covered on both sides, and it is a very good plan to lay a piece of wadding sprinkled with sachet powder over the inside of the cards. They are then sewn together with small stitches and silk matching the satin in colour. The bag proper is next

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fastened to the top of this firm lower part. It is made of satin about twenty-nine inches wide and ten inches deep, and is sewn neatly but firmly round the upper part of the satin-covered cardboard, the two sides being joined to within about five inches of the top. Here a deep hem is made, with a casing along the lower part, through which are run a cord and tassels, which can be drawn up to close the mouth of the bag. All the seams are hidden by a very fine, coloured cord, which is twisted into sets of three loops at the corners.

Another and more capacious workbag is shown on the same page; this is put together much on the same principle

bag as above described, and finish the work receptacle off with a deep hem, and add cord and tassels in the same manner.

The other shape of workbag illustrated on the previous page is simply a long and narrow piece of terra-cotta plush, lined with pale terra-cotta quilted satin, which, at each end of the scarf inside, is made into two flat pockets. The purse is tied up in the middle with a large bow and loops of terra-cotta ribbon. The front is worked in pale shades of terra-cotta, but the worker has the power of choosing any other style of ornamentation that she may think gives a better effect.



ORNAMENTAL BOOK-COVERS, CALENDAR, ETC.

as the first one, but the base is triangular and made of dark green plush, embroidered in cream silk and gold beads, the upper part being of green faille. Some of the smartest workbags are mounted on a round foundation of card something like a muff-box, but not so tall. These are covered with plush and trimmed up very elaborately with gold braid and cord, so that they look like drums. The lower part of these bags is simply made by cutting a circle of millboard about the size of a small plate, and a second piece about eight inches deep, which is joined to the circle so as to make a tube or cylinder. The bottom and the side piece must be lined with quilted satin before they are joined together. Cover the outside of the card with plush and use a band of the same material for the sides, joining it into a round so that it fits very tightly over the box. Then sew lines of gold cord across and across in lacing fashion from edge to edge of the sides, and add a band of gold galon along the top and bottom edges. Put in a silk or satin

Ornamental book-covers may be made in a hundred ways. A useful one to hold an octavo book is made on a foundation of stiff muslin measuring eleven inches and a half by eight inches. For the inside, get some bluish-grey broadened silk or similar material about three-quarters of an inch larger all round than the muslin. Lay it upon the stiffening and fold the edges over, cutting out a little at the corners to make them set as flat as possible. Glue these edges and press them down well over the lining. Lay the foundation under an even, but heavy, weight to dry. Prepare two small, flat pockets by taking two pieces of the brocade, each measuring eight inches by six and a half. Fold these in half so that they are three inches and a quarter in width. Cut a tiny strap of the brocade about an inch wide and an inch and a half long, fold it together down the middle so that the two raw edges meet, turn in the edges at the ends, and fasten it across the middle of one of the pockets with a few stitches of silk to match the brocade in colour. Then take the cover

and fit pieces, and lay the pockets at right angles to the double edge, sets towards the middle of the case. The edges of the pockets are turned over to the reverse side of the wadding in the same way as the lining, and are also covered with glue.

Now comes the pleasant task of decorating the outside of the cover. Here a band of bluish grey plush, about two inches wide, is required for the middle of the back, and is neatly glued down the middle. The corners are next glued into place. These are made of two triangles of coloured plush, one glued across the top right-hand corner of the backcover, the other across the bottom left-hand corner. The spaces left between the corners and the back of the book are filled in with a piece of unadorned satin cut the exact size and stuck down in the same way as the plush. The cover must now be put under super pressure, with a fold or two of soft flannel laid upon it to prevent it from sticking to whatever is placed upon it. When it seems quite dry, all the pieces of the different materials must be hidden by bands of flat gold galon. Two are placed across the middle of the back, three inches from the top and bottom edges. One is glued down over the edges of the plush back, one across the triangular corners, and finally a band is laid all round the outside edge of the cover. These are glued carefully into place, and the bookcover is once more set under pressure to dry. Then get about thirteen inches of gold cord, sew and twist very neatly to the top inside edge of the cover, and add a knot to the other end. The covers of a book are slipped into the flat pockets at each end.

On this principle is made the Bradshaw cover given on page 657. The material used is peach-bloom plush (embroidered in the palest blue and yellow). Another on the same page is arranged somewhat differently. Here it is made up on a foundation of cardboard, for which five pieces are needed. One piece must be cut a trifle larger all round than the sides of the book; a second piece also must be cut the size of the first, but with one corner well rounded off. Three pieces must be cut for the sides. These must each be about half an inch wider than the thickness of the book, and be cut to fit the bottom and two sides of the larger pieces. They are then covered with serge and lined with silk of a harmonising colour. In the model the serge was terra-cotta, worked with white anemones, the word "Bradshaw" being embroidered across one corner.

Another means just now in for photograph frames of all kinds, and the robes in fashionable drawing-rooms are thickly sprinkled with them. The one shown in the group on page 658 is made rather more artistically than usual, the material used being white vellum, upon which are worked an elegant little wreath in very fine terra-cotta, gold, blue and brighter green filaments.

Handkerchief and glove sachets still keep their popularity, and those on p. 659 show that the simplest shape is, after all, the most convenient. They are ornamented with pink sweet-peas, the fashionable flower of this season, worked on pale green silk, and are finished with cord to match. A novel shape for a handkerchief case resembles a large flat pocket, and may be made very ornamental. Two squares of millboard about eight inches

across are required for the back and front of the case; two pieces of satin for the sides are cut an inch wide at one end and four inches wide at the other, and eight inches long. The piece for the end of the case is about an inch wide and eight inches long. One of the cardboard squares is covered inside and out with plain satin, neither quilted nor embroidered. The other square, however, is covered outside with satin quilted in very large diamonds, in the middle of each of which is worked a small spray of flowers. A tiny tuft of silk is sewn on wherever the lines of stitching meet. The wadding is abundantly sprinkled with scent powder, then laid on the top of one of the cards. The reverse side of the card is covered with plain satin, the edges of which are turned over and sewn down neatly to the quilting. The raw edges of the satin cut for the sides are now turned and kept in place by a row of feathering or coral stitch. The piece for the end of the sachet is prepared in the same way, and the five sections are then sewn together neatly, when it will be found that the sides are expansive like those of a pocket book or purse. The worker must, as it were, iron these sides into folds, by pressing them between her fingers, so that when the case is out of use or very scantily filled, they fold inside between the top and bottom parts of the sachet, leaving it still a perfect square in general shape. The upper part of the sachet now requires finishing off, and for this purpose nothing is better than a flatly pleated frill of fine lace, or soft silk. The latter is to be preferred as being more durable. Round the top of this should be twisted two bands of ribbon of contrasting colours, knotted at the corners into smartly tied bows. Another box of the same ribbon should be added to the middle of the edge of the open side so that it can be easily raised and lowered when the contents are required. By stuffing the top card and covering it with plain satin, it may be made very conveniently to do duty as a pin cushion. Glove-sachets can be made on the same general plan, but require, of course, to have the opening along the length of the cards, or it will not be easy to get the gloves in and out.

People who like to keep a variety of growing plants in their rooms, seldom have a sufficient number of ornamental cases in which to hide the pots, and the one with the tall handle on page 659 shows how easily something of the same sort may be contrived with a little ingenuity. One such cover of which I heard lately was made up over a small tin pail, such as children use at the seaside. Some of these pails are exactly the size to hold an ordinary flower-pot, but the handle must be taken off. The base of the cover is made of a round piece of cardboard just large enough to hold the flower-pot easily. This is covered with silk, and round the edge is sewn a full bag of some of the same material. The pail is then glued down to the base of the card, and the upper part of the bag is finished with a casing just two or three inches below the upper edge. In this is run some elastic, which is drawn up so that it sets slightly over the top of the pail. The edges of the bag look very pretty if they are finished off with a frill of fine lace, or if preferred they may be simply fringed out. A very narrow ball fringe, too, has a smart effect.

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If a handle is required, this may be made of a piece of steel cut so long that when in place it does not do any damage to the fern in the pot beneath it. This is also covered with silk, a narrow casing being made with a rim beyond it on each side about half an inch wide. This casing must be quite three times as long as the steel, so that when this is run in, it sets in a series of

page. These are as easy as possible to make, for at many fancy shops the cards may be had ready fastened together, only needing to be covered with embroidery. Very often, too, inexpensive music or drawing portfolios are to be had for a few pence, which answer the purpose equally well. Any and every material can be employed for the outside of the cover; that in the illus-



PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME, SACHET, WRITING-CASE, AND FLOWER-POT COVER.

wrinkles along its entire length. The handle is fastened into place with some strong stitches, and the joins hidden by bows of ribbon and ends finished off with coloured silk pompons.

For writing little notes such as a lady is supposed to compose in her boudoir or drawing-room, the following stationery case is particularly to be recommended. The foundation is a stout sheet of millboard, which is simply covered on one side with plush, and supplied with loops and straps for holding a little carved box of pens, an ink-bottle, penholder, pencil, knife, and all the necessary eteteras. The note-paper and envelopes are snugly stowed away in two flat pockets, a blotting-pad being glued in the middle of the board. Two flaps are then prepared of plush, upon which are embroidered sprays of slightly conventionalised flowers, and often a motto. These flaps are fastened at the bottom of the sheet of millboard, so that they can be folded over the smaller writing implements to keep them from dust, besides adding to the appearance of the writing-case. The under-side of the whole thing is finally made neat by covering it with plain silk, saten, or even paper.

For writing materials many people still prefer the more commonplace book-shaped blotter or writing-case, and one that is ornamented in an exceedingly effective manner will be found at the top of the group on this

page. These are as easy as possible to make, for at many fancy shops the cards may be had ready fastened together, only needing to be covered with embroidery. Very often, too, inexpensive music or drawing portfolios are to be had for a few pence, which answer the purpose equally well. Any and every material can be employed for the outside of the cover; that in the illus-

tration is olive-green cloth, upon which is applied a leafy design in dark green velvet worked with straw-coloured silk. Linen is an excellent foundation. In making a simple blotter, the outside is covered first with the material, the edges being turned over to the inside, and held down there with glue. The superfluous material at the corners must be cut away as far as possible, in order that the linen may set flat. When all this is dry, the lining is also glued in, the raw edges of the material being turned over to the wrong side so that they come between the two fabrics when the case is made up. The blotter needs only a piece of elastic stretched inside from edge to edge to hold the blotting-paper.

In an article of the length of the present one, no room can be found for a description of the many painted articles that are just at present so popular. It is not generally known that the Royal School of Art Needlework, from whose show-rooms the accompanying illustrations were selected, makes special arrangements for those ladies who have to undertake the furnishing of a bazaar stall. The School will either supply all materials required, not only for the embroidery, but for the making up, or will send out boxes of ready-made goods, any of which remaining unsold when the bazaar is over may be returned, a small charge only being made for their hire.

The Making of Children's Frocks.

(Continued from last.)

WE now come to the sleeve, which is always fairly long and loose-fitting, and generally fitted to the wrist either by several rows of gathering or smocking arranged to make a little full at the end to fall over the hand. The first lines on Diagram I give a simple drafting for a child's home sleeve; the dotted lines give a sleeve running into the neck, which I shall explain later on in connection with Diagram II. The width or fulness of the sleeve should be regulated to some extent by the width of the material used in the dress, but should not be narrower than half the width of the armhole. This may be increased according to fashion. In the diagram I have made the width $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches (the $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches across from 0), which, with turnings, will just give the pair of sleeves from one width of zephyr or Indian silk. To draft it, form a square and mark the corner 0. From 0 across take $7\frac{1}{2}$ and square a line down from it. On this line go down one inch and put a dot (1). From 0 go down one-quarter of the armhole measure (in this case $3\frac{1}{4}$), and below $3\frac{1}{4}$ the inside length of the little sleeve, which I have given here at 9 inches, but which may vary a little according to the length of the child's arm. From $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 the sleeve-head is formed in a round sweep which touches the line from 0 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ about half-way between those points. The hollowed top of the under-sleeve is also curved from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, and if it is liked, a slight curve can be put to the inner sleeve seam from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 9, as it is shown in the diagram; but this last curve is not actually needed, and may be omitted unless there is a special desire to use it. The wrist line may be curved down slightly from 9 to the back line which comes down from $7\frac{1}{2}$ —this last line should be made a fold of the material when cutting out the sleeve, as there should only be one seam in it—that from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 9. On the wrist two or three dotted lines indicate how the gathering or smocking is to go. To cut out the drafting, put the line from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to a fold of the paper, and cut from 1, round the top of the sleeve-head to $3\frac{1}{4}$, thence down to 9, and across the wrist curve to the fold of the paper again. Then with a tracing wheel or stileto mark through the shape of the under-sleeve curve from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, and cut by it from one-half only of the sleeve. The shape of the sleeve when opened is shown by the little diagram lying in the larger one.

To make the sleeve, close the inner seam and machine it; then turn over the bottom or wrist end, and put on the requisite rows of gathering, afterwards fastening the raw edged line inside the sleeve by hemming a ribbon over it. Lastly, beginning at $3\frac{1}{4}$, gather up the head of the upper sleeve and as much of the under as is needed to make it fit the armhole. A portion of the

under-sleeve (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches of the part nearest the inner seam) should always be set into the armhole quite plain, and the fulness of the other part should be so distributed as to keep the greater part of it to the top of the shoulder and back of the arm, where it hangs most gracefully. The inner seam of the sleeve should always be put to the inset of the sleeve—that little mark across the armhole, which is always a safe guide for the arrangement of sleeves and dress, however their shapes may vary. The one sleeve pattern here given can be made up in a vast variety of styles, the differences being principally made by the number and arrangement of the rows of gathering or smocking used, whilst upright tucks transform it at once into the sleeve for a serge sailor dress.

The peculiar triangular dotted attachment above the ordinary drafting now calls for explanation. To give this I must digress a little, to ask if any of my readers have at any time made or seen those little monthly gowns for young infants which do not have a shoulder seam in the gown, and a separate sleeve set into the armhole, but are cut with sleeve and shoulder in one. This same style is now applied to children's frocks, and is very convenient, especially if they are to be smocked, as it allows a circular yoke to be obtained with the greater part of the material on the straight, which the plan given in last month's paper does not do.

I will begin with the rules for forming the shoulder part of the sleeve, which is to be added above an ordinary sleeve drafting. To do this, continue the back line from $7\frac{1}{2}$ upwards, making it the length of the dress-pattern shoulder above the line across from 0 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ (in this case $3\frac{1}{4}$). From $3\frac{1}{4}$ square across a little line an inch long (1), and from $3\frac{1}{4}$ in the ordinary sleeve dot up a slanting line to come to 1, and rise half an inch through it ($\frac{1}{2}$). From $\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ put in a little curve as shown in the diagram, and this very singular sleeve is completed. In cutting out, the firm under and upper curves are entirely omitted, the two sides being exactly alike.

Diagram II, explains the skirt portion of the frock. The firm lines give an ordinary little frock piece, joined together at the sides, hemmed and tucked, and laid flat on the table, with one seam in sight and one out of sight on the under side. On it is laid an ordinary yoke pattern, by which it is to be shaped. Of course it is clearly understood that the material is long enough to make the frock without a separate yoke. The yoke pattern, given in last month's paper, is laid on the material then, with the point $7\frac{1}{2}$ just on the seam, and the point 8 (or top of the shoulder) just one inch above the raw edge of the material. The dotted lines show how the armhole is shaped to gradually cut away



the shoulder, the lines being in each case well curved at the part which fits under the arm, and then sweeping softly up to meet the neck curve at C (an inch below S at the front), and C (an inch down the shoulder at the back). The material would not be shaped from C and C, but would be left straight across the line of the square, absolutely the only shaping put into it being the dotted armhole. The one objection I have to this slightly shaped cut of frock is that it hangs long in front when it is not shaped to the neck; to obviate this objection, I would suggest the following:—After shaping the armhole, put a line to the front fold of the pattern level with T (the front of the neck), and from C cut to it according to the dotted line. This will lift the front into place, and regulate the hang of the bottom edge, which is a matter of great importance now, when an increasing number of these little frocks are worn without belts, smock-frock fashion, or hanging from the shoulders without belt or sash, or confinement of any kind. The back from C need not be shaped, but may be left by the straight line across.

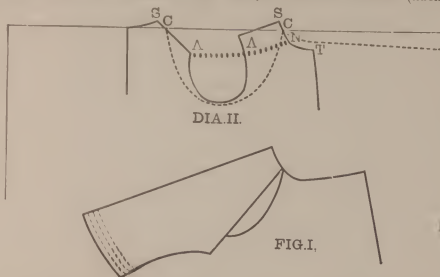
To set the sleeve into place, close the inner seam from 9 to $3\frac{1}{2}$, then put $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$, and join each side of the long line from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ to the altered arm-hole of the dress, making the seam as small and inconspicuous as possible. If properly joined, point C of the armhole should meet point $\frac{1}{2}$ of the sleeve, or, if the latter comes out a little too long, it may be pared away if care is taken to preserve the shape of the curve. Fig. 1, Diagram II., shows how the sleeve and top should join. The top of the little frock is then finished in the usual way, either by turning over and starting a frill and a circular yoke of smocking or gathering, or sometimes by making only one row of gathering in the neck, and finishing by a frill of lace turned out of the neck.

In speaking of fancy materials with finished edges for frocks, I find I omitted to mention in my previous paper the white muslin or "robing" ready hemmed and tucked by machinery, which can be purchased at any baby-linen establishment. It is sold for the skirts of infants' robes, but is exceedingly useful for little girls' frocks, either gathered at the top or set into a saddle, while for older girls it may be joined to a full bodice and the joining hidden by the sash. With the flouncing, robing, or any description of material which only gives one join in the frock, the seam should be at the back, and every effort made to keep it as much out of view and as fine as possible.

The next cut which comes under notice is better known than that just given, but of somewhat the same class, there being very little difference in the shaping of

back and front. The yoke-pattern on Diagram II. will help to illustrate my meaning. From the end of the back shoulder (A) a line is taken straight across the pattern, into the front armhole (A). From the second A a line is taken up to meet the turn of the neck N, which is, as will be seen, about two inches below S and one below C. The portion of the front armhole and shoulder above A and N is left out of the skirt, but made into a shoulder-strap, prettily embroidered all over, or only feather-stitched down to the material. The skirt of this frock is hemmed and tucked as usual, and the armhole shaped out, then the material, quite unshaped, is gathered, or preferably smocked across, to the required width, after which it is wisest to lay the pattern upon it, and shape each shoulder to the slight slope required: this will be very little, as the shoulder-straps will give nearly all the shaping needed. The straps should be mounted on a strip of some firm material (linen or holland will serve),

and each side duly machined (on the wrong side) to the slope of the shoulder, the seams pressed, and the inside of the shoulders neatened by a strip of silk being hemmed over the inside of the strap and the two seams by which it is joined to the frock. It is most convenient to stitch or



embroider the straps before joining them to the frock, but neither the end nor sides should be turned under: they should be left raw-edged, as the joining to the shoulders finishes the sides, and the setting-in of sleeve and collar the two ends. The collar is a straight ploughman's collar, open back and front, and amateurs will find it most convenient to make it in two pieces, each piece three inches wide, and six and a half or seven inches long, according to the size of the neck. Each strip should be lined with its own material, or a piece of silk of the colour of the dress, and interlined with a strip of stiff muslin or holland. To make it, the two ends and one long side of each strip should be turned over the holland, and roughly but securely sewn down to it, then the silk or material lining hemmed against it and pressed, leaving one long side of each collar-strip quite raw-edged.

To set the collar into place, begin with one strip at the middle of the front of the frock-neck, which is, of course, quite raw-edged. Lay the right side or face of the half-collar to the inside of the frock, and then, beginning at the front, first pin and then securely tack the material and holland of the collar, but not the silk lining, to the neck of the frock. Fix on the other half-collar in the same way, and machine both on; then press the seam and pare away the surplus turnings, leaving those in the neck about a quarter of an inch deep. Then neatly hem

the silk down over the turnings, and press slightly, and turn the collar over, when they will be found set on properly and facing right side out. The silk may be hemmed up better tightly for the material, as turning the collar over slackens the lining a little and if it is hemmed down inside it will show beyond the bottom of the collar when the dress is on wear. The two half-collars should come close together at the front, but may be a little apart behind. This sort of frock should not have been of anything fanciful for the neck, and is one of those for which it is permissible to run the sleeves with a stiff band instead of a fall.

One more variety of loose frock and I have done. This is very simple to carry out. The material is hemmed and tucked as usual, and the armhole shaped out, but the neck is left. The yoke-pattern is laid on the table, and the top of the material laid in folds (or pleats) about half an inch wide, facing towards the middle for the two fronts, and the same for the two backs. These folds should be pinned or basted into place, and then the shape of the neck and shoulder lines, and also the line of the short pointed yoke (back and front), marked on them by tacking with a colored thread. The neck and shoulder lines should be cut out, with of course the due allowance for turnings; then the shoulders pinned up, and the neck finished with a standing collar or neckband, the folds drawn down to the waist and loosely fastened there (counting upon the sash or belt to hold the fastenings); in fact, everything except the setting in of the sleeves may be done before the fifth-falls, which give the particular character to this style of frock, are added. The idea of the frock is that the top of it is shaded and allowed to fall down and open to show the plated bodice up to the throat; it is needless to say that the idea is very much conventionalized, and the falls which simulate the dropped front are only strips of the trimming material, on broidered or decorated in some way, added on at the yoke line. Four falls are needed. To make them, take strips of hollaud four and a half inches wide and six inches long (a larger child would need them a little longer, but the length of the sloping yoke line tacked in the frock will always give a safe guide). Mark each of the long sides S (for straight of the stuff), then, leaving one end only one inch wide, slope off from the one inch to three and a half at the other end. This will form two strips with one long side very much on the cross. Make four of these strips with hollaud between, exactly by the same rule as for the half-collars for the last frock, leaving in this case the sloping side the raw-edged one, and leaving the narrow end raw-edged too. To set these into place, lay the fall face down on the frock, above the yoke, with the raw-edged cross-side of the fall coming over the yoke line, and the broadest end towards the middle of the front for the two front ones, but towards the middle of the back for the two back ones. Each fall should be machined on exactly in the yoke line, then the

turnings of the material and hollaud pared away, and the silk turned in and hemmed down to make all neat, the seams pressed and the falls turned over, when the dress will be found to have the novel and pretty effect I have described. The falls may be caught down a little from underneath if they show a disposition to rise, and the narrow end tacked down to the armholes and the sleeve set in against it, which will help to hold it in place.

Before concluding, I should like to say a few words about lining down the whole bodice, as that may be deemed desirable for winter frocks or for larger girls. The bodice lining may be managed by lengthening down to the required length the yoke given in last month's paper: about six inches below the armhole line would serve very well for a child of the age indicated. This pattern may then be a little too loose on the waist, but that may be remedied by taking up a tuck an inch deep at the waist, and tapering it up to nothing at point 7½. The front seam of the lining should be machined down, and the two tucks (or side seams) machined also, then the backs turned in to the fitting line or a trifle outside it, and finished with button-holes and strong linen buttons, and the bottom edge (at the waist) either pinked out or bound with tape. The material should be tacked round the armholes and to the shoulder-lines, and closed in with them, and the sleeves and collar should be put to both stuff and lining. The material should be fastened down the back separately from the lining, with hooks and fine eyelet-holes closely worked. This plan gives the dress a much looser and freer hang than it would have if all the material and lining seams were made together.

The lining for the sleeve can be managed from my drafting by making the width from 6 across 5½ instead of 7½, and making the wrist line about three inches long from 9, and then connecting the 3 and 5½ by a shapely curve. This is as nearly as I can indicate the shaping of a child's close sleeve without giving a drafting, but for style, and also for the child's comfort and ease, it is infinitely preferable to line the loose sleeve through with a fine muslin or thin silk, and make up the necessary warmth in that way instead of by a close-fitting lining. Where it is desired to make the skirt separate from the bloused bodice, the top of the skirt should be left raw-edged, but have three or four rows of runnings put round it and securely fastened; it may then be machined to the bottom of the raw-edged bodice, and the turnings neatened by both being bound together with a tape, the turnings being pressed to lie downwards. A sash, very lightly fastened at the side—sometimes not even knotted, but with one end simply passed through the other and hanging shorter—is usually worn to conceal the joining; and as energetic girls are apt to shed these decorations as they run, I may hint that they should be fastened by a patent hook and eye sewn to the inside of the sash at one side, and in as inconspicuous a place as possible.

J. E. DAVIS.

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The Mistress of the Glue-Pot.

IN the course of his lecture on "How to Fail in Literature," Mr. Andrew Lang mentioned, as true apostles of literature, two names which seemed unfamiliar to most of his audience. The names, linked by a betrothal which death had sundered, were those of Thomas Davidson and Alison Dunlop. A portrait of the former may be found in a little book called "A Scottish Probationer," and a brief biography of the latter is prefixed to her only published book, a series of historical papers "Ancient Old Edinburgh," to which the present sketch may serve to introduce some new readers.

More than fifty years ago, in Stockbridge, that suburb of Edinburgh which slopes down steeply to the Firth of Forth, Alison Hay Dunlop, the future "mistress of the Glue-pot," was born. Both parents of the little girl belonged to the Border Country, so rich in song and story. From her mother, a member of a Huguenot family which for 300 years had owned a farm on the Abbotsford Estate, Alison first heard those "freits and ballants," and quaint legends of witch and wizard, fairy and goblin, which have charmed so many generations of Scotch children. The education thus begun was continued in the very scenes of these stories by an accident similar to that to which Sir Walter Scott owed his first acquaintance with Border scenery. While on a visit at the Abbotsford farmhouse, little Alison injured her leg, and for some time was kept a prisoner, while one old-wife's cure after another was tried upon her. The small invalid had neither playmates nor any of the delightful children's books of the present more fortunate generation. The entire farmhouse library consisted of the Bible, Booth's "Reign of Grace," Boston's "Four-fold State," two volumes of the "Belfast Almanac," crossed at the dates when the cows had calved, and Buchan's "Domestic Medicine." The last, strangely enough, became the

little girl's favourite study, until one day she was discovered crying bitterly, and the offending Buchan tossed to the other side of the room. "It's no my leg," was the pitiful answer to her aunt's anxious inquiry, "but

oh! aunt, I'm a baill infirmary." But if the farmhouse was poor in printed works, it was rich in living books, brimful of stories of enchanted princesses, yirls' sons, and fierce dragons, which could not fail to cheer the little hypochondriac and foster her love of Border-lore.

To that early love was added, soon after Alison's return to Edinburgh, an ever-growing interest in that historic city where all her future life was to be spent. Let her in her own words tell how that love was developed:—"My elder brother and myself," she writes, "were children of a house on whom were early conferred the honour and happiness of being helpful; and, small deputy-factors that we were, we went away gaily—always on Saturdays, and always in couples—to the Castlehill and other factorships to get the rents; it is a pleasure now to recall how cheerily we were received. The Castlehill had charms for pensioners of both forces: in fact, there was

an 'Ancient Mariner' of either service wherever we turned. Their little treasures, the flotsam and jetsam of the stormy life behind, exhibited to us, and lovingly and reverently handled, were a perpetual fascination; while the faded glories of the old-world decorations and contrivances of the houses they occupied were made our own by a species of silent absorption. And then there was the 'auld rudas gude-wife, who gave us such screeds of her experience that I thought to ride in an army baggage-wagon was the height of felicity."

Along with these pleasant studies, the little girl was pursuing less flowery paths of knowledge at one of the excellent schools for which Edinburgh is famed, already showing signs of the ability, perseverance, fear-



ALISON DUNLOP.

(From a Photograph by Marshall Wade, Edinburgh.)

business of work, and steadfast application which distinguished her later life. A little story illustrates her school-life. Being allowed by her own desire to skip a class, she was launched into that mystery of mysteries to a young student, Euclid. Unable to master the problems and theorems, Alison accomplished the Herculean feat of committing to memory—letters, "pictures," and all—the whole of the first two books, and thanks to the master's foolish habit of using these same letters on the blackboard, the little girl came off "glorious" of her class, without understanding a single proposition.

Though an only daughter, Alison Dunlop wisely insisted on being trained in some occupation by which, if necessary, she might earn her livelihood, and her wish being granted, she became a student at the Free Church Training College for Teachers. The study of history had become a passion with her, and day by day, in stone and lime, as well as in books, she was conning the thrilling story of her native town. Her training ended, Miss Dunlop became a visiting teacher. But storms now broke with violence over her head. Within a year she lost both her father and the genial, gifted Scottish Probationer Thomas Davidson, to whom she had for some years been betrothed. Though her health was threatened by the double shock, Miss Dunlop resolved to seek refuge in work—work for both hands and head, which, by bringing her into contact with many people, would divert her mind from her own sorrows. Becoming assistant to her brother, a house-factor, cabinet-maker, and dealer in antiques, Miss Dunlop set herself to become a thorough business-woman. The wilful student and teacher was merged in the keen and popular mistress of the "Glue-pot," and the study of history, and of the niceties of modern languages in which she had made herself proficient, was exchanged for the mysteries of Crown Derby, Worcester, and Wedgwood marks, the history of wood-carving and engraving, and the duties of book-keeping and house

factorship. As the reputation and popularity of the clever business-woman grew, the "Glue-pot" became the rendezvous, not only of connoisseurs in *bric-à-brac* and old furniture, but also of a literary and artistic coterie. Sometimes they would find the "Glue-pot" deserted, and both brother and sister away on a raid in Old Edinburgh, in quest of relics of a bygone age. Deeply inspired with a love for their native city, both were also experts in detecting traces of that history in carved oak and marble beneath coats of oil-paint and whitewash put on by some energetic Philistine. Old natives as well as old houses were visited and interviewed with all the assiduity though none of the effrontery, shown by disciples of the new journalism. Books, plans, manuscripts, old pictures were studied, and libraries ransacked for anything that might throw a light on the history of Old Edinburgh.

In 1886, together with her brother, Miss Dunlop prepared the "Book of Old Edinburgh," which was a great success among visitors to the Exhibition. This brought the authoress offers for further work of the same kind, and she contributed to the *Scotsman* a series of papers "Anent Old Edinburgh," now reprinted. In these papers the history of Edinburgh was traced with the accurate truth of one who had loved the quaint grey city from her childhood.

No longer engrossed by cares of business, for both had now retired, Miss Dunlop and her brother began to develop long-cherished plans of travel in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Literary plans also began to shape themselves. But illness, and finally death, stepped in to crush these cherished designs. A few weeks of suspense and a seeming recovery were followed by a painful operation, bravely borne, a short rallying, and then death itself. On the 3rd of December, 1888, Mistress Alison passed away from the city which she had loved so well, the brother whose staunchest friend she had been, the children for whom she had woven her stories, and the many friends to whom she had endeared herself.

A. L. STRONACH.

Twilight.

THROUGH the black arch of interlacing trees
Burns the red sunset, and a blue mist lies
Cold on the darkening meadows whence arise
Faint dewy odours as the evening breeze
Sweeps o'er the sombre grasses of the leas,
And in the gloom of leafy branches dies ;
Waking to being as the daylight flies
An adumbration of dim memories.

Ah ! the enchanted realms that used to be
In the wide reaches of our childhood's sky,
Vague, lonely, far, immeasurably high !
In the mysterious fields of infancy
Beyond whose ultimate verge we could descry
The brooding shadow of Infinity !

MARY GEOHEGAN.



